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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLVII. APRIL, 1888. NO. 277.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER JULIANA,

An Anchorite of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

IN this shewing was given a lesson to my understanding,
That our soule should wiselie learne to cleave to God's goodnes;
And at the same time the custome we have of our praier was minded:
How that to make many meanes* we are used† for unknowing of loving.
Then sawe I verilie, that unto God it is far more of worshippe
And true delight that we faithfullie pray to Himself of His goodnes,
Cleaving thereunto with stedfast belief and with true understanding—
His grace preventing, than if we made all the meanes that heart thinkéth.
For all these meanes in themselves are too little, and not right full worshippe;
But in His goodnes is all the whole, and right nought there faileth.
Thus, if we pray to God because of His Body all holy,
Or as well for His all precious Blood, His sweet holy Passion;

* Meane—*medium.* † Used—*accustomed.*

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For His most worshippfull bleeding Woundes and His dear worthy Dying;
With all the blessèd kindnes filled unto life everlasting
That we may have fro* all these meanes it is of God's goodnes.
And if we pray Him because of His sweet Mother's love that did bear Him;
All the strong helpe that we have of her praier, it is of His goodnes.
And if we pray Him because of His holy Cross that He died on,
All the vertue we have of that Cross it is of His goodnes.
Likewise, the same, all the helpe that we have of the saints and the angels;
All the dear worthie love that for God we bear to the Blessed,
Our holy, endles friendship with them, it is of God's goodnes.
Thus the meanes that the goodnes of God hath ordeined for to helpe us,
Aiding and comforting us in this life, be full faire and many.
Of which the chiefe is the blessed kind† that He took of the Maiden.
This is the principall, with all that went before and came after
Which belongeth to our redemption and endles salvation.
Wherefore it pleaseth God that by meanes we worshippe and seeke Him,
Understanding and knowing that He is of all thing the goodnes.
But the praier we make to the goodnes of God is the highest;
Coming down to us, unto the lowest part of our needing;
Quick'ning our soule, and making it live unto God in all vertue,
Nearest in kind and readiest in grace, thus making us perfect.
This is the grace that our soule be seeking, and shall till in heaven
God be known by us verilie, in whom we all are becloséd.
Man in his kind goeth upright; and the soule of his body
Like to a full faire purse is sparred,‡ and when he be needing,
God doth open and sparre it againe with full courteous mercie.
That it is He who doth this it is shewed above in the saying—
"He cometh down to us, unto the lowest part of our needing."
For He hath trulie of all that He made of His goodnes no hatred,
Ne no disdaine to serve us in all that belongeth to nature,
Out of His love to the soule that He made in His image and likenes,

* Fro—*from.* † Kind—*nature, humanity.* ‡ Sparred—*enriched, filled.*

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For as the body is cladd in the cloath, and the flesh in skin likewise;
And as the bones in the flesh, and the heart in the bulke is deep hidden,
So are we cladd and enclosed both body and soule in God's goodnes.
Yea, and more homelie;* for all these things waste away and soon vanish,
Whiles His goodnes is whole and more nere to us without a likenes.
For that we cleave to Him with all our mightes, the Lover desireth
That we wilfullie be evermore cleaving close to His goodnes.
For of all thing that heart thinketh, it most pleaseth God, and us speedeth;†
Seeing our soule is so preciouslie loved of Him that is highest;
That it doth over-passe the knowing and wit of all creatures,
Namelie: no being created may wit how much and how sweetlie,
Ne how kindlie and tenderlie we are beloved by our Maker.
Wherefore we maie by His grace and His helpe stand in ghostlie beholding,
With everlasting marvailing in this high, over-passing
Love past all measure that our Lord hath to us of His goodnes.
Therefore we freelie maie aske all we will of our Lover, with rev'rence;
Seeing our will is to have onlie God, and His will is to have us.
Soothlie, we never maie cease of our willing, ne of our loving,
Until we have Him in the fullhead of joye that is promised.
It is His will we be busie here in knowing and loving,
Until cometh the time we shall be fullfilléd in heaven.
Then cometh ending of willing, and Love alone reigneth forever.

* Homelie—*intimately.* † Speedeth—*profits.*

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DOGMA AND SYMBOLISM.

SOME years ago Mr. Matthew Arnold, in addressing his Liberal friends, made the following noteworthy prediction:

"I persist in thinking," he said, "that the prevailing form for the Christianity of the future will be the form of Catholicism; but a Catholicism purged, opening itself to the light and air, having the consciousness of its own poetry, freed from its sacerdotal despotism, and freed from its pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma. Its forms will be retained, as symbolizing with the force and charm of poetry a few cardinal facts and ideas, simple, indeed, but indispensable and inexhaustible, and on which our race could lay hold only by materializing them."*

These words, which deserve close attention as summing up the views of many that do not agree with Mr. Arnold on any other point, will furnish the text upon which I shall proceed briefly to comment. All alike, Catholics and non-Catholics, we have a deep interest in the question how far the teachings of modern men of science, the alleged results of critical investigations, and the principles of the prevailing philosophies can or ought to be allowed an influence on that living creed which has, for nearly two thousand years, been in contact with European civilization. Is a transformed Catholicism possible? What can the Roman Church surrender as not essential to her truth and authority? What must she retain if she would exist at all? Mr. Arnold has suggested the true answer, though it is not exactly what he supposes. And there are reasons at the present time why we should state that answer in plain terms.

There is no denying the superiority of the Catholic Church as poetry. By this charm, and this alone, it will survive when the confessedly unpoetical Protestant sects are dead and buried. Mr. Arnold, who is a poet of great and austere excellence, may be allowed to bear witness to the wealth of unconscious poetry which is incarnate in Catholicism. On this point Catholics are not likely to quarrel with him. But I must demur to his conclusion. He wants the flower without the root, symbolism consciously retained while its meaning is poured away. Why had the middle ages such an exquisite and fruitful symbolism? Surely because they were the ages of faith. Why, again, did not the all-embracing, deeply significant symbolism of the Greeks and Romans keep its hold on the centuries after Christ? What was

* *Mixed Essays*, second edition, p. 121.

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it that swept the pagan mythology out of life, while permitting it always to be studied in the schools? Must we not answer, Its falsehood, its ascertained discrepancy with truth and fact? Religions, said Mr. Leslie Stephen, die of being found out. And they are found out when their dogmatic assertions will not stand the test of reason, experience, history, although their poetical work, as art and literature, remains undiminished. Poetry, as the shadowing forth of divine mysteries which are the soul's salvation, is indeed a mighty power; but it can never be a substitute for belief in God, or hide the nakedness of an existence from which the hope of immortality has been taken. Is there, in fact, a solitary instance of religion surviving among a people when its creed, however poetical, had turned out to be a falsehood? And who can seriously maintain that the Christian Church will prove an exception? No; when the brains are out the man must die. A creedless church is a phantom; it may exist as a state establishment: it never can continue in its own strength. So evident does this appear to me that I have a difficulty in crediting Mr. Arnold, or any one else, with maintaining the opposite.

Nor is there the faintest sign of the dogma of the church becoming feeble. What syllable, having dogmatic weight, has been retracted by the Holy See during the course of this perplexed century? Is there the slightest pretence for saying that the church has yielded an inch to Agnosticism, Materialism, or the anti-dogmatic principle in the discussions innumerable, touching on every point that could be raised, which have sprung out of the French Revolution and its consequences all over the world? If we sum up the whole negative philosophy under one head and call it Phenomenism, where is there a point in it which the Catholic hierarchy, or the schools of theologians, or the clergy, or the people in any corporate capacity whatever, have admitted? Mr. Arnold, in short, may prophesy that Catholicism is going to be transformed into something else; but no sign of the process can he or we discern. Judging by facts, his "Christianity of the future" is a distant ideal, if we must not rather describe it as a pious aspiration, or a wish that is hardly a hope.

So far, indeed, from the dogmatism of our creeds being a source of weakness, it is the one distinctive character, the very life and essence, of Catholicism, and makes of the Roman Church a reality compared with which all other churches and schools of thought are shadows. I fully grant, as Carlyle showed sixty

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years ago, that the motive-power of the age is not faith but physical science. We are living in the Mechanical Era, and the multitudes of men think rather how they shall subdue and acquire for themselves the elements of the visible than how to build up a moral character fit for the world to come. But in this universal decay of religion, while the spiritual is forgotten or called in question, and God is but a name, and eternity the realm of death, and man's earthly life reckoned the whole of his existence, the great Christian dogmas come out, like stars in the sky overhead, all the more vivid and solemn for the prevailing darkness. They are the only points of light which a man intent on keeping the path of moral rectitude, of true and noble humanity, can discern. But where do they steadfastly shine? Only in the heaven of the Catholic Church. Outside it, away from it, religion has become for the most part clouds and mist through which hardly a ray of meaning glimmers. The churches of the Reformation are sinking into Pantheism, or Agnosticism, or a "faint, possible Theism." They have, in fact, yielded to the process of transformation which Mr. Arnold recommends. Their creeds are understood to be convenient symbols, bodying forth the unknown and satisfying the need we all have of meeting on a common ground as human beings, members of the same species and involved in a like destiny. But with the lapse from objective dogma to mere sentiment has come for Protestant communities the "beginning of the end." Their days are numbered. Other forms of humanitarian emotion have an advantage over them, first as being novel, and, next and chiefly, as not entailing a constant strife between the dogmas expressed and the scientific habit of mind which must be supposed to prevail in the congregation. It would be easy, were it not superfluous, to illustrate these statements by what has taken place during the last fifteen or twenty years in the Reformed churches of Germany, England, and America. Everywhere among Protestants dogma is tending to lose its historical worth and to address the imagination only; and everywhere it is dying out.

But something more. It will be observed that I speak of Theism and the Christian dogmas *per modum unius*, as though they were all of a piece, and to question Christianity were to endanger belief in a Personal, Living God. Such, in fact, we cannot deny it, has been the case. I do not at all mean that Theism depends for its truth on Revelation. But does it not, in our century and under the stress of the physical-science movement, depend on Revelation for its effective power? I ap-

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peal to the experience of those who know the world and have studied the facts of civilized life. A Theist who is not, or does not mean to be, a Christian, will find himself approximating little by little to the side of those who have renounced Theism also and are Pantheists, Agnostics, or Materialists. His affinities, so to speak, are in the wrong direction. If he remains true to his belief he is solitary; there hangs over his life and action an incompleteness perpetually suggesting that he has not reached the full term of his thought. He reasons soundly, but his energies are every way impeded. What is it, he cannot but ask himself, that comes between him and his fellow-man, dividing them from one another? And where is the binding-principle to be found? The answer suggested by Theism to his perplexities is *Providence;* and when he looks for Providence in history, he must needs come to the consideration of Christ and his religion, with its dogmas, symbols, and institutions filling by anticipation or by their results the canvas of human records from end to end. While most significant it is that men like Mr. Arnold and his Positivist friends, who begin by resolving Christianity into a myth, should, as though driven onward by force of logic, never pause till they have made of God and the immortal spirit within us unverifiable suppositions which it is our duty, they tell us, to put on one side. The abandonment of dogma means, and is intended to mean, practical Atheism. And, again, if we hold by Theism as the light of life—real, undoubting, prayerful Theism—are we not, in the eyes of Mr. Arnold, assuming the main point at issue? after which we might as well close with the Christian religion in its antiquated, and to him impossible, form. I believe the usual Agnostic, whether English-speaking or German, and above all the scientific defenders and exponents of that creed—such as Lange or Professor Du Bois Reymond—would agree with him. The problem, therefore, is simplified, and we have only to ask ourselves what the Catholic Church would gain by making Theism an open question, and interpreting her traditional symbolism by that rubric. About the solution of the problem so stated I think we need not trouble. Catholicism, be its fortunes in the future, humanly speaking, what they may, will not end amid "inextinguishable laughter," as "that sorriest of farces, a pickle-herring tragedy." When it ceases to dogmatize it will cease to be. But the point to which I would draw attention—and it may well astonish us—is that, on the showing of scientific men themselves, nothing whatever has been discovered, nothing proved or in the slight-

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est degree ascertained, by physical science, on which a denial of Theism can be legitimately grounded. So far as the Catholic Church is bound up with that greatest of affirmations—the existence of a Personal God, to whom the whole of creation is an instrument for the carrying out of his Will—it remains precisely where it was before the name of physical science had been heard in modern times. That science, as actually taught, neither affirms nor denies God and the supernatural. In the presence of these truths of reason and revelation it is not Agnostic, much less Atheistic. It is simply dumb. We do not cast out religion because it nowhere appears in the theorems of Euclid. When our premises and process are algebraic, we hardly expect a metaphysical or a moral statement in the conclusion. Now, the whole of what Mr. Arnold calls verification by experience is of this kind and belongs to mathematics and the study of matter. There is, indeed, an experience which brings to light the intuitions of morality, the first principles of reason, and the divine aspects of the universe. But to that experience Mr. Arnold would refuse an objective value; he would call it emotion. The test and proof he demands can be furnished by physical science alone. How astonishing it is, I say then, that physical science turns round at this point and declines to intermeddle with such problems, as beyond her competence! She cannot decide whether we possess another organ of knowledge, whether hyper-physical intuitions are given us, or what we mean by them. Between theology and physics there is no antagonism, if only because they have nothing in common. Or, to speak more accurately, while physics cannot but supply data to reason, for its arguments from design, from efficient and final causes and from the beauty of things visible to their Divine Exemplar, it remains true that, merely *as* physics, the lower science can make no assertions in the province of the higher, and theology is to it a sealed volume. Hence it is by no means on the ground of experimental knowledge, nor at all in the name of "science," that Catholicism can be required to disown her dogmas. Their truth or falsehood must be proved by other than physical methods. Be they merely the poetry of the unknown and unknowable, or a real adumbration, in time and through visible media, of things eternal, evident it surely is that weighing and measuring, or the employment of the "scientific imagination"—in other words, of the clear images of matter in motion—will not decide one way or the other. It is the religious faculty within us that judges here; "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned";

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and the reason which we rightly invoke as creating natural religion in the heart of man is a light that reads the world and life as manifestations of spirit, not as products or illusions of the five senses. It is one thing to hear the words of an epic poem, another to grasp their meaning. And religion deals with phenomena as the poet deals with words; but the meaning was first of all in the poet's mind, and the true and everlasting significance of the universe is in the mind of God, to which religion has access. Does any scientific authority deny that such access can be or has been? He does so at his own risk; for science, from the nature of the case, says neither yea nor nay.

"You never," writes Professor Tyndall on a cognate question, "hear the really philosophical defenders of the doctrine of Uniformity speaking of *impossibilities* in nature. They never say, what they are constantly charged with saying, that it is impossible for the Builder of the universe to alter his work. Their business is not with the possible."* And again: "As regards knowledge, physical science is polar. In one sense it knows, or is destined to know, everything. In another sense it knows nothing. Science understands much of this intermediate phase of things that we call nature, of which it is the product; but science knows nothing of the origin or destiny of nature. Who or what made the sun, and gave his rays their alleged power? Who or what made and bestowed upon the ultimate particles of matter their wondrous power of varied interaction? Science does not know; the mystery, though pushed back, remains unaltered."†

I wish our Royal Societies, and scientific associations at home and abroad, could be persuaded to adopt these words as their motto, "Science is polar." By all means. That is what religious men have ever contended. There are two poles of knowledge, the material and the spiritual, both objective, neither of them an illusion or a dream of poetry. Human life turns upon them, and the whole desire of a reasonable man should be that, if they are kept perfectly distinct, the one is not denied in favor of the other. But they do not make an ordered universe if, while the less important is insisted on with ever-growing iteration, that other, for the sake of which nature itself is, be treated as fiction and idle seeming. After many centuries we are at last, it appears, beginning to learn something of that "intermediate phase" of reality which we term nature, and the ascertained exposition of which is physical science. It is a matter for congratulation. But our moral being requires that we should know something, too, of the "origin and destiny," as of nature, so of ourselves, who cannot find hap-

* *Fragments of Science*, fifth edition, p. 456. † *Ibid.* p. 464.

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piness, or exercise the highest faculties within us, or be aught save highly-organized animals, unless in our thoughts we go beyond "nature," and discover why we are placed here and what is expected of us. The fact that we can ask these questions, that they are reasonable and intelligible and not to be put by, is surely an indication that somewhere the answer to them has been or will be given. Life cannot fall into harmony unless both its poles are real. "Science" is one pole, and explicates the material. What, then, is the other pole, which explicates the immaterial? Can it be imaginary? If so, where is the balance in things?

We want real physics and real metaphysics, and no delusion anywhere. A symbolism founded on fact may be sacred and venerable; but if it paints nothing except our fancies, let it be kept for moments when we are not serious. The other pole of knowledge, about which our religion revolves, must not be fantastic. And here is physical science affirming that it knows no reason why religion should be fantastic; that, for all it has ever been able to learn, there may be a miracle-working God, the Creator of a spiritual soul in man, who has revealed himself in Jesus Christ, and whose message may have taken the shape of church and Bible. For with the "transcendental" it does not concern itself; and it has, and can have, no prejudices *à priori* against religion; nor can it ever be justified in saying that history has not within it a miraculous element. To achieve its own high purposes physical science goes upon the "uniformity of nature." But to the physicist, let us remember, the principle of uniformity has only an experimental value. He does not receive it as an intuition of reason; to him it is, in the language of Kant, synthetic indeed, but not *à priori*—in other words, not a necessary truth, but a working hypothesis and the summing up of experience so far. In like manner, he knows only sequence, not causation; the correlations of things as they fall under his ken, not their causes; the results, it may be, of the action of spiritual powers in this visible world, but never the spiritual powers themselves. Though he uses reason incessantly, he has no theory of it, for it is an instrument given to him by the higher science we call logic, and he is not a logician at all, but a searcher into matter, space, and motion, and their consequences.

Thus he has left "ample room and verge enough" for any science of the supersensible, whether of God or man, which can make good its footing in the region where physics does not

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penetrate. Certain leaders of thought believe that there is no such region; but so do not the greatest. When we hear the most eminent names in science we hear the names of men who eagerly proclaim that there are infinite aspects of reality which their science will never reveal. On the other hand, we see the Catholic Church, refusing to physical knowledge none of the empirical axioms for which it contends, but maintaining that to her has been confided the revelation of the Unseen. If that message were only sentiment, if her business were to cultivate human emotions, her symbolism would be altogether different from what it is, and she would enforce no dogmas, or "affirmations concerning the Eternal," on her children. But allow that the Unseen is equally, though not by the same process, attainable as the earthly and the visible; that God is not a chimera, and that man *is* a spirit; and it will then appear that every point of the church's symbolism is dogmatic, and that the sign and the significance of it stand or fall together.

And so we reply to Mr. Arnold, that if he deems so highly of the symbolism, it is to be presumed that its substance is more beautiful still; but, if he is determined to make away with the substance, not all the kind wishes in the world will rescue the symbolism. Here, then, I conclude, we have one measure of the church's stability—the truths of Natural Religion as implied and culminating in Theism. Science does not even pretend to assail those truths; and a church that surrendered them would be the same instant, as a church, annihilated. Is there a future for Theism? To that extent there is one for the Roman Communion, founded and set up as it is in Theism. Or, is Mr. Arnold right in *Literature and Dogma*, and is the "assumption," common to all the churches, that there is "a Great Personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," unverifiable? Is it only an imagination, and not a known and certain truth? In that case the mission of the church is over, and we must find consolation where we may; some perhaps in poetry, but the serious-minded, surely, in the one refuge that would then be left them—the silence of despair.

WILLIAM BARRY.

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THE LAITY.

IF next Sunday all the men and women in New York, between eighteen and sixty, who sincerely declare themselves to be Catholics, and sincerely believe themselves to be Catholics, were to take it into their heads to go to Mass, does any one for a moment suppose that the churches of the city, even with the average of five successive Masses each, would be able to accommodate more than a fraction of them? The same will hold good of any other of our cities. This is without including the great numbers who have fallen completely away into practical and avowed indifference to religion. It may be answered, and with truth, that very many of these non-attendant yet professing Catholics are non-attendant because they are wilfully leading more or less sinful lives, and, being unwilling to abandon evil, abstain, therefore, first from the sacraments and then from public worship even. But, conceding this, it will be admitted that it would be a step at least towards reforming the lives of these persons if they could be induced to be present at public worship. There is an optimistic and a pessimistic way of looking at the state of religion, as at most other things, yet one does not need to be either an optimist or a pessimist to desire in every legitimate and practical way to enlarge the field in which the elevating truths and saving graces of Christ's church can be brought into play. Some five years ago the late Father Formby published a pamphlet attempting to explain why it is that, as he took for granted, there is a growth of unbelief among the educated classes in Europe. Like Mgr. Gaume, he seemed to find the cause to be in the ordinary curriculum of academic studies, in which most of the literary culture is founded upon the writings of pagans. Other writers, very many writers indeed, have affirmed that the decay or neglect of the traditional music of the liturgy is largely responsible.

It is beyond dispute that in modern times the Catholic laity in general, although performing their personal duties as Christians, are, in their relation to the public interests of religion, too often like dumb oxen. So far as the liturgy goes, no one who is aware of its magnificent but unused possibilities can avoid a feeling of wonder that the Catholic laity should have ceased to take the share in the public worship of the church to which they are clearly shown to be entitled, as well by the structure of

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the liturgy itself as by its language and rubrics. Recently a New York daily paper, *à propos* of a Protestant theological dispute and of the assembly which was convened to settle it, indulged in some flippant remarks on the early Œcumenical Councils, likening them, on account of their heated debates, the partisan activity sometimes manifested in anticipation of these councils, and the great popular interest taken in them, to our modern political conventions. It is certain that in the first centuries of the church a living interest was shown in religious discussions and in points of ecclesiastical discipline by the public at large, both laymen and clerics. Even the most subtle of the philosophical principles which underlie the doctrine of the Incarnation seem to have been debated in the highways, the workshops, the marts of trade and industry, by even the ordinary unlettered citizens of Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria, with as much earnestness as similar men of our own time and country would employ over free-trade and protection. Indeed, until quite late in the middle ages the laity were accustomed not only to be seen in the churches but to have their voices heard there, and that not merely in set portions of the divine office, but also in deliberations on the policy of the church. So far as the church was concerned, there was no *profanum vulgus* except the excommunicate.

Every public function of the church supposes the laity to be actively, not passively, present; as participators, not simply as spectators. A very forcible instance of this is in the ordination of priests, where, if anywhere, one might be pardoned for imagining the laity to have no right but that of edified spectators. But what is the fact? In the ritual for ordination the laity are actually summoned to express their opinion as to the worthiness of those about to receive the sacrament of order, and the words of the summons declare this to be not merely a polite or ceremonious formula, but a genuine right of the laity, although certainly not a legal but a moral right. The laity are plainly declared to be most deeply concerned of all in the choice of fit subjects for the priesthood. Here is a translation of a part of the ordination service:

"The bishop addresses the clergy and people in the following words: 'Inasmuch, dearly beloved brethren, as both the master of a vessel and the passengers have either a common feeling of security or a common fear, in like manner those who have a common interest should have a common opinion. For not uselessly, indeed, was it established by the Fathers that in the election of those who are to be employed for the min-

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istry of the altar the people also should be consulted, because what many may be ignorant of concerning the life and conduct of the candidate is sometimes known to a few, and besides it is necessary in order that the faithful may the more readily yield obedience to him when ordained whose ordination they sanctioned by their consent.

"'Indeed, so far as appears to me, the conduct of this deacon, who with the assistance of the Lord is about to be ordained to the priesthood, is commendable and pleasing to God, and worthy, in my opinion, of an increase of ecclesiastical honor. But, lest one or a few might be influenced by friendship or prejudiced by affection, the opinion of many should be sought. Wherefore, whatsoever you know of his conduct or morals, whatsoever you think of his merit, freely make known; and give him this testimony for the priesthood as he shall deserve, and not from any motives of affection. Should any one, therefore, have anything against him, let him, for God's sake and for the honor of God, come forward and speak; nevertheless, let him be mindful of his own condition.'

"Here the bishop pauses," etc.

May not one cause of the lack of spirit among the laity, of which there is now so much complaint, be a deeper, or, at all events, a more intangible, cause than that of music or liturgy, although both of these have undoubtedly contributed their share?

A query is in order here. One flagrant error of Protestantism is that it reduces religion to a purely personal and private matter, independent of any organized institution, thus tending to render religion altogether subjective in its scope, the logical end of which tendency is the denial of the objective reality of religious truth—in other words, scepticism. The query is: Would not a tendency towards the same lamentable end naturally arise from a condition of things which more and more had the effect of separating the great body of the Catholic laity from active participation in the institutional phases of religion?

Under the Jewish dispensation the public work of religion was conducted exclusively by the tribe of Levi. But the new dispensation recognizes no such thing as a sacerdotal caste. Balmes, in his *Protestantism and Catholicity*, devotes most of a long chapter to proving that not only has the clergy of the Catholic Church never constituted a caste, but that Christianity has always opposed the growth of any tendency towards the spirit of caste in its clergy. Nevertheless, although the clergy are not and never have been a caste, there is room for an inquiry. It is this: Has not the Providence of God, for temporary ends, perhaps, so shaped things that there has developed a tendency among the clergy towards a sort of professional feeling such as instinctively, as it were, resents as an intrusion any participation of outsiders in the sacred functions? Is there not a

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certain exaggerated feeling of condescension towards the laity, a certain feeling of exclusive possession in the church and in the belongings of the church, displayed among a large number of the priesthood? Is it not worth while to inquire whether that same Providence is not now pointing to a return to the older and more normal state of union without confusion of the clergy and people? Which may most truly be called the normal state, the present one or the one whose traces are found everywhere in the ritual? Is not the present state of things to a great extent a mere survival of a former adjustment of the church to abnormal environments, most of which have disappeared with the lapse of ages? What share in the cultivation of this exclusive, professional feeling among the clergy is to be imputed to a condition of things now rapidly passing away?

Enter a church during the performance of some solemn function. Around the altar, blazing with lights, are gathered reverend men vested in rich garments of antique splendor. They are all in motion, or, at all events, each has a part, the voice of each is heard, and everything is conducted with decent order and impressive dignity. Even to the unbelieving stranger the spectacle is interesting, perhaps strikingly beautiful. That is the clergy. But it is all shut in by a barrier, the sanctuary-railing. Outside that barrier, and filling the edifice, is a great throng dressed in sombre, every-day attire, and giving out not a sound, making scarcely a motion. The complete silence, the almost breathless hush, of the vast assembly outside the sanctuary is, in fact, one of the remarkable and impressive features of the occasion. This is the laity, and, to all appearances at least, they are taking no other part than that of most respectful spectators. Do the laity understand what is being said and done within the sanctuary? In a general sense they do. In a particular sense scarcely any of them do. Of course there is no secrecy whatever in the function. But look into any one of the prayer-books which are in the hands of the laity in that great congregation, and in many of them you shall not find a line or a word calculated to guide you through the function. After all is over, look into one of the service-books which the reverend clergy within the sanctuary-railing were using at the time, and perhaps it will astonish you to find that the language of the ceremonial then employed assumed that all the faithful present, laity as well as clergy, were taking part; the laity not merely as dumb witnesses, but as prayerful and tuneful worshippers.

Now and then one reads in a Catholic book or periodical an

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edifying tale relating how some distinguished layman, a great statesman, perhaps, or a dashing soldier, was wont to experience pious and humble satisfaction in serving a priest at Mass. Yet the liturgy was manifestly composed with the supposition that every one of the faithful present in the church would serve the Mass, so far at least as making all the responses. To be sure, the disappearance of Latin as the spoken tongue throughout the lands where the Latin rite was first introduced, and the survival of Latin as the language of the liturgy, to some extent accounts for the discrepancy between theory and practice as to the part of the laity in the church services; but only to some extent. There is something exceedingly suggestive in the fact of this passive attitude of the laity seeming to be absolutely complaisant. Heretofore the laity have been happy in their mute, admiring devotion. A change may come, however; there are those who think they perceive its first approaches, and who would read in this the most hopeful presages of an increase of spiritual vigor and manliness in the members of a hymn-singing, many-voiced church of the near future.

If the sanctuary-railing at times seems like a barrier, it may perhaps be well to remember that there was a period when it was intended for the very purpose of exclusion, or, at any rate, to be typical of exclusion. Four centuries ago, or even but one century ago and less, the state, in Europe, not only "protected" but patronized the church. There was a time when emperors, kings, dukes, counts, ay, and even petty knights, were often very much inclined to "run" the church, as we Americans would put it. The "right" of investiture, of appointment of bishops, parish priests, abbots, priors, and other dignitaries of the church or of the religious orders, and other similar rights, were constantly claimed and exercised by civil rulers without a shadow of justice. The liberty of religion, the very administration of the sacraments, were in danger from these intruders, and the consequent defensive attitude of the church took form in architectural developments such as those chancels raised high above the general level of the church-floor, shut off by rood-screens, or surrounded by massive railings, strong enough to serve as real physical barriers in case of an emergency. The ponderous and sometimes forbidding sanctuary-railing still survives, centuries after the purpose for which it was first devised, and thus seems still to symbolize a certain exclusiveness of feeling, a certain distrust which in the past was necessary and wholesome.

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The appurtenances of worship and discipline referred to had their reason; and so will those of the future development of Catholic religious life have their reason—each reason working in its time and place for the common good. The cause of Catholicity is to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the cause of true civilization. But no great idea can pass through the civilization of a great people without being modified, and this applies to religion. One may be permitted to ask, Ought any mere historical survivals, which are not related to the essence of faith, be allowed to prevent a close union of all those who are faithful to the truth?

In what the writer has said above he begs not to be misunderstood. He makes no complaint; there is no complaint to make. But this is an era when the old order is undergoing radical changes, in the social, industrial, and political world, and one is justified in inquiring how far changes can occur in the religious world without injury to what is necessarily unchangeable in it, and one is justified also in inquiring how are we prepared to meet these changes. There are two sides to the church, the human and the divine. The human side will, in the natural order of things, tend to adjust itself to its environment, and the divine side will seek men's souls on lines laid down by their peculiar civilization. If Catholicity in the person of its missionaries could wear the mandarin's feather in China and could live on a vegetable diet according to the Brahman code in India, it can certainly adjust itself to the conditions of the free citizen of the United States. What stamps the Catholic Church as a divine institution, and not a mere national or race cult, is its equal adaptability, without straining the bonds of unity and perpetuity, to all of God's children on earth without difficulty as to time or place, to the middle ages, to the nineteenth century, to the United States as well as to Japan.

We do not want either national churches or "personal" churches; we need nothing but the One, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, in the full sense of that majestic term—the only church in which all that is true in the national and personal can attain an adequate realization. The subject of this paper is one that ought to be discussed without trenching either on the rights of the clergy or the duties of the laity; on the contrary, an intelligent discussion would tend rather to bring these rights and duties more clearly into view.

Our modern and American civilization is favorable to the development of the Catholic religion, and yet this civilization

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may be perverted. The perversion of our popular tendencies would be, in religion, the merging of priest and people into one, enhancing the lay element at the expense of the divine rights of the church—a perversion abhorrent to every one of sound Catholic faith. Equally abhorrent would be the effrontery of any man, caste, institution, or nation which should undertake to set the human above the divine, to set up, for instance, Americanism *vs.* Catholicity. Catholics are disciples of Christ first, last, and all the time. When that ceases to make us better Americans the republic is undone. In short, the qualities of American citizenship are such as to fit good Americans in an especial manner to be good Catholics. One object of this paper has been to inquire just how the completion of this fitness can best be worked out.

A LAYMAN.

A CLEAR CASE OF *SUPPRESSIO VERI.*

IN a recent number of the *Century* magazine there appeared an article on "The Catacombs of Rome," by Professor Philip Schaff, D.D. The article, though brief, was profusely illustrated, and was accorded the place of honor. The tone of the writer is professedly candid and orthodox, and his readers are given to understand that in this short paper they have the results of archæological research in the Roman Catacombs fully and fairly summarized. This certainly is the impression Professor Schaff has sought to produce on the minds of his extensive audience, and we believe he has largely succeeded. The writer, it is true, makes no claim to original investigation; he simply leaves us to infer that he visited the Catacombs in the ordinary tourist fashion. But he does claim to be quite familiar with the best and latest literature on the subject, and he mentions a number of works by the most noted authors, whose researches he intimates having mastered, and so his acquaintance with the subject must needs be accurate and profound. It is not our purpose to dispute the extent of his knowledge or the sources whence it was derived. Our cause of complaint against the learned professor is that he tells only a very small part of what he knows. We venture to call him to account simply because we are convinced that he wilfully conceals facts and statements from the general public which it ought to know—facts without the knowledge of which any sketch of the Catacombs must necessarily be inaccurate and misleading.

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The most hopeful feature of the intellectual development of our time is that the great majority of intelligent people nowadays want to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in relation to every subject to which their attention is called, so that one-sided views and suppression of facts are deprecated by all honest men; and in a magazine like the *Century*, that caters to the broadest intelligence of the land, they are strangely out of place. But unfortunately the literary bias inherited through generations dies slowly and much of what is every day written is still a conspiracy against Catholic truth. The testimony of the Catacombs is so distinctly and decidedly Catholic that it is difficult to understand how any writer can afford to openly ignore the fact, much less to controvert it. But Professor Schaff not only ignores it, but, by suppression of evidence and covert insinuation, tries to convey the idea that there is nothing distinctively Catholic to be found in the Catacombs or their contents.

The Roman archæologist, John Baptist de' Rossi, is universally accepted as the highest authority on the Catacombs and all that they contain. He is the chief authority to whom the reverend professor appeals, and De' Rossi shall be our high court of appeal also, for his works are before us.

The first statements in the article to which we take exception are those where it is asserted that the Catacombs were used for sepulture only, and not for places of refuge or worship. It is no doubt true, as the writer observes, that even the Christian burial clubs were in the beginning protected by Roman law, and their cemeteries, though under ground, were to some extent public. But in the year 257 an edict was issued by the Emperor Valerian forbidding not only "all Christian assemblies," but also "all visits to places called cemeteries." And Pope Sixtus II., who in the following year, 258, was surprised by the pagans while ministering to his flock in the cemetery of Prætextatus, was hurried off before the tribunals and condemned to death with several of his followers. This fact is well established, both from the famous appeal of the deacon St. Lawrence at the trial, and the well-preserved inscription of Pope Damasus discovered by De' Rossi in the Papal Crypt of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. It is also well authenticated that on more than one occasion when the Christians were seen to enter their cemeteries, or were found at worship there by the pagan persecutors, the narrow passages or galleries were closed up and the worshippers were thus buried alive. St. Gregory of Tours, in his work *De Gloria Martyrum*, mentions an instance where a whole con-

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gregation was walled in in this manner, and when the chamber was re-opened the skeletons of men, women, and children were discovered strewn about, and even the silver cruets which had been taken down for the celebration of the sacred mysteries were found there, silent witnesses to the religious character of the assembly. When so many of the cubicula were undoubtedly chapels and so many of the arcosolia altars, there must have been a good deal of worship; and it looks rather suspicious to question the fact. But the reverend professor is cautious. He cannot, of course, pass over the most interesting features of the Catacombs without some recognition. And so he tells us that "the little oratories with altars and episcopal chairs cut in the tufa are *probably* of later construction, and could accommodate only a few persons at a time. They were suited for funeral services and private devotion, but not for public worship." Does De' Rossi say, or any other great authority on the Catacombs except Professor Schaff, that *all* "the little oratories with altars are *probably* of later construction"? To deny that some of the chambers in the Catacombs were used as places of Christian worship during the *early ages* is, says De' Rossi, "to close one's eyes to the light of the sun at noonday." Take, for example, the subterranean chapel discovered in the cemetery of St. Agnes by Marchi in 1841. This structure, 45 feet in length, 7 feet in width, and two stories in height, with chancel and a luminare, certainly afforded accommodations for something more than "funeral services and private devotion." And this oratory was constructed, according to De' Rossi, not later than the first years of the fourth century. There is no question but that the Roman Catacombs were in the beginning built as places of sepulture only. In the cemeteries constructed during the first and second centuries there was no provision made for assembly or worship, but in the Catacombs of the third and fourth centuries there was provision made for both; and the evidence is ample that, from the middle of the third century at least, the Christians took refuge in the Catacombs and worshipped there in times of persecution. History as well as archæology witnesses to this, so that there is no reasonable ground for doubt in the matter.

Referring to St. Petronilla, whose name is so intimately associated with the very interesting catacomb on the Via Ardeatina, Professor Schaff ventures a remark so irrelevant and so unfounded that his motive cannot well be mistaken. "The Roman divines," he says, "reluctant to admit that the first pope had any children (though his marriage is beyond a doubt from the

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record of the Gospels which mention his mother-in-law), understand Petronilla to be a spiritual daughter, as Mark was a spiritual son, of the apostle." Now, as a matter of fact, the "Roman divines" never had any reluctance to admit that St. Peter had children, and the vast majority of them have lived and died in the belief that St. Peter had a daughter, for such has been the common tradition in the church for ages; but that the St. Petronilla above referred to was his actual daughter is so exceedingly improbable that we feel quite sure Professor Schaff himself does not believe a word of it. He brings the question up simply because it serves his purpose to have a fling at the "Roman divines," that is all. The lady Aurelia Petronilla, who is associated both in name and fame with one of the noblest houses in Rome, could hardly have been born and raised in a fisherman's hut on the distant shores of the Sea of Galilee.

Few objects found in the Catacombs excite our veneration more than the glass vases stained with blood—the blood of the martyrs. But Professor Schaff shatters our idols with a stroke of his pen. The blood-red stains that arouse our emotion were not made by blood at all; they are only the dregs of wine—sacramental wine possibly, but still wine. Now, there is nothing to which the early records of the Christian faith bear such abundant testimony as the care taken by the Christians in the times of persecution to preserve the sacred remains of their martyred brethren, and especially their blood. Sponges, cloths, and vessels of various kinds, that were used to collect the generous blood of the athletes of Christ, are to be found in their tombs. The earliest records relating to the Catacombs frequently refer to these touching memorials of Christian zeal and veneration. Such writers as St. Ambrose and Prudentius speak of this pious custom and the evidences they had of it before their eyes. But we must not forget that our court of appeal is not early history but recent archæology. Though quite a number of vials with unmistakable stains upon them have been discovered in recent times in or near the tombs of the martyrs, it is of course most difficult to have them subjected to a regular chemical analysis after the lapse of so many centuries. One, however, that was found in 1872 in the cemetery of St. Saturninus afforded opportunity for this test. This vessel contained a semi-liquid fluid which had the appearance of blood. It was submitted to De' Rossi for examination, and under the supervision of his brother, Michele de' Rossi, was subjected to a most thorough chemical and microscopic analysis, which resulted in establishing that the fluid was originally blood beyond the possibility of even a

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scientific doubt. We strongly suspect that when the reverend professor throws doubt on the blood theory he aims a blow at relics in general and at the blood of St. Januarius in particular, which liquefies every year and is a continuous Catholic miracle.

From blood to instruments of torture is a transition natural enough. Whatever "the fertile imagination of credulous people" may think to the contrary, Professor Schaff insists that the so-called instruments of torture found in the Catacombs "are simply instruments of handicraft." Perhaps they are both! The iron head of a hatchet found firmly embedded in the head of a martyr by Bosio was doubtless an "instrument of handicraft," but was it not also an instrument of torture and death? De' Rossi himself found *plumbatæ* in the crypt of St. Cecilia. And speaking of this subject in general, he says: "Many times even in our own days have we had the opportunity of seeing and handling the material proofs of the mutilations and various tortures undergone by those buried in the Roman Catacombs; and of the religious care of the ancient Christians in gathering up all that they could of the mangled bodies and the mutilated limbs, and depositing them in an honored place and wrapping them in precious coverings."

The eschatology of the early Christians, if we accept the statement of Professor Schaff, was as crude as that of the red Indians or any other savages. They buried the implements of their handicraft with the dead, because "the idea prevailed to a large extent (amongst them) that the future life was a continuation of the occupations and amusements of the present." This certainly is a new discovery, and the credit of it belongs to the reverend professor. For up to the present moment the Christian world has been laboring under the supposition that the first converts to Christianity received the fulness of Gospel light and truth from the apostles and their immediate successors, and hence their conceptions of the future life were spiritual and orthodox, not material and heretical, as this statement would imply. It is needless to say that the circumstances which led up to this remarkable discovery are not recorded. The anthropomorphic idea of God, and some consequent errors in regard to the future life, found a foothold in later years among some of the simple anchorites of the Libyan deserts; but the faithful of Rome were always free from such gross errors. Living, as they did, at the very centre of Christian orthodoxy, they were constantly nourished with sound doctrine, and the belief of Rome was the standard and the test

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of Christian belief throughout the world, and was frequently appealed to by the great champions of the Christian cause in the East as well as in the West. There is not, therefore, any real foundation for supposing that the fervent flock which followed the Divine Shepherd through centuries of tears and blood had any misconceptions as to the character of the eternal reward he would bestow upon them for their fidelity. For him they lived, for him they died, and the possession of him was the reward exceeding great after which they sought. The New Jerusalem might stand out before them with its walls and gates and battlements, but the Lord God was its glory, and the Lamb was its light, and their vision its peace and rest and joy, and the occupation of the blessed within its walls.

When Professor Schaff comes to speak of the pictures found in the Catacombs he is particularly one-sided in his treatment of the subject. He carefully refrains from all allusion to the many distinctively Catholic devotional scenes depicted there, and he insinuates that the representations of the Blessed Virgin are confined to the figures of the Orantes and are at best somewhat doubtful. Here are his words: "A woman in a praying posture frequently appears on the walls of the Catacombs. Roman Catholic archæologists see in that figure the earliest representation of the Virgin Mary praying for sinners. Others interpret it as the mother-church, or as both combined." Is this a fair statement to make when pictures of the Blessed Virgin, some with her name actually inscribed upon them, abound in the Catacombs? Nor can these pictures be conveniently thrust aside as of *later date*, for De' Rossi himself declares that the picture of the Madonna and Child discovered in the cemetery of St. Priscilla belongs to the first age of Christian art. Indeed if we accept the judgment of archæology in the matter, we are justified in saying that the artist who painted this particular picture might well have received his instruction in the Christian faith from the lips of St. Peter or St. Paul. This we admit to be "the earliest representation of the Virgin Mary" as yet revealed to us in the Catacombs. In this same cemetery of St. Priscilla, too, we have paintings of the Annunciation, the Adoration by the Magi, and the Finding of our Lord in the Temple. The Adoration by the Magi was a favorite subject in early Christian art. De' Rossi mentions over twenty paintings and a still greater number of sculptures in which it appears, and, as a matter of course, the Holy Child is almost invariably represented in the arms of his Blessed Mother. This group of subjects belongs for the most part to the latter half of the third and the

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beginning of the fourth centuries. The Blessed Virgin is also found depicted alone or in company with some of the saints, as SS. Peter and Paul. So numerous are the paintings and sculptures in which she is represented that when they are passed over by any writer pretending to give a general account of the Catacombs and their contents, it naturally excites suspicion. And when we find so prominent a subject of early Christian art slurred over in a single sentence, we cannot help thinking that the author's prejudices have something to do with it. The devotion of the primitive Christians to the Mother of Christ has never been a matter of conjecture but of historical fact. Almost every breath of ancient tradition comes down to us laden with the sweet incense of her praise; and in every creed of primitive Christianity, whether composed by the apostles or depicted on the walls of the Roman Catacombs, her place in the Christian covenant is recognized and her prerogatives set forth.

Professor Schaff finds evidences of only two sacraments in the Roman Catacombs. Archæologists who have spent years in original investigation claim to have found evidences of five. The evidences for four of these, at least, seem to us quite satisfactory. The other three it would be somewhat difficult to depict. This, however, is a point that will always be in dispute, and we shall not press it here. We will pass on at once to the closing statements of the reverend professor in the article before us. He admits that "some epitaphs" found in these ancient cemeteries "contain a request to the dead in heaven to pray for the living on earth." It would, in truth, be very rash to deny it, seeing that one of the chambers in the catacomb of St. Callixtus furnishes us with a regular litany of the kind, beginning with the words, "Mayest thou live in the Lord and pray for us," "Mayest thou live in peace and pray for us," and ending with the invocation, "Ask for us in thy prayers, because we know thou art in Christ." But when he comes to speak of prayer for the dead he adopts his usual tactics. "At a *later* period," he says, "we find requests for intercession in behalf of the departed *when once, chiefly through the influence of Pope Gregory I.*, purgatory became an article of general belief in the Western Church." (The italics are ours.) "But," he continues, "the overwhelming testimony of the oldest Christian epitaphs is that the pious dead are already in the enjoyment of peace; and this accords with our Saviour's promise to the penitent thief, and with St. Paul's desire to depart and be with

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Christ, which is better." There are several insinuations conveyed in these two sentences, and they are all false. And really we think the reverend professor must have had some misgivings about them himself when he wrote them. Is it not to be inferred from these statements, first, that the early Christians did not hold to the doctrine of prayer for the dead or practise it; second, that purgatory was not an article of general belief amongst them; third, that before the doctrine of purgatory was foisted on the church by Pope Gregory I., but not afterwards, the common belief was that the *pious dead* went straight to heaven? Now, if the cumulative results of archæological research in the Roman Catacombs warrant us in making any positive statement at all, it is that the Communion of Saints is the doctrine of all others most fully established by the testimony of the Catacombs. That there is a community of prayers and good offices between the living and the dead is a belief which the very earliest, as well as the very latest, monuments sustain. Why, the whole sacred character of these cemeteries is based on this belief. And the desire so universally manifested by the early Christians to be buried close to the tombs of the martyrs is a palpable demonstration of it. So that the doctrine of the Communion of Saints is justly considered the key to the Catacombs. And the doctrine of the Communion of Saints not only supposes that the blessed dead may be invoked to pray for the living, which the reverend professor admits to have been practised, but moreover that the living may pray for the dead with profit to the souls of the faithful departed. Nor are petitions of this kind wanting among the early epitaphs in the Roman cemeteries. Two such are found in St. Callixtus' of very ancient date, and prove the great antiquity of our *Requiescat in pace.* Other inscriptions establish the fact that the prayers of the martyrs generally were invoked for the dead. Now, if the early Christians practised prayer for the dead, they must certainly have believed in a future state when prayer might avail, and that state was neither heaven nor hell. What was it, then? Can the reverend professor tell? Pope Gregory I. was, according to him, the man who first proclaimed the remarkable discovery, and through his influence chiefly the Christian world was led to accept a doctrine it had not heard of before. This is somewhat alarming, for Pope St. Gregory the Great died in the seventh century; and if the doctrines of the Christian religion were not universally known and received by that time when were they?

We confess we are rather at a loss to account for the reverend professor's selection of St. Gregory the Great as the Apostle of

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Purgatory. For Origen and St. Cyprian, who lived in the third century, St. Ambrose and St. Jerome, who lived in the fourth, and St. Augustine, who lived in the fifth, speak quite as definitely on the subject of prayer for the dead, the temporal punishment due on account of sin, and purification after death, as Pope St. Gregory the Great. Indeed, St. Augustine has far more to say on the subject than anybody else in the early church; and if the development of the doctrine of purgatory can be ascribed to any one in particular, he ought to have the credit of it. But all such statements are so unfounded that we can hardly believe they are ever made in good faith by those who are at all familiar with the belief and practice of the primitive church. We beg leave, moreover, to state that it is *still* the teaching of the Catholic Church, and the common belief of the faithful, that all *truly pious* souls who depart this life in the perfect love of God go straight to heaven, without one moment's purgatory. It is only when the love of God is imperfect and the debt of sin is in some way unsatisfied that "the wood and hay and stubble" have to be consumed in purgatory. Many of our separated brethren in these latter days are taking kindly to the doctrine of purgatory, and we are sorry to find the Protestantism of Professor Schaff so unprogressive. But if he himself rejects the consoling belief, surely he ought not to conceal its antiquity from the American public or distort it in their eyes.

To every student of Christian archæology the name of Pope Damasus is *clarum et venerabile nomen*, for there is no other name so closely entwined with its conquests. This pontiff, who ruled the church in the last half of the fourth century—from 366 to 384—may well be considered the first Christian archæologist. For to his enlightened zeal are we indebted for the most interesting discoveries that have recently been made in the Roman Catacombs. He was only one generation removed from the last general persecution under the Emperor Diocletian, so that in his days the memories of the martyrs were still fragrant and their graves still fresh, and he devoted himself to their preservation. In nearly every one of the ancient cemeteries we find the proofs of his pious care; and were it not for his labors by far the most intelligible portions of the Catacombs would be a blank to us at the present day. Under his direction were set up those splendidly-engraved marble tablets which have given the clue to modern research and identification. The more important inscriptions were his own composition, and were engraved by his favorite artist, Furius Filocalus. He also

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put a stop to the destructive changes that the thoughtless zeal of the Romans, to make themselves graves close to the tombs of the martyrs, had wrought in so many of the cemeteries. And he denied himself the great consolation of burial in the Catacombs, because, as he said, "he was afraid to disturb the holy ashes of the saints." Yet this grand old figure, this presiding genius of the Catacombs, receives not a word of recognition from Professor Schaff, doubtless because it did not suit his purpose to bring so early and so enlightened a pope into public view. We call attention to this because it is rare to find any notice of the Roman Catacombs in which the name of Pope Damasus does not appear. The Goths and Vandals destroyed much of his work; they despoiled and desecrated the sacred shrines he had erected around the martyrs' tombs, and scattered the monuments of his zeal; but they could not deface his name or destroy the enduring results of his labor. And whenever a fragment of a Damasine inscription is picked up in the Roman cemeteries to-day, it invariably leads to new and important discoveries. Nothing else so rejoices the heart and arouses the hopes of the modern archæologist as the sight of a piece of marble bearing the trace of the well-known characters engraved by the cunning hand of Pope Damasus' artist.

It should be distinctly understood that the evidence to be drawn from the Catacombs is corroborative rather than constructive. You can verify from it the general accuracy of Christian tradition and the reliability of the ancient authors whose writings have come down to our time; but you cannot build up a system of religious history upon it, such as has been built up on the great archæological discoveries made in Egypt and Assyria. The records of the Catacombs concern the dead. They illustrate immortal life and hope, and convey but little direct information about every-day life and its affairs. The monuments placed there were not set up by kings or priests to proclaim their deeds or their doctrines, but by sincere Christians to manifest their reverence for the blessed dead and their faith in the Saviour of the world and his salvation. This is the dominant idea that pervades these ancient cities of the dead and that impresses itself on all who enter their sacred precincts. The details of Christian life and practice are revealed only in so far as they relate to the dead or were required by the necessities of the living in times of persecution.

The Catacombs, as places of refuge or abode, were a temporary expedient, and we have no right to look for more than partial views of Christian life and conviction in them. Their

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testimony, nevertheless, is invaluable and confirms beyond the possibility of all honest doubt the general traditions of the church, and sets the seal of antiquity on some of the most distinctly Catholic doctrines; so that across the wide gap of seventeen centuries we can extend the hand of Christian brotherhood to those who reared them, and claim to be one with them in faith and hope and charity.

In the magnificent results of scientific attainment which go to make the triumph of our age there is nothing more remarkable than the great discoveries in the domain of archæology and the confirmation they lend to the dim traditions of the prehistoric past. The shadowy forms of the heroic ages have put on flesh and blood, and the very myths themselves have been clothed with reality. The traditions of mankind have been shown to be more trustworthy than all the theories and speculations of pseudo-philosophy, and the lesson is taught us that the folk-lore of the nations, however legendary it may seem, has always some foundation in fact.

Rev. Edward B. Brady, C.S.P.

A HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

From sins of deed, of word, of mind,
  From every sin of each degree,
From sin, my Saviour dear and kind,
  My Saviour God, deliver me!

My dying Saviour on the Cross,
  Save me through life from sin's control,
That the dark shadow of thy loss
  Dwell not for ever on my soul.

My living Saviour on the Throne,
  When I am in my lonely grave,
O Thou who didst for sin atone,
  My living Saviour, save me, save!

W. G. Dix.

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THE COLONEL'S STORY.

WE had been discussing mesmerism and spirit-rapping.

"Where physical agencies are used," said old Colonel G——, "there is room for deceit. I know of an instance of real, continual clairvoyance, as wonderful as any of the phenomena you have related, though it had nothing to do with the spirit-world."

"Let us have it! Tell us your story!" we all cried, preparing for a treat; for we knew that the colonel, while not at all addicted to fiction, had an abundant fund of stories. Our senior by many years, he had travelled much, seen much, and learned much. He never invented, but narrated curious facts that he could vouch for, adventures that had befallen him or to which he had been an eye-witness. Withal, he was not very talkative, and his narratives were the more prized because he was so sparing of them.

The old man threw his cigar into the fire, took a sip of claret punch, and told us the following remarkable story:

Juan de Villafaña was the youngest son of one of the proudest grandees who claimed the right to remain with covered head in the presence of the king of Spain. Passionately fond of study, an eager inquirer into the mysteries of the most abtruse sciences, the young nobleman was a ripe scholar and a profound thinker, ill-fitted for the hollow gayeties of the court. His manner was absent and eccentric, his speech as candid as a child's; but if his mind was absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge, his heart seemed to overflow with love for suffering mankind. The poor, the helpless, were the objects of his constant solicitude, and, the better to serve them, he studied medicine with an eagerness and zeal which were crowned with rare success. Many were the cures he performed in the wretched suburbs of Madrid. The poor people looked upon him as a saint gifted with miraculous healing power.

The old Marquis de Villafaña did not relish the idea of his son becoming a physician or a sort of Brother of Charity; if the army did not suit him, there was the refuge of younger sons, the church, where the family influence would secure him a bishop's mitre. In obedience to the paternal wishes Juan de

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Villafaña studied for the priesthood, and he was on the eve of being ordained when an adventure befell him which was to change his fate and make him the hero of this true story.

King Carlos was ill; he suffered from an unknown malady which baffled the skill of the court physician; he pined and wasted slowly, retaining his mental faculties, but unable to make the least physical exertion. He still received his grandees at the ceremonious court levée, and one morning he graciously invited the Marquis de Villafaña, whom he held in great esteem, to bring his son Juan the next day to receive the assurance of the royal favor and protection.

It was no easy matter to prevail on the young man to make his appearance at court; but he could not decline the royal invitation, and on the following day he accompanied his father to the palace and was admitted to the regal chamber.

Villafaña, approaching the sumptuous couch upon which his sovereign reclined, bowed low, and, taking the hand the king graciously held out to him, raised it to his lips. In doing so his gaze rested dreamily on the emaciated and pallid sufferer; suddenly the young man recoiled, exclaiming: "Good heavens! your majesty has taken poison!"

Horror-struck at this startling announcement, the king fell back in a swoon. A short, awful pause ensued, followed by a confused uproar. The court physician and certain favorite courtiers surrounded the young man and dragged him out of the king's chamber, with loud denunciations of "Madman!" "Fool!" "Traitor!" Juan de Villafaña followed them unresistingly, his pale face wearing an expression of solemn awe and tender pity, as he repeated in a prophetic tone: "His majesty has been poisoned! I see the working of the fatal drug in his veins; *I know the hand that poured it!*"

The old marquis, on recovering from his stupefaction, had hastened to follow his son. With the help of some friends he succeeded in getting him safely out of the palace. But the young seer had said too much; he must not live to name the guilty wretch whom he knew. That same evening, as Juan de Villafaña was going to see a sick man in the suburb, he was attacked by two hired assassins. He fought for his life and killed one of his assailants; the other bravo fled.

The young student was horrified. He had shed the blood of a human being! He felt himself unworthy of the priesthood; his blood-stained hands should not touch the sacred Host. Then he detested the corrupt atmosphere of the court;

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his place should not be there. Bidding farewell to his aged father, he set off, a voluntary exile from his native land.

The king did not die of the poison. Juan had left in the hands of the marquis a prescription for the royal sufferer. He had made to him, besides, revelations so precise that the marquis could not hesitate to communicate them to the king. The court physician and a certain grandee upon whom the queen looked with too much favor were banished.

The life of the wanderer became an eventful one. The vessel on which he had taken passage for America was attacked by pirates and fell into their hands after a bloody conflict. Villafaña, unmindful of danger, was ministering to the wounded in the ship's cabin, which he had transformed into an ambulance. When the pirates, maddened by the resistance of the crew and their own losses, boarded the vessel, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. The pirate chief, rushing into the cabin, found the unconcerned physician busy with his work of mercy. The serenity of the young man struck the hardened bandit with admiration.

"Ah! you are a surgeon!" said he. "Many of my men are wounded, and I will spare your life for their sake. Leave these dogs to be thrown to the fishes, and you come on board of my brig."

"Not one of your men will I touch unless these unfortunates are permitted to live," was the quiet and decided answer.

"What!" exclaimed the pirate, and he uttered a blasphemous oath, "you resist my orders! Obey, or you shall die a horrible death."

"You can kill me, señor, but that will not cure your comrades; their lives are linked to the lives of these poor men."

"*Demonio!* . . . Well, let it be as you say. Cure them all; I will hang you afterwards for your impudence."

"As you will." And Villafaña resumed his work at the bedside of the poor wretches, who had listened with agonizing anxiety to this dialogue.

The pirate captain did not carry out his threat. He, as well as his crew, soon learned to look upon Villafaña with superstitious awe. They treated him kindly, but they kept him a prisoner. Where could they have found another physician like this strange, gentle, and fearless man? During two long years Villafaña was compelled to live in the company of these outlaws; but all this time his influence over them was growing stronger every day and gradually detaching them from their

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life of crime. They had ceased murdering their captives; they gave up pillaging at last, and the captain, assembling his crew one day, announced to them that their association was at an end; he had resolved upon trying to lead henceforth the life of an honest man, and he urged them to do likewise. They landed on the coast of Mexico and parted company.

Villafaña was free. He proceeded to the city of Mexico, where he commenced practising medicine. He soon became famous for his wonderful cures and the eccentricity of his manner, which had become abrupt and wild. He would stop a man on the street and tell him: "You are sick, you have such a disease; swallow this and you will be cured." If the patient, frightened by the earnestness of his manner, took the medicine, he was saved; if, repulsing him as a quack or a madman, he refused, he died.

Adventures of this sort led people to think the "mad doctor," as he was called by many, an adept in witchcraft; others believed that immaculate sanctity only could perform such wonders. He was sent for by wealthy patients, who rewarded him liberally; but he sought the poor and unfortunate, and the gold taken from the palace was not long in finding its way to the hovel. Abstemious in his habits, always poorly clad, living in a garret, the benevolent doctor seemed to have constituted himself the disbursing agent of the rich for the benefit of the poor.

The good man, however, came very near falling a victim to the superstitions of the times. Returning home one afternoon, after a toilsome day's work in the wretched *jacales* of the suburbs, he met a funeral procession on its way to the cemetery. In the old Spanish colonies it is customary to carry the coffin uncovered; the lid is put on only when the corpse is ready to be lowered to its last resting-place. The body is usually decked in all the finery of this world; that of a child is crowned with flowers. I have seen one to which little gauze wings had been adapted; the cheeks were rouged and the glassy eyes held open by artificial means. A numerous escort of children, dressed in white, walked on each side, strewing the road with cut flowers which they carried in small baskets. The people say that when an innocent child dies it is an angel returning to heaven, and there is, therefore, more cause for joy than grief.

In this instance the corpse was that of a lovely young girl, upon whose radiant countenance the hand of death had but lightly pressed its mysterious seal. Villafaña had stopped, and

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he awaited, hat in hand, the passage of the procession. As the coffin came abreast of him he gazed sadly at the youthful form so soon doomed to be turned to dust. All at once he started wildly, a cry of horror burst from his lips, and, springing into the middle of the street, he confronted the astonished bearers.

"Stop!" he cried—"on your lives, stop! That child is not dead! Do you wish to bury her alive?"

The dishevelled hair and disordered dress of the doctor, his thin features bronzed by long exposure to the tropical sun, his dark eyes shining with a wild and mysterious light—everything about him gave him the appearance of a madman. The people attempted to drive him back, but he resisted, repeating aloud: "She is alive, I tell you! Would you commit a crime?"

Much confusion ensued, and Villafaña would have suffered violence at the hands of the crowd had not the dead girl's father interposed. Overwhelmed with grief, he was following the dead body of his beloved child, when his attention was roused by the tumult, and he heard the last words of the doctor. Rushing forward and forcing his way through the excited crowd, he caught Villafaña by the arm.

"Man!" cried the bereaved parent—"man, what is that you have said? My Pepita alive? Answer! Do not trifle with a father's heart; do not awake insane hopes only to make my despair more bitter. Speak! On your life, is she alive?"

"Señor," replied Villafaña who had recovered his composure, "upon my last hopes of salvation I swear to you that your daughter is at this moment alive. Take her back to your house, and, God permitting, I will restore her to your love."

"Come, then," said the old man, "bring her back to life and all my wealth shall be yours. But," he added, or rather hissed, "deceive me, and I will tear out your heart!"

Villafaña shrugged his shoulders, and, taking the poor father's arm, walked back to the house, where a weeping mother mourned the loss of her last-born. The young girl was laid upon a bed and all the paraphernalia of death was removed by order of the doctor, who, having despatched a messenger to the nearest pharmacy for certain drugs, carefully prepared a mixture. He forced a spoon between the clenched teeth of the girl, and poured in, drop by drop, a spoonful of the liquid. He then took his seat by the bedside, and, having consulted his watch, addressed at last the unhappy father, who, silent and trembling with anxiety, had followed eagerly his every movement.

"Señor," said he, "in fifteen minutes I shall give her another

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dose; in another fifteen minutes, with the grace of God, she will revive."

And taking a breviary which he always carried with him, he commenced reading.

A tomb-like silence reigned in the room. The eyes of those members of the family who had been permitted to remain were fixed on the beauteous young face, which, cold and rigid as marble, looked still paler under the raven curls that crowned it. The monotonous ticking of a clock in the adjoining room was the only sound heard, keeping time with the throbs of the old Mexican's heart. The grief-stricken man was leaning against the wall at the foot of the bed. He, too, would have seemed dead but for the tremulous working of his lips. He was praying.

But what is it that makes his eyes dilate and flash with mingled fear and hope? Is it a mere fancy, an optical delusion, or has a fugitive flush colored the marble-like cheeks of his child? The doctor lays aside his book. Another spoonful of the life-giving cordial is forced between the pale lips. Not a word is spoken. How slow the ticking of that clock! Surely another quarter is passed. Listen! that deep-drawn sigh came from the bed! Villafaña's forbidding gesture checks the father, ready to rush forward. The old man falls on his knees; big tears course down his furrowed cheeks; his chest heaves convulsively, but not a sound is heard. Again! again! The regular, soft breathing is now audible to all. The beautiful head moves slightly, and the cheek, now tinged with life's blood, rests on the pillow.

"*Mama! Querida Mama!*"

The first word of the child awaking from her dream of death has been the name of the dear mother, who, still plunged alone in her darkened chamber, was not aware that her heart's treasure was restored to her.

The old father embraced Villafaña's knees and offered him a fortune; every one blessed the strange doctor as the saver of Pepita.

"Give what you please to the poor," he said meekly. "I have been but the humble instrument of a merciful God; *they* are his children."

The story of this miraculous cure soon spread, and, as is usually the case, was greatly magnified. It was reported that the strange doctor had the power to raise the dead. The authorities sent for Villafaña and subjected him to a rigid examination.

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"You have been denounced as an impostor and a magician," he was told; "on the other hand, the poor people look upon you as a holy prophet. The strange power you claim you have never used for evil, so we cannot condemn you; but you are giving us trouble. The age of miracles has gone by, and so has that of witchcraft, yet the superstitious will always make you better or worse than you are. Under the circumstances I think the most prudent thing you can do is to leave the country."

The hint was as good as an order. Villafaña left Mexico and sailed for the West Indies. He landed at Kingston, Jamaica.

There his acquaintance with my grandfather began. My aunt—she was then a child of ten years—was lying at the point of death. The best medical talent in Kingston had been called in consultation and the verdict of the assembled faculty left no hope. My grandmother was almost distracted. An old colored servant, seeing her despair, told her of a Spanish doctor who lived in the sailors' quarter and was said to have made some wonderful cures among the poor people. Old Sophy knew of one case, an aged negress, paralyzed of all her limbs for over five years, whom the strange doctor had made well and hearty after a few weeks' treatment. Why not send for him? He might cure Miss Eliza. My grandmother caught at the suggestion. "Pshaw! it must be some quack," remarked her husband when she broached the matter to him; "but since you wish it, my dear, I will see him."

Sophy was summoned and made to tell all she knew of the whereabouts of the Spanish doctor—such was the only name by which she could designate him. My grandfather drove to the sailors' quarter and with no little trouble succeeded in discovering Villafaña. The first impression was far from favorable; the Spanish doctor had all the appearance of an escaped patient of a lunatic asylum. On the drive home, however, my grandfather was greatly surprised at the depth of learning and soundness of judgment revealed by his companion. He did not know what to make of him.

On entering the sick-chamber, where my grandmother sat, anxiously expecting their coming, the doctor bowed and cast a glance towards the bed, but did not go near it. Catching the imploring look of my grandmother, he said to her in a tone of sympathy:

"Poor mother! what anguish you have suffered. But

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grieve no longer; you shall soon see your child in good health. Your physician has mistaken the disease. It can be cured."

My grandmother burst into tears and exchanged a look of despair with her husband. This man had not come near enough to see the child's face; he had not touched her: surely he spoke thus only to deceive her.

"You mistake, dear madam," remarked the doctor, who seemed to read her thoughts; "there is not a shadow of a doubt in my mind. I know your daughter's disease, and I know the remedy for it."

To dwell on the details of the treatment would be uninteresting. In a few days my aunt was well. Mere gold could not have cancelled the debt of gratitude contracted by the happy parents. A strong feeling of friendship had sprung up between my grandfather and the doctor during those few days. These two men understood each other; there was congeniality of heart and soul between them, and they became friends for life. My grandfather urged the doctor to take up his abode with him as a member of the family. The old man demurred: his poor patients needed him; it was his wont to give consultations at his rooms; sometimes he took in some poor wretch and kept him there until he could say to him, "Go thy ways; thou art cured." Grandfather overruled all these objections. There was a wing to the house, with a private entrance; there the doctor could establish an hospital, if he saw fit; but he must be one of the family, have his seat at the family board and his place in the family circle. He yielded.

Dr. Villafaña was a singular personage. He was of middle height, with a spare frame, and always dressed in black garments of a clerical cut. His gray hair, as fine as silk, floated back from a lofty and intellectual forehead. He wore his white beard very full, which gave him a patriarchal air; but his bronzed features and bushy black eye-brows, his large, deep-set, dark eyes, now gazing dreamily, now beaming with tenderness, and anon shining with a strange light, made an undefinable impression on one who saw him for the first time. He was so careless in his dress as to appear almost slovenly; but woman's influence soon corrected this. Surrounded with loving care, the old wanderer felt as though he were in the midst of his own family; his heart, so full of the love of mankind, yearned, perhaps unconsciously, for those dear ties of home and kindred he had renounced so many years ago.

He became the idol of the household, especially of the chil-

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dren, for whom he always had some toy or cake, an inexhaustible fund of stories, and the most amusing inventions. He was generally regular and abstemious in his habits. However sumptuous the feast spread before him, his breakfast consisted of a single cup of chocolate and a glass of water; his dinner of a plate of soup and one glass of wine. This taken, he would draw back his chair, light a cigarette—a great privilege in those days, when smoking in a lady's presence was not tolerated—and converse during the remainder of the meal.

Villafaña had retained from his seafaring experience a singular affection for the poor sailors, and when a ship entered the port he never failed to visit their boarding-houses, to inquire if any were sick or in want. On such occasions he was sometimes induced to drink a glass of grog with the jolly tars. The effect of this was to make him more talkative, less unwilling to speak of himself and of his past life; even then he never volunteered confidences, but was more easily drawn out.

Grandfather had questioned him freely regarding the strange power he had of recognizing a disease at the first glance, and, simultaneously, the remedy that would infallibly cure it.

"I cannot explain this, my dear friend," the doctor would answer; "it is a gift of God. As I look at a patient I see him internally, better even than if his body were cut open before me on the dissecting-table. I see the part diseased, and, intuitively, the medicine that will cure it. If the disease be incurable, which is seldom the case, I see this also, and I could tell how many days, hours, and minutes the patient will live. Sometimes the medicines I prescribe are in accord with my knowledge of the medical science; but at other times they are entirely at variance, and yet I know they are the right ones for all my books may say to the contrary. I cannot say exactly when this power manifested itself. It came to me gradually, I believe. The discovery of the poisoning of the king was the first spontaneous manifestation of which I was aware. It was irresistible. The whole scene rose before my eyes. I saw the crime committed, and I could not have helped speaking out if my head had been on the block."

If the ignorant people feared Villafaña as a sorcerer or blessed him as a saint, polite society felt a positive dread of his mysterious power. If he read so surely the hidden ills of the flesh, might he not also read the secrets of the soul? Few were willing to stand the test; a spotless soul is even more rare than a perfectly sound body. The ladies, especially, feared the doc-

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tor's penetrating gaze; not for their mental blemishes, poor lambs, but think of a man reading them through!—a man for whom, as he told one of them once, "the milliner's art and the hair-dresser's cunning devices had no secrets."

I could tell you many instances of this extraordinary power of mind and body reading, were I not afraid to tire you. I will close with one extraordinary manifestation which, overstepping the bounds of actual reality, went so far as to remove the veil of futurity.

One evening, the family being assembled as usual in the drawing-room, Villafaña sat moodily in a dark corner, taking no part in the conversation, and his gaze fastened on my grandfather with a strange expression of sadness. My grandfather, noticing at last his moodiness, asked him:

"What is the matter, doctor? You look very gloomy this evening. Is anything wrong with you?"

"With me, no," replied the old man, with a deep sigh. "Would to heaven that I could divert the blow from your head and bring it on mine!"

"You speak in riddles, my friend; what danger threatens me?"

"Alas! you cannot see it. You are rich, rich in worldly treasures, rich in heavenly blessings; you are happy and make others happy. For what inscrutable design will God strike one of his most faithful servants? I know not, but I see the storm coming. You are like a noble and mighty oak spreading its branches afar; many find shelter under its protecting shade; even I, the poor wandering dog, have found my place there; but the storm is coming, I tell you. The oak shall be stricken down and the branches scattered to the winds. As for me, poor outcast, after seeing the wreck of all I love, I shall die alone as I have lived."

Having spoken these ominous words, the old man rose, and, bowing silently to the awe-struck family, retired to his room.

My grandmother cast a look of alarm on her husband, who, shaking off the involuntary gloom caused by this mysterious prophecy, laughed pleasantly, saying: "The old gentleman is in one of his moods to-night, and has gone too far; no man can read the future."

A few weeks after this incident the leading commercial firm of Kingston failed under most disastrous circumstances, the resident partner having died suddenly and the cashier absconded, leaving everything in dire confusion. My grandfather had

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endorsed the firm's paper to the amount of nearly a million of dollars. He found himself involved in interminable law-suits. Finally the whole matter was thrown into chancery and his estates were sequestered. It was comparative ruin. Soon after this my grandfather was taken sick, and in a few days he was lying at the point of death. Villafaña remained night and day by his friend's bedside; anxious and gloomy, his careworn face no longer wore that serene expression, the result of conscious power. He doubted. He assembled the family and told them, the big tears coursing down his face the while.

"God has withdrawn from me! I, who have picked up dying paupers, the victims of vice and crime, and restored them to life—I can do nothing for my best friend, for the man I love more than brother or father. I see the disease, alas! but I no longer see the remedy. I have tried all that human science can do, but science is unavailing. The father's disease is a strange, unknown disease of which I can find no precedent in our medical annals. I am going to call in consultation the leading members of the faculty. God grant that they may find my diagnosis wrong!"

The three most famous physicians in the town met near the sick man's bed; they examined him, they scrutinized the treatment that had been followed—their unanimous verdict was, "All has been done that could be done. There is no hope."

My grandfather died. A few days later my grandmother followed her husband to the grave. The household was broken up, the family dispersed. By a strange fatality all went different ways, some to the United States, some to Cuba, others to Europe. My uncle remained in Kingston to look after the chancery suit.

During the confusion caused by these deaths Villafaña disappeared and nothing could be learned of his whereabouts.

About six months after this a former servant of the family, the same old nurse Sophy I mentioned before, met my uncle and told him she had discovered the Spanish doctor, in an almost dying condition, in a miserable hut on the edge of the town. It was late in the evening, but uncle started at once for the place indicated, taking Sophy along with him. He found the old man lying on a wretched bed, feeble, fearfully emaciated, dying.

"O doctor!" cried my uncle, grasping his old friend's hand, "how could you be so cruel? You, my father's dearest friend, you in this condition! Why did you hide from us? Do you doubt our love and respect?"

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"No, no, my son; but I could not stay there. He was gone, gone for ever! I could not save him. God had punished me for not using properly, perhaps, his great gift. Since that day I have been praying for death to relieve me of a burdensome life. The merciful Judge has heard my prayer; to-day I received the last sacrament. I am ready to die."

"But you cannot stay here. You must come home with me. I am going to have your room made ready for you, and early in the morning I shall be here to fetch you. In the meantime you must see Dr. B—— and have a nurse to stay with you."

"It is useless," said the old man, smiling feebly; "do you remember the prophecy? The old dog shall die alone. . . . But I grieve you; pardon me, my son. I have already seen a brother physician; for the rest, do as you wish, but remember that the decrees of Heaven cannot be set aside by the will of man."

Notwithstanding this protest, Dr. B—— was called in, who prescribed for the patient, but gave my uncle little hope. Old Sophy—the best of nurses—was installed for the night in the sick-room, and my uncle left at a late hour, to make preparation for receiving his father's old friend next morning.

Just before dawn the doctor, who seemed quite collected and free from pain, bade Sophy go to the kitchen and prepare him some hot drink. When the woman returned Juan de Villafaña was lying dead, his hands crossed over his breast, an ineffable smile upon his wan features.

"And you say this story is true, colonel?"

"Upon my honor as a soldier, every word of it."

P. F. DE GOURNAY.

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TWO SINGERS.

"WOULD I could sing a song," a poet said,
"And let the tears that all earth's suffering ones have shed
Run trembling down my voice,
With children's glee when happy hours are sped,
And strong men's sighs at some regretted choice,
And stifled groans of all the world's oppressed,
And madmen's laughter mingled with the rest—
Then would immortal fame to me belong:
All men could hear their own lives' echoes in my song!"

"Ah! why should men weep twice," another said,
"First o'er a wrong, then at the wrong rememberèd?
Oh! let me sing instead
A glorious strain that will make men forget
Life's wounds and scourges and its black regret,
And long for Heaven with such intensity
That Heaven in their own hearts will come to be:
Time's mighty hammers might assail in vain—
They could not beat to lasting silence that refrain!"

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

ST. PATRICK AND THE SERPENTS.

THE Irish officers—the Blakes and O'Donnells—serving in the Spanish army, were sadly scandalized when, in 1750, Father Feyjoo, the learned Benedictine, roundly asserted in his *Teatro Critico* that serpents never existed in Hibernia, and, as a consequence, St. Patrick never banished them! Had this audacious statement been put forth by a layman the Irish officers would have known how to answer him; they were as fearless as their own swords and perfect masters of that weapon, and would have found it the simplest thing in the world to demonstrate the thaumaturgic powers of St. Patrick,

"And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

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But unfortunately the author of this intolerable assertion, which to their minds stripped their national apostle of half his renown, was a gownsman

> "That never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knew
> More than a spinster."

Father Feyjoo was "the Addison of Spain"—a perfect master of the pen—but miserably ignorant of *carte* and *tierce*. At the same time it must be acknowledged that their erudition was not equivalent to their knowledge of the sword exercise, and, as a consequence, they were obliged to submit to the astonishing dictum of Father Feyjoo in sullen silence. To demonstrate his statement Father Feyjoo quoted a Latin author named Solinus, who lived two hundred years before St. Patrick, and who roundly asserts in his *Polyhistoria* that Hibernia was at that time exempt from venomous reptiles.

One thing Father Feyjoo compelled the gallant exiles to confess—the Irish language is wholly destitute of a true name for the serpent! Now, if the reptile were indigenous to the country, he argued, the natives would have devised at a very early period a true name for it. For a name, as Father Feyjoo maintained, on the authority of Aristotle, is "a sound or its sign, significant of itself, but no part of which is significant." For instance, the word "Sun" is a true name, but the term "Orb of day" is a compound epithet or paraphrase. Each of its members, taken separately, has a complete meaning. It is therefore not a name. Now, the Irish epithet for the serpent resembles this. It is *Athar nimhe*, "the father of poison"—a most appropriate epithet certainly, but unquestionably not a true name. We read in Father King's Irish version of the Bible (commonly attributed to Bishop Bedell) a description of the serpent in the following words: *Anois do bhi an nathair nimhe ni budh cealguidhe*, etc.—"Now the serpent was the craftiest creature," etc. (Genesis, chapter iii.) From Genesis, as well as from a hundred other parts of the Bible, it is perfectly evident that the Irish lexicon furnished no true name for the snake. The creature was at all times a stranger to the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland. As evidence of all this, the repeated and persevering efforts that have been made from time to time to plant Ireland with snakes—to make them at home in the country—have invariably proved egregious failures. These efforts began so early as the time of the Venerable Bede, and have continued down to our own day.

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"In the ancient writings of the saints of Ireland," says Bede, "we read that attempts were often made by way of experiment to introduce, in brazen vessels, serpents into that country. But when they had accomplished half the voyage they were found lying dead in their brazen vessels." The importers were apparently apprehensive that they would eat their way out if placed in wooden vessels, so they enclosed them in brass. But it was all in vain. "Nay, the very dust gathered in Ireland," says Cambrensis,* who wrote in the twelfth century, "if carried to foreign lands and shaken on snakes, will cause them to die. With my own eyes I have seen," he adds, "a strap of Irish leather placed in a circle round a toad. I have seen the creature crawl to one side in an effort to pass out, but the moment it touched the leather it fell back as if it received a blow. Then, crawling to the opposite side, it made a similar attempt, but fell back in the same way. Finally it attempted to dig a hole in the centre and bury itself in the ground, so as to escape contact with the leather. We have even heard it stated by English merchants," continues Cambrensis, "that, having anchored in an Irish harbor, they sometimes found a toad concealed in the bottom of the ship. Taking the creature by the paw, they ascended to the deck and flung it on the shore, where, to the astonishment of the spectators, it turned up its belly, grovelled on its back, burst, and died."

He then goes on to tell a story of a boy lying in a field in England. A snake crawled stealthily and noiselessly to the sleeper's side, entered his open mouth, and glided into his stomach. Coiling itself up in his bowels, it gnawed his entrails and inflicted on him the most excruciating pain. He roared aloud with agony. But no medical skill, no purgative or emetic dose, afforded him the least relief. He was repeatedly advised to go to Ireland as his only resource. He finally complied with this advice, and was no sooner landed than a draught of water from a blessed well expelled the reptile and restored him to health. "No reptile," says Bede, "is found in the fields of Hibernia. No serpent can exist there. Nay, when attempts have been made to import snakes from England they have perished on the voyage. The winds from the west, the pure air of Ireland, caused their immediate death, and they expired as soon as it reached them. Almost everything belonging to that country seems to be an antidote to poison."

In addition to these ancient authors, who cannot be accused of undue partiality for Ireland, we have the testimony of Dona-

* *Topographia Distinctio*, i. cap. 29.

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tus, Bishop of Fiesole, who, in a beautiful Latin poem written in the ninth century, expressly says that in his time neither serpents nor frogs were known to exist in Erin. In the English version of the Latin poem, which will be found in O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, not only the serpent but the frog is described as a stranger to Ireland. O'Reilly in his *Irish Dictionary* confirms this statement. He says that the frog is "an animal not found in Ireland before the reign of William III. of England, whose Dutch troops first introduced it amongst us." This is corroborated by the evidence of modern scientists. "It would appear," says Thomas Bell in his work on *British Reptiles*, "not only that the snake is not indigenous to Ireland, but that several attempts to introduce it have totally failed. In this order (*ophidia*) there is not now, nor, I believe, ever was there, any species indigenous to Ireland."

The last of the attempts alluded to by the learned Thomas Bell took place, we believe, in 1835. In that year a Scottish publication entitled the *New Philosophic Journal* proclaimed, with a great flourish of trumpets, that Ireland had been successfully colonized with snakes, owing to the persevering industry of certain enlightened Britons who had assiduously labored to obtain on Irish soil a permanent *habitat* for those interesting natives of England. This thriving colony of poisonous reptiles had been planted in the immediate vicinity of St. Patrick's grave, "where," continued the *New Philosophic Journal*, "they are multiplying rapidly." This announcement was made with evident satisfaction, being much of a piece with other advantages which Ireland has derived from her connection with the "sister country." Had the colony of snakes been a colony of Scotsmen the learned editor of the *New Philosophic Journal* could hardly have been better pleased. One of the readers of that journal was struck with this remarkable exuberance of feeling. He wrote at once to an acquaintance in Downpatrick, asking him if the newly-planted colony were really in as prosperous a condition as the journalist asserted. Not one of his correspondents (and he wrote to several) had ever heard of the colony. Finally he addressed James Clelland, Esq., of Rath Gael House, County Down. From this gentleman he received a most satisfactory reply, as follows: "The report of my having introduced snakes into this country is correct. Being curious to ascertain whether the climate of Ireland is destructive to that class of reptiles, about six years ago I purchased half a dozen in Covent Garden, London. They had been taken some

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time and were quite tame and familiar. I turned them loose in my garden. They immediately rambled away. One of them was killed at Milecross, three miles distant, in about a week after its liberation, and three others were shortly after killed within that distance of the place where they were turned loose; it is highly probable that the remaining two met with the same fate, falling victims to a reward which, it appears, was offered for their destruction." Commenting on this letter, in his work on *British Reptiles*, Thomas Bell says: "Such is the most accurate and authentic account which I have yet obtained respecting this curious fact in the geographical distribution of those animals; and it certainly does not appear that the failure of these attempts to introduce snakes into Ireland is to be attributed to anything connected with climate or other local circumstance, but rather to the prejudices of the inhabitants, which lead to their destruction. Nor is there reason to believe that their absence from Ireland is other than purely accidental" (p. 55). This is a very instructive paragraph and merits consideration. A hint is apparently thrown out with the view of consoling the friends of Ireland under their disappointment. They should not lose heart, Mr. Bell seems to think, owing to their past experience. Though they have hitherto failed, there is no reason why they should not ultimately succeed! "Ireland," said Grattan, "is the hundred-handed giant, presenting in every hand a gift to England"! What is more natural than that England in return should enrich the native country of Grattan with a *quid pro quo* in a form so perfectly consonant to the disposition of the giver as a colony of serpents?

A negative argument on this subject may be derived from the local nomenclature of Ireland. The Irish-speaking people have bestowed upon some part or other of their native island the name of every animal which the country has produced. There is the "Rock of the Seals" (*Ron charraig*), the "Mountain of the Stags" (*Sliabh-boc*), the "Hill of the Midges" (*Croag-na-miol*), the "Vale of the Badgers," and so on. But no locality is designated as the "Haunt of the Snakes." From which the inference is not unnatural that these reptiles never inhabited the country.

Light is thrown on the question by what we know of the Druids. It is perfectly evident, from the literary remains of Cæsar, Pliny, and Cicero, that those Celtic sages, the Druids, made a profound impression on the intellectual classes of ancient Greece and Rome. Their name is derived by Pliny from the

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Greek word δρῦς,* which signifies an oak, because that gigantic tree, from its lofty elevation, its venerable appearance, its silent majesty, sublime expansion, and prodigious age, was regarded with silent awe by the religious Druids as a natural image of the Supreme Being. *Ἄγαλμα δὲ Διὸς Κελτικόν, ὑψηλὴ δρῦς*—"A lofty oak the statue of the Celtic Jupiter," says a Greek author. Under its wide and umbrageous boughs those primeval seers offered sacrifice to the invisible ruler of the world. Now, it is a very instructive fact that, like so many hierophants of paganism, the Irish Druids were serpent-worshippers. The most remarkable of their druidical charms was the anguineum, or snake's egg. They wore this charm, sheathed in gold like a talisman, on their breast. It is, says Pliny, about the size of a small apple, and has a cartilaginous rind studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus. A genuine specimen of this egg, when thrown into the water, would, it was believed, float against the current. This extraordinary form of idolatry was diffused over the whole face of the earth. It is perhaps the most surprising feature in the character of man that he should be found in all times and all places, before the advent of Christ, bending down in adoration of the serpent! How an object of abhorrence could be exalted into an object of religious veneration "must be referred to the subtility of the arch-enemy himself." It must be confessed, however, that there is in the natural appearance of the serpent something weird and startling that cannot fail to fill the unsophisticated mind with astonishment. As Sanchoniathan, quoted by Eusebius, says: "The serpent alone of all animals, without legs or arms or any of the usual appliances for locomotion, still moves with singular celerity," and, he might have added, grace; for no one who has watched the serpent slowly gliding over the ground, with his head erect and his body following, apparently without exertion, can fail to be struck with the peculiar beauty of his motion. Milton describes the serpent which tempted Eve as not only beautiful but brilliant:

> "His head
> Crested aloft and carbuncle his eyes;
> With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
> Amidst his circling spires that on the grass
> Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape," etc.

Eusebius says that the Persians worshipped the first principle under the form of a serpent. They dedicated temples to these

* It is hard to imagine how the Druids should come to speak Greek.

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animals, in which they performed sacrifices and celebrated festivals and orgies, "esteeming them the greatest of gods and governors of the universe." Live serpents were kept at Babylon as objects of adoration, or at least of veneration, as seems evident from the history of *Bel and the Dragon*, in which we read: "In that same place there was a great dragon which they of Babylon worshipped; and the king said unto Daniel, 'Wilt thou say this god is of brass? Lo! he eateth and drinketh! Thou canst not say he is no living God!'" Serpent-worship was intimately connected with Sabaism, for the most prevailing emblem of the solar god was the serpent, and wherever the Sabæan idolatry was the religion the serpent was the sacred symbol. Lucan addresses them in his *Pharsalia* as innoxious divinities:

> *Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terræ*
> *Serpitis aurato nitidi fulgore Dracones* (lib. ix. 727).
>
> "Ye dragons, too, resplendent with radiant gold,
> Harmless to all the inhabitants of earth," etc.

In Greece the great centre of serpent-worship was Epidaurus, where stood the famous temple of Esculapius, in which serpents were kept, some thirty feet long. Live serpents were always kept in the sanctuaries of Esculapius, because at one time, as was alleged, the god assumed the appearance of that reptile. "Wherever the devil reigned," says the Rev. John B. Deane,* "the serpent was held in some peculiar veneration. In Egypt they worshipped the serpent as the emblem of good. In Hindostan, Scandinavia, and Mexico they considered it, on the contrary, the characteristic of the evil principle."

Strange as it may appear, serpent-worship was not confined to pagans. A sect of early heretics was famous, or rather infamous, for this besotted form of superstition. They are known in church history as Ophidæ: *Nam serpentem magnificant in tantum ut illum etiam ipsi Christi præferant—i.e.*, They magnify the serpent to such a degree that they even prefer him to Christ himself, says a contemporary (Tertullian). To the serpent we are indebted, according to these fanatics, for our knowledge of the origin of good and evil. Moses, by divine command, constructed a serpent of brass, and whoever directed his eyes to this image recovered his health. In the Gospel, Christ adverts, they tell us, to the power of the serpent, and even imitates him when he says: "As Moses exalted the serpent in the desert, so it behooves the Son of Man to be exalted" (*Descriptio Hæret.*,

* *The Worship of the Serpent*, by the Rev. John B. Deane.

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xlvii.) We are indebted to Tertullian for our knowledge of these heretics, whom in his eloquent pages he has "damned to everlasting fame." Ranke informs us (p. 160, vii.) that the Jesuits in 1603 had to combat in Lithuania the remains of the serpent-worship which still lingered in that country (*History of the Popes*).

Now, if it be true, as, from the unanimous testimony of Greek and Latin authors, it appears to be, that the Druids, in common with the Persian Magi and the Egyptian priests and pagans generally, worshipped the serpent, and if it be likewise true that St. Patrick abolished Druidism and suppressed the worship, he at the same time banished the reptile objects of this mistaken adoration. The extinction of the one was the banishment of the other.

Granted that the popular tradition on this subject in Ireland is simply a "myth." Now, a myth, as every one knows, is a spontaneous growth of the popular mind which never has deception for its object. It asserts, but it also believes. It never aims at deceiving. It is simply a mode of accounting for phenomena which springs spontaneously from the mind of man, entirely independent of volition. It is never a voluntary invention. The narrators are wholly unconscious of the fallacy of what they narrate, and there is always a germ of truth at the bottom, which, though small as a mustard-seed, gives birth to a growth as gigantic and umbrageous as the monarch of the forests. In the veneration of the serpent which the Irish Druids entertained we have the minute atom of truth—infinitesimally small—which has risen, expanded, and grown up to a magnitude so great as to canopy an entire nation. In the work attributed to Eugene O'Curry * evidences may be found of this genesis of the tradition relative to St. Patrick.

Without the slightest design of accounting for the popular tradition, O'Curry says: "It is a remarkable fact that the name of the celebrated idol of the ancient pagan Gaedhil was *Crom Cruach*, which would signify literally the bloody maggot; whilst another imaginary deity was termed *Crom Dubh*, or the black maggot." The first epithet, we may remark, may be translated "the bloody crookedness"—an epithet which is perfectly applicable to the serpent—while the second epithet may be translated "the black crookedness." Now, these terms are surprisingly appropriate. Every snake is necessarily a series of coils; crookedness is inseparable from the *ophidia*. Destitute as they are of fins, wings, or feet, convolution is essential to their organization

* *Manuscript Materials of Irish History.*

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and locomotion. Physical rectitude is impossible to every species of serpent. The epithet *crom dubh* "is still connected," says Eugene O'Curry, "with the first Sunday in August" in the vernacular dialects of Munster and Connaught—a circumstance which shows how deeply Druidism had struck its roots into the national mind.

"In the field of Magh Slecht, or Plain of Adorations, stood the *Crom Cruach* (called *Cean Cruach* in the Tripartite Life), the great object of Milesian pagan worship, the Delphos of our Gadelian pagan ancestors, from the time of their first coming into Erin until the destruction of the idol by St. Patrick." Speaking of a third of these objects of superstitious veneration, O'Curry says: "That the *Crom Chonnail* was a living animal, or at least believed to be such, may be seen in the following couplet:

"'He kills the Crom Chonnaill
Which was destroying the army.'" *

The manner in which St. Patrick disposed of these ophidian deities is described as follows: "Patrick after that went over the water to Magh Slecht, where stood the chief idol of Erin—the *Cean Cruaich*, ornamented with gold and with silver, and twelve other idols, ornamented with brass, round him. When Patrick saw the idol, from the water which is named Guthard (loud voice), and when he approached the idol he raised his arm to lay 'the staff of Jesus' on him, and it did not reach him; for his face was to the south, and the mark of the staff remains in his left side still, and the earth swallowed the other twelve idols to their heads," etc.

That the religion of the serpent should flourish in a country where the reptile was scarcely known, and certainly not indigenous, is by no means so wonderful as that a superstition so absurd should be even tolerated in countries where its character was understood and every hamlet contained the victims of its poisonous fangs. This is the wonder! That the British Isles were the cradle of Druidism—*die Heimath des Ordens*—is confidently affirmed by Leopold Contzen.† Here, he says, the institution flourished in its purest form, and hither came the Gallic students who desired to drink deep at the fountains of Druidic science. As we have already stated, on the authority of classic writers, they had an alphabet of seventeen letters, which corresponds with the number of the *Beth, Luis, Nion*, or ancient

* *Manuscript Materials*, pp. 103, 631.

† *Wanderungen der Kelten*, p. 92.

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Irish alphabet, and with no other. Their name has no connection, as has been alleged, with the Sanscrit term *druwidh*, signifying "poor, indigent," as if, like the mendicant orders in the Catholic Church, poverty was rather meritorious than disgraceful. Nor has it any connection with the Greek word δρῦς, an oak. It is derived, according to Eugene O'Curry, from an Irish word signifying "learning," an epithet by no means undeserved if, as Stukeley affirms, Stonehenge was the cathedral of the arch-druid of Britain, and Avebury, with its avenues, "had been originally constructed by them in the form of a circle with a serpent attached to it." We hope that no one will be scandalized if we conclude this article by exhibiting the form which the tradition has assumed among the Irish peasants, as we find it in the *Legends of the South of Ireland*, collected by Crofton Croker:

"Sure every one has heard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick and how he druv the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he bothered the varmint entirely. But, for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country and made to drown himself. St. Patrick did not well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc, till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who did not like the saint in the least—and small blame to him for that—began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh!' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druv all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about, but when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. 'Tis a nice, warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'Thank you kindly for your civility,' says the sarpint, 'but I think it is too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse -and away he was going. 'Too small?' says St. Patrick. 'Stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow. I am sure it will fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you will only try and get in—there'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got into the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When

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what does St. Patrick do but he comes behind the great, heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'O murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint. 'I've lost the bet fairly, an' I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling!' says St. Patrick. 'To be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I have not time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest and the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and it is the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is to-morrow come yet? Is to-morrow come yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints."

C. M. O'KEEFFE.

LET US STUDY THE LAND AND LABOR QUESTION.

THE elections of last November proved unfavorable to the hopes of the newly-formed labor parties. The workmen did not seem to feel that their condition was in any way to be improved by their success at the polls. The old party lines held them well within the limits of routine. Considering the time, money, and eloquence expended in scraping together seventy-two thousand votes in New York State, the result was feeble, and the leaders of the labor parties have learned that the workmen are not yet enough interested in labor politicians to take a strong, effective interest in new political parties. The number of new parties in the field at the late elections discovers our native unfortunate tendency to drag every social idea into politics immaturely. Politics contains a remedy in many cases; but we fritter away our strength on impossibilities. We begin in the middle, and hence must take to our primers when graduation is close at hand.

However, the cause of the workman is not bound up with the fate of a political movement, and no one imagines that the ill-success of flimsy and self-seeking theorists can injure it. It has often been said that the cause of the poor is the nation's cause—a true saying, to which the nation pays very little attention. The poor, like the rich, must look after their own interests. If they are savage in so doing, their savagery is less unholy than the unscru-

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pulousness of moneyed men. They strive, not for riches, but for decency, for fair wages, for reasonable hours of labor, and against the seemingly irresistible approach of poverty. They have not always striven with understanding. Their some-time violent methods were an insult to their intelligence, but these methods are soon to be entirely discarded. Their cause is indeed the care of the nation, and the care of the world besides. It is becoming plain to all that the root of labor and kindred troubles is fixed deep in the nature of things. These troubles are the indicators and forerunners of changes in the social order. Changes of that kind are commonly called revolutions. We are not on the eve but in the midst of a revolution. It has come upon us not unawares, but found us indifferent. We thought a few laws and the freedom of our prairies would end any difficulty that might disturb our security, but our difficulty has been a revolution almost in its maturity. No doubt our prairies and the flexibility of our institutions have saved us from catastrophes, but they have also blinded us to the real nature of the crisis through which the world is passing. As far as one may judge from the periodical literature of the time the popular leaders have only the dimmest conception of the nature and extent of the struggle.

We have a land question and a labor question. These terms merely disguise the real issues. Discussion as to the first turns chiefly on the right of private ownership; the second seems to embrace no more than wages and hours of labor. Whoever imagines that simply deciding one way or the other in the matter of land-ownership, and giving large wages and short hours, will dispose of these questions, must be very sanguine indeed. Hitherto there has generally been but one side in all the questions affecting social order. It was the side of the wealthy landholders, of the cast-iron governments, of the money-barons against the laborer, the helpless subject, and the multitudinous poor. Quite naturally the latter so increased in numbers and in difficulties that the former were ever busy devising schemes to keep them in check. Hence our poor-houses, our emigration schemes, our innumerable theories of government. They have all proved vain. Here in America, where land can be had for the asking, where poor-houses and public charities spring up like mushrooms, where national legislators and even money-kings bow to the ground before a man with a formidable grievance, where every theory of government under the sun has an advocate and a following—here the poor, the laborer, and the

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citizen clamor for a change of condition and refuse to be quieted by lands or laws. They can hardly define their needs, but are seized with a great restlessness such as impels nations in the path marked out for them by Providence. The land is open to them, and every day labor is encroaching on the tyrannous monopolies. It is more than holding its own. Yet we call our troubles land and labor troubles, for want of a better name, and for want of a better understanding of the position we tinker now with wages and now with ownership.

Under cover of the land question comes up another of real and more lasting importance. It is the status of land-cultivators and the manipulation of the entire food supply of the nation, whether the government, the people, or an individual be the landlord. Under cover of the labor question hides a similar problem. It is the relative status of employers and employed, without respect to ancient (because obscure) notions of the two classes. If one is desirous of knowing the importance of these two points and how much they overtop the so-called land and labor questions which mask them, let him try to discover how much the experts know about them. Certainly there can hardly be three things nearer to the ordinary man than how or where his food shall be bought, who shall produce it for him, and how he and his employer stand before the law. These three things, however, have not been studied, and neither law nor lawyers, nor the interested millions, know much about them. The status of a land-cultivator is peculiar. His occupation, from its necessity and antiquity, is justly esteemed the most honorable of employments. It brings him, however, no honor and very small profit in proportion to its demands upon his time and strength. The importance of the land and of large landed possessions is very well understood; but the cultivator is ignored except in poetry and poetical politics. The law knows very little about him and shields him from nothing save outrage of the baser kind. His kingdom—the land—is stolen from him by railroads, foreign and native syndicates, cattle-kings, noblemen; his productions enrich railroads, steamship companies, city speculators, but not himself; he grows poorer and his customers grow poorer with the advance of civilization, but the intermediate syndicates, land-speculators, the railroads, the noblemen, the agricultural-implement makers, and the government treasuries grow fabulously rich. It is much the same with the common laborer and mechanic. He digs the coal and iron; he makes the brick and erects the factory; he spins and weaves; he ham-

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mers and fashions; he brings to his work not only muscle but skill, and what is the result? His employers grow amazingly and assuredly rich, while he grows amazingly and assuredly poor. As the land-cultivator is the prey of one set of knaves, so is he of another. The main fact in the whole modern scheme is that patient, honest, and capable industry does not get its just reward. And the reason why is, it seems to me, not because of any system of land-ownership, but because men know too little the real position of the farmer and the laborer in the community and how their rights should be studied, enunciated, and protected; and because men know too little of the proper management of the nation's food supplies. Fortune-hunters use both the workman and the food as the means of gathering immense and unlawful treasures. In reckoning the sources of possible revenue the entire community of employers have learned to count upon a percentage of workmen's wages. In scheming for immense gains, business gamblers do not hesitate to rob the farmer and his customers.

When we have given to the land-cultivator his proper position of importance in the community, and at the same time taken the distribution of the food supply from the hands of gamblers and money-kings, there will no longer be a land question. When we have determined by law and justice what part above the mere machine a workman has in the accumulation of his employer's fortune, then we shall have no longer a labor question. This is easily said, but what an immense work it suggests and demands! The land laws must be so strengthened and administered as to kill off the land-grabbers. The business methods of the country must be put under a censorship that will scorch the Goulds as heat scorches the apple-tree pests. The railroads and all carrying corporations must pass into the hands of the state, or be so controlled as to be left as innocuous as the mummies of Egypt. The great corporations must be brought to treat with their work-people as men with men, not as men with machines; must, in fact, prepare themselves to accept their help as co-operators, whose fortunes must rise as the value of the product of their labor rises, in proportion to each man's skill and industry. When these changes have become a fact, a revolution such as has not been seen since Christianity began will have come to pass. A revolution is a grave thing. We are now in the midst of it, and a single false step might mean bloody disasters. There is nothing to be gained by haste. Men may dash each other's brains out against the wall of time, but time goes

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no faster, and bloodshed never solves a social problem. Point after point must be taken up and settled in whatever order they present themselves, until isolated principles and facts and instincts harmonize, discover their common agreement, and grow into one perfect organization. For a state of change, for a crisis, nature has only one help, and that is perfect quiet. Mr. Henry George offers another and different one for our present condition, but it has the disadvantage of being a cure-all, and a cure-all is rarely even a cure-anything. The ramifications of the land and labor problem are such as defy a simple solution. Many minds, many ideas, frequent failures, and at least a few generations must give their best and do their best towards the settling of our great questions.

Perhaps it is a sort of consciousness of the intricacy of the problem that has made men slow to listen to new teachers with their brilliantly simple methods of turning earth into heaven. As was said in the beginning of this article, few of the popular leaders have any conception of the extent and character of the social problem. There is a strong belief that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson settled the most troublesome points years ago. They but made clear the way for the introduction of the problem. Our generation will do a little towards its solution, but not enough to make it proud of itself. What all men can do best is to labor and to wait. What the workman can do best is to put aside his present expectation of a complete immediate settlement of his difficulties, and turn his mind to securing all such points of vantage as will assist naturally the development of the revolution. Let me enumerate and explain the most prominent of these in order.

First there is the point of organization and self-instruction. It is an easy thing to organize in America, but that very ease is almost fatal to thorough and successful organization. Jonah's gourd was not a greater wonder in the order of nature than the growth of the Knights of Labor. Such growth is abnormal, and must of its very nature be defective somewhere. Quick maturity means quick dissolution. To organize with the hope of obtaining the society's aim next year means that next year the aim must be obtained or the society dies. Most of our labor societies are organized in that way, and most of them are organized on a basis so thoroughly un-American that of necessity they or their usefulness dies out after a brief, unhappy existence. The law of force is not recognized among us, but it enters very largely into the spirit of the labor societies. The

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liberty and protection of the citizen is the high result sought by our Constitution, and too often forgotten by the labor society. Haste in formation and haste in seeking immediate results, with no regard for the true American spirit of liberty, have resulted in ephemeral bodies whose careers run through foolishness and violence to a sudden ending. This haste can be avoided by a proper understanding of the crisis through which we are passing. Here self-instruction comes into play. Let the workmen inform themselves thoroughly of the work to be done, its vast extent and true nature. Let them organize, not for a single generation, but for an epoch. Let them make haste within the bounds of conscience and reason and law. Let each generation be content if in this world of slow progress it can make the road clearer for its successor. Above all things, let them bury the vain hope of arranging all difficulties at one *coup d'état*. That has never been done since history began, and, it may be safely argued, never will be done even by divine power.

The primary work to be done by labor societies is immense and congenial. It embraces the overthrow of the gigantic corporations and their influence in legislatures, the better regulation of the hours of labor, the maintenance of a fair standard of wages, the utter destruction of the tenement-house, and the abolition of child-labor. It must not be forgotten by the workman that in the present struggle the employer is quite often as blameless as any man concerned. Our complex business system has him often at its mercy, and he cannot give decent wages and proper hours when he would. Therefore not so much against persons must the work be directed as against the encroachments of those creatures of the state called corporations. The great railroads, the great mining companies, lumber companies, and carrying companies must be shorn of all privileges and made to pay their way like other business persons. The nation is now too wealthy to pay these creatures for getting rich on its privileges. Grants of land must cease. Rights of way must be a source of everlasting tribute. Without actually taking in charge these carrying offices, the state must make them as docile as its children ought to be. It is a stupendous job, but it must be done before any citizen can advance one step in the path of real progress. The workman must aid by securing the downfall of the corporation's tyranny.

In fact, very little can be done until these immense tumors are removed from the social body. To them may be directly

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traced four prominent evils of the time—viz., the corruption of the legislature and the judiciary, the long hours of labor, the low wages, and the employment of children. It is not necessary to point out how responsible they are for these crimes against humanity and the state. The whole world knows the tale. But it is necessary for good men to see the connection between each of these ills and another. The corporations must corrupt the people's representatives, or special legislation would seriously cripple them. They keep down the wages and lengthen the hours as only irresponsible bodies can do, snapping their fingers at a public opinion which they can often manufacture for their own ends. As a result we have that greatest shame of modern nations—the employment of little children in every department of labor. It is the most brutal, most selfish, and most useless of all the crimes committed by the corporations and permitted by a Christian people. Nothing too strong can be said of the system and the indifference which tolerates it. The system must go and our indifference be cast aside.

Stripping the corporations of usurped power and stolen gains, closing the legislatures to corrupting influences and the workshops to children, regulating hours of work according to the kind of employment, securing fair wages at all times, and pulling down the dens called tenement-houses, is, after all, only a preparation for that better work which shall settle for ever in law and practice, as well as in ethics and theory, the status of the wealth-producer in society. But that preparation is *the* work for the present moment. Everything in its time. No mere sum of human efforts in this day can attain the grand result, howsoever large the sum may be. If every citizen of the country were a member of a labor society, and eager to settle the question once for all, it could not be done. Only time and experience can produce the data which will finally dispose of our labor troubles. But patience is always in order, and careful organization and profitable self-instruction are eternal in their effects. The children can be saved in this generation, and the homes of the poor made beautiful, and wages kept above starvation figures; and the indecent landlord, or fraudulent operator, or land-grabber, or child-slayer can be easily turned into a jail-bird and made rare in the land. There is no question that it can be done. Workmen have only to turn their efforts steadily in one direction and avoid political quixotism to accomplish wonders. *Now* they often neglect the children, they neglect the tenement question, they dream of forming political parties; and while they are

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planning and dreaming of impossibilities wages are falling and the corporations waxing more powerful.

To sum up what has been said in this article let me put it in this way:

The land question is in truth the question of the land-cultivator's legal standing in society and the better management of the nation's food supply. The principle of ownership at present has no bearing on the question; the method of ownership may have such a bearing.

The labor question is really how to determine the ethical and legal standing of a workman in relation to his employer, his work, and its profits.

Neither question can be settled on the spot, nor is there one solution possible, such as Henry George would have us accept.

Therefore the wisest thing all parties can do is to study and to wait for particular opportunities.

The next wisest thing is to attack the corporations unanimously, put an end to child-labor and to rotten tenements, and to have labor societies and to rightly manage them for the purpose of looking after wages and hours of labor, with the advice and assistance of all good men in the community.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

MOTHERHOOD.

BEHOLD thy mother, son, He said whose word
His mystic presence to our altars gave,
Whose holy feet trod Galilee's dark wave.
The gentle voice whose whispers He had heard
Where Egypt's breezes the palm branches stirred,
John, the beloved, from grief's despond to save,
The hand that oft His infant brow did lave,
Henceforth to minister to him preferred.

Oh! be it motherhood, like Bethlehem's, sweet,
Or of Golgotha's sorrow-freighted hour,
God hath ordained it, to His mind most meet,
Made woman's heart the agent of His power.
Though other loves man's trust through life may cheat,
These will remain through all unchanged, of strength a tower.

GEORGE ROTHSAY.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHAT the star of Bethlehem was has always been a question of interest. More especially has it become so of late, on account of the prevailing impression that its reappearance is expected by astronomers at about this time. So strong is this impression that the planet Venus can hardly show herself in her customary character of morning or evening star without a paragraph appearing in the papers that the star of Bethlehem is now visible. Let it, then, be understood most distinctly at the outset that astronomers do not now expect the star of Bethlehem, or any star answering to its description. It may, however, be worth while to state the reason why they are imagined to be expecting such a phenomenon.

A very brilliant star, equal to Venus at its brightest, and visible, like Venus, to good eyes even in the daytime, did appear in the year 1572. It was not a planet or comet, but was in the region of the fixed stars, as was quite evident from its not shifting its position among the other stars during the whole sixteen months that it remained in sight. That it did not so shift is pretty certain from the observations of the distinguished astronomer Tycho Brahe, to whom our information regarding it is principally due, and whose measurements of its position enable astronomers of the present day to point their telescopes to the precise spot in the constellation Cassiopeia where it once shone so brilliantly, and to assure themselves, as the writer has done years ago, that no star, even telescopic, is to be found there now. It seems to have appeared suddenly, though it faded away gradually; still, it may have shone for some time with moderate lustre before it forced attention by its extraordinary splendor. That it did appear very suddenly is, however, probable for a reason which will be given later.

Now, this is the star which has given rise to this whole speculation about the reappearance of the star of Bethlehem in our day. For a similar phenomenon was witnessed in the year 1264, also in 945; and though the position of these objects in the heavens was not so accurately determined as that of the star of 1572 was by Tycho, still they seem to have been in or near Cassiopeia. Assuming all three to be identical, we should have a periodical appearance of the same object once in about 314 years, which would bring it back to visibility in 1886, with an

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allowable margin, of course, of several years. The same period would give an appearance of the star in the year 3 of our era; and here also sufficient margin might be given to bring it to the time at which the star of Bethlehem appeared, on any system of chronology.

But now two questions arise. First: Is it astronomically probable that there has been such a periodic appearance of the same object? Second: Even if such has been the case, could this object have been the star of Bethlehem?

The first question must be answered in the negative. The reason for this answer is that from modern observations we know something of the nature of these "temporary" stars, as they are called. Several, of lesser magnitude than that of Tycho, but seemingly of the same character, have been observed in recent times since the application of the spectroscope to astronomy; and this instrument has shown us that the sudden outburst of light in these stars was due to incandescent gas, produced apparently by something like an explosion; the explosion being caused either by forces internal to the body itself or by collision with some external object. These later phenomena have been sudden, like that of 1572; the stars in question have not been seen to grow gradually from a lesser magnitude, as many so-called variable stars, well known to astronomers, do, repeatedly waxing and waning in more or less definite periods. Of course it is hard to prove a negative; it is just possible that they may have come up slowly; but the heavens are very carefully watched now, and it is hard for any stranger to escape detection.

If we grant, then, that the appearance of temporary stars, like that of Tycho, is due to what may be called a catastrophe, such an occurrence is not likely to be repeated, at least periodically, in the same star. As has been said, there are such things as variable stars following a tolerably regular period; but these, in which a tremendous maximum is so suddenly reached, can hardly be classed among them.

It is not, therefore, considered probable by astronomers in general that the stars of 945 and 1264 were identical with that of 1572 or with each other. Hence astronomers do not, as is popularly supposed, expect the sudden appearance of a bright star in Cassiopeia, or anywhere else, specially at the present time; though recent experience has shown that such phenomena are, on a small scale, not infrequent, and may occur at any moment.

To proceed now to the second question. If the star of 1572 is

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really periodic and appeared at the time of the birth of our Lord, could it have been the star of Bethlehem? One simple consideration is enough to settle this also in the negative. This consideration is that Cassiopeia is a northern constellation, always appearing somewhere between the northeast and the northwest; but the Gospel tells us that the star "went before" the wise men on their way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and must therefore have appeared in the south, as Bethlehem is due south from Jerusalem.

Let us, then, dismiss at once and entirely from our minds the entirely groundless notion that the star of 1572 was the star of Bethlehem, or that there is any reason for expecting either one at present, and, if we see a bright star in the morning or evening sky, understand that it is simply Venus or Jupiter.

The question now naturally arises, Is there any other astronomical way of accounting for the star of Bethlehem, now that this one has been disposed of? Let us see. The "conjunction" theory comes properly first, from its having been maintained by learned men at the expense of a good deal of time and research; even the illustrious Kepler inclined favorably to it, at least as a partial explanation of the matter. This theory is that some remarkable conjunction of two or more planets might produce the effect of a single very bright star, or might at least be called a star, even though the various planets were separately visible; that such a conjunction occurred about the time of the birth of our Lord is of course a matter for which we have recourse to astronomical tables, by which, in the present perfected state of mechanical astronomy, we are able to tell precisely how the planets stood in the heavens at any moment during the whole history of man.

By a conjunction of two planets is understood their near approach to each other as seen from the earth; or, in other words, that the two planets and the earth actually lie nearly in the same straight line, the earth being at one end of the line. If the earth occupies the central place the two planets are said to be in opposition. Conjunctions of the planets, more or less close, are of frequent occurrence. On the 2d of January of this year a conjunction of Venus and Jupiter occurred, the two planets being less than two degrees from each other in the sky. But closer approaches than this are very common. For instance, on June 28, 1886, Mars and Jupiter were less than one degree apart; on October 22 of the same year, Venus and Jupiter about one-third of a degree; on February 9, 1887, Mars and Venus

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were distant about half a degree from each other. On July 21, 1859, a conjunction of Venus and Jupiter occurred so closely that the two planets could only be separated from each other by good telescopes, appearing to the naked eye as one star. The nearest approach was only observable on the Eastern Continent, the planets having separated considerably at the time of their appearing above our horizon. These conjunctions are always pretty and interesting sights; but unfortunately when Venus is seen in the neighborhood of any of what are called the superior planets, viz., Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn, the superior planet is at a great distance from us, and is by no means a conspicuous star. The superior planets can, however, meet each other at their times of greatest apparent brilliancy.

In the year 747 from the building of Rome, which can be admitted with much probability as that of the birth of our Saviour (the year 753, which was arbitrarily assumed when the Christian era took definite shape, being generally acknowledged to be several years too late), a somewhat remarkable set of conjunctions is shown by astronomical calculation to have occurred in May, August, and December respectively. At the second of these the planets were not much below their greatest brilliancy; but at the first and third they were much less conspicuous, owing to their greater distance from the earth. Jupiter would be more affected by this circumstance than Saturn, the proportional change in its distance being greater. This set of conjunctions is supposed by some to have been what attracted the attention of the Magi, and we may suppose that they did not set out for Jerusalem till after the second—indeed, the first by itself would not be very remarkable—as that would give them time to reach that city before the end of the year. When they arrived there the third conjunction might have been visible in the southern heavens in the evening sky; and it might therefore have "gone before them," as the Gospel tells us, in a certain sense, on their way to Bethlehem, and actually have been exactly in the direction of the place where the Divine Child lay, as they approached that spot.

This theory has some plausibility; but it has also its objections. In the first place, it is hardly probable that the Magi, who were undoubtedly in the habit of watching the stars, could have been ignorant that what they had seen was simply the juxtaposition of two planets with whose movements they were tolerably familiar; they would have noticed their changes of relative position, which were not very great, between the times

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of the conjunctions, unless the weather had been persistently cloudy—a thing almost impossible in that climate; and on arriving at Jerusalem they would not have said, "We have seen his star in the east," when the star was shining there before everybody's eyes on any clear night—for, by the theory, the time of the third conjunction was already close at hand; moreover, with two such slow-moving planets as Jupiter and Saturn, at conjunction near their stationary points, as would be the case with this third one of the series, the change in their relative positions would be very slight for a considerable time.

In the second place, there seems to be a radical objection to the hypothesis, for it is hardly credible that a conjunction of two planets, unless it were a very close one, like that spoken of above as occurring in 1859, could have been called a "star." A degree is not such a small space in the sky; it is about twice the apparent diameter of the sun or moon, and no eye, however poor, could fail to see such a separation very plainly.

It is also evident that the facts, as recorded, do not convey the idea of such a persistent phenomenon as a conjunction of two planets. The wise men do not seem to have seen the star at all for a considerable time before their arrival at Jerusalem, nor do they seem to have seen it even there; but Jupiter and Saturn would have been seen pretty near each other in the evening sky during the whole fall and early winter of A. U. C. 747. Kepler, indeed, is obliged to bring an additional temporary star to the rescue to help out the conjunction theory. Such a star, almost or quite equal to that of Tycho, he had himself seen in the constellation Ophinchus; it appeared on the 17th of October, 1604, and remained visible as late as the end of 1605. He was not aware, as we are to-day, that such objects belong to the immensely distant region of the fixed stars, and seems to have supposed that it might be in some way produced by forces acting within our own planetary system, and possibly that conjunctions of the planets might themselves evolve such a phenomenon. Such a view would, of course, now be quite untenable; if on no other consideration, obviously on this, that the real event which an apparition of a temporary star records must have occurred in all probability two or three years at least before the light which announces it to us can traverse the vast interval by which its place of occurrence is removed from our globe. The whole conjunction theory bears pretty plainly the marks of having been excogitated in the interest, if we may say so, of chronology. Of course we should like to be able to fix the precise year of the birth of

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Christ; and if we could only find by calculation an astronomical phenomenon which would adequately represent the mysterious star, it would go a great way toward solving the problem.

Another astronomical hypothesis, and perhaps as defensible as any, is that the star of Bethlehem was a comet. Two are on record in the years 4 and 3 B.C. respectively; and in the year 10 A.D. it is said that a comet appeared in Aries for about a month, and—by Dion Cassius—that several were visible at the same time. The comet of Aries is stated by Dr. Sepp, in his learned discussion of the "star of the Messias," to have appeared in the very year of our Lord's birth; but how he arrives at this conclusion he does not tell us. He also mentions the date given above for it. Aries would be about the right position in the heavens, being in the south just after sunset at the beginning of the year; but there seems to be no record of the time of year at which this comet was seen. Those of 4 and 3 B. C. appeared in the spring, and may be left out of the question.

We return now to the idea of a temporary star, similar to that of Tycho, but, as is plain if there was only one star, not identical with it. There is no assignable astronomical reason why such a star may not have appeared in any part of the heavens at any time; and there may have been two such, one, in any part whatever, which first attracted the attention of the Magi, and another in the southern sky which would lead them from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. For it must be remembered that the star was evidently lost to view when they arrived at Jerusalem; and there is no certain evidence that they saw it on the way to that city. There is a general impression that it led them there from their home in the East; but the Gospel does not tell us that it did, and certainly it was not necessary that it should do so. They were probably in possession of the prophecy of Balaam (Numbers xxiv. 17), and were expecting the star at about that time; for the time at which the Messias was to come was quite definitely predicted. And when they arrived at Jerusalem they did not say, "We have seen *a* star," but "We have seen *his* star"—the star of the King of the Jews; they had known it for that as soon as they saw it. It did not need then to appear, even at the beginning, in the direction of Jerusalem; no, they went to Jerusalem when they saw it, because that was the place to get information about it, and about the King whom it heralded. So any temporary star, even that of Tycho, would have served for the first appearance.

But, if we are to take the Gospel literally, this theory of two

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stars is inadmissible. For it tells us that "*the* star which they had seen in the east" led them from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. We can, however, meet all the requirements of the case with one star. If a temporary star, like that of Tycho, had appeared in the summer, standing in the west just after sunset, as Venus does when it is evening star, such a star would have been soon lost to view in the sunlight as the sun advanced in its yearly path round the ecliptic; two or three months after its first appearance it would have been visible in the morning sky, and some four months later it would have served to guide the Magi to Bethlehem in the early morning, before sunrise. Of course it would have been visible in the morning or last hours of the night during all those four months, but it is easier to suppose it to have escaped their notice at such a time than if it had been in the evening sky. Or we may suppose it to have faded away during the two months when the sun was hiding it from view and then to have burst out again when they arrived at Jerusalem. Such a supposition is by no means astronomically impossible, though it is contrary to our experience of other temporary stars, the catastrophe which produces the great outburst of light in them never having been observed twice in the same one, and being apparently incapable of repetition, at least for a long time. Their regular course is to appear suddenly with their greatest brilliancy, and then gradually to wane.

In all this discussion it is obvious that we are speaking simply on the basis of natural science as it is now known; to assume unknown and unprecedented phenomena, even though coming within possible natural laws, is not, properly speaking, to give a scientific explanation at all. We can, of course, assume, if we wish, that our atmosphere might generate a brilliantly luminous body, which would appear in the proper places to answer the description of the star of Bethlehem; or, if we please, we can say that such an object might be produced in the solar system which would be neither a planet nor a comet, and would move without regard to the law of gravitation. But to make such an assumption would not be to account for the matter by our present scientific knowledge, and it is hard to see what purpose it would serve.

One great and general difficulty against any astronomical explanation whatever is that all properly so-called astronomical phenomena are observable over very large portions of the globe; and an object so remarkable as the star of Bethlehem was to the wise men would probably have been generally

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recorded in some unmistakable way in the history of the science, for there were even at that time many learned men interested in such matters. Latitude is the only element which makes a difference in the visibility of anything astronomical which remains in the heavens for as much as a day; longitude is immaterial. The star of Bethlehem, then, if properly a star, should be distinctly in the records of both Europe and Asia, of China especially.

Lastly, a grave objection to its being an astronomical object is the impossibility of such an object standing over any particular spot, or leading any one to a definite and small place, such as a stable or cave would be. Stars may furnish general sailing directions, but cannot point out the way to a particular point, especially in or near a town, where one would have to proceed more or less by roads. They give us the points of the compass, but only by accident could lead to any special location, unless observed with extraordinary accuracy, even if nothing blocked the way, though it is, of course, possible that a person by following a star may reach his goal; and assuming the star to be a natural one, we are not bound to shut out the providence and guidance of God.

No theory founded on any natural science, except astronomy, presents itself for discussion, unless we are willing to bring this great guiding-star to the level of a mere will-o'-the-wisp; so it would seem that our scientific discussion of the matter must here end.

The result of it, or, it is not too much to say, of any impartial investigation, is not, on the whole, favorable to any explanation of this wonderful prodigy on scientific grounds. The probability must be, it would seem, very strong in the mind of any one who is willing to admit the miraculous at all, or at least of any Christian, that the star was a supernatural phenomenon, a sign furnished directly by Almighty God for the accomplishment of his own object, and altogether similar to the pillar of cloud and fire which guided his chosen people through the desert of Arabia. Further than that, on this assumption, it were vain to inquire into its nature or cause. And it would seem that the principal obstacle to this view of it among Christians has been the desire, as has been remarked above, that it should serve a chronological purpose.

GEORGE M. SEARLE.

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THE ITALIANS IN NEW YORK.

THE first question one is apt to ask about the Italians who are now arriving among us in such large numbers is, Where do all these dark-eyed, olive-tinted men and women come from? From the old Neapolitan States and southern Italy for the most part, though there are many from the neighborhood of Genoa and some from Lombardy. Do they come to stay? The answer must now be emphatically, Yes. When the immigration first began the intention was almost invariably to go back home and enjoy the savings of the American sojourn. But that day is past. Our visitors have brought their knitting, and we are going to have them as an element in the make-up of the American commonwealth. Many who went home in former years have returned again. They bring their families with them, their young folks marry here, their little ones grow up speaking English mostly and a little very bad Italian; and they are putting their savings into real estate—this last a most significant evidence of stability.

What are their traits of character?

There is first the difference in race-traits between the northern and southern Italians. The northerns, from Venice, Piedmont, and Lombardy, have much of the energy and vivacity of the French, springing in great part from the same original stock, though possessing much of the steadiness of the German. The Neapolitans and Sicilians, being of a more southern type, are voluble and expansive. As to general characteristics, the Italians have one American trait in conspicuous fulness—money-getting, a trait stimulated by the change from the old to the new order of existence. Thirty, forty, and fifty cents a day for the hard, long-houred labor of a grown man in Italy is changed by a cheap steerage passage into from a dollar to two dollars and a half in America. No wonder they think that you can "pick up gold in the streets" of America. And this is literally the case with many of them, for they are the most skilful rag-pickers among us. They are becoming the only rag-pickers in New York. And, too, they are picking up gold in the streets as boot-blacks, and their children as newsboys. The traditional Irish apple-woman is in every direction giving place to the Italian corner fruit-vender. Many are grocers, druggists, money-changers, beer-sellers, sign-makers, barbers, candy-makers, and

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a vast army of sinewy and dark-browed men are taking the place of the Irish laborers. In the lower part of the city there are several labor-bureaus which send Italian laborers by the thousand to all parts of the country. The result of all this eager struggle for the "bounties of Providence" is, of course, the accumulation of money. The savings-banks know them, and they are beginning to have some such institutions of their own. They are beginning to be fruit-merchants and regular confectioners, and no doubt soon will be boss-contractors, etc. They are not, as a class, intemperate, nor over-expensive in dress, nor careless of the main chance in any way. One of the parishes which has been most largely invaded by the Italians, and where a systematic effort is being made to give them religious care, is the Transfiguration, whose church edifice is at the corner of Mott and Park Streets. Here their activity in real-estate operations is most apparent. This parish is being depopulated of the Irish by the sub-letting of tenements by Italians, and their finally getting the fee of the property. An Italian can secure from Italians a rental fifty per cent. in advance of what any mortal can get from the Irish, or perhaps from any other race. Does the reader ask why? Because more Italian humanity can be packed into the cubic yard than any other kind of humanity, the Chinese, perhaps, excepted. They can sleep anywhere; if there are no chairs they will sit contentedly on the floor and lean against the wall; they will pack into rooms as thick as sardines; they are a living demonstration that the "cold figures" of the Board of Health are a delusion, for they flourish in robust health where hygienic science proves that they should drop into their graves. Where no man can live, according to scientific theory, the Italian waxes fat, according to actual reality. This trait enables the thrifty among them to acquire, by sub-letting, first the leasehold and then the ownership of tenements. The whole people seems thrifty, shrewd, prodigiously saving, immensely industrious. Nor should it be forgotten that their children are bright, talented, fond of study.

But they lack, as yet, some other traits of American character, especially what we call *spirit*. They are not high-spirited. They for the most part seem totally devoid of what may be termed the sense of respectability—not on all scores, by any means, but certainly on the score of personal independence and manliness. An American or an Irishman will almost starve before asking charity, and often really does starve. Not so the lower-class Italian. He is always ready to beg. Men with

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money in the bank will commit their children to an institution of public charity, and wait until they are very easily situated before taking them out. The shame of being thought a pauper is almost unknown among the Italian people of this quarter. It is this lack of what are known as the manly qualities that makes a profound difference between them and all the races who have hitherto contributed to the making of the American population. Still, they are very amenable to our civilization. The boys and girls, as they grow up, take on all the American externals of dress and manner of life, and will doubtless develop the other characteristics. The primacy of Italy in art, in music, in literature, and, during previous centuries, in war, gives a solid hope of better things among our Italians. The two or three hundred years that the race has spent under petty tyrannies, especially that meanest of them all, the Neapolitan Bourbons, cannot have quite extinguished its native nobility of character. Some conspicuous social virtues they have, such as obedience to the laws, absence of public prostitution, the custom of early marrying, and the like. As to politics, the Italians of New York are now a factor, and the political boss is represented among this nationality.

And now as to the delicate question of religion. The Italians in the jurisdiction of Transfiguration parish—and in all this question mention is made only of ascertained facts—come to America the worst off in religious equipment of, perhaps, any foreign Catholics whatever. There are thousands of Italians in this city who do not know the Apostles' Creed. Multitudes of men and women of this people do not know the elementary truths of religion, such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. This ignorance of the most necessary doctrines is, it must be borne in mind, not exactly common to emigrants from all localities in Italy. From observation, and from the best information, it would seem probable that the North Italians are a fairly instructed people, the Genoese and Lombards in America having a good name for intelligent knowledge of the truths of religion. There are many, let us hope the greatest number, from the south with at least the rudiments. But the old Neapolitan States are daily sending to all quarters of this hemisphere grown men and women who are not well enough instructed to receive the sacraments; if the priest should administer them they would be invalidly administered for want of knowledge on the part of the recipients. The evidence of this state of things is so complete, comes from so many different

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sources—not less from all grades of Italian priests than from other quarters—is seen to be so palpably true upon actual contact with this people, that the fact is established beyond question.

What, then, has been their religious life at home? Some peculiar kind of spiritual condition fed on the luxuries of religion without its substantials. "Devotions," pilgrimages, shrines, miraculous pictures and images, indulgences, they have been accustomed to, together with, in all too many cases, an almost total ignorance of the great truths which can alone make such aids of religion profitable.

Now, what is the matter in southern Italy? How shall we explain this lamentable state of things? Excellent judges say that the fault is in the civil status of the people; the old tyranny of the Bourbons and the new tyranny of the atheists—the aim of the latter being, as an excellent Italian priest described it, *destructio entis moralis*—have prevented the proper action of the clergy. Any one who has read the life of St. Alphonsus, or who knows the methods of the present Italian government, may readily believe that there is much truth in this explanation. One may really exclaim, What Catholics these people would become if they only had the qualities fitting them to be good Americans! For the lack of these qualities the political and civil difficulties in Italy are much to blame.

Another reason assigned is the confusion of parochial and conventual ministrations: the friction occasionally felt from this cause in America, and the consequent injury to religion, lead to the belief that indiscriminate and unregulated care of souls by bodies of clergymen, working under different and practically independent canonical jurisdiction, in the same locality, has had something to do with the low state of religious instruction we are considering. What is anybody's business and everybody's is apt to be nobody's. The poverty of the people in out-of-the-way places and in barren rural districts, and under the Italian system of landlordism, which is only not worse than that in Ireland, is another cause assigned. Some say that the climate is so enervating as to provoke a shiftless, ignorant state of things; but the Italians here are the most busy people in America: there isn't a drone in their hive.

But, when all other causes have had due weight, the miserable truth is that the people have been neglected by their priests. There are many good priests in southern Italy, and the parish clergy of the city of Naples are well spoken of, and that by severe critics. But somehow the duty of even rudi-

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mentary instruction and training in the principles and practices of the Christian religion has been grossly neglected by large numbers of parish priests; the state of ignorance among this people cannot otherwise be accounted for.

The apathy of the clergy in instructing the people is sometimes explained by the fact that they have fixed revenues, independent of the people, and fixity of tenure for life. They would be more energetic in imparting religious knowledge if they drew their income from the people, and their positions or promotions depended on their exertions.

And now, you may ask, what can be done for them? First procure good Italian priests for them, and gather them in as annex congregations to the already established English-speaking parishes. The difficulty of forming annex congregations is not so great, once good Italian priests are secured. The Transfiguration parish has had what is considered a successful experience of it. The basement of the church is the place of worship of over two thousand Italians regularly organized, with four Masses, and Vespers, every Sunday and holyday of obligation, with a good and hopeful start of a Sunday-school. They are served by two priests of their own nation, have their own ushers, and indeed a complete outfit for a parochial establishment except a school.

This is called an annex congregation because it is so; and it must be so. This is proved, first, by the total break-down of every autonomous Italian church in this section of the country. It begins Italian and it ends Irish—except in the personnel of the clergy—who, like the Normans in Ireland, sometimes become *Hiberniores Hibernis*. It is further proved by experience. For with careful prudence, with every known appliance of raising funds applicable to them, this Italian congregation, two thousand strong, being a fair average of the whole population, give a revenue every week of but about forty-five dollars. It began with their giving pretty much nothing for revenue. Then a few seats were set apart next the statue of the Madonna, five cents being charged; after a while the pay area was increased, and now it embraces the centre rows of pews, no seat costing more than five cents, and all the side-rows of pews—being about half the sittings—entirely free; and with the above result.

The truth is that this people will not give up sufficient money for church purposes, though doubtless their children will. To support, let alone to build, a church, more than Italian generosity is needed. Here, with two excellent Italian priests

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—as good as any in America, no matter of what nationality—popular with their people, using every expedient that experience and prudence suggest, only enough is got to pay their salaries of five hundred a year each and their board—not a cent for repairs, cleaning, furnishing sacristy and sanctuary, starting a school, buying a site for a church, or anything else. Of stipends for Masses there are very few, and the revenue from baptismal and matrimonial fees is not much. This is the top notch of a long and labored movement, reached under the highest pressure. There is a good set of Italian ushers who serve every Sunday for nothing and are excellent men.

The objection has been made that if they had the whole church, or a church of their own, six thousand instead of two would come, etc. Besides the answer given by the notorious failure of separate parishes noted above, it may be said that the persons among them who object to the basement are not numerous. The Italians as a body are not humiliated by humiliation. As a body: there are numbers, chiefly Genoese and Lombards, who object to the basement, and join the Irish-Americans upstairs, and do as well for religion financially and otherwise as the best. But the bulk are not like that.

The fact is that the Catholic Church in America is to the mass of the Italians almost like a new religion. There are no endowed churches, no pilgrimages, and no free food at the convent gates. They have got to readjust themselves to a religion lacking many things of a kind that to half-instructed people makes up pretty much the whole religious apparatus. It is not likely that the old folks will ever be readjusted. They must tag after the Irish, and little by little their children will do great things for God in America: their forefathers have been foremost in the history of God's heroes.

Our hope is in the children. The Irish and the Italians do not easily mix at school, but they can be brought together. One reason why the Irish move away from a tenement-house is the moving in of a family or two of Italians. They are almost of a different civilization. And so the Irish will not send their children readily to a school which Italian children are beginning to frequent. For example, there has always been a large class of some ninety little children in the Transfiguration school, ranging no higher than eight years of age. Originally all were of Irish parentage. Some Italians were admitted a few years ago, and things were let work their own way, with the result that the class is now almost completely Italian.

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An effort must first be made to secure good Italian priests to work with the American clergy in duplex parishes. This has, up to the present, been a matter of no small difficulty, but measures are now being taken which promise to furnish a supply of the right kind of material for this work. The good Italian parish priest stays in Italy, and the Italian missionary goes to the heathen. The bishops of the eastern part of the United States would be glad to get a supply of competent Italian clergymen, but hitherto have not known where to look. Within a few months a practical move has been made by Bishop Scalabrini, of the diocese of Piacenza, for the supplying of Italian priests for Italian emigrants to the New World. He has already established a house for these missionaries, and five priests in the institution are now awaiting a call to America. They are from his own and neighboring dioceses of northern Italy. Bishop Scalabrini has had this project in mind for years, and has collected facts concerning the condition of Italian emigrants to South America, and published a book on the subject. With the aid of the Bishop of Crèmona and the blessing of Leo XIII., contained in a brief approving his new project, he has now formed a national association for the support of the new missionary house. A considerable sum of money has already been contributed by the Italians in Italy to the project, and a permanent fountain has been opened for the supply of zealous and well-equipped Italian priests for missions in America. Bishop Scalabrini expects these priests to act as auxiliary or assistant priests in parishes where Italians are to be found in numbers. The Bishop of Cremona, in addition, intends sending a certain number of students to complete their last year of theology in American seminaries, and then to serve as assistants in duplex parishes.

Finally, and above all, an effort must be made to get the children into Catholic schools. It is a work of instant necessity. It is the children of the Neapolitans who go to the Five Points House of Industry and the City Mission on the opposite side of "Paradise Park." These institutions, up to recent times, were mainly occupied in making Protestants of the children of intemperate Irish parents. At present they are doing the same work by wholesale with the children of Catholic Italians.

BERNARD J. LYNCH.

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THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

OF music in general it is only necessary to premise, what all writers on the subject seem so happy in admitting, that God himself is its author. It was implanted in man's nature by the great Creator himself. It is as old as the human race.

All that Sacred Scripture has left us of the first two thousand years of this world's history is conveyed in less than three hundred sentences. Yet, brief as this epitome is, it contains a distinct notice of music. For music is spoken of as practised one thousand years before the Deluge; that is, two thousand years before any of the other arts or sciences were, even rudely, developed. It is recorded of Jubal, the seventh descendant yet the contemporary of Adam, that "he was the father of them that play on the harp and the organs"* (the Hebrew words *Kinnor* and *Hugab*, which are translated *harp* and *organ*, are only generic names for musical instruments—stringed, or pulsatile, or wind instruments). Now, vocal music is admittedly older than instrumental music; but instrumental music was in use during a great portion of Adam's life, and therefore it is plain that vocal music is as old as our first father himself.

Music, one would judge, is as old as language. Language is merely conventional. It has no meaning except for those who are party to the compact as to the significance of its sounds; whereas music is felt and understood by the whole human race. It is the language of nature. It is felt by the infant and the savage. It speaks in the breeze, in the stream, in the storm. It whispers through the leaflets, sings through the trees, mourns through the ivied ruin. It thrills the human heart, producing affections of joy or of sorrow. Man may not appreciate other arts, while music has an abiding fascination for him. The uncultivated rustic, who would see no beauty in the rarest Raphaels, and who would turn away with indifference from the Apollo of Belvidere, is instantly alive to the tones of music, and loves them and is affected by them. The influence of music begins with the cradle and ends only with the grave, and so much do we prize it that we make it part of the enjoyment of heaven.

With regard to the music of Ireland I would begin by stating that, when Ireland's great apostle first entered the halls of Tara,

* Gen. iv. 21.

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he saw around him not kings only and princes, but bards, harpers, and minstrels. Venerable men they were, with long beards and wearing flowing robes. They sat in the councils of the nation; and, when debate was over, their duty was to sound forth the national melodies and fill the halls with the strains of national song. The music of the Hibernian branch of the Celtic race is coeval with their history; and from the earliest times Ireland has been called "The Land of Song." Of the antiquity of the harp there is no doubt. It was the favorite instrument of David, the royal prophet; and that the Irish harp was a fac-simile of the Egyptian one goes very far to prove the antiquity of Irish music. Indeed, centuries before the Christian era "the people deemed each other's voices sweeter than the warblings of a melodious harp; such peace and concord reigned amongst them that nothing could delight them more than the sound of their own voices."* "Tara," continues the famous book from which we quote, "was so called for the celebrity of its melodies." Alas! no music is there to-day, for

> "The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
> Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled."

That music was highly esteemed in "the Island of Destiny" we conclude from the honors showered upon its votaries. They were exempted from paying public taxes. The tax levied for the killing of a bard was next to that levied for the killing of a king. They were educated in seminaries, where all class business was put to music and chanted in the halls. A title—"The," similar to the knighthood of our day—was conferred upon them, just as the same title was conferred in later times, because of their nobility and valor, on The O'Brien of Desmond, The O'Conor Don, and The O'Donoughue of the Glens.

Such was Irish music before Patrick came, and then what an inspiration it received! If, as we are told, Patrick had but to convert the druid-stones into altars, and the wells, sacred in paganism, into baptismal fonts, so he had but to change the harper into a chorister, and to wed the nation's old melodies to the words of the nation's new liturgy. Thus Duvach, a converted bard, is recorded as displaying a higher genius in glorifying the true God than that which pagan muses imparted to his strains in adulation of Baal: "*Carmina quæ quondam peregit in laudem falsorum deorum, jam in usum meliorem mutans et linguam, poemata clariora composuit in laudem Omnipotentis*" (Jocelin, *Vita Patricii*); and Fiach, a bishop, was the composer of some

* *Book of Ballymote.*

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charming chants, which still survive, and which he sang in honor of his new master, St. Patrick.

Ambrosian chant was introduced into Ireland very soon after its institution at Milan; and two canons of a synod held by Patrick himself relate specially to church music, and show that chanters were, even at that early period, reckoned among the inferior clergy. St. Bernard, in his admirable *Life of St. Malachy*, relates that that Irish bishop had diligently learnt ecclesiastical chant when a mere boy, and afterwards established its practice in his primatial church at Armagh. And when the Gregorian chant came into use it was cultivated by the Irish priesthood and taught by them, not only at home, but in every country on the Continent. To the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists we owe the information that two Irishmen were the first to teach psalmody to the nuns of St. Gertrude's convent, A.D. 650. An Irishman, Helias, or Hely, was the first to teach the Roman chant in the old city of Cologne. England and Scotland received their first harpers from Ireland, as their own musicians admit; and in an old preface to Dante's *Inferno* the poet states that the only harp he had ever seen came from Ireland: "*Unicam quam vidi cytharam, ex Hibernia venit.*" Every bishop in the country, according to Cambrensis, a hostile witness, was a harper, and took his harp with him wherever he went, to soothe him in his hours of care and to sweeten his hours of rest. "*Episcopi, abbates, et sancti in Hibernia viri, cytharas circumferre et in eis modulando pie delectari consueverint*" (Cambr. *Topog. Hib.*) This accounts for the fact that so many Irish ecclesiastics are represented in old entablatures with a harp resting on their knees.

The same may be stated with regard to the profane music of the land. National music was highly cultivated. The bard and the harper were met on every road. Ancient authorities tell us that they numbered, at one time, twelve hundred, at another that they amounted to nearly a third of the whole population. Hereditary estates were settled on the most skilled in the art; and the extensive barony of Carbery, in the county of Cork, was the pension settled by a Munster king on the bard Cairbre. And who will say that the Irish are not a musical race in face of the fact that they alone of all peoples have interwoven the emblem of their nation's music with the green and gold of their nation's flag?

Thus was Ireland not only the sanctuary of religion but the home of minstrelsy and song. Inside, over the door of each

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dwelling, hung the harp, inviting the bard's cunning touch. How beautifully Moore sings:

"When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call."

But it may, not unnaturally, be asked: Had the Irish people a regular system of musical notation? They had, indeed. And though, from the time of St. Malachy, the musical schools occasionally used the common system of notation by staves and points, yet they seem to have preferred their own old system. This latter consisted of a peculiar description of musical characters, something similar to the musical points and accents of the ancient Greeks. These directed both stringed instruments and the human voice, and gave birth to a large repertory of national song and harmony, which has come down almost unhurt to our own times. The superiority of Irish music about the time of the Norman invasion is reluctantly confessed by the most unfriendly contemporaries. After a scientific analysis of Irish popular airs one critic wrote: "We have in the dominion of Great Britain no original music except the Irish." Gerald Cambrensis, the reviler of everything Hibernian, wrote: "This people, however, deserves to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental music, in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of every nation we have seen. For their modulation is not drawling and morose (*tarda et morosa*) like our instrumental music in Britain; but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of the music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers; and how, without violating a single rule of the art, in running through trills and slurs, and variously intertwined *organizing*, with so sweet a rapidity, so unequal an equality (*tam dispari paritate*) of time, so apparently dissonant a concord (*discordi concordia*) of sounds, the melody is harmonized and perfected." Stanihurst confirms this testimony; while Clynn's *Manuscript Annals* speak of one O'Carroll as "a famous tympanist and harper—a phœnix in his art." In the same vein of praise write such pens as Spenser, Selken, and Good. An acknowledged authority on this matter asserts that it was from Ireland that the harp was introduced into Wales, and that Welsh musicians were instructed in Ireland. The Venerable Bede relates that St. Aidan, St. Colman, St. Finan, all natives of Ireland and bishops in

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England, with a multitude of other Irishmen, opened colleges for higher studies, among which *music* was numbered. Add to this that Scotch annalists have told us that Highland poetry and music received their chief development in Irish schools.

And what of the organ in Irish musical history? Well, although "the king of instruments" was not brought to anything like perfection before the tenth century, and was not generally used before the twelfth, there are records showing how very soon afterward the organ became known in Ireland. About the end of the fourteenth century mention is made of this instrument as of something well known and familiar in the country; and an archbishop of Dublin, by his will dated December 10, 1471, bequeathed his pair of organs to a city church to be used in the celebration of the divine offices. On a certain joyful occasion, A.D. 1488, "the Archbishop of Dublin began the *Te Deum*, and the choir with the *organs* sung it up solemnly." In Moore's history of Ireland it is recorded that a *pair of organs* were carried off from the Abbey of Killeigh, 1539. The Franciscan fathers in the convent of Multifernam enjoyed the possession of the oldest organ in Ireland; although the *Book of Limerick* declares that that city had two organs which had grown old before the wars of Elizabeth.

With the English invasion came the persecution of Irish music and musicians. Wishing to subjugate the country, the usurpers first sought to destroy its music. They knew full well what a power for strengthening national feeling lay in national minstrelsy and song. They recognized the force of the saying, yet unformulated: "Give me the making of a people's ballads and I care not who make their laws." The Normans—Catholics, of course, and some of them intensely Irish—were not very hostile in this regard. It was only with the Protestant Reformation that the effort was made to totally extinguish Irish music and banish Irish harpers. One favorite of the harp-hating queen accepted a commission not only to destroy Irish harps but to hang the harpers. Severe legislation was framed at once, and the harp and the minstrel were sorely tried indeed. In the contest

> "The minstrel fell; but the foeman's chain
> Could not bring his proud soul under."

Nevertheless the harpers continued and transmitted the craft to their sons, and went through the land making every house their home, loved and honored by the people. And

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happy was it for the house where the piper or harper came to spend the night. The reader is familiar with the touching story, told in song, of the old blind piper who, after twenty years, called at a house where only one inmate was left of all the dear old family.

Yes, they lived and kept alive among the poor people the traditions of the land, the glories and the sorrows of centuries. In Carolan, the last of the great harpers, the glories of Irish minstrelsy found a noble exponent. Nor was the art quite lost at the end of the last century. At a musical contest in 1781 one Charles Fanning took first prize for his charming performance of "The Coolin," while a lady took third prize for her beautiful rendition of another famous air. James Dungan, a native of Granard, residing at Copenhagen, paid the expenses of several of these contests, which gave such an impetus to Irish music in the last century. Three others, Niel of Dublin, Burk Thumoth, and the son of the bard Tolloch O'Carolan, did much for the cause by collecting and publishing Irish melodies about the middle of the last century. But to Edward Bunting the country is indebted for the most complete collection of all. He went through the land gathering old airs from the peasantry, and gave the result to the world of music in a volume (Dublin, 1840) which is near perfection. In later times Mr. Hardiman, Mr. Walker, "The Citizen," and the Celtic and Ossianic societies have rescued from ruin some of the most exquisite ballads and Jacobite romances. To these may be added the names of Sir John Stephenson, McDonnell, Lee, Phelps, De Lacy, Carter, and, last and greatest of all, Kelly—Michael Kelly—who played and sung in nearly every court in Europe as well as in St. Peter's, Rome.

A passing mention will suffice here of such names as John Mooreland, Thomas Carter, Rorke, Balfe, Cooke, Ashe, Madden, directors of music in the first theatres and best social coteries of Europe. Wallace is a man of our own day; Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore has linked his fortunes with "the sea-divided Gael" of this great land; and within this year a Celtic tenor of great fame is heard in our operas, as if to remind his compatriots of the musical glories of other days.

Carolan had scarcely died when Heaven sent to Ireland a minstrel who revived all the grandeur of her ancient national music. In the immortal Thomas Moore we have at once a poet and a musician. Taking hold of the grand old melodies of his native land, he wed them to the most beautiful words, wove

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them into exquisite poetry; and the grand old airs which had so long kept warm the national life-blood of the people assumed form, popularity, and vigor. Ah! well might he have addressed the national instrument:

> "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
> The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
> When, proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
> And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song."

These "Melodies" are sung wherever music has a charm for mortals. Yea, many of them have been stolen and wedded to the songs of other lands; and even Haydn and Rossini have not blushed to accept a share of the spoils. That the thefts were committed at a time when Irish music, owing to English cruelty, was neglected, carries only a little palliation with it. And Flotow, too!—ah! what would be his *Marta* without that exquisite aria, "'Tis the last rose of summer"?

That Ireland is still a "land of song" we would conclude from the assuring fact that some of the greatest musical geniuses of the last century lived, and composed, and died in the Irish metropolis. Let a few be named. Dubourg, the world-famed violin-leader, began his residence in Dublin in 1728. Castrucci died there in 1752; Geminiani, in 1762; Giordani, some time later. There Handel wrote his *Messiah* and other immortal compositions; and since his day the greatest artists have considered Dublin audiences as second, in critical acumen, to none in the world.

And here in this Western land we must not permit ourselves to suppose that "the sea-divided Gael" has lost his instinctive love for sweet music. No; considering his opportunities, he is very fairly represented in the musical life of our great commonwealths. His voice participates very largely in the service of our church choirs. But why do not our Celtic people here join their voices in *congregational singing* as successfully as do our neighbors of Teuton descent? Has the day of congregational song all but passed away? Has the so-called Renaissance accomplished its dire mission in this regard? Let us hope not. The divine offices of the Catholic Church are still as eminently fitted for harmonious expression as they were in the best days of monastic song, when Jerome called the Psalms the "love-songs of the people," when Ambrose and Augustine publicly recommended congregational chant, and when the divine praises arose in song on every hill-top in Europe from Monte Casino to Banchor, whose very name implies choral grandeur.

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It is through our children, in class-room or Sunday-school, that success in this matter can be best attained. The old Gregorian airs to which the *O Salutaris*, the *Tantum Ergo*, and the *Laudate* are set are easily picked up by youthful ears. Then, with the children scattered through the congregation—who might be furnished with slips of paper containing the words—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament could be sung and a happy beginning effected.

Let us hope, for the sake of everything that humanity holds dear, that the day will yet come when the poor little "Island of Destiny" shall be again, as of old, the bright and happy land of song.

JOHN M. KIELY.
Transfiguration Church, Brooklyn.

ECCE HOMO!

FOR long the world has strained its eager eyes
In search of Truth, and yet with little gain;
For wrapping self in cloudy mysteries,
And peering inward, makes the searching vain.

So, long ago, when Truth with patient trudge
Walked o'er the ungrateful earth until It stood
A guiltless culprit 'fore a sinful judge—
While heaven wept o'er man's wild cry for blood—
Pilate, the judge, looked in Truth's shining eyes,
And, troubled, bowed his head to earth, and said:
"What is truth?" Impatient, worldly-wise,
Dared not to wait for answer—turned and fled.

O World! *Behold the Man—the Truth!* not understood
By pride of mind or heart, but by the meek and good.

HENRY C. WALSH.

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JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XVII.

"IN THE MORNING, BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT."

A LONG step toward the maturity of any passion has been taken when once the fact of its existence in the soul has been squarely recognized. There it is, for good or for evil, to be cut down and destroyed if its root be noxious; to be lopped and pruned if the seed of eternity be in it, and made ready to yield its ripe fruit in Paradise; to be counted with in either case and not evaded.

The gray light which outruns the sunrise, peering through his open window, had waked Paul Murray that morning into a world in which all things seemed new, even those most familiar and long accustomed. Brought face to face and without warning the night before with a host of reinforcing, welcome potentialities, which promised to triple his own expansive powers, he had as suddenly found them crowded almost out of sight by the unaided strength of a feeling to which they bore no appreciable relation. For, whether friend or enemy, this sprang, at all events, from within himself, and they were mere exterior accidents. Yet it was they that seemed to be a source of strength, while reason, when it took the upper hand, warned him against the other as a perilous weakness.

Paul Murray was a man as unaccustomed to palter with his reason as to trifle with his conscience. They had been very practical and trustworthy guides so far, but then he had always been walking contentedly along the King's highway. At this first fork in the road the voice of one of his counsellors had, at least to his apprehension, an uncertain sound. While yet under the tension of his new attitude toward the future, he had, nevertheless, made an honest effort to conciliate them both, and to study out the more interesting of his problems by their assistance. In a measure he had succeeded. True, he had begun his puzzling over that mysterious psychological problem which has baffled many more experienced heads than his, and asked himself how such a feeling as had risen in him spontaneously to such a height could have done so unweighted by its counterpart; but he had ended by admitting that while he was certain

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of himself and his own emotions, with regard to Miss Colton he was all at sea. Girls, he had been told, were less susceptible than men, and as a general rule he was entirely ready to believe it. The order of nature in their regard seemed to require that they should be laid siege to, and should yield only after long capitulations. He had no quarrel with the order of nature. He could only too easily fancy himself sitting down with persistent patience before that citadel, providing he were free to let its garrison name all the stipulations of surrender. But since he was not free? What an unmanly outrage it would be even to try to get her to lower her flag, knowing that even if she did so he meant to raise the siege unless she would accept conditions so unlooked for that, could she have guessed them, she would have died rather than show a symptom of giving in! How could he even set about trying to convert her, as an essential preliminary to his wooing? His instinctive knowledge of the girl made him certain that her pride would be up and off at the first suspicion that he proposed to grant a reward to docility instead of paying an involuntary tribute to sovereignty. "For women hate a gift as men a debt," says Browning, and Paul Murray's new-born perceptions had reached the same conclusion. Even the thought shamed him, and when at last he fell asleep he pillowed his conscience on the virtuous resolution to keep out of a danger into which he could not go with honor.

But in the morning his memory and his desires awoke before his factitious resolution had time to pull itself together. He had turned his back on danger the night before, and elected for discretion. But here it was again before him, inviting him out of the depths of what soft, serious eyes, daring him on the curves of what archly smiling lips! Was it really danger? Perhaps he had merely come to a parting in the ways. The same bourn might lie at the end of each for all he knew at present; and why need he choose so precipitately the ugly stretch beside which not a flower was springing, not a tree spreading its branches? There was no denying the quaggy ground that lay between him and the green fields and pleasant waters that he saw and longed for; but what a disgraceful coward he would be to funk at that!

He turned out as he came to this point, and began preparations for a more than ordinarily careful toilet, noting with pleasure as he did so the many fair-weather signs that showed through the high mill-window. It was so late before the tumult in his thoughts permitted him to go indoors that, instead

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of entering the house, he had occupied a room adjoining his office which had been fitted up when he first assumed his present position, and used by him until the arrival of his family. He slept there occasionally still, and his absence from the house at night seldom caused uneasiness. A rough business suit was hanging from a hook on the wall, and at the last moment some renewed hesitation or some passing whim made him choose it instead of that he had worn the night before. It was still too early for the mill-hands to assemble, but there was work to be done at his desk if he finally determined to give himself a holiday. At the time when he had laid it out to be accomplished at this hour, a real reason existed for absenting himself, but that had since been obviated by one of the items in Mr. Van Alstyne's communication. Still, he might as well set about it. Before train-time he might not improbably decide against his needless trip to town, but it was safe to get his work out of the way in any case.

He was up to his eyes in it still when Fanny summoned him to breakfast, and he had been concentrating himself so thoroughly that he was more his own man then than it had lately been given him to be. Mary Anne, who knew his face by heart and had seen some new expressions in it lately, noted that he seemed less preoccupied and absent, and felt her own spirits lighten. The truth was that as he was on his way to the house the new sense of mastery, the secret knowledge that for him the material problems of life were settled altogether in his favor, had come up again in great force and produced their natural effect. He was as gay as a lark at table, and when he left it concluded that he had cleared his desk so nearly that he could volunteer to read the just-arrived county newspaper to his father and still have plenty of time on his hands. He might, perhaps, run himself so close and be so driven at the last that, through pure absorption in his work, luck might take the settling of the question out of his hands! There was not much in his mind, in fact, but that slight avoidance of a decision to show that a decision was still pending, and that, at a given point on the face of the office-clock, it would infallibly come up for settlement. He couldn't well take less than twelve minutes to get to the cars behind that bay mare, unless he thrashed her more than a merciful man would care to.

He was reading aloud while going through this underground mental process; reading, too, with great deliberation and a punctilious attention to his stops. Davie had torn the

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wrapper off the paper before his brother came in, and, after studying with care the column of "Wit and Alleged Wit" on its fourth page, had turned it to find the report of a murder case just ended at the county seat. Mr. Murray may also have wished to hear the evidence, as both the accused and the victim hailed from no further off than Milton Corners; but, if so, he was doomed to wait for it. Paul took up the paper just as it lay and began at the first column, and for five minutes or more his deep voice went steadily on, charged with items such as these:

"Miss Luella Teets, of Greenbanks, is paying a visit to Miss Mamie Rings in North Milton."

"G. I. Gillett, a pedlar for John Pulver, came home sick with pneumonia on Tuesday."

"John P. Roraback is satisfied that rabbits are as scarce in the woods as hen's teeth this season."

"A. Travers and Pulaski S. Hover, of East Milton, have each a cat that has learned to open a door by looking on and saying nothing. The cat jumps up and holds on to the door-handle with one paw, and with the other will keep the thumb-latch clicking like a telegraph instrument until the latch rises and the door opens, when the cat lets herself down and walks in."

Mr. Murray was a patient man, but as Paul, after this last weighty piece of local news, stopped to look at his watch and then went on again with "Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Connor are on the sick-list at Westport," he mildly interposed a question:

"Isn't there something about the Hoysradt trial? It was to come on last Monday."

"That's a fact," said Paul, glancing down the sheet. "I had forgotten it. Oh! columns on columns of it! I'm afraid, father, you'll have to get through with that by yourself this time. I've my hands full in the office and must get back."

Back he went forthwith, settled down at his desk again, and wrote an important letter to a cotton-broking firm in New York with flawless attention. Then he leaned back in his chair and looked at the clock, and considered what it would be best to do next; and while thus considering it happened to occur to him that the pleasure he had been taking in the thought of letting Miss Colton choose Fanny's piano was a miserable piece of weakness. What did he know about her competence in matters of that sort? She had a lovely voice, certainly, but she hardly knew how to use it; and as to her playing! Paul threw back his head, with the jolly, upward-inflecting laugh he had when anything pleased him, and started without a minute's delay for the

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next room and his other coat. He hadn't a doubt about his prudence left; his errand, in fact, had just developed into one of necessary duty. Paul's acquaintance with Wordsworth was practically *nil*, but had he been the poet's most ardent admirer, and at this moment some one had quoted to him the line which addresses Duty as the "stern daughter of the voice of God," he would have been ready to find it very much at fault. His own immediate duty was as easy as an old shoe.

XVIII.

CONCERNING PETTICOAT CONVERTS.

THE up-train was twenty minutes late, and when Paul Murray, having left his trap at the hotel stable, came through the waiting-room to the long platform next the track, he found two of his clerical acquaintances passing and repassing each other as they walked up and down. He bowed politely to the Reverend Adoniram Meeker, who at that moment was still clad in rather rusty black, being, in fact, on his way to replace it by his wedding suit at a Riverside tailoring establishment. Father Seetin he stood still and waited for, and, when he came up again, began pacing at his side.

Father Seetin was an old priest now, well on in his sixties, white-haired, slender in figure, and with a delicate, nervous face. For many years he had been rector of a large city parish, but, falling into poor health, he had gone abroad, hoping to recover sufficiently for heavy duty, and had been disappointed. He seemed well enough when he got back, but somehow the sea-breezes that swept through his parish kept his throat in a state of aggressive rawness which no lozenges would conciliate and no beard remedy. He gave up the struggle at last, and, at his own request, was transferred to the poor parish of Milton Corners, where he breathed his native, inland air and picked up vigor enough to transform all that part of the little town which fell under his jurisdiction. He had just inherited some private means, and at once applied them to remedying certain deficiencies which had escaped the notice of his predecessor, though Father Seetin was privately appalled by their extent when he first came. But then his predecessor, poor man, as Father Seetin occasionally reminded himself, had had several stations to attend to, and if, toward the close of his life, he had developed a sort of land-hunger which made him the possessor of more

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farms and houses than were ultimately good for him, he had also developed a queer, insane streak which was said to be hereditary. At any rate, though there was plenty to be done and undone, Father Seetin had found ways and means to do it all, and Milton Corners was now a model parish. He had his hands pretty full, but his people were healthy on the whole, and he still found leisure to read his St. Augustine and his Mother Juliana, to write verses in which the beauty of the sentiment surpassed sometimes the melody of the rhythm, and to dream away a good deal of time at his organ and his violin. It was their common love for music which had cemented a rather familiar friendship between him and Paul Murray, almost more than the fact that in his country seclusion he was not often in the way of meeting men who approached his own high level of general intelligence. The relation between them was one which, given the other circumstances, might have existed entirely apart from their professional relation as priest and parishioner. Possibly it only supplied another instance of the kind of attraction which elder men felt for Paul Murray—a sort of living over their youth in him, perhaps, with a feeling that he had a fair chance to steer clear of rocks on which they might once have foundered.

Father Seetin explained to Paul that he was on his way to Roraback's, the next station beyond Milton Corners, on a sick-call. The invalid was known to both of them, having once been employed in John Van Alstyne's factory. She had married an engineer on the Hudson River Road within a year or so, and gone away to the county town to live, as she phrased it, with her "people-in-law." She had been none too welcome in her new home, and had now returned to her old one in a hopeless decline.

"Poor little Molly!" said the priest, "it gave me a real shock to see her. All that fine Irish bloom she had has been washed clean out of her cheeks, and she is going to cough herself into her grave before Christmas. The old woman declares she has been murdered outright, and she's not so far out of the way, either."

"When did she get back home?" asked Paul Murray.

"Some day last week. Her mother tells me she took advantage of her husband's absence on the road, and made a descent upon the Millers and brought Molly back by force of arms—and of tongue, I reckon. She has a powerful vocabulary on occasion, has Mrs. Dempsey."

"Why, what was up?"

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"Oh! Molly was sick and had been wanting a priest and couldn't get one. So she wrote home to her mother that she couldn't stand it any longer."

"Couldn't get one? Why, you baptized Jake Miller before you married them!"

"So I did—and with misgivings. I never thought he would hold out long—it was too clear a case of female bulldozing. That iron under-jaw and thick neck of his, to be of use on the right side, would have had to be covered either with a hatful of brains or a triple layer of old custom and inherited tradition. He had plenty of the latter, but it was all of the wrong sort. I did my best to warn Molly; but what can be done with a girl in love—or a boy, for that matter?"

"I don't know the case," said Paul; "she left the mill some time before she married. I heard that Jake Miller had become a Catholic, and I supposed it was all right. Where was the difficulty?"

"Just here," said Father Seetin. "Molly Dempsey stood to her guns like a hero, and said she'd see him further before she'd marry a Protestant. She had the whip-hand at the time—the girl always has at the point where they stood then—and as the fellow wanted her, and had sense to see she meant it, he asked for instruction, and apparently took it with a sufficiently good grace. I had no option that I could see, but I didn't like it—I never like it in such cases. He went to church with her two or three times, and then he cut the whole thing, partly through pure indifference, I suppose, and partly, as near as I can make out from Molly, out of deference—and affection, perhaps—for his mother. She has had a bad time of it between the pair of them, I'm afraid. She lost her baby without having a chance to get it baptized, and that was the last straw that broke the camel's back."

"How can a man be such an unnecessary brute as that to a woman he has once cared enough about to marry?" said Paul Murray, with more wonder in his voice than heat, although the story moved him to indignation.

"It wasn't the man, as it happens. He was away at the time of the birth, and old Mrs. Miller is a Baptist, and something of a termagant into the bargain. She seems to have told Molly that she would offset the offence of Jake's baptism by keeping her grandson out of the reach of such superstition. Perhaps her conscience was clear about it—I can't say. But Molly is really grieving herself to death over just that one thing, I do be-

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lieve. She has got the mother's heart in her, and there's no consoling her, thus far, for the empty place she thinks she will feel even in Paradise."

"It is a heavy penalty to pay," said Paul Murray after they had made a turn or two in silence. "And when she had been stanch, too, and got all the guarantee she seemed to need before setting out on that road. You never like such marriages, you say. Why not, when conversion precedes marriage?"

"Ho! conversion? Conversion is one thing, and a petticoat convert—of either sex—is another. There are some facts of human nature, or of man nature, of which you can't very well convince a woman; and the better she is, the harder it is to convince her in advance of experience. They take pinchbeck for gold nine times in ten. And then, if there is any backbone in them, and any genuine gold of their own, they will keep on trying to pass the trash over the counter for the rest of their natural lives. Well, it will do to buy heaven with, and that's about the best one can say about it. And yet I have no call to be so hard on the poor petticoat converts. I was one myself."

"How was it—if you don't mind the question?"

"Not a bit. I was in Montevideo, partly for health and partly on business, and there I fell in love with my wife. She was half-Irish, half-Spanish, and whole Catholic. For my part, although my parents ended as Methodists, they were not so in my infancy, and I had never been baptized at all. I had no prejudices one way or the other, and as the custom of the country demanded a certificate of baptism as a preliminary to one of marriage, I complied with it. There is no laying down hard-and-fast rules where the grace of God is concerned. I had, I suppose, the native wit which let me understand, in part any way, the value of the treasure I was getting in my wife, and when she slipped away from me within the year, I had learned enough to follow her. I don't know that I should have done so but for her death. It was the real thing with both of us—the kind that, whether it come late or come early, comes once only; perhaps because it is going to last through eternity. But while I had her she came too near bounding the horizon for me. Many a time I have thanked God as heartily for taking her as for giving her."

"You say that sort of feeling never comes but once," said Paul Murray in his most unconcerned tone. "Suppose it comes alone when it comes—what about the eternity of it then?"

"Ho!" returned the priest with a little laugh. "Suppose it

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never comes at all?—which is what most often happens, I take it. What of it? This is a very short bit of eternity that we are going through at present, and the infinite God, who is charity, has, doubtless, better things in store for us than mere human love. At the same time, it is well to remember that we shall keep our humanity and our identity for ever, and so will not be likely to lose our memory of whatever was worth saving in ourselves or in those by our love for whom now our love for God is made evident. And there comes the train."

XIX.

AT THE "MUSIC EMPORIUM."

COMPARED with Pekin—or say old Rome when its boundaries extended furthest—Riverside is not to be called a large city. Still, there is room enough in it for several music-stores, as well as for a manufactory of pianos, the latter at the extreme northern limit and not very far from the general railway station. Paul Murray, who had forgotten to inquire at which of these establishments the instrument had been bought which supplied the pretext for his presence in town, found sufficient occupation and an excellent means of settling his early dinner in visiting one after another of them and trying their wares. He experienced a certain unforeseen difficulty in these explorations. To make direct inquiries at the wrong places did not seem specially embarrassing, at least before trying it, but one experiment convinced him that he would have a singular disinclination to repeat them at the right one. Even the expedient which he presently hit upon, of selecting the two or three best instruments in each of the warerooms and asking their prices—a process which he thought likely to elicit information as to whether they were still for sale, and to open the way for a further and purely incidental question if one were needed—seemed to be lacking in point of definiteness. If the truth must be told, he began to find something a trifle absurd in both himself and his ostensible business. The latter was too vague, for one thing, to set well on a young man with so pronounced a tendency to positive views about things which concerned him. But he had been in several places, and disposed of a very fair share of the afternoon in looking over and trying new music, before he abruptly admitted to himself that he did not now and never had cared one copper about selecting the piano; that he was, in

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fact, rather too willing to leave the choice entirely to Miss Colton; and that the sole and only reason that had brought him to town was the wish to go back with her in the train and drive her over to Milton Centre afterwards. And then he remembered that it was Saturday, and reflected that she would probably refuse the drive and stay at Squire Cadwallader's according to her custom.

He was turning the corner on which stood Shirley's Music Emporium, the largest and best equipped of the Riverside shops, and the most likely of them all in which to meet Miss Colton, providing any final errand took her thither to re-inspect a purchase before train-time, as the extreme probability of this last unpleasant contingency struck him. And as it did so he looked up and beheld, himself unnoticed, Miss Colton entering the upper one of the two doors leading into the shop, accompanied by two young ladies and an extremely well-dressed and good-looking young man, to the latter of whom she was talking with much animation.

For a minute or two Paul felt rather disgusted with things in general, and also rather puzzled concerning what it would be well to do next. Had Miss Colton been alone, or in company with young ladies only, he would have presented himself before her without much further delay; but, under existing circumstances, he was in no hurry. He finally concluded to go into Shirley's, but by the lower door. He knew the place well. The shop was large and divided nearly into halves by a thin partition, low, yet too high for a tall man to see over, which ran through nearly its whole length, though at the back was a platform of two or three steps' elevation which extended across the entire width of the interior. On this there was a grand piano open, various wind instruments, and racks with music on them, standing about in a way suggestive of a recent rehearsal. The side on which Paul Murray had entered was the salesroom for sheet-music and matters of that sort, while the other was occupied by musical instruments of the usual descriptions. To a young woman who advanced to receive his orders Paul signified that he wanted to look over the music in a great portfolio standing on an easel, and would not trouble her until he had made his selections. There were other customers in the place, and he sat down on a stool in front of it, and thought he would take his bearings before making his appearance on the other side.

Across the partition came the pleasant twitter of girlish talk and laughter, with now and then a male voice joining in, but

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quite indistinguishable as to any substance of conversation, partly because everybody seemed to be chattering at once, and partly because some one was running scales, now on one piano, now on another. Paul had counted on the usual racket in the place before sitting down, as music-lessons were pretty constantly given there by one of its proprietors. But presently Zip's clear voice sounded all alone and with entire distinctness.

"See here, Nat," she began, "this is the piano I finally settled on, but I was half-inclined to take this other. What do you think?"

"There's not much to choose between them as to quality of tone, it seems to me. I would prefer the grand, for looks. Why didn't you take it?"

"The price, for one thing," said Zip, in a tone that irresistibly suggested a shrug of the shoulders.

"The price? I thought you had a Crœsus to draw on!"

"But I've a conscience to draw with," said Zip. "Besides—well, I guess the square one would fit the place it is intended for better."

"Well, I should have thought you would have gone up to Sandiman's instead of to any of these places," said the other voice. "You would probably have got the same thing, or as good, cheaper by taking it at first hand. Why didn't you?"

"Goodness!" said Zip, "I never once thought of that. What a goose I am!"

Some one began striking octaves just at this point, and the talk grew confused again. Then three or four bars of the "Last Waltz" slid out on the air with its serpentine curves of sound, and one of the girls at once cried against it as too sentimental for broad daylight; and then came the prelude to "I Would that my Love," which Zip took up, accompanied by the male voice in a basso as powerful and as sweet as Paul remembered hearing. They sang it through, and then the same voice which had protested against Von Weber except by starlight said:

"It is a pity you cannot have that duet for the performance down at your place, Zip. Of course there is no one there who could take the second."

"She will have to import me, for that occasion only," said the young man. "Or *is* there somebody?"

"There's Dr. Sawyer," said Zip.

"Is that Bella's young man?" asked another of the girls.

"It's her present substitute for one," returned Zip.

"And can he sing?"

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Zip laughed. "I wish you could hear him in the choir on Sundays! His voice is like a saw! The squire says it is a sort of desecration to work so hard with it on the Sabbath day."

There was a general laugh.

"I see," said the young man; "you can't get along without me, can you? Well, send for me, and I'll run down when the show is ready to come off. I must go down-town now, though. Well, good-by, little girl, and take precious good care of yourself. You are an absurd figure of a schoolmarm, Zip! You must strike terror to the hearts of all the bad big boys!"

"There aren't any bad big boys," laughed Zip. "They are all good little ones."

Paul, looking up from his portfolio at this moment, saw the group on the other side of the partition reflected in a broad mirror which tipped forward from the wall at the back of the shop and reached the floor of the platform. There was no one in the upper store except Miss Colton and her party. The other girls were still at one of the pianos, but Zip, with her eyes shining and her countenance all smiles, stood half-facing the mirror and looking up at the young man. He was holding her off at arm's length, with a hand on each of her shoulders. If he had been objectionable on the sidewalk, he was so doubly objectionable now that Paul Murray, in his haste to get away from the sight of him, upset the easel behind which he was sitting, and in so doing scattered all the loose sheets from the portfolio. He gathered them up as speedily as he was able, and shot out on to the steps leading to the street. He came face to face with Zip as he did so. She colored to her eyelids with the surprise of meeting him, but she said with sufficient carelessness:

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Murray. Who would have thought of your being here? I am so sorry I did not have a chance to make you acquainted with my brother. That is he just getting into the horse-car."

Paul Murray turned his head squarely toward the car, conscious that the sudden revulsion in his sentiments toward the departing young man might culminate in a too beatific smile.

"I didn't know you had a brother," he said when he looked down at her again.

"Didn't you?" echoed Zip with a sort of wondering drawl. "Why, no, of course you didn't. I had no occasion to speak of him. Oh! I have got brothers in assorted sizes, but that one is the biggest. If you are coming into the shop again I will introduce you to his wife and to my own sister. Wait a minute,

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though," she added hastily, as he laid his hand on the door-knob in ready acquiescence. "I've just a word I must say to them first. You know it won't be polite to whisper afterwards, and there's some—some business," hesitating, "that I forgot."

"Who is that, Zip?" asked Mrs. Colton as the girl came up, having left Paul Murray near the door. She spoke in the peculiarly sibilant whisper which she had sometimes been advised by irritated acquaintances to use when she wanted her voice to carry to its farthest limit. It was a natural defect that she now and then forgot and suffered from, but oftener remembered and put to annoying uses.

"Sh!" cautioned Zip. "It is a gentleman from Milton Centre. Don't mention the piano before him, will you?"

"Why, what has he got to do with it?" returned Mrs. Colton, looking steadily in Paul's direction. "Is the new piano for him? Oh! you are a case, Zip. Pretending it was for a little girl! He's a nice little girl, isn't he, Mat?"

"I wish you had some sense, Fan!" retorted Zip, with an angry blush. "It *is* for a little girl, but there's no occasion for him to know it. Now, mind, Fanny Colton!"

What special motive she had for silence Zip was never quite able to tell herself, though she inclined to attribute it chiefly to her aversion to talking on any personal matter before Nat's wife, for whom her feelings were not exactly sisterly. Yet it would have been so easy and so natural for her, if not to take Paul Murray at once into confidence, at least to get his opinion on her purchase before it was sent down, that she continued to wonder at herself all the rest of the day for having acted on the contrary impulse. Such a confidence, too, was what he had expected from her. He had caught Fanny's long-range whisper and been amused by it. But he was making some rapid discoveries about himself under the new lights thrown on him within the last twenty-four hours, and when he found that Miss Colton really proposed keeping her own counsel he also found in himself a well-grown purpose to tease her into a frank avowal later on. For that reason he declined the invitation to go home with the girls and see their mother, on the plea of some remaining business, which would occupy him until he should meet her at the cars. As for Zip, her cool exterior hid a nervousness which permitted her to remember only when it was just too late that his errand in town had probably been the same as her own, and that at any cost she ought to have made sure.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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AN OPEN LETTER TO A NUN.

I HAVE thought that my reply to the following letter of inquiry from a devoted religious might be perused with interest by others than the one to whom it is specially addressed:

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

We are anxious to introduce a better order of music in our little convent choir than we now use, and, knowing of your deep interest in this subject of appropriate music in our churches, I venture to trespass on your valuable time to ask your advice as to what books and music it would be of most service to us to purchase. Our choir consists of five well-trained female voices. Any hints that you will be kind enough to give us in this direction will be most gratefully appreciated by

Yours most respectfully,
SISTER MARY ——.

DEAR SISTER MARY ——:

I am not a little puzzled over your request for my advice as to what books and music may be of service to you with a view of introducing another and better order of music in your choir, consisting of only five voices. I was under the impression that your community was quite a large one, and that your choir-nuns numbered probably thirty or forty; and I also presumed that your order had, as I know those with whom I am more intimately acquainted have, a traditional chant definitely ordered by their holy rule, which may not be changed without permission of the Holy See, as the common ritual song or chant of the church is authorized by and subject to the same authority for the common divine services of the people. But I see you smiling at my misapprehension of your letter.

You must pardon the foregoing little piece of feigned stupidity on my part in supposing that by "choir" you meant your choir of cloistered nuns. I have played the ignoramus not without purpose, as you will see. The common use of that little word "choir," as applied to what, in our ordinary parochial churches, is not a choir at all, but an organ-gallery with some singers in it, whose singing the organ music generally makes wholly unintelligible, has done a deal of damage in confirming a false tradition which has not only banished the real, true Ca-

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tholic choir or "chorus," but has also obliterated one of the most essential and beautiful architectural features from our churches, lacking which such buildings would not have been recognized by Catholic people in ages preceding our own, nor, indeed, happily yet in some parts of the world, as Catholic churches at all.

In female convent chapels the only choir, of course, is the place where the nuns assemble for the divine office, the recitation of which, by God's mercy, has never been left to a few "well-trained" voices. In the body of the chapel, where the children under their care are assembled for holy Mass, there is properly no "choir," though there may be a special selected chorus of leading singers conveniently near to some musical instrument. We often read, in the reports of concerts given upon the stage or from a church organ-gallery, that the soloists were Signor This, Madame That, and Miss T'other, assisted by a chorus of one hundred or more voices. That is the world's way of putting it. But God's way is just the reverse: it should be the chorus of one hundred or five hundred or more voices, according to the size of the congregation assembled, assisted in *their* singing by the well-trained leading singers. The *leading* singers in a convent chapel should lead the singing by the whole assembly of children, the nuns in their choir joining too in the common song of Praise. The practice of imitating the modern debased parochial choir in having one or another well-trained singer, be she scholar or—what to my mind is vastly worse—a nun, trolling forth an artistic solo or singing with another a sympathetic duet for the children to listen to, is as pernicious as it is ridiculous. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! And self-love, wounded by an accidentally false note or failure to hear afterward some flattering words of praise, will surely put a sour face at the dinner-table. I am told that it takes not less than two entire days and nights to get over the mortification from an adverse criticism. All this happens because the whole system is practically based upon the principle, though unacknowledged, that they are singing to their own honor and glory and not to God's.

In the matter of church music for the liturgical services of the church I am an out-and-out radical, which, being interpreted, means one who believes that it is in vain to look for fruit of any kind upon a tree if it has lost its root; that when the fruit is seen one knows of what sort the root is; and, conversely, that the character of the root being ascertained, the kind of fruit to

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be gathered is not doubtful. Neither men nor women expect to gather grapes from a thorn-root nor figs from a thistle-root. I have that, as you know, on good authority. When I am offered church music as a delectable and nourishing fruit which is evidently the song of sensual delight, and which feeds my animal passions and the vanity of the singers, I know I have got hold of one of Eve's apples, and the root whence it came, though never so hidden, is incontestably the root of pride, self-love, and luxury. I know you agree with me that church music, as a worthy fruit, should be of quite another sort: the humble, loving, ardent praise of God, first, last, and always. In some respects it is not quite so pretty a fruit as the other, but its taste, in more senses than one, is divine. The root of the tree of Melody which bears that fruit will be found to be very clean, chaste in form, going very far down into the ground of our souls—as roots which humility plants always do—and wholly free, as is also its fruit, from the nasty, slimy, destructive canker-worm of sensuality. It is the root of divine love and obedience.

When we wish to get at a better order of church music (and why not *the best?*) we must first of all decide what fruit we are seeking for. So, my dear sister, if you decide that the fruit of your convent-chapel singing is to be what the limited and choice singing of only your five well-trained voices can produce, and will inevitably produce, I would stop right here; for I am trying hard to get rid of the piece of apple Eve gave to Adam which yet sticks in my own vocal chords; and I won't be an Adam to offer any of the same fruit to another Eve.

But if you want the fruit of the singing to be God's praise, a better, ay, the best, order is very easy to find and plain to understand. The replies to three simple questions will tell us all we want to know—viz., first: By whom? second: When? and third: What?

First question: By whom? I am going to ask the Royal Psalmist, from whom the whole world for so many centuries has learned man's noblest themes of divine praise, to reply for me. Just read over his 148th Psalm. That contains a list that he made up of the singers of the praise of God, beginning with the angels, and then from below up, through dragons and all depths, fire, hail, snow, ice, the spirits of the storms, mountains, hills, trees, beasts, and birds, to kings and *all people*, princes and judges, young men and *virgins*, old men and youths. He was evidently bent on getting the whole creation into his list.

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Among them, you see, David includes virgins, and it goes without saying that under this head *all* nuns and *all* their scholars are included.

It is very delightful to *hear* a large number of persons singing together, and there is nothing in the world better calculated to awaken in the breast profound emotion and enthusiasm, except being one of the singers yourself. To one who stands in the midst of a chorus of singers, especially if it be, not simply a chorus of a select few "well-trained" voices, but a general chorus of all assembled, the wave of emotion and enthusiasm created is so powerful that one cannot help being drawn into it, as floating chips are drawn into a strong eddy of waters; or, to use a more human simile, one feels a similar irresistible excitement and impulse such as is given to dancers, which every one knows is much more hearty and joyous—and, I will just add in a whisper, more *innocent and self-forgetting*—when it comes to the "hands all 'round"! While, on the contrary, dancers who dance *solo*, or even in *quartetto*, and especially in that seductive dance, the waltz, in *duetto*, it is beautiful to look at; the beholders enjoy the sight, and the dancers also enjoy it—*at their own expense;* often, alas! at a cost far too dear. Therefore, I say, let us have "voices all 'round," pouring forth an innocent and self-forgetting song of praise when we are singing before and to the Lord, and leave the vain solo and the seductive duetto where they belong. I think I must amend the sentence of the holy Psalmist by the change of one word, and say: "Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent and clean of heart, who have not received their *voices* in vain!"

I mention no names, but once upon a time I was present in a convent on the feast of the Sacred Heart, when there was to be a grand procession from the chapel through the corridors and out upon the green lawn, where stood a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, before which hymns were to be sung and prayers to be said. All the nuns and all the children were assembled, and were to take part in the celebration. I was the clerical celebrant on the occasion. After some preparatory services in the chapel, at which six "well-trained" voices sang something, the words of which I could not distinguish, the procession started, led by the six before-mentioned "voices," followed by *all* the children, a hundred or more, and *all* the nuns, about forty, two by two. To my utter surprise, and I will not add what else, no one sang in that procession but the six well-trained singers.

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All the rest of us preserved a grim silence. You can imagine what a dismal time our end of the procession had by the time the sextet had reached the outside corridor and was pretty well out of hearing, and had left us all standing, waiting for our turn to move, in dull, uneasy silence, our hearts beating at about the rate they would in sleep, and with not a gleam of joy to be seen or even suspected as present upon a single countenance. So we marched out with the gayety of a funeral procession, and disposed ourselves in a circle about the beautiful statue, led by our trusty little band, who sang for us, by proxy, all that every heart there should have been, if they were not, burning to sing with joy-beaming faces and thrilling hearts, and at the top of their voices, until the surrounding hills gave back their answering echoes to the glad refrain. I found also, as we all fell upon our knees, that I was to be proxy for all the praying. So we sang, and so we prayed, in the popular style, and altogether in the fashion of our modern worship, *by proxy;* and I thought to myself that, to be consistent, the procession ought to have been made by proxy too!

So, my dear sister, I think we may consider that the best order of church music is one which encourages, and takes it for granted that the singing is to be done by *all.* Nuns whose occupation of life is to teach, profess to impart to their scholars all the accomplishments which befit a well-educated, refined, and pious Catholic girl. Take my word for it that the accomplishment of singing devoutly, intelligently, sweetly, joyously, and lovingly to the Lord is not one of the least desirable or the least important for them to acquire. Many of them will be mothers one of these days, and then you can well imagine what a power they would have at command to charm the hearts of their little ones, and their older ones too, and thus, through the powerful influences of song, instil loving and pious thoughts of God and devout imitation of the saints into their minds and hearts.

All speech of the mother is as a sweet melody to the child; and ever when she longs to woo their love or comfort their sorrowing hearts she instinctively sings. Who will not agree that if mothers possessed more skill in this loving and divine art than they generally do, and used it day by day to sing of God at the cradle-side or in the home circle, they would not have to lament, alas! so commonly as they do, the early loss of their children's love, and their hankerings to escape from the pure atmosphere and simple joys of the home fireside? Neither would they shed so many bitter tears as they do, seeing

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with alarm the cold wave of infidelity chilling their young hearts, and all exercises of religious duty so soon becoming wearisome and distasteful to them.

I solemnly call upon you, my dear sister, as I would call upon all nuns, to reflect upon the grave responsibility which must lie at your doors in this matter, since to you is committed, in God's providence, the training of such a vast and influential number of the future mothers in our land. And I wish I were able to send this little adjuration to every nun in the world!

Second question: When should all sing together? I reply: Whenever the occasion calls for singing the praises of God or of his saints. In other words, whenever there is an assembly of nuns or scholars, or of both together, for religious worship of any kind. In order that they may become accustomed to singing, I would have them sing not only at Mass and Vespers and at special devotional meetings of pious sodalities, but I strongly recommend their singing both at morning and night prayers. There are some beautiful, heart-uplifting hymns suitable for the morning, and some equally charming, heart-composing hymns which, if sung before retiring to rest, would aid greatly in calming the tired and often fretted spirit after the troubles and cares of the day. School-girls are not without hearts to ache, and spirits to be sorely tried and tempted (though we might smile at the petty causes thereof), and nothing will act with such a magical power to bring thoughts of loving-kindness, of chastity, of good resolve and hope for the morrow, as the singing together some devout evening hymn at the night prayers. The tones of the sweet refrain will linger in their memories and soothe them peacefully to sleep.

Third question: What shall they sing all together? Two subjects for a reply present themselves to my mind, and I shall here content myself with giving some advice on the first one only, deferring my reply upon the second until a future occasion, both for lack of space, and recalling to mind the example of a celebrated court preacher who was importuned by the queen to tell her some of her faults. "Your majesty sleeps during my sermons," promptly replied his reverence. "Tell me some more," asked the queen. "It is said," answered the preacher, "that sovereigns have short memories, and therefore I will not burden your majesty's mind with more than one fault to correct at a time."

Your chapel services are, I suppose, about the same as in most convents—rarely a High Mass, and Vespers only chanted by

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the nuns in their private choir, the ordinary Mass being a Low one; and besides these the devotional services at which the children are expected to be present, consisting of morning and evening prayers, special exercises of piety by sodalities in their meetings, the devotions of the month of Mary, and during the octave of Corpus Christi and in honor of the Sacred Heart.

There are many devout and instructive hymns in English which are at your choice for all these occasions, and I am sorry to say that there are not a few, in pretty general use too, which in my opinion are anything but instructive, and sadly lacking in that robust, serious expression of devotion towards the Divine Being, our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, which renders piety either respectable or healthy. The words being what they are, the tunes which sing them are of an equally low grade. They hop and skip, they snicker and scream, or languish with silly sentimentality; but there isn't a movement or a breath of *prayer* in them. School-girls are proverbially quick-witted, as you probably know. Avoid giving them hymns to sing which lack decent literary merit, and which in melody and harmony are musically despicable. Religion, through all its expressions in language and tone, should bear the stamp of what is simple without being mean; solemn, dignified, and lofty, without being formal and severe; pleasing and warm in sentiment, without descending to triviality and sensational passion. I have heard hymns to the Blessed Virgin, and even to the Most Holy Sacrament, which in words and music only befitted the mind, heart, and voice of some moon-struck, love-sick swain serenading his mistress with a guitar. Such prayer and music, addressed to God and the court of heaven, are not only sillily incongruous, but are downright pernicious, and nothing saves this service from being a blasphemous insult but the ignorant good-will of the performers.

There are hymnals containing a goodly number of hymns instructive and devout in language, and respectable and healthy in pious expression, adapted to tunes which neither hop, skip, snicker, nor scream. In these you can find a good hymn for almost any occasion you can name; and the best way to find out their value is to have them sung by everybody together, with full voice and in hearty *unison*. Singing in harmony is pretty; but singing in unison is soul-stirring and devout. Moreover, you thereby gain an end most desirable to secure in all singing to God: you keep self in the background, and shut the doors in the face of the hundred-and-one little demons of pride and vanity

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who are always sneaking around to steal away the merit of every small offering, however pitiful, that we venture to make to God.

I hope I have said enough, my dear sister, to induce you to begin at once with courageous determination and holy zeal to inaugurate this "better order" of music in your chapel services, looking only to the honor and praise of God as the chief end in view. That this common, united singing of all—the nuns also joining their voices when present—will prove to be most pleasing to everybody I have no doubt. That it will bring a special benediction upon your convent I hold to be equally sure; for it will not only make your school more popular, but I can well imagine that the news of it will go up to heaven as most welcome; and that your little chapel will be a charming spot among thousands where, if I may so speak, our Lord and his holy Mother and all your patron saints and angels will come down to visit with great delight, to listen to and receive this worthy and grateful homage of your united hearts and voices.

Wishing you and envying you such a singular blessing, I am, my dear sister,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

ALFRED YOUNG.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR UNITY.

THE following is from a recent issue of the *Christian Union*:

"We are glad to record the fact that the Congregational church of Washington, D. C., has refused the use of its edifice to Dr. Justin D. Fulton for his lecture against the Roman Catholic Church. Wide and even fundamental as are the differences between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic faiths, their agreement is more important. Protestants have other and more important business on hand than carrying on or encouraging a crusade against a church which, whatever its errors, maintains the law of God and proclaims the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and does more to give sanction to conscience and morality in large classes of our population than all other churches put together. If the Roman Catholic Church could be overthrown by any other process than the substitution of a more liberal and intelligent faith, the country would find itself on the verge of revolution, if not of absolute anarchy."

This is plain to be understood: as between Catholics and Protestants it is more necessary to emphasize the terms of agree-

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ment than those of disagreement. In that we are in accord with the *Christian Union*. Would that this had been the temper of men's minds at the start! We should not now have the enormous scandal of a divided Christendom nor the confusion from which non-Catholics suffer. This very confusion has made many souls turn to Catholic unity: they have given up everything worldly for the possession of peace.

Why are such sentiments now uttered? Because the tendency of religious minds is now to unity, as it was to disunion centuries ago; and this is a great blessing of Providence. The necessity for unity is now felt on all sides; the evils of disunion are seen in a thousand different ways. We should be untrue to Providence if we did not take our cue from this. Such men as Fulton, and such movements as his, are no longer representative of our Protestant fellow-citizens. This age will not bear from Dr. Fulton what the formative age of Protestantism bore from Dr. Luther. Luther's *Table-Talk* is worse than Fulton's *Why Priests Should Wed*.

Taking Protestants all around, they prefer to look for terms of agreement with us rather than to attack our peculiar doctrines or to insist upon their own. We must not undervalue the advantage of having to deal with men who believe as we do in the law of God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and who have no animosity against the Catholic Church. It is our special privilege nowadays to have for our opponents many men without guile—men who, lacking various truths and having many doubts, believe in no positive error. That they fall short of the full truth is their misfortune; but it is not to be compared to the misfortune of believing in positive error. Fair men whose truth is fragmentary, honest minds in partial obscurity, they are rather non-Catholics than anti-Catholics.

Now, this longing for Christian unity is squarely anti-Protestant. For the fault of Protestantism from the beginning was the exaggeration of personal independence. It was self-sufficiency consecrated. It exaggerated the rights of individual authority at the expense of the authority of unity. Protestants have until recently been trained up in a condemnatory frame of mind: they could feel comfortable all alone in their dogmatic separation. This is what they can do no longer. Heretofore the tendency was strongest towards division, and they were powerless to resist breaking up into sects. Their eras of religious fervor were invariably eras of fresh dissensions and new sects. Now they are powerless to resist the tendency to unity.

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Are we to understand that dogmatic individualism is no longer the sole basis of Christianity as Protestants understand it—that unity and agreement are main factors? We hope so. There are signs of it. Surely this is a move upward. The man who secures for the truth another test besides his own personal and inner conviction is moving upward; and the agreement of one's fellow-men is a test of truth. One need not feel called upon to weaken the force of inner consciousness because he has obtained the consent of his fellow-men. It is a very encouraging sign that Protestants were never so universally ready to seek agreement as an additional test of being in the right way, and to satisfy their minds, as they are to-day. Any man who is conspicuous in accentuating disagreements is bid be silent. Don't make confusion worse confounded! he hears from every side. The trend is now for unity. This is the work of Providence. It is the divine will that men should now begin to face the question: How can we maintain a position breeding confusion and confusion ever increasing; how can we longer blind ourselves to the absolute necessity of unity? Men are beginning to say everywhere: Would that there were an end to this confusion!

Let us examine the charge implied in the words "a more liberal and intelligent faith." And we will admit at once that there is one kind of liberty that Catholics never will favor: the universal liberty to doubt. The fundamental doctrines of the law of God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ are not many, but their truth is settled; and so it is with the first principles of reason. Liberty to doubt them is not true liberty, because it is not intelligent. And there is another kind of liberty that the Catholic Church never will admit is good: the liberty to do wrong. Freedom to injure one's self, one's neighbor, or the divine honor is not in the gift of the Catholic Church. It may not be able always to prevent wrong-doing, but it will never admit that the proper state of things is where men have universal liberty to sin. No man should desire to be free to do wrong. Every good man would pray that God, or some godlike power, would stand between him and his passions, his appetites, his ignorance, and prevent them from leading him astray.

Now let us look at liberty and intelligence in religion. The foundation of intelligent religion I affirm to be a clear knowledge of the means necessary for securing the soul's immortal destiny, a knowledge possessed with unshaken certainty. For example, to have a certain knowledge of the character and mis-

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sion of Christ, and the means he has provided for attaining to eternal life, is the basis of intelligent Christianity. Does the *Christian Union* mean to say that the divinity of Christ and his atonement are more doubtfully held among Catholics than among Protestants? Does that journal affirm that there is the least doubt among Catholics as to the need of Christ's merits for getting into the divine friendship? Can it say the same for Protestantism? Is it not notorious that all Protestantism is in a state of confusion as to *just what a man can do, and what he ought to do* in order to be sure of eternal life? Can any man deny that the first quality of intelligent knowledge is freedom from doubt?

The conditions of salvation are more clearly known and are more freely used by Catholics than by any others. None are so free, none are so intelligent, as Catholics. To be sure, there may be Catholics who are neither very free nor very intelligent; but a knowledge, and a certain knowledge, of the essential truths of Christianity, and a spontaneous acceptance of Christ's merits, are absolutely required for both the public and private profession of Catholicity in its most elementary forms. Over and above this, whatever man brings a free and fresh spirit to Catholicity, whatever man brings a bright and active mind to that religion, finds for his native freedom and intelligence a fresh life. He finds in Catholicity a response to all freedom and all intelligence. And the tendency of the Catholic Church is to make men free and impart fresh life to their minds.

How true that is, and how little known! So much so that one cannot help exclaiming—as if the words had not become trite—"O beauty, ever ancient and ever new!"

Has it never occurred to those honest Protestants in Washington who refused their church-building to the obscene polemics of Dr. Fulton that the lack of freedom and intelligence they complain of is not a trait of Catholicity, but may be so of one or other Catholic people, or of a certain era of history? Are they perfectly sure that if they actually examined the dogmas and ordinances of the Catholic religion that want of intelligence and liberty would be the main objection actually found? Has it never occurred to them that what seems extravagant authority in the church is due to the measures of resistance made necessary by that extravagant individualism which is now so much deprecated among Protestants? However these questions may be answered, the actual fact is that the Catholic Church is ready to enlighten and to educate and to set free

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every soul of man in the world. Furthermore, we say that in demanding liberty and intelligence in religion non-Catholics are perfectly right and could go much further.

Let us for the moment ignore the "fundamental differences" and advert to the fundamental agreements—the elements which make for unity and peace. Dare our non-Catholic friends venture with us? Will they do as much for unity as we will? Let us see. God, the Holy Trinity, the Divinity, Atonement, and Grace of Jesus Christ, the necessity of repentance and pardon, the inspiration of Scripture—so far we are one. Now, we emphatically affirm that out of these fundamental unities the objectionable features of Catholicity, the "fundamental" differences, necessarily flow. These objectionable features are the symbolism of the church, *i.e.*, the external ordinances of religion embraced in her sacraments and public worship, and her authority.

The symbolical offices of religion, we admit, may sometimes hinder the just perception of the doctrines. There is a way of using the offices of religion so as to overlay the doctrines and to conceal them: the child is smothered by his wrappings. Nevertheless religion must have a symbolical clothing. There is a way of making religion so intellectually bare as to unfit it for any but bodiless spirits.

Revealed religion is supernatural and is full of mysteries; men can commonly best keep such a religion and realize its mysteries by the symbolism of worship. Mysteries cannot express themselves otherwise than by symbols. Intelligence which avows itself to be less than angelic is forced to have a symbolical religion if it has a supernatural one. Hence the institution of the sacraments by Christ—outward signs of inward grace, sacred symbols ordained by the Divine Founder of Christianity, by which his grace is conveyed to souls worthy to receive it.

So of Christian unity. Men are not one in organism, in society, as they are one in nature. Men are by nature organized into separate families and nations. To unite these families into one organism demands a more than natural bond, a supernatural authority. Unity is only maintained by the divine discipline of the church. Fallen human nature is too eccentric to maintain unity without submission to a divine discipline. Divine authority among men is confined in the natural order to the family and the state. When, therefore, Jesus Christ became man and would embrace all men in one family, it followed that he must give us an organic life in addition to family and state. He did that in the church. The church is the inner and outer fellowship

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of all Christians under the perpetual authority of the apostolic office in the Papacy and the episcopate.

What we affirm, therefore, is that our symbolism is in its essence not man-made but is of divine origin, given in response to the utter necessity of an intelligence face to face with dogmas beyond natural comprehension. Our church discipline is not human but divine. It is a system of authority and polity instituted by Christ, necessary to maintain through the ages and in the universal world the integrity of the Christian religion and its influence on society. There are multitudes of men whose intelligent knowledge of the truths of faith can never be more than feeble, to say nothing of children, and who, even with every symbol and under every possible pressure of authority, can barely attain to the knowledge and love of the unseen and distant and mysterious Deity. The discipline of the church and her symbolical offices are of absolute necessity to them, to whole races of men, if the very minimum of Christian character is going to be imparted. There have been whole ages of the world in which religion would have utterly perished but for external authority plainly established by divine appointment. There are vast masses of men to-day to whom the discipline of Christian unity, as embodied in the Catholic Church, can alone give a steadfast religious character, whether of belief or conduct. There are whole races who can never know religion except by symbolism.

Meantime the amount of symbolism exacted by the church from the individual Christian is much less than non-Catholics imagine; and the pressure of discipline is not felt except by delinquents, such persons as the writer in the *Christian Union* would himself be the first to condemn. This is well shown by the conversion to Catholicity of such men as the late Frederick Lucas, M.P. Originally a fervent member of the Society of Friends, he became a Catholic by following the lines of Quakerism to their logical conclusion. We recommend his life, written by his brother, Edward Lucas (Catholic Publication Society, New York), as illustrative of the topics we have been discussing.

That symbolism and authority as known in the Catholic Church darken the mind and fetter free thought is not true. Did they fetter the martyrs or darken the Christian Fathers? Are Catholic missionaries feeble-minded? Are Catholic philosophers and theologians witless drivellers? Do you find their reasoning cramped? Can you perceive that the aspirations of

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intellectual curiosity are smothered in a Catholic atmosphere? The very writer in the *Christian Union*—are there no Catholic men and women of his acquaintance who are as free and as intelligent as he is himself, and yet typical Catholics? Has he not read of many such in history?

Whoever has got the elementary doctrines which by their innate tendency make for agreement has the solution of the religious problem of the day. The question is: Can we emphasize the points of agreement, ignoring for the moment the disagreements? Yes, and safely. But it must be wisely done. As a matter of fact the very seeking for points of agreement tends to subdue the spirit of confusion, and to eliminate points of disagreement and strengthen truth. If, for example, the doctrine of the church on eternal punishment were fully brought out, we believe that it would tend to union; it would conciliate multitudes of non-Catholics, even Universalists and infidels. And so with other doctrines. The work of the new University, planted in the political centre of this free and intelligent people, will tend to shape the expression of doctrines in such wise as to assimilate them to American intelligence—not to minimize but to assimilate. To develop the mind there is never need to minimize the truth; but there is great need of knowing how to assimilate the truth to different minds. The work of the Catholic University is to precede the conversion of the country. For if we wish to attract Americans we must present Catholicity to them as affirming in superabundance those qualities of character which are distinctively American—affirming them in an aspect which reveals their universality.

What, then, can we claim of our belief in the "law of God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ"? Just this: that we hold the truths and live the life those words denote with intelligence and liberty. Intensity of conviction is a trait of Catholicity and of intelligence at the same time. And this profound realization of divine things is due to that very symbolism to which non-Catholics object, and to that discipline which they think so oppressive.

This, then, is the relation between honest non-Catholics and ourselves: they are looking for points of agreement, and we are developing liberty and intelligence. The twofold question is: Are Protestants willing to make sacrifices for agreement's sake? Are Catholics willing to make sacrifices for liberty and intelligence in religion? These questions fittingly answered will move us all onward towards a united Christendom. Fools

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may misinterpret this. But the reconciliation of obedient faith and intelligent liberty is the problem of the age. It is a problem for both parties to help solve.

Let us cultivate the things that make for unity.

There is no reason why a movement towards unity should not set in, under the providence of God, in our day, just as in the sixteenth century the perversity of men brought about disunion and sects.

I. T. Hecker.

IS RUSSIA NEARER THE CHURCH THAN IT USED TO BE?

Russia is an anomaly in the world's peoples. While admittedly one of the greatest Christian powers, it still remains half-barbarous, half-civilized, in government, in social aspects, in religion. It may be true that as to religion it would be most unfair to deny to the Russians as much sincerity, as much piety, as to other nations; yet in the fact that the Autocrat of all the Russias is pontiff both in doctrine and jurisdiction there is certainly a barbarousness which, besides being profane, is hideously tyrannical and persecuting. It would be a difficult study for even a Russian to trace the relative interworkings of politics and religion in Russia; yet we have a good deal to help us in the whole history of the great schism, as well as in the records of modern travellers. In attempting to answer the question—so interesting to Catholics—"Is Russia nearer the church than it used to be?" what we shall really have to answer is a complex question of this kind: Are the Russians less bullied than they used to be; have religious, political, and literary liberties more sway or less sway than they used to have; are the official classes more refined; is the bureaucracy less corrupt; is religion less of a state weapon, less coercive? Such questions can only be answered correlatively; they do not admit of yes or no categorically.

Where the government, ecclesiastical and civil, is centred in an irresponsible monarch, there will be necessarily more corruption in the bureaucracy than in governments where respon-

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sibility is divided. Russia is governed by its bureaucracy more than it is governed by the czar. The czar wills; but his will has to be carried out by officials who have a score of ways of eluding his purpose. No man can rule over one hundred and eight millions of subjects. There must be powers between him and his obedient ones. And these powers must be always in a state of jealousy; always inciting yet trying to crush combinations; always in conflict with one class or another, while setting some of the classes against each other. At the present time there is a power called Nihilism, which burrows, and which shakes the social edifice. This power is equally national and sectional, in the sense that its influence on every section of the empire is profoundly and most hatedly felt. It is impossible to answer our question as to Catholic prospects without considering what is the national influence of this power. Let us very briefly analyze its programme, so as to measure its direct action on religion.

The Nihilists apologize for their existence with a plea which has certainly some force. Their argument against the czar and against his government may be cast, perhaps, in the following form: "Unless there were the vilest system of oppression there could be no need of, no excuse for, secret societies. We, the secret societies, are called into existence by your determination to concede to us no liberties. You refuse us all 'liberty of the press'; you keep the telegraph for your state business, state chicanery; you permit the police to steal our private correspondence, so that the post-offices are mere preserves for state scrutiny; you publish nothing in the newspapers from any country in the world, nor anything from any part of the Russian Empire, until it has been toned down or rewritten, so as to tally with your preconcerted politics; you cut off all communication between the different parts of Russia, so that what is done in one part may not be known in another part, and thus the people are kept in (national) blindness; you permit to your officials undefined powers of examining, of accusing, of imprisoning, of even torturing, with scarcely the judicial decency of even formality, and thus bring us all within the compass of a sub-autocracy irresponsible because secret in administration. By such a policy you make us a huge nation of slaves, theoretically governed by a Christian czar, but really governed by a network of bureaucracy, in which each separate official is a tyrant. Hence the secret societies, which are our only possible remedy for *your* secret and malignant administration, you being

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responsible for the creation of our darkness by the darkness of your own administrative machinery."

What sympathy does this pleading find "in society," that is, among the classes and among the masses? The answer is most important to Catholic interests. Remember that, every official of the czar being "Orthodox" and mightily hating Roman Catholicism as anti-czarodox, it follows necessarily that the Catholic religion is (by presumption) antagonistic to all theories of all sections of Russian society. Let us first say a word about the Panslavists. The Panslavists, a huge section in Russia, regard autocracy as the mainstay of the empire, and look upon the pontiff-czar as a sort of centre of a circle, within which there must be unity through czarodoxy. It may be perfectly true that even the Panslavists want more liberty, just as the aristocracy, the lower nobility, the wealthy merchants, intensely desire a constitutional government; but the question is: How does Nihilism affect the attitude—political, social, and therefore religious—of all these social sections and of the masses? The answer is that Nihilism is the deadliest foe of all; and the reason is very simple to be explained. Nihilism makes all reform to be impossible, because no one dares profess himself a reformer. To profess reform is to incur the odium of being a Nihilist. A nervous prudence therefore keeps *all* classes reticent. To demand reform, in the army or in the civil service; to ask the czar to grant some kind of house of peers; to beg for a lower chamber of representatives; or to entreat for the complete liberty of the press, would be to expose the nobility and the army, the middle classes, the academical and the literary classes, to the imputation of seeking to further Nihilist projects by the mild, cunning suggestion of reforms. This is why the Nihilists are so detested. For figure what is the risk run in Russia by even alluding to the desirableness of "liberties." In every time of revolution it is impossible to differentiate the many types or degrees of the revolutionists, the merest accident of inadvertence or of surroundings converting one type of "suspect" into another. Remember, too, that every man is always watched by the police. To gain safety a man leagues himself with a clique; and within that clique there is probably one or more villains on the watch to entrap every imprudent member. Thus the gentlest expression of disapproval of a régime may compel a man to make choice of two extremes: he must either become a secret-society man in self-defence, or acquaint the police with the exceptional difficulties of his position. If he

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does the first he is "told off" to commit a crime; if he does the second he is "told off" to be shot. Thus the very existence of secret societies is fatal to real liberty; for instead of every man being free to speak his opinions, every man is watched by police and plotter alike, and between the two is perfectly certain to come to grief. Now add to this state of society the fact that the czar's Orthodoxy is the one grand political dogma of the Russian Empire, to deny which is to incur the czar's fiercest wrath, and we see that the Nihilist régime is as fatal to Catholic prospects as it is fatal to all reform and to all liberty.

But there are still social points to be considered which bear intimately on this question of Catholic prospects. Let us glance for a moment at the social aspects of the great towns, as auxiliary to the general answer to our question. In St. Petersburg and in Moscow we see only two classes—there are only two classes—rich and poor. In the United States, as in England, there are many sections of the middle class; but in Russia there are aristocrats and there are plebeians, with no attempt at, no desire for, intermixture. In the streets we see gorgeous equipages, and we see also dingy, dirty drosckeys; but we do not see what we see in London and New York—every variety of class vehicle, class "turn-out." The reason is, there are only rich and poor. Then, again, take the military element: in St. Petersburg, where there are only about one million inhabitants, there are three hundred thousand soldiers in uniform; the officers always stamping about in military dress, and the privates looking half-paid and half-fed. Here again we have the contrast of rich and poor. And so, too, of the clergy: there seem to be two classes, who are as far removed as are the English Protestant bishops and curates. The upper and the lower clergy are different classes. Indeed, the whole of society is two-classed in Russia, with such invincible barriers that you might suppose that the two classes were forbidden by the state to intermingle. This twoness of the Russian people is a supremely important factor in the calculation of any possible Catholic development. Great wealth and extreme poverty; official insolence and dull servility; grand churches and hungry worshippers—such contrasts augur badly for national harmony, and therefore for any "spread" of religious movements. The grand obstruction to every kind of social progress, to the general harmonizing of all plans for improving the masses, is the iron boundary between the rich and the poor, and the utter absence of any links between the two. The poorer tradesmen are too poor to get out of the poor class,

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and the richer tradesmen get among the merchant princes; so that, by a popular acquiescence, there are only two classes in Russia, and this is the crux for all reformers.

Now couple such facts with the general disturbance of the empire, and with the fact that the czar is before all things intent on his own personal supremacy or autocracy, and we shall get forward in our inquiry as to the possible future of Catholicism in the huge, wide-spread dominions of Alexander III. As to the first fact, the *general* Russian disturbance, it arises in the main from the czar's being out of tune with the prevailing animus in all classes of his subjects. *He* believes in autocracy; he believes that he holds the empire together; he is persuaded that the empire would be shivered into fragments were he to let go the tight rein of his own oneness. On the other hand, at least three-fourths of his subjects desire to have constitutional liberties; but they cannot have them, both because the czar will not grant them and because the Nihilists have made concession to look like fear. Thus, politically and socially, there is a deadlock in movement: the Nihilists making the czar to be more resolute, and "the country" being placed between them in fear of both. That "the country" has a veneration for the czar, a traditional and possibly sincere filial affection, we may take for granted, notwithstanding the desire to see reforms introduced into all departments. The czar, both as ruler and as pontiff, is neither personally nor officially disliked. Tradition crowns him as "the divine emperor." As to the attempts on the czar's life, they prove nothing. In 108,000,000 of subjects there must be black sheep. Crowned heads are accustomed to be shot at. President Lincoln was actually killed in a theatre; Napoleon III. had to brave nine attacks; the constitutional Louis Philippe escaped eighteen attempts to deprive him of his (certainly not tyrannical) life, and Queen Victoria (who has never affected any despotism) has had some half-dozen experiences of mortal attacks. We cannot infer national hatred from sectional venom. The czar of Russia is no more unpopular with the masses than is the king of Italy, who also opposes himself to the Pope.

Here we reach a point where we may half-answer the question: Is Russia nearer the church than it used to be? We have noticed that (1) the government, ecclesiastical as well as civil, is centred in an irresponsible autocrat; (2) that the bureaucracy plays the part of tyrannical spy; (3) that Nihilism is the deadliest foe of liberty, because it exposes *all* reformers to false

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charges; (4) that the Panslavists, in theory, prefer czarodoxy to Catholicism, because it unites, or seems to unite, Russian subjects; (5) that the gulf between the rich class and the poor class is practically impassable and irremediable, so that there can be no social permeation of religious ideas, as there can be in the United States and in England; no "movements" spreading upward or spreading downward; no gradual national conversion of classes, as there was when the "Oxford Movement" began to spread; (6) that the army, the aristocracy, the rich merchants, are too czarodox to have sympathy with Catholicism, or indeed with anything which threatens to disturb their social safety; (7) that the general disturbance of the empire is too preoccupying to admit of earnestness in the direction of any anti-czarodox religious movement; (8) and that the czar himself is too firm a believer in his own oneness to allow religion or anything else to cross his path. Let us now proceed to the questions which are directly religious, but which will be immensely helped by the considerations which have gone before. Let us ask: What is the attitude of the czar's priests and of the czar's people towards the Head of the Catholic Church and towards Catholics; what is the state of the Russian law in regard to Catholics; what are the civil and religious liberties of Catholics; what is the animus of the official conduct towards born Catholics, and towards Catholics who become converted from Orthodoxy; and, correlatively, what hope is there of a growth of Catholicism in a country which has been for eight centuries schismatical?

Alas! nothing can be more sad than the truthful answer. It is just ten years since the English House of Commons was positively startled out of its serenity by the revelation of the czar's crimes in forcing Catholics to become Orthodox—in other words, to apostatize or to perish. Lord Augustus Loftus, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, sent an official despatch to the British government, in which he described the Catholics of Siedlce and Lublin as being "flogged almost to death by brutal Cossacks, and then driven, through a half-frozen river up to their waists, into the parish church through files of soldiers, and there their names were entered into a petition" [forged by Russian officials as a genuine Catholic petition, entreating the czar to "permit them to become Orthodox"]; "after which they were passed out at an opposite door, the peasants all the time crying out, 'You may call us Orthodox, but we remain in the faith of our fathers.'" Two hundred and fifty thousand Catholics were

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reported as being "converted" in the same way! That unspeakable wretch, M. Makoff, the Minister of the Interior (whose only redeeming vice was his suicide), employed for years every detestable means he could think of—now wheedling and coaxing, now confiscating and imprisoning, now promising and bribing, now flogging and transporting—with a view to swelling the lists of the czar's converts. All in vain. Perhaps the grandest page in the history of Catholic martyrdom is the endurance by Catholics of Russian cruelty, because that endurance is so prolonged, it is so without hope, it is so uncomforted by sympathy from the civilized world. Russia is so far off that the Catholics of other countries forget to think of their brothers who live in agony. Yes, agony is not too strong a word. The law is gentle with Lutherans, Presbyterians, or Anglicans, but inexorable with the obedient to the Holy See. Even the Jews, against whom there is a terrible hostility, are ordinarily exiled or "told to go," but are not mutilated. The hottest wrath of the czar and his officials is kept for the confessors of the old religion. Every trick that cunning malignity can suggest, every cruelty that brutal hatred can invent, are practised daily upon all classes of Russian subjects who have the audacity to say that the czar is not pontiff. "That hereditary lie, czarodoxy," as Gregory XVI. called it, is true to its first principle, falsehood. To begin with, the Holy See is trifled with in diplomacy, promises and overtures being periodically renewed only to be negatived by the next post. Leo XIII., like Pius IX., like Gregory XVI. (in the present century), have each tried their hardest to conciliate the "Divine Figure" which perpetuates the horrid schism of the North. Yet the same tale of perfidy, of cold-blooded cruelty, fills all the chapters of Russian story.

To name a few only of the tricks of this enormity: (1) The Russian laws are expressly framed for the purpose of preventing the public profession, the public performance, of their religion by Catholics—all religious societies or confraternities being forbidden by an act of 1864—so that it is at the risk of their freedom that the Catholics in Russia can attach themselves, even nominally, to any order. (2) Catholic dioceses are left without a bishop for many years, the government refusing to allow a bishop to be appointed; and thus the Sacrament of Confirmation (to name one sacrament only) is impossible for any Catholic in such dioceses, the result being that the majority of Russian Catholics live and die without receiving Confirmation. (3) A

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clever trick, not uncommon with Orthodox priests, is to get Catholic priests to hear their confession. The Orthodox priests then inform the civil authorities that the Catholic priests have been trying to convert them, and Siberia is the next stage for those Catholic priests. (4) In the same way, if a Catholic priest can be got to administer any sacrament to any member of the Orthodox communion—though believing the person in question to be a Catholic—the law makes such a mistake to be penal, and no excuse, no apology, is listened to. (5) As illustrations of the inimical spirit of Russian officials let two examples only be given. A Catholic priest introduced into his church the pictures known as Stations of the Cross. An Orthodox priest denounced him on the ground that many Catholics were attracted by the Stations, and that, *therefore*, the Orthodox Russians were scandalized. The priest was suspended on the instant, and a little later was banished from the empire. Secondly, fifteen priests have been sent into exile for offering prayers at the end of the Mass in the Polish language; such language being regarded as revolutionary, although it is the language of many Catholics. (6) The Russian law makes it impossible for a man once declared Orthodox—either by a fictional conversion or by official trick—to profess himself a member of the Catholic Church, such profession being rewarded with transportation, without even the proffered choice of apostasy. (7) To "protest" against Orthodox cruelty is "criminal," so that thousands of peasants who have so protested under their torments have been sent to expiate their offence in Siberia. (8) Any dodge for the "conversion" of Catholics is justifiable. Let one example be given of the almost incredible trickery of the late Minister of the Interior, M. Makoff. He bribed a weak priest into becoming Orthodox, or at least into professing that he had become so. This was done secretly; and it was kept a secret, the priest continuing to minister in the Catholic church. Three months afterwards the whole of the parishioners of that Catholic priest were told solemnly that *they* had become Orthodox, and that they had been officially registered as being so; their having permitted an Orthodox priest to officiate for them for three months being proof sufficient that they accepted his Orthodoxy! (9) There are millions of Russian Catholics of the Greek rite. To satisfy the spiritual needs of this class Latin priests defy the law and do their duty. For this offence they are suspended for ever from priestly functions, and their churches are sometimes permanently closed. "Measures have been taken to render it *im-*

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possible," said a government decree of 1876, "for former Greek Catholics who are still obstinate to have the sacraments administered to them in the Roman Catholic church of," etc., etc.; "and the governor-general has requested the chief of the district to keep vigilant watch on the Roman Catholic clergy, lest they should administer to them the sacraments." (10) No foreign clergyman can now enter Russia without the authorization of the government. (11) On great feast-days it is imperative on the Catholic clergy to wait upon the Orthodox bishop or archbishop, offering him their warmest sympathies and congratulations; which courtesy is so far obligatory that if by accident it be omitted the offending priest would be persecuted evermore. (12) Lastly, let it be noted that in every Russian district dwells a redoubtable police officer called the Ispravnik—an irresponsible kinglet, whose vulgarity and whose insolence are in proportion to the supreme majesty of his authority. This official treats Catholics like swine; but he reserves his nastiest treatment for Catholic priests. Let a priest omit to salute this vulgar functionary with all becoming humility and obsequiousness, and straightway wondrous crimes are imputed to him, and Siberia looms in painfully close horizon.

Enough has now been said to suggest the answer which must be given to the question with which we began this brief analysis: "Is Russia nearer the church than it used to be?" It will be observed that we have sought an answer as much from the civil condition of Russia as from the prevailing animus of the powerful classes in regard to religion. Indeed, that civil condition is everything. Be it remembered that Russia is the only country in the world where an autocrat makes his assumption of the Christian pontificate to be the foundation of the (desired) imperial unity. The claim is both made and is accepted. But the question is, With what *heart* is it accepted? Take the two classes of Russian society, the rich and the poor, and see where the heart of loyalty lies. The rich class is czarodox for the reason that temporal benefits are best promoted by subserviency to czarodoxy. The poor class is czarodox for the reason (1) that it cannot help it, and (2) that it is taught that the czar is a divine ruler. The Russian catechisms, in all the schools, insist on the divine appointment of the Russian emperor to the double headship of what they affirm to be "Holy Russia." Tradition, therefore, consecrates the poor man's creed; interest is the primary pontiff of the rich man's creed. But the various points we have referred to—points civil, points political—all come

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into the very difficult calculation of the values of different influences as to religion. As to the poor, they can have no general information; the press is astutely manipulated for their instruction; they are cut off from even the neighboring ideas of other provinces; they have no personal communication with the more educated classes; they live in fear of that Ispravnik, or police officer, who would make their lives intolerable if they were to exhibit any sympathies with Catholicism, with Western sentiments, with liberal movements; they know that the Catholic Church is anti czarodox, and that it is, therefore, as illegal as it is inconvenient; their Orthodox priests are always telling them that this is so; their religious instructions are always balanced by the imperial lie that the Eastern Church owes no obedience to the Holy See, and that the Holy See is a usurper, not a mother; they are misled, like the English Protestants, by fictitious readings of history, but, unlike the English Protestants, they are not free, are not permitted to read everything, to examine anything; so that, while all travellers are agreed that the Russian poor are devout, they are agreed that they are forced to live always in one groove. That isolation of class which prevents "movements" leavening downwards, just as it prevents complaints from rising upwards, is fatal to "the education of national tone," in the sense in which we may speak of it, say, in England. The espionage of the bureaucracy, the nervous horror of the secret societies, the habitual awe of the imperial soldiers and of the aristocracy, together with a sort of superstitious veneration for the White Figure who enthrones himself as supreme pontiff—all such accidents of the social life render conversion to Catholicism the most unlikely of (natural) changes for the Russian heart. We can speak only of what is natural or apparent; we cannot touch the hidden purposes of Divine Providence. In England or in the United States there might arise wonderful men who would play the part of apostles to half the nation. Such a thing is impossible in Russia. The universities are under awe of all "movements." Nihilism, or free-thinking, or constitutionalism may have their votaries academically as they have socially, but a religious movement towards Catholicism would appear to be equally out of temper with the religious and the political Russian mind. Czarodoxy is the iron grip of Russian schism. The sword and the knout and the prison are the eloquent apostles of the czar's schism. They are so equally for the rich and for the poor. They *were* so in England under Queen Elizabeth. Englishmen have been

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emancipated from religious tyranny. Russians are still in the stage of the Elizabethans.

One hope had seemed to spring from the pontifical action of Leo XIII. in imploring the czar to act humanely towards Catholics. We know how that hope has been dispelled. One year before the assassination of Alexander II. the Pope sent him a conciliatory letter, but no fruits came to Catholics from that letter. On the festival, however, of St. Cyril and St. Methodius —two saints dear to the church and to the Eastern schismatics —the Pope sent an encyclical to all Slavs, exhorting them to piety and to unity; and in the same year he established a hierarchy in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which many popes had desired to do but had not ventured to do. All that earnestness and patient solicitude could effect during the past ten years has been wrought to its fullest completion by Leo XIII.; but the old spirit of malignity and of cunning which has swayed the counsels of all Russian officials professing czarodoxy has frustrated the wisdom of papal counsels and resented the affectionate appeals of papal sympathies. The "hereditary lie" lives on. "Elizabethanism," in England, has died of its own inanity, so far as material persecution is concerned; but czarodoxy in Russia can never die while absolute monarchy makes that "doxy" its first rule. Even if there should be a Catholic revival throughout Russia—a spontaneity of which there is not the faintest symptom—the different impediments we have alluded to, political, social, or traditional, would crush the first germs to extinction with an iron heel. No; God alone can convert the Russian Empire. From without, not from within, the move must come; unless, indeed, through some internal revolution the whole mind of the Russian peoples should become freed. England was first made Protestant by Henry VIII., and of course Russia might be now made Catholic by a Catholic czar; but short of the unexpected in wondrous changes there is no hope, none whatever, for czarodox Russia. Father Tondini has recently exhorted all Catholics to pray for the Catholic unity of all Christians. That seems to be the only weapon worthy of sharpening. As Mr. William Palmer once said to the present writer, "The sun only can melt the Russian snows, and God only can melt the Russian schism."

ARTHUR F. MARSHALL.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The Deemster: A Romance of the Isle of Man, by Hall Caine (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is reprinted from an English story which has received high and deserved praise on the other side of the water. It comes near being a great book; but in matters of art, as in the matter of noses, an inch is a good deal. The scene is laid in an isolated community, where an anomalous jurisdiction in affairs both secular and religious has produced the effect of making naturally insular ways of considering things more intensely insular; the time chosen is the beginning of the last century. Now, to mention these two deliberately-elected preliminaries on the part of Mr. Caine is also to say, by implication, that his book is one of those in which a great part of the strength of their writers has been expended on those minute local studies which the "realists" in modern fiction rely upon as aids to illusion. To our notion, it is a serious mistake on the part of any novelist to handicap himself in this way, chiefly because the effort he must make to quit his native atmosphere of time and place is to himself a source of weakness, and to his readers, both critical and uncritical, a more or less conscious bore. The strain is too visible, and the result, however satisfactory in an archæological point of view, either remains a hopeless anachronism of sentiment and feeling, or sinks quickly into the oblivion of dead failures. That sentiment and feeling are modern is nothing against them, for true sentiment and feeling are always modern. It is the old clothes, or the foreign ones which sit badly on them, to which one objects. What makes an artist is his power to co-ordinate his work, to fit all his pieces into their own places, to plant his new creation firmly on its feet and so set it going that it shall be its own only and sufficient excuse for being. And that is a congenital power, not to be acquired by any known methods, least of all by the mechanical, "realistic" one of catalogue and inventory and laborious particularization of non-essentials. For peculiarities are what set apart and differentiate, and which irritate and weary in so doing. It is the common and the universal that unites and creates sympathy, as anybody may convince himself in literature by remembering the books that have survived; in his private life by reflecting on what has drawn him to those whom he most affects, and, if he have the experience of travel,

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on what has most attracted and what has most repelled him in the peoples among whom he has lived as an observer.

As a general dictum in literature this may seem doubtful to those who remember *Ivanhoe*, or who have laughed and cried and thrilled, and read once more and so renewed all those experiences, over what is, take it all in all and for the widest circle of readers, the most wholesomely entertaining, and the most certain to remain perennially so, of English novels for at least two generations—Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. But is it really doubtful? Who ever failed to find the preliminary chapters of *Ivanhoe* otherwise than tedious? Does the charm of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* owe anything to attempted reproductions of Veronese fashions, customs, modes of speech? Do Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus owe their kinship to you and me to any verbal trick or any cut of toga likening them to the Roman of two thousand years ago? A transcendental Volapük is the tongue of the literature that lives, and the natural man, and not a tailor's lay figure, is what it deals with.

Mr. Caine, to return to him, is an admirable writer, and in *The Deemster* he has produced an interesting story, with powerful episodes of passion, most poetically described bits of sea and sky and water-scape, and admirably-contrived situations. But, despite the heat and high pressure of some of these scenes, one gets an impression of perfunctoriness on the part of the author which is fatal to illusion. He has made some telling strokes in *The Deemster* himself, but they too have an air of being plastered on to a construction instead of growing out of a living thing. The bishop inevitably recalls Mgr. Le Bienvenu in *Les Misérables;* Dan Mylrea is a Samson who somehow fails to carry off the gates of Gaza; and one closes the book without finding in it one character or one scene that will take its preordained place in that enchanted world where Othello lives with Colonel Newcome and William Dobbin; where great Jan Ridd and Carver Doone struggle for ever on the verge of the fatal quicksand; where Harriet Byron perpetually lifts her hoop upon her shoulder to make room for Sir Charles to flirt solemnly with her in the window-ledge; where William Wallace parts with Helen in his dungeon; where Lorna smiles and sad Rebekah weeps. But those are high latitudes? Yes; but it was for high latitudes that Mr. Hall Caine trimmed his sails. Perhaps he might have reached them had he equipped himself more simply? Alas! in matters of creative art the question of equipment alone is fundamental, and, like those vital processes art seeks to imitate, it is not settled by volition.

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The Marquis Biddle-Cope, being, as we suppose, a Catholic, is to be condoled with on the success of his second novel, *Mad* (London: Ward & Downey). The copy which we have just consigned to the fire belongs to its third edition. Though it lies for sale on Catholic counters, has Catholics for its chief characters, and has an "edifying" end, we cannot fail to warn the pure-minded to avoid it. There is a good deal of very fair work in it. The marquis evidently knows his Philadelphia; he can draw a very life-like quadroon, and various kinds of male and female Americans, none of them being of a specially desirable kind to make acquaintance with. But he understands himself and his materials quite well enough to make one wonder why a Christian gentleman should indulge an imagination so needlessly satyr-like as he has shown himself to possess in the drawing of Lelia Charlton. Not many French caterers to immorality can have been guilty of more vile suggestion than he; nor, professedly materialist, could they have so intensified the offence as this "Christian" has done by asking "kind judgment" for a woman shamelessly vicious, at the very moment of her self-invited sin, and quoting as his authority for so doing that "unimpeachable philosopher and lawgiver who . . . long centuries ago, in the Levant, . . . was called once to judge one of these same crimes of rebel love." Love! The word is an insult to decency applied as the Marquis Biddle-Cope here applies it. His book is one of those which leave a bad taste in the mouth, and which owe their run chiefly to that fact. That he plunges his heroine into hell at the last, and "converts" his hero by showing, in a page or two of very pretty rhetoric, how he never could overcome the temptation that had mastered him until, throwing away all his proud reliance on principle and intellect and so on, he cast himself on the mercy of the Virgin Mother of Purity, is but meagre atonement for the four-hundred-odd pages of evil suggestion, defective taste, and, for the most part, very bad manners which precede them. The pity is the greater because the man who degraded his talent in this way is plainly capable of better things.

An Unlaid Ghost: A Study in Metempsychosis (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) has the distinction of a dedication to the shade of one to whose "cultured advice and sympathetic encouragement" it "owes its being"; the dignity of a prologue bristling with classical and unclassical names; an epilogue which has no salient points; an object, which is to group its "puppets with sufficient effect to induce the inference that the transmigration of

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the soul may be, if not an irrefutable fact, at least a possibility"; and, in spite of all these drawbacks, the merit of brevity, as it covers less than one hundred and eighty small pages of large print. We grieve to say that it has no other merit. It is stupidly bombastic in its earlier portion, the "Story of Poppæa," the wife of Nero, and extremely absurd in the later one, the "Story of Hortense," in which the transmigrating soul of Poppæa re-fleshes itself in a French governess, an orphan *protégée* of the *Sœurs de Notre Dame de Compassion* in Paris. Poppæa, as our readers—if their memories are good, or if they are properly provided with classical dictionaries—may know, was a very naughty person. The author of *An Unlaid Ghost*, who seems to have evolved her personality from such a dictionary and a private theory as to the fitting appearance of naughty persons of her peculiar kind, describes her as "beautiful enough to have summoned admiring Phidias from the nether world to worship." A contemporary medal which it might have been good for her to see—we suppose the nameless author to be a woman—shows Poppæa to have had a face large and masculine in character, firm-mouthed, and extremely Roman-nosed—lineaments which doubtless lend themselves not ill to sculpture, yet not precisely fitted to make sculptors, whether in or out of "the nether world," go mad about them. Poppæa, having obtained the murder of Octavia, receives the present of a casket which she supposes to contain that lady's jewels, but which does, as a matter of fact, contain "not jewels, nor gory tribute of ensanguined cloth, nor precious ashes, *but the severed head of Nero's lawful spouse!*" Neither italics nor punctuation are ours. Poppæa naturally recoils "with a stifled shriek, knotting her hands in the masses of her bronze-brown hair; but ere she had shrunk beyond the pale of those rebuking eyes, a voice, low yet distinct as the clarion's call, pierced the sepulchral silence of the chamber."

The voice, as may be guessed, is Octavia's, and what she has to say is this:

> "Wrap thee in thy pilfered purples as thou wilt, the hour is at hand when thy naked soul, stripped of its meretricious mask, shall wander forth into the grayness of the nether world, there to await its summons back to earth. . . . The oblivion of ages thou shalt know."

Oblivion, even for a ghost, might, one would suppose, properly belong to things in a strict sense unknowable; but Octavia, being already a ghost, may have had a wrinkle on that point in-

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appreciable to mere mundane intelligence. At all events, after threatening Poppæa with that, humanly speaking, most intangible of apprehensions, she goes on as follows:

"Thou shalt hang suspended 'twixt heaven and earth until, in the divine economy that rules the universe, a place is found suited to the incipience of thy penance. . . . Then thou shalt be born again. In the flesh thou shalt taste the temptations to which thou hast succumbed, but with this difference: thine eyes shall be opened, thou wilt be no stranger to the dangers which encompass thee, and yet thou wilt be mortal! Such will be the penalty of thy crimes. Thou wilt yet live to learn that not only mayst thou do evil voluntarily but unwittingly, simply by reason of the fact that thou hast existence. It may not be thy will to injure, thy object in life, nor even thy fault; the possible harm will reside in the fatality of thy nature. Know that no spirit returns whence it sprang unpurified. Should it be smirched in its original existence, it will be tried and tried again in the fiery furnace of successive experience until it assumes the immaculate purity of its archetype. . . . Farewell, farewell! Octavia's spirit, too long detained, hastens to its account relieved of its last behest. . . . Poppæa! Poppæa! Poppæa! a long farewell!"

Now, why should these lofty and beautiful sentiments so irresistibly push one to the incongruous remark that hereupon Octavia's loquacious ghost incontinently skips?

The practised novel-reader sees at once what a wide field this opens to a writer anxious to create sensations. To her credit be it spoken, she has been pretty modest in the range she has actually taken. Mademoiselle Hortense de Barthe, the re-incarnated Poppæa, when introduced anew, is a French girl of nineteen or so, who returns from her first situation as a governess to the "House of Our Lady of Compassion," because she has been dismissed by her employer. Her crime is that of having been fallen in love with by her employer's son, who has been sent to Algiers in consequence and been killed there. With the fact of her dismissal she acquaints *Madame la Supérieure*, but conceals the cause, which has in it nothing dishonorable to herself, although she has returned with ardor the love given. *Madame* refuses to believe that Hortense has not been guilty of some grave misdemeanor. "Madame Rochlembert," she says, "is not an unreasonable woman. We were intimate friends *until I took holy orders*, and I know her as well as I know myself." However, she gradually cools down, and secures Hortense a new position in the English family of Lady Constance Lockroy, where she is to supervise the education of a "radiant boy of six years," who, when asked by the nun whether he speaks French fluently, replies: "*Oh, non, Madame la Supérieure; mais je parle assez de*

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faire mon chemin." Hortense departs with her precocious pupil, and "it was a very complacent lady-superior *who returned to her oratory to find the morning's mail awaiting her perusal.*"

And now Hortense's troubles begin. First Master Floris gets a sunstroke and dies, and the governess wants to go back to the "House of Compassion," because she feels that she is "ill-starred," that she "brings calamity on those she loves best." "O my lady," she cries, all-unconscious that she is Poppæa, and serving out her term for murder and other deeds of darkness, "I know not what fatality it is that possesses me, but, as Heaven is my judge, I *know* that I am born to work involuntary ill!" Lady Constance persists in detaining her as a friend, but sees reason to deplore doing so when her husband presently succumbs to the charms of her companion and falls, though vainly yet irrecoverably, in love with her. This time Hortense really does go back to the "House of Compassion," where, as she writes later on to Lady Constance, the superior receives her

"with almost ecstatic fervor, assuring me that for weeks she had striven to learn my address. And when I asked in wonder whether she would have recalled me to her fold, she answered: 'To-morrow at sunrise go into the chapel, pray fervently to thy all-merciful Creator, and be answered!' Did my prophetic soul speak to me in the still watches of that endless night? Was some hint vouchsafed me of the reparation in store for all my sufferings? Ah! I know not; but when I saw *him* in the gray light of the dawn, *standing in the shadow of the high altar* [!], saw the man whom I had mourned as dead, to whose memory I had vowed eternal fealty and love, I cried, 'Paul!' and fell upon his bosom, assured that no spectre-bridegroom had come to claim me in the eleventh hour of my desolation."

Now, there's a consummation "just too sweet for anything," and a reader who is not convinced by it that "the transmigration of the soul may be, if not an irrefutable fact, at least a possibility," must almost be a hardened sceptic.

The Man Behind, by T. S. Denison (Chicago: T. S. Denison), like *An Unlaid Ghost*, is a novel with a preface, and also with some concluding "Remarks on the Dialect" employed in it, which is that of the "Paw-paw State." A note to the "Literary Editor," pasted on its fly-leaf, assures that nameless and widely-disseminated impassibility that "this book deals with a most important question," to which its author "respectfully invites . . . careful attention." The preface gives a further hint by saying that "*The Man Behind* deals with three master-passions, love, avarice, and vaulting ambition." Even with the help of these clues, and our most "careful attention," we have failed to

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discover that the novel, as distinguished from other novels, deals with any matters of supreme importance. It has a good plot, which we will not undertake to condense; it has some clever dialogue in "dialect," which does not owe all its cleverness to its dialect, wherein it differs from that of a good many other novels of the period; it has also a number of reflections couched in its author's best "English undefiled" to which we owe some pleasant minutes. Here is one of them, which occurs in the final Remarks on Dialect:

"*In the use of words* this speech can make but little better showing. In some localities the poverty of diction is remarkable, especially among the mountaineers and the timber-men of the early days. Such words as chaotic, indigent, incompatible, subsequently, graphic, are Greek to all but the better-informed, and would seldom be employed even by them. Instead of saying a family was in indigent circumstances, a person inhabiting the locus of *The Man Behind* would be apt to say, 'They are as poor as a church-mouse.'"

Alas! the schoolmaster, the newspaper, and the "drummer" are on their road to that now happy "locus," and their indigence of adjectives and plenitude of simile and metaphor will presently yield to influences which may even lift them to the verbal level of their historian. Meantime, here is one sample of the better things they still retain, for which we can vouch as faithful to more neighhorhoods than are included in the "Paw-paw State." "Josh Croup," with his wife and sister, are about to attend a revival meeting:

"Josh remarked, in a confidential mood, one day to his sister: 'I don't s'pose Gabrel himself could convert Sol; but, as fur me, if that preacher hits me square between the eyes agin, as he did last night, I'm a goner. I'll go forrid, if Mattie and Sol do sneer.'

"'That's right, Josh. It's our jooty to do what we think is right, an' pay no attention to the sneers of others.'

"'You know the preacher said unbelievin' pardners was a snare and a stumblin'-block.'

'Yes, an' I guess Sol is about the biggest stumblin'-block ever set up in this settlement.'

"''Nless it's Mattie. Nobody knows the aggravatinness of that woman when she tries. But I've a mind o' my own, I guess, on religious matters, an' if the preacher hits me plum between the eyes agin I'm goin', sure, in spite o' the Ole Boy.'

"Josh was taken square between the eyes about once in two or three years. Then he 'went forward,' joined the church again, attended meeting regularly for two or three months, irregularly for a while, and finally became a backslider. Mattie, it must be confessed with regret, was a persistent sinner. Her experiences with Christianity, as exemplified in her

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husband and brothers, had not been favorable. She looked with contempt on the confessions of Josh thus irregularly made and regularly forgotten. She had been known to remark more than once that if the devil ever did get her he wouldn't get a hypocrite.

"On the present evening Sol, Mahala, Josh, and Mattie were present, and the timber set were in full force. The house was packed till there was scarcely room to open and close hymn-books. When the invitation was extended, Mahala Pickrell was the first to rise and confess her sins. Josh squirmed uneasily in his seat and whispered: 'It's a-comin', Mattie; I feel it.'

"'Keep still, can't ye?'

"After a pause he tried to rise, but his next neighbor was sitting on his long coat-tails, and Josh, not calculating on resistance, lost his balance, and to his great surprise dropped back into his seat. In his excitement he failed to discover the cause and shouted out:

"'The Ole Boy is pullin' my coat-tails, but I'm goin' in spite of him.'

"Mattie said in a stage-whisper: 'Josh, I wouldn't be a tormented fool.'

"'Come forward, brother, where the devil can't reach your coat-tails,' shouted a good brother from the amen corner, and Josh accepted the invitation with alacrity. Bill Timberlin and his wife followed the example of their brother-in-law, and soon the mourners' bench was crowded. Dick Steele came forward, but there was no place for him at the mourners' seat, and he kneeled beside the stove along with two or three other penitents. Dick was a backslider. He joined church every fall, and relapsed into his old ways before spring. When under the influence he was a shouter. The hymns were sung with lusty voices and a ring that was most inspiring, till the whole congregation was at white heat, and many were swaying to and fro in unison with the rhythm. Dick Steele howled incessantly like a madman. At the lines,

> 'If you get there before I do,
> Look out for me, I'm coming too,'

he bounded to his feet, and exclaiming, 'I'm going, I'm going!' began without more ado to climb the stove-pipe. The feat, as may be imagined, was impracticable, and demonstrated the futility of short cuts to heaven. Down came the joints of stove-pipe and tin pans over the heads of the preacher and the mourners. Women who knew what was the matter screamed, and those who did not, owing to the intense state of excitement into which they had worked themselves, shouted amen. Soot flew in clouds, and all was confusion, while two or three brethren had sustained slight cuts and bruises by the falling pipe. When the real nature of the accident was realized some of the ungodly in the rear of the room began to laugh."

Miss Eliza Allen Starr has gathered into one well-bound and well-printed volume of some four hundred pages, of which she is herself the publisher (Chicago: St. Joseph's Cottage, 229 Huron Street), her *Songs of a Lifetime*. They should be welcome to all who love poetry. We went through the book, pencil in hand, intending to make a selection here and there which should be specially characteristic of her muse at what we thought its best. But our pencil stopped too often. Miss Starr's excellence, con-

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sidering its high level, is astonishingly even. It is like an expanse of waving, daisy-sown grass on a lofty table-land. Her inspiration is almost always fresh, her melody true, and her choice of words felicitous. Witness the opening lines of the "Occultation of Venus" as an instance not merely of the latter merit, but of her sense of what makes a picture to the mind:

> "The virgin moon with one clear star
> Poised lightly on its shining horn."

Miss Starr's poetry is laden like a honeybee with that most fragrant of motives, if one know how to bear it wisely, religious sentiment and emotion. But she has other themes—the household affections with their joys and sorrows, patriotism and friendship; she has, too, the deft touch that knows what to take and what to leave in description, so as to reproduce in the reader what has been felt and seen by the beholder. Poetry is the peculiar gift of youth—of young nations as well as of young singers. So we shall not wrong Miss Starr if we prefer her earlier to her later poems. We are not even sure that of them all our choice would not permanently abide by that one of them which bears the earliest date: "A Girl's Hymn to St. Agnes." Yet there is "Orion" to try conclusions with it, and "Cold," which touches a chord which George Herbert also touches. But the book is a full one in many senses, and can hardly fail to be a household favorite.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I was brought up in a strict Methodist household, both parents being sincere in their faith and devout in their practice of it. My father, however, had tastes and inclinations wider than his creed, and, in particular, a love for literature and a determination to give his children all the education they were capable of. Nothing differenced him so widely from his churchly associates as this determination. He reared six of us, not one of whom has yet entered his particular "narrow path," nor one failed to be grateful to him for letting down the bars between it and open pastures.

In my own case there were two causes which conspired to forbid any such issue for my religious aspirations as joining the Methodist Church. I was taken once, when a very little girl, into the presence of our Lord upon the altar. If I

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say it was an instinct which kept that memory vivid, when most of what must have clustered about it faded—an instinct which from the first gave the word "Catholic," heard or seen or spoken, a sacramental value, by virtue of which it touched a chord in my soul that vibrated and made me homesick for I knew not what—I shall tell the truth, though the name I give the fact is likely enough to be incorrect. An instinct all creatures of the same species ought to share. Perhaps it may have been a special grace. And side by side with this experience lay another—namely, an aversion, growing with my years, for the emotional vulgarity which forced itself on my notice in churches and prayer-meetings, and for the gross ignorance about things, the knowledge of which should be the common property of all who essay to teach, which now and again irritated me in sermons and Sunday-school lessons.

The mental process I went through before deliberately rejecting what I had been taught on the subject of Christianity was short and simple. I had known all my life, almost, that the members of different Protestant churches differed widely among themselves on various points of doctrine. Baptists I knew, and Presbyterians, and had heard the special tenets of the one sect ridiculed, and those of the other rejected with horror. Episcopalians, too, came within my circle of touch, and their exclusiveness and their claim to be "the church" were not unseldom made merry over in my hearing. But I was past eighteen when a school acquaintance, wishing to express strong incredulity about some alleged fact, said to me, "Why, I believe that as little as I believe the Immaculate Conception." "What Immaculate Conception?" I asked; "that of the Virgin Mary?" "No, that of Jesus Christ." A shocked surprise ran through me, and neither of us pursued the subject farther. But thereupon the door opened in my mind, which I went through at once to seek what reason I had for belief in the Christian doctrine. I found none but the fact that I had been taught it by parents and teachers, who themselves believed because they thought the Bible divinely inspired. Why did they think so? Why must I hold the stories I found in that book as true in any different sense from those in the old Rollin's *Ancient History*?—which, being bound in red leather like one of the family Bibles, had often got confused with it in my mind when I pored over both of them as a little girl. I came, that is to say, face to face with the question of authority. At the first step I made toward "giving myself a reason for the faith that" had been taught me, I found none sufficient to establish facts so extraordinary, and I dropped the facts. To do so cost me neither emotional pain nor mental struggle. Rather, it was a relief to get rid of the hateful notion that, because these things were true, it would some day be necessary to "get religion" and become one more unit in a community which I recoiled from. My belief had been no real part of me—a mere heavy cloak instead, which I endured because I had taken the clasp at the neck for a rivet. Since it was only a hook and eye, I undid it and left the encumbrance lying where it fell.

I do not mean that I at once abandoned belief in God. I had for a while a mild enthusiasm for Dr. Channing and a more pronounced one for Theodore Parker. But the road which leads away from Christianity to the marsh in which the personality of God is lost is not a long one, and I am a swift walker. I was floundering in it up to my neck, and in despair of finding firm ground again, even before I married. But my children were born before I made any serious effort to replace by a more intelligent faith that which I had thrown aside. When I did so it never once occurred to me to consider any form of Protestantism. I

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turned without hesitation toward the Catholic Church. Early in 1866 I went with a friend to visit Father Hecker. I have but one vivid recollection of the interview, and that is the definite impression I got that if I could ever be as sure as he that God became incarnate and taught men what to believe and what to do, there would be no room left in me for anything but absolute obedience to him. I foresaw that to accept that teaching would be to change the whole current of my life. Had I felt myself perfectly free to act I would have faced about without a day's delay; but the domestic obstacles, if not many, were strong, and at that time I did nothing further.

In the summer of that year my father died. My grief for him was profound and long continued, and thenceforward the attraction I felt toward the church began perceptibly the weakening of the counter-forces which held me back. We went to the Adirondacks that season, and were joined by a friend of my husband, a Columbia College man, who, after studying for Protestant Episcopal orders, had become a Catholic. Notwithstanding the change, he was by no means of exemplary life; but at this time I did not know it. One Sunday evening, sitting with my husband and me, he administered a mild rebuke because I began work on a little sock I was knitting. "Tell me, Mr. ——," I said, when the talk had run for a while on religious topics, "are you a better man because you are a Catholic?" He hesitated, gave me no direct answer, and the conversation turned. But when we were alone, my husband, whose aversion to Catholicity was then extreme, said to me that he was never better pleased in his life than when he heard that question put. "I don't know what he would have told you had I not been present," he added, "but, considering the confessions he volunteered to me this afternoon, that must have been a staggerer." I relate the incident here only because it illustrates a certain tendency in my mind. The religion whose attraction for me lay in the hope that it possessed a regenerating power had failed to amend this zealous adherent, but to know that fact did not even suggest a cessation from my search. So far as I know, the only question that ever arose in my mind about Catholicity was, Is it true? Could it be shown to be so, I would have only my own acceptance of its doctrines and my own practice of its laws to answer for.

In the winter of 1867 I made another Catholic acquaintance, one of my husband's intimates, and a man of great subtlety of mind and wide cultivation. He belonged to a Catholic family, but had married a Protestant who changed her religion soon after their marriage. Our first greetings were hardly over when a question bearing on what was then permanently uppermost in my thoughts came to my lips: "Did you make a Catholic of your wife, Mr. ——?" "No," he said, with a smile, "it was just the other way. She made a Catholic of me." "What do you mean?" "Well, I had the religion always, but only in my head. She got it there and in her life also, and then she transferred it to mine." He used to bring me books occasionally, and came often with his wife. Like ourselves, they were parents, and I remember saying once, when the children were talked of, that I found it increasingly hard to take any real interest in the future of my own boys. "Life is so short," I said, "and unless there is something after it, of which I have no certainty, what better are they or we than the beasts? If we are cut off to-day or to-morrow, what does it matter what we do or suffer now?" I recall his answer also: "I'll tell you what ails you. You should be a Catholic. For ten years I was in just such a condition of mind as that speech indicates." "And what did you do? You were a Catholic already." "I began to practise what I believed."

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If any one asks me to describe the logical processes by which I came to know Catholic truth, I answer that it is hard to do so; let the reader gather it from what I here write of the circumstances and the mental struggles attending my conversion. The Catholic religion got the allegiance of my intelligence by influences of mingled logical and emotional power. As the French say: "*Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne comprend point.*" There are avenues between objective truth and the human mind not amenable to the descriptive methods of the guide-books of logic. I was in doubt—in the very despair of doubt. I am in the quiet possession of the truth of God, and I can prove it.

In the summer of 1868 I applied for instruction to the present Bishop of Ogdensburg. I mentioned to him no doubts that I wanted to have cleared up, but simply asked to be prepared for baptism. As is usual in such cases, he gave me a little catechism, bade me learn the prayers, the Apostles' Creed, and as much more as I was able before returning at a day and hour which he named. I did as he told me, and began also to teach my little boys their first prayers. But when I went back to Father Wadhams I found that he had been unexpectedly called out of town. My husband was both grieved and angry when I told him of what I had done, and that combination was once more too much for me. Moreover, although I had taken so decided a step, it was, after all, a step in the dark. My one doubt, Is there a God who has revealed himself as Man to men? often seemed as far from being solved as ever. If that is true, as my Catholic friends affirm, I said to myself, how can it be possible that all this bitter travail of the soul should be necessary in order to find him? He would write the revelation of Jesus Christ in the skies if it were needful for us to believe in him. None could help seeing it.

Once, when thoughts like these were in my mind, I was walking in the woods and all alone. Presently I came upon a rustic oratory which some Ritualistic campers who preceded us had fitted up. A rough cross, made of boughs, hung on the trunk of a huge tree in a little clearing. I sat down before it and looked at it with a great longing. I did not want a God a long way off in the heavens; I wanted him close at hand. Why not a God incarnate and of my nature, since all my nature desired him?

I think I ought to have persevered at this time, and said to myself what I did say later—that I also was an independent human being, alone, like all the rest of us, in what concerns our deepest needs. I came into the world alone; no one eats or drinks for me; I think my own thoughts, perform my own actions, and I shall die alone. No doubt I did say it even then, but to act upon it required more courage than I possessed. Not acting, I fell back, as I have said, into my doubts. I wrote a good deal for the press the following winter, and, in doing so, sometimes expressed them even more forcibly than I felt them. I acted as though I held a brief for what I took to be my mind against what I knew to be my heart. "My eyes were holden," is all the account I can give of my state.

About this time I called on Father Hewit. In one of our talks he said to me that my doubts were fundamental, and that until they were removed he would advise me to take no further step toward the church. The trouble, I think, lay in my inability to express myself clearly, or to clearly comprehend what he was saying. For me the door of the church was obstructed to the last with obstacles of all sorts, both from those within and those without, and nothing kept me knocking there but the strong interior drawing which oppressed me. I was floundering, but the hook was in my gills.

By the spring of 1870 my trouble of mind began to react so strongly on

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my health that three physicians, specialists all, each settled on a different mortal disease to account for my symptoms. I had made several efforts that winter to see a priest again, but had been thwarted—once by being locked up in my room. We went to live in New Jersey in May, my husband's office remaining in New York. I was glad of the change, thinking that some day I could manage to find a church and ask for baptism. I was like a starving beggar who knows where bread is to be had and means to spend his last breath in imploring it. On Ascension Thursday in that year I met in the street a friend, who said: "I am going over to New York to Trinity Church. Will you come along?" Before the service began we walked among the graves, and, listening to the chimes, I said to myself, still hesitating to take the step which was going to cost so much to others, if not to me: "After all, why need I be a Roman Catholic? Why not an Episcopalian? No one would object to that, and how do I know that it would not answer every purpose?" My friend, who, like most of those who knew me, was not in ignorance of the struggle I was passing through, presently put the same suggestion into words, assuring me that her church had all that was essential in Catholicism and had thrown off only its most objectionable features. "All right," I said; "some religion I must have if I am to keep on living, and I will take this." We entered the church, and directly afterwards a procession of clerics issued from a side-door and went chanting down the aisles. As they did so one old impression, familiar to me whenever I had attended service in a church belonging to this sect, and born of my knowledge of its history and actual inspection of it—an impression of its humbug and unreality—came over me with greater force than ever. Dr. Dix preached the sermon, and a very good sermon it was. In the midst of it I knelt down and vowed to God that if I lived to get out of the church I would go straightway to Fifty-ninth Street and ask to be received. So I did. I remember asking Father Hewit if he would admit me to baptism, knowing that the opposition to it was as strong as ever on the part of my family, and that I meant to take no further means to overcome it but that of secrecy. He had lent me so many books and talked to me so frequently that he probably thought me a fully prepared catechumen—which I was not, having still only the blind desire I have endeavored to describe. He objected at first, but finally said that I was myself the best judge of how much I had endured and could still endure. He would recommend openness, but not urge it. For me, I was pushed to the wall. I knew I could hold out no longer unless strength greater than my own existed somewhere for me. "Come back to-morrow, then," Father Hewit said at last, "and you shall be received." To-morrow was long in coming, and when it came my husband proposed to remain at home all day on account of some slight illness. But it occurred to him to ask me to go over to the city to transact some little business for him, and I availed myself of the chance to fulfil my engagement. That was the 27th of May, 1870. It is the 26th of December, 1887, when I finish this story for which you have asked me. I have had troubles enough, of one kind and another, between those two dates. But they have differed by the width of the heavens from those which went before them. Those tossed me hither and thither like a shuttlecock; these have beaten me, but as waves beat against a rock. The others were worth enduring. I should never, I think, have known the full value of the pearl of great price if it had not cost me all I had to buy it—yes, and to keep it.

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ART NOTES—THE LITTLE SALON.

The art season proper may be supposed to open with the opening of the "Little Salon," the exhibition of pictures at the *Cercle Artistique et Littéraire* in the Rue Volney.

This pleasant club, familiarly called by its votaries the "*Crémerie*," has been somewhat overshadowed of late by its rival, the *Mirlitons*, but this year the members have pulled themselves together, and their efforts are worthy of congratulation. There is, as usual, a great deal of rubbish—a large proportion of those extraordinary fantasies in green and effects in red that creep into an exhibition of this kind—but, taken on the whole, the work is quite up to the usual standard.

Henner has two pictures, the first a mere study, called "An Evening after a Storm," a scrap of bituminous-brown landscape, with a strip of green in the middle distance, a watery blue sky, and a misty pool, all of which we have seen over and over again, and which yet the Alsatian master knows how to invest with such charm that we never tire of looking at them; his second picture is a portrait, painted with a degree more care and with the same lavish use of brown—brown are the coat, the beard, and the cap of this singularly unattractive-looking person, whose social position is a complete puzzle. To the last we are uncertain whether Monsieur Henner's model was a tramp or an artist with a weakness for the picturesque in his apparel.

"On the Banks of a Stream," by Bouguereau, shows an insipid little girl dabbling her feet in a brook. The flesh has the usual porcelain quality, and the rushes and iris in the background are rather irritating in their pretty details.

Monsieur Brispot's "Abbé Constantin" is among the most attractive pictures in the exhibition, and has value as an illustration of one of the most charming stories of the last few years. The episode chosen is the first scene in Bettina's romance. She and her sister are at the gate of the presbytery, while the good old priest steps forward to welcome his new parishioners. Behind him are his servant and his nephew, Jean; the young lieutenant, in his smart uniform, holds a bowl of peas in his hand and has a somewhat sheepish look on his face.

Monsieur Maignan's "St. Mark's," a corner of the incomparable church at Venice, and his "Baptistery at Ravenna," are both interesting and true. The latter is a particularly charming reminiscence of the quaint old building, with its Roman arches, its stone altar, and its mosaics.

Benjamin Constant's "Evening Effect" is meant to be dreamy, and succeeds in being dreary. There is no interest attached to the (supposed) hermit who is watching the sunlight fade behind the rocky hills.

François Flameng's "Halt of a Regiment of the Line, 1789," is in his best and happiest manner. The white-clad soldiers rest in a meadow with a soft distance of hill and sea. The atmosphere is perfect, as is the rendering of the gray evening twilight.

The landscapes are few and unnoticeable. The best among them is perhaps Monsieur Damoye's "Heath at St. Marguerite's." The foreground, of purple heather and scrub, merges into a surfy sea. Monsieur Roll's "Normandy Garden" is a fresh and delightful composition, though there is something distinctly fly-away about the trunk of one of his apple-trees.

America is represented by the two Oriental painters, Bridgman and Weeks. The former sends a "Portrait of Madame B.," daintily and effectively rendered. The lady wears a blue cotton dress and garden hat, and holds a pale pink sun-

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shade in her hand. The latter shows yet one more of his brilliant Indian souvenirs, "In a Perfumer's Shop at Bombay." A pretty Indian girl is trifling with a scent-bottle; behind her is a somewhat overwhelming row of blue jars a little too thick in their glazed solidity.

Another Eastern artist, Monsieur Arcos, treads closely on the heels of the Americans with his two Algerian studies, "*Kiffe et Kousse Kousse*," in which a white-robed Arab, with an air of imperturbable solemnity, squats smoking on the ground; and "Distrust and Persuasion," wherein a wily old Jew bazaar-keeper urges a pair of yellow babouches on a half-eager, half-reluctant purchaser.

Mr. Stephen Hills Parker gives us a portrait of a child, "Mademoiselle N." One wonders why such portraits should be shown beyond the model's own home circle. They are doubtless possessed of interest in the eyes of fond parents and friends, but their namby-pamby prettiness only calls forth unkind remarks from the general public.

"The Portrait of Mademoiselle G.," by Jules Lefebvre, is almost as insipid; it is white, graceful, and generally suggestive of ice-cream.

Very different is Bonnat's "Portrait of M. D." The features of this elderly gentleman are rugged, perhaps almost vulgar, but are painted with a force and strength that cannot fail to make the picture, to painters at least, an interesting one; but even its strong merits sink into insignificance beside Carolus Duran's magnificent "Portrait of Miss A. B.," one of the finest things this painter has given us for years. The face is most fascinating in its petulant, girlish beauty, round-cheeked, dark-eyed, with full red lips and waving hair; the white and purple of the dress are painted as Carolus Duran alone knows how to paint white and purple, and the whole makes one of the finest portraits the master has ever given us. J.

Paris.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK AND DR. FULTON.

The following letter has been handed us for publication:

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE,
150 Nassau Street, Room 9, New York, Feb. 14, 1888.

DEAR SIR: I regret that I was absent at the time you called at this office.

Permit me to say that I have not "recommended" or "endorsed" Dr. Fulton's book, *Why Priests should Wed*. I never saw the book (with the exception of a few pages of MSS.) until a long while after it was published. Indeed, it was the day of his meeting in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn that I first saw the book.

About the middle of December I saw a few pages of the MSS. That was after the publishers had refused to publish it. Under my advice portions of the MSS. which I saw (which included about two chapters) were stricken out. I wrote a letter at that time expressing my confidence in Dr. Fulton and the honesty of his convictions; but the "endorsement" of this book is an entirely different matter.

I cannot allow my name to be dragged into this controversy. I have a cause which, in my judgment, is of vastly more importance to defend and stand for.

You are at liberty to use this statement in any manner you desire.

Very respectfully yours,

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, Secretary.

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We never have met Mr. Comstock, but we surmise from some of his connections that he is an honest Protestant of the perfervid type and perhaps deeply deceived about the Catholic Church. It is also plain that he has known Fulton and trusted him; and these two circumstances are enough to account for his being inveigled into writing a letter which the friends of obscene art and some over-eager defenders of the church have called an "endorsement"—a letter amply explained by the one above printed. Mr. Comstock is, we think, now aware that his confidence in Fulton was misplaced. We are firmly persuaded that if the whole book and not only a small portion had passed under Mr. Comstock's censorship the cleansing process would have left something altogether unsuitable for Fulton's purposes: when the poisonous sizing had all been washed out the texture would have fallen to pieces. Meantime we accept Mr. Comstock's disavowal of endorsement as unquestionably honest and entirely satisfactory. Great as may be his dislike for our religion (if he does dislike it), his hatred of the foul reading and filthy art that poisons the air the souls of the people breathe is infinitely greater.

Fine points about "high art" and "the works of the best artists" are of no avail in this matter. The friends of decency ought to be on Anthony Comstock's side in this quarrel. In the last number of the *North American Review* Ingersoll argues with his wonted florid rhetoric against duty, morality, or any other ethical idea having anything to do with true art. "Art," he says, "has nothing to do directly with morality or immorality." "In the presence of the pure, unconscious nude, nothing can be more contemptible than those forms in which are the hints and suggestions of drapery, the pretence of exposure, and the failure to conceal. The undressed is vulgar, the nude is pure. Old Greek statues, frankly, proudly nude, whose free and perfect limbs have never known the sacrilege of clothes, were and are as free from taint, as pure, as stainless as the image of the morning star trembling in a drop of perfumed dew." "The nude in art has rendered holy the beauty of woman. Every Greek statue pleads for mothers and sisters." "The Venus de Milo, that even mutilation cannot mar, tends only to the elevation of our race. It is a miracle of majesty and beauty, the supreme idea of the supreme woman. It is a melody in marble. All the lines meet in a kind of voluptuous and glad content. The pose is rest itself. The eyes are filled with thoughts of love. The breast seems dreaming of a child." "Genius is the spirit of abandon; it is joyous and irresponsible. It moves in the swell and curves of billows; it is careless of conduct and consequence," etc.

There is your genuine pagan defence of art for the sake of art alone. We have only to say that no Christian can approve a view of art which is careless of conduct and consequences, boasts of its un-morality, thinks the least hint and suggestion of drapery contemptible, and says the frankly, proudly nude is pure. The mothers and sisters of such pagan art are not Christian maidens and matrons. The miracle of female majesty and beauty we Christians venerate, the supreme ideal of womanhood we uphold, is not the mythological harlot Venus, but the Immaculate Virgin and Mother, Mary of Nazareth.

To oppose Mr. Comstock is, in our opinion, to oppose the most effective public corrective we have against the obscene in art and literature. There is nobody that the makers and venders of the obscene so much dread as Mr. Comstock. The police and the courts have shown praiseworthy co-operation with him, and have really rejoiced that a specialist like him, embodying, too, the best and most decent public opinion, has taken charge of ferreting out this species of secret crime.

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To oppose Mr. Comstock may not be to side with Bob Ingersoll as to the office of art; but it is to show one's self unaware of the harm that is wrought by bad books, pictures, and statues. Not every one is in a position to know how many thousands of souls are lost by their means. Not every citizen has the duty of filtering the moral sewers of our great city.

Will the avowed enemies of the Society for the Suppression of Vice deny Mr. Comstock's service in procuring the judicial condemnation and the hangman's destruction of bad printed matter? Will they say that the police who assisted him are fanatics, the judges cranks, the juries enemies of high art—the judges, juries, and police who locked up their martyrs of high art?

As to any peculiar personal traits of Mr. Comstock, as to his over-trustfulness of a mountebank lecturing friend, as to occasional blunders, if any, all we have to say is they are not to the point. Anyhow, as we can tolerate the sharp odor of a disinfectant because it destroys the germ-cells of contagion, so we can bear with a spice of fanaticism from Mr. Comstock. He has shown himself one of the most powerful disinfectants of subterranean New York that at present exist. Blessed be the "crank" whose life-work is to hunt down panders of the brothel and the insane asylum!

THE SUPPRESSION OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

The *Independent* recently placed the following fair-seeming statement among its editorial notes; the italics are our own:

"The public schools of this city are open to all children, whether of Catholic or Protestant parents, or of parents who do not believe in any religion, and they are supported, as they should be, at the public expense. If any religious sect, not satisfied with these schools, chooses to establish private schools and teach its own peculiar religious tenets in the same, then it has a perfect right to do so. *Nobody denies this right or objects to its exercise.* But when any sect asks the general public to help it in this work of religious propagandism, then a very different question is raised. The people as citizens and property-holders have no objection to being taxed for the support of non-sectarian public schools, in which they all have a common interest; but they do decidedly object to such taxation for the support, either in whole or in part, of sectarian private schools. *Let those who want such schools have them to their hearts' content, provided always that they are content to pay the bills.*"

Now, was the *Independent* unaware that about a month previous to printing the above words, "Let those who want such schools have them to their hearts' content," a bill had been introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature by the Joint Special Committee on the Employment and Schooling of Children—only a single member of the committee dissenting—which provides for placing all private schools in that State practically in charge of the Common-School Boards, and that without offering a penny to support them? If it becomes a law it will require private schools having children between the ages of eight and fourteen to make a monthly return to the town school-committee of the names, age, and addresses of their pupils in the form prescribed by the State Board of Education; that at the opening of each school year the school committee of every town shall visit and examine every private school, and pass a vote approving or refusing to approve it; that thereafter once in each month every such private school shall be visited and examined in like manner, and the school committee may at any time rescind a former vote of approval of such school; that for the foregoing purposes any member of the school committee, the Superintendent of Schools, and, in cities,

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any authorized agent of the school committee, shall have authority to enter any building or room where any such private school is in session; that the school committee shall approve a private school only when it is satisfied that its teaching includes all studies required by law to be taught in the public schools, and equals in thoroughness and efficiency the teaching in the public schools, and that equal progress is made by its pupils, only that approval shall not be refused on account of religious teaching; that the teachers in private schools must hold certificates of the school committee; and that violation of these provisions shall be punished by fine against the teachers of private schools, to be used for the benefit of the public schools, and public-school committees violating shall forfeit their share of the school taxes.

Such are the terms of House Bill No. 19 of the present session of the General Court of Massachusetts. Well, the *Independent* may not have known of this bill, but the building in which it is sought to make it law is the cradle of the common-school system. On one side of the long flight of steps leading up to the Boston State-House is the statue of Daniel Webster, and on the other that of Horace Mann, the founder of the present system of unreligious schools. Massachusetts made that system what it is; did more than any other State, perhaps, to engraft on it the offensive features of high school and normal college, which, having driven out of existence the old-time private academy, once the boast of every New England village, have reared up a pedagogic caste of stateling school-teachers whose wooden adhesion to artificial traditions has bred a race of New England men and women as little to be compared in real intelligence with their fathers and mothers as they are in sincere religion. The dominant party in that State has now started to destroy all private education whatever, except that of richly-endowed high-grade colleges; for the law proposed to be passed means nothing else but the suppression of all the private and religious primary and grammar schools in Massachusetts. The following words from a distinguished evangelical minister indicate that the co-religionists of the *Independent* may be relied on to spread this movement into other States, since it is the logical supplement of the unsectarian common-school movement of a generation ago.

Rev. C. H. Parkhurst writes in the *Forum* for March, p. 56:

"Not only would I fight to the last against granting one dollar of school funds to Catholic schools, but I wish it were feasible to require every boy and girl, Catholic and Protestant, to attend only such common schools as are under purely government administration."

How soon may we expect the *Independent* to be advocating the suppression of all private schools as necessary to the great American system of educating the people?

PROFESSOR E. J. V. HUIGINN, ALIAS O'HIGGINS.

In a single paragraph of this person's article in the *Forum* for March, "From Rome to Protestantism," and a short paragraph too, are huddled together objections to canonization of saints, stipends for Masses, general greed of the clergy, perversions and corruptions of doctrine, and room enough left at the end for a doleful wail over the weary and sad and disappointed heart he carried in his bosom before he became a Protestant. Another paragraph, which assails

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the doctrine that a single child of Eve, Mary the Mother of Jesus, was conceived and born free from original sin, is like a clipping from the appendix of some anti-Catholic work. Take it altogether, the "Professor" might just as well have arranged his *adieu* to us (or perhaps his *au revoir*) alphabetically by "first lines" of his sentences, so little does the sequence of logical reasoning have to do with it.

But any man who could not find "a word in favor of papal claims" in Scripture or in history, may well fall back on something else besides his attainments in historical and biblical criticism to account for his change of religion. Yet he assigned no reason for his change when he suddenly vanished away from his place in Watertown, in the diocese of Ogdensburg; nor had he exhibited there the least trace of those doubts and misgivings he professes to have been haunted with. Surely no fair mind can discover sufficient reasons for either leaving Rome or taking up with Canterbury rather than with Methodism, or Presbyterianism, or Mormonism in his article in the *Forum*. He need not expect to escape the fate of an ordinary ex-priest by styling himself a professor, or by changing his name from honest O'Higgins to outlandish Huiginn. The ex-priest is generally subject to many changes, and usually ends in changing his single-blessedness and taking a partner.

It is a little curious that among all his reasons for hesitating before joining Anglicanism he does not mention that of love of country. Mind you, gentle reader, this ex-priest is a Celt named O'Higgins, with a thick Irish brogue; and of all forms of religion on the face of the earth he joined that one which put a drop of poisonous religious bigotry into every stroke of the scourge which has lashed his unhappy country for over three centuries. But Anglicanism—and that name rather than Protestant Episcopal is the name he prefers for his new obedience—will do as well as any other to break his fall. For, as a rule, men who fall from the Catholic priesthood fall very deep. What started him may be, as his article seems to show, a naturally sceptical frame of mind, which he will find can be cured only by truth—plain, living, and Catholic; or it may have been money or a wife, or—if you wish to make him out a very stupid professor—the claims of Episcopalianism. But when he was confronted by his former associate on the stairway of Bishop Huntington's Seminary, he could give none of these reasons or any reasons whatever; he paled and reddened, and promised to come back.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BAD CHRISTIAN; or, Sermons on the Seven Deadly Sins and the Different Sins against God and our Neighbor which flow therefrom: In Seventy-six Sermons. Adapted to all the Sundays and Holydays of the year. By Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated from the original German by Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Messrs. Benziger Bros. are deserving of all praise for the efforts they are making to put in the hands of priests, and indeed of others whose tastes incline them that way, a choice series of good practical sermons. Already have they published two volumes of Hunolt's sermons on the Christian life. Then not very long ago they put on the market eight volumes of sermons from the Flemish. These latter have all the characteristics of the Flemish people, to whom they were originally addressed—plain and straightforward, full of common sense. Now come these two other volumes of Hunolt on *The Bad Christian*.

These volumes take up the seven deadly sins and other kindred subjects, and include as many as seventy-six sermons. They are rendered of much more service to one preparing sermons on particular topics by copious marginal notes and a very complete alphabetical index, by help of which one can see at a glance the subject-matter treated in the text. Hunolt handles his topics in a masterly way that can only come from long experience in dealing with souls. It is one thing to take a text and write an essay on it, and quite a different thing to prepare what really is worthy to be called a sermon on that same text. To do the latter requires consummate tact, an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and a practical understanding of the best ways of reaching the heart.

If there is any one characteristic of Hunolt that might be specially mentioned, it is his profuseness of illustration. His sermons sparkle with bright gems. His quaint comparisons, his vivid figures of speech, and illustrations drawn from every imaginable source, show that his mind is not only full of his subject, but that it has not been dried up by too much concentration on the bare principles of theology. He is an orator who makes everything serve him. Yet in his sermons there is none of that bombastic pulpit oratory that, as Cardinal Manning has been quoted as saying, was one of the causes of the decline of the faith in the last century. We are glad to see these sermons in their English dress, for they have long since established Hunolt's reputation as a master of sacred oratory, and are deserving of a very high place in the literature of the pulpit.

THOMAS À KEMPIS: Notes of a Visit to the Scenes in which his Life was spent, with some account of the Examination of his Relics. By Francis Richard Cruise, M.D., late President of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, etc. Illustrated, with maps and plates. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, Benziger Brothers.)

This very beautiful book is a labor of love by an enthusiastic admirer of Thomas Haemerlein of Kempen and of the *Imitation of Christ*. Among the illustrations taken from photographs by the author are two of special interest, viz., portraits of the venerable Father Thomas.

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The *Imitation of Christ* is a work which is unique among spiritual books. Six thousand editions of it have been published, and the universal, unanimous verdict of its millions of readers has given it a place next to the Bible.

There has been much controversy in regard to its authorship, and hundreds of treatises on the subject have been published.

It has been ascribed to St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, Thomas Gallus of Vercelli, Henry de Kalear, Landolph of Saxony, Ubertus de Cassalis, Innocent III., Pietro Rahaluzzi, John Tambaco, John à Kempis the elder brother of Thomas, Walter Hilton, Chancellor Gerson, the Abbot Gersen, and to some unknown author, besides Thomas à Kempis himself. All the claimants for the honor of authorship have been set aside during the controversy, except Chancellor Gerson, Abbot Gersen, the unknown man, and the venerable Father Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, the evidence in favor of the illustrious chancellor has been so fully refuted, the very existence of any such person as Abbot Gersen is so extremely doubtful, and the cumulative proofs that show the origin of the wonderful book to have been in some Flemish monastery of the fifteenth century are so conclusive, that the question is really narrowed down to this: Was Thomas à Kempis the author, or is the author unknown? The writer of this notice examined the question several years ago, and was convinced that there is morally certain evidence of the fact that Thomas à Kempis was the author of the *Imitation*. This conclusion has been confirmed by the arguments of Dr. Cruise. The proofs are positive, and if they had been from the first distinctly known and stated, a doubt could not have arisen. The uncertainty which gave rise to the controversy was purely accidental. An autograph MS. of the *Imitation* in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis is extant, and three credible witnesses who knew him personally declared that he was the author, before any controversy had arisen; all the collateral evidence and all the internal, critical evidence goes the same way, and there is really no evidence of any weight in favor of any one else or against the positive evidence in his favor.

Such a book could only have been produced by a saint. He has not, however, received the meed of honor due to him, because of the disputes which have been waged with such pertinacity respecting his title to be regarded as the author of the precious volume into which he exhaled all the perfume of his own hidden spiritual life. It is to be hoped that henceforth he will be more honored, and that Dr. Cruise's pious labors will contribute largely to this result. He has here furnished us with a biography of the holy Father Thomas à Kempis, a full account of the religious institute of which he was a member, and a description of all the localities connected with the history, which he personally visited and examined in the spirit of a pious pilgrim, taking photographs which are represented in the illustrations that adorn and add interest to the volume.

We are very glad to have a thorough and satisfactory work in English to supersede the one prepared and published by Mr. Kettlewell, a Protestant writer, whose *outrecuidance* in comparing Thomas à Kempis to the heretic Wiclef, and representing him as a sort of crypto-Protestant precursor of Luther, is insupportable.

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REQUIESCANT. A little book of anniversaries, arranged for the daily use of those who love to remember the faithful departed. By Mary E. S. Leathley. With an introduction by the Very Rev. Canon Murnane, V.G. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

An exceedingly ingenious method of remembering the faithful departed. This book, which, by the way, is simply a perfect specimen of the art of book-making, is a Kalendar of the entire year. Each day has a page, at the top of which is printed the date and the feast, as well as the two chief saints commemorated by the church; and then a blank space ruled with six lines. In this space are to be written the names of the family, society, parish, or diocese for whose convenience this remembrance of the dead is kept, and who died on this date. After this are several devout ejaculations for a happy death and for the repose of the souls of the departed. At the foot of each page is a brief extract from some of the Fathers of the church or other spiritual writers—a feature particularly commendable.

It seems to us that every parish should have this book. It would serve the purpose of the register of funerals and in time become a record of much value to friends and relatives of the deceased. For devout societies it seems to us to be of especial use for each of the members, as it would in the course of a few years be a most valuable aid to the devotion of the survivors to the faithful souls who are gone before.

GABRIELLE: A Story of the Rhineland (selected). Hearth and Home Library. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1887.

Here are two pretty little stories, full of interest, especially to young folks. But who wrote them? The publishers deserve great credit for the printing and binding of this book. A few illustrations would add very much to the volume in the estimation of the young people to whom it will be given as a premium. When shall we have an original story about Catholic life on the Rhine of America?

MIRROR OF THE VIRTUES OF MOTHER MARY OF ST. EUPHRASIA PELLETIER, FOUNDRESS OF THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF ANGERS. With a Short Account of Her Work in the United Kingdom. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

In this pamphlet of one hundred and twenty well-printed pages is contained a most interesting record of the supernatural virtues of an exceptionally holy and courageous soul. It is in no sense a life of the foundress of the Good Shepherd nuns, but it appears to have been drawn up in anticipation of, and a partial preparation for, the introduction of the Cause of her beatification. Its chief peculiarity is, perhaps, that the evidence for her faith, hope, charity, and other virtues is supplied from her own words, addressed to her religious in general instructions. They are very solid, betraying an intimate knowledge of Holy Scripture, a well-balanced mind, and a heart full of charitable zeal for souls. The work to which this holy religious was devoted was the conversion of fallen women, as most of our readers doubtless know—houses of the Good Shepherd having multiplied throughout the United States. A brief account of the foundations made by her religious in England, Ireland, and Scotland is appended. She herself established one hundred and ten con-

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vents during her lifetime, the sphere of her labors including not alone Europe, Great Britain, and the United States, but Asia, Africa, South America, and Australia. Unfortunately, the need of such labors is conterminous, not with civilization, but with humanity. The work is one dear to God, and visibly blessed by him.

THE BLESSED WILL KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN. By M. l'Abbé Elié Méric, D.D. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Ringer. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The Abbé Méric is a professor of moral theology at the Sorbonne, in Paris, and the present translation of his brief but solid and learned discussion of a most interesting theme bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Manning. We hope it may have a wide circulation, for there still exists, even among otherwise well-instructed Catholics, traces of what the Abbé Méric calls the "unjust and gloomy rigorism of the Jansenists," which causes too many Christians to regard Paradise as a place where human affections will be, if not wholly sublimated out of existence, yet so nearly so as to form no appreciable part of its rewards. But such is not the teaching of the church, through her Fathers, her Doctors, and her Saints. The cry of the heart is recognized by them, and its legitimate satisfaction promised. On this point the Abbé Méric is very explicit in his direct teaching and full in the testimony by which he supports it. There is another consideration in his little book, however, very briefly touched on, but capable in its infinite suggestiveness of completely meeting another difficulty which sometimes arises in the minds of those imperfectly instructed Christians for whose use, we take it, his work was written and has been translated. If our souls are to see God face to face, and know him as he is, how shall we, remaining essentially what we are now, escape weariness even in heaven? "We shall never see God in all his immensity," answers the abbé, resting on St. Thomas; "never shall we have *an adequate vision of God.*" The minds of the blessed "are still active, for immobility is death, but it is activity without effort and without pain. God, whose nature is infinite, continually manifests to the blessed new aspects of his essence. . . . There is then real progress, continual movement, in the intellectual and moral life of the elect." Put these two considerations together, and then it becomes easy not merely to believe but to understand what makes Paradise worth all it costs.

A STUDY OF RELIGION: Its Sources and Contents. By James Martineau, D.D. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Dr. Martineau has already contributed to the defence of natural religion, its foundations and conditions, services of such immense value that any work of his demands as of right the serious attention of all religious thinkers.

There are two ways in which we might approach the works of those who do not hold the full and complete cycle of Catholic truth. We might either point out and dwell upon their inevitable defects and perchance their dangerous outcome; or we might contrast them with those who are still further removed from the truth, and consider in what respect the work

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in question is likely to bring these latter nearer to the truth. We think it better by far to follow the latter course—in these our times at all events. Writers of pleasing style and vaunted scientific knowledge have gained the ear of the public to such an extent that we are glad to welcome the services of all in the great work of rescuing souls from the darkness of infidelity, agnosticism, and materialism. There is no one to whom we would extend a heartier welcome than to Dr. Martineau. His profound insight into all the bearings and relations of the questions which he discusses; the beauty of his style, which impresses his abstruse reasonings upon the imagination and the memory, make him a powerful ally, and, in our judgment, render a knowledge of his writings imperative upon any one who aspires to help and guide those whose minds are tormented by the questionings of the day.

We have not had time to form a judgment on these two volumes, which are the sequel of the work published in 1885: *Types of Ethical Theory*. We hope to be able to give a fuller analysis and a better-weighed opinion hereafter. Meanwhile, as a specimen of the spirit in which he approaches his subject, we give the following comparison between the religious effect of the Catholic and of the Positivist calendar. Criticising the definition of religion as "habitual and permanent admiration," he proceeds:

"It would be necessary to stipulate that the object of religion should be something other than ourselves. This condition is, no doubt, fulfilled by the Positivists' calendar, which gathers into one view the nobles and martyrs of history, and leaves no day in the year without its tribute of celebration; and I shall not challenge the right of this commemorative discipline to call itself a 'religion of humanity.' It does rest essentially upon reverent affection, not, on the whole, unwisely and unworthily directed; and if it were possible for human souls to illuminate and uphold each other, without any centre orb to give them their reflected light and determine their dependent paths, this ritual might be something more than a melancholy mimicry of a higher conception. But place it beside the Catholic constellation of the saints, and, though its component stars are often of greater magnitude, you see at once that, as a whole, it is a minor worship made grotesque by being thrust into the place of the Supreme. Its attitude is retrospective, gazing into the night of ages gone; the other has its face to the east and anticipates the dawn: it is a requiem for the dead; the other is a communion with the ever-living, an anthem in tune with a choir invisible: it anxiously seeks and puts together the doubtful traits and broken features of figures irrecoverably lost; the other only waits a little while for the venerated teacher or the dear saint to be the companion that shall die no more. The secret dependence of all satellite forms of piety upon the grander, and at last upon the solar attraction, cannot be slighted without the fatal collapse of every problem we attempt. Guard your canonizations as you may, take only the fairest specimens of character where it seems to blossom into all the virtues, cull and combine them with blameless skill, yet they are memorials of what was and is not, and make but a funeral wreath borrowed from one grave to be cast upon another." The work abounds in passages equally beautiful.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

The mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

IRISH MUSIC AND SONG: A collection of Songs in the Irish Language, set to music. Edited for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., etc. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THE NATIONAL SIN OF LITERARY PIRACY. By Henry Van Dyke, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SPIRITUAL RETREAT OF FATHER BOURDALOUE, S.J., adapted to the use of Pastors of Souls. New York: Benziger Bros.

FACTS OF FAITH; or, First Lessons in Christianity. Compiled by Rev. A. Bromley Crane, of St. Wilfrid's College, Cotton, Cheadle. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

ALLOCUTIONS; or, Short Addresses on Liturgical Observances and Ritual Functions. With Appendices on Christian Doctrine Confraternities, Lending Libraries, etc. By the Author of *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

PAX VOBIS: Being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing ready matter for public instruction and for family reading. By the author of *Programmes of Sermons*, etc. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE CHARITY OF THE CHURCH A PROOF OF HER DIVINITY. From the Italian of His Eminence Cardinal Baluffi. With an introduction by Denis Gargan, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1885–86. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY REGISTER, 1887–88. Ithaca, N.Y.: Published by the University.

REMINISCENCES AND DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE CIVIL WAR DURING THE YEAR 1865. By John A. Campbell. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

THE CHAIR OF PETER; or, The Papacy considered in its institution, development, and organization, and in the benefits which for over eighteen centuries it has conferred on mankind. By John Nicholas Murphy, Roman Count. Third edition, with events and statistics brought down to the present time. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS: The Lives of the most celebrated Martyrs of the Church. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

SYSTEM OF ECONOMICAL CONTRADICTIONS; or, The Philosophy of Misery. By P. J. Proudhon. Vol. I. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND: Father Dominic of the Rosary; Sir John Bourke of Brittas, Martyr. By Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell and James G. Barry. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

QUARTERLY SELECTIONS: Readings, Recitations, Declamations, and Dialogues, for Catholic Schools and Literary Societies. Compiled and Edited by Katherine A. O'Keeffe. September, 1887. Subscription, $1 per year; single copies 30 cents. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION: Lectures on the Reasonableness of Christianity and the Shallowness of Unbelief. Delivered by the Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Co.

THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF PLANTS. By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., etc. With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CANONS AND DECREES OF THE SACRED AND ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF TRENT. Translated by the Rev. J. Waterworth. To which are prefixed Essays on the External and Internal History of the Council. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

LETTERS OF FREDERIC OZANAM, PROFESSOR OF FOREIGN LITERATURE IN THE SORBONNE. Translated from the French, with a connecting sketch of his life, by Ainslie Coates. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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IS THERE SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?

WE know by divine revelation that all men have lost the right to heaven by original sin; that the Son of God has assumed human nature to redeem mankind, and that he has instituted but one church on earth, in and by which men are to come to eternal salvation. Hence this church is often compared to the one ark of Noe, saving men from the flood of sin; and hence also the time-honored saying, *Extra Ecclesiam nulla est salus*—"There is no salvation outside the church."

But what is to become, many will naturally ask, of the immense majority of men who have never heard of this church, or who at least are not aware that it is the only visible ark of salvation given by God to mankind? What is to become of the many millions of Protestants and other heretics or schismatics that are outside the visible communion of the church? And where is God's justice and mercy in dealing with those countless millions of Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and other heathens or pagans who still "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death"?

Since such questions are nowadays often asked, it may not be amiss to state what we Catholics are to hold as to the salvation of such as are outside the visible communion of God's one true church. The magnitude of the question is seen by the following figures: The present population of the globe is estimated at about 1,437,150,000. Of these about 217,000,000 are Catholics; 124,000,000 Protestants; 84,000,000 Schismatics; 7,000,000 Jews; 169,000,000 Mohammedans; 169,000,000 Brahmins; 7,000,000 pure Buddhists; 390,000,000 Confucianists; 36,000,000 Buddhists and Shintoes; and 233,000,000 other heathens or pagans.

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I.

In the first place, we know that the Incarnate Son of God has founded but the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, of which the Roman Pontiff, the successor of St. Peter, is the visible and infallible head. Moreover, we know that it is the duty of every man to enter the visible communion of this one church. Consequently such as fully know this and wilfully refuse to do so act contrary to the will of God and commit thereby a mortal sin, which *ipso facto* excludes them from heaven if they persevere in this state. Hence Christ emphatically declared,* speaking to his apostles: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

After the Eternal Truth has spoken thus it would be unpardonable presumption for any man to declare that it is not necessary for salvation to join the one true church of God, for those who know it to be such and can join it.

Moreover, as the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore observes,† Christ has "never promised salvation to those living outside the church." Now, are we to hold that in consequence of these truths all living and dying outside the visible pale of the Catholic Church are to be eternally lost?

II.

As stated before, but one church has indeed been established by Christ, by which men are to come to salvation; yet thereby the hand of God has not been shortened to save such as, without any fault on their part, may not be professed members of this church. God may give to such the graces necessary for their salvation in various extraordinary ways unknown and imperceptible to man. He may enlighten their intellect and move their wills to detest sin, to love him, the Source of all good, and to desire to fulfil in all things his holy will. For God, as St. Paul expressly teaches,‡ "will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a redemption for all."

Therefore Catholic theologians teach that God gives also to unbelievers, heathens, or pagans, who never heard of Christ,

* Mark xvi. 15, 16. † Decretum 5. ‡ 1 Timothy ii. 4-6.

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the graces necessary for their salvation. Thus the theologian J. Perrone, S.J.—and in this he utters a very common opinion—says: *

"The graces of which we treat, and which we have shown to be given to unbelievers, are medicinal graces by the aid of which unbelievers can fulfil the natural law and overcome the difficulties that are in the way of its observance; but the works performed by means of these aids remain within the order of moral uprightness. Nevertheless if unbelievers cooperate with these graces greater aids are given them until God, out of his gratuitous mercy, calls them to the supernatural end by a beginning of faith, either by means of men sent to this purpose, or by an angel, or interiorly by himself, or in any other manner, as it may seem good to him."

Hence it is a theological saying: *Facienti quod in se est, Deus non denegat gratiam*—"To him that does what he can God will not deny grace."

Hence, too, Pius IX., in his allocution of December 9, 1854, declared:

"God forbid, venerable brethren, that we should dare to set limits to divine mercy, which is infinite; God forbid that we should wish to scrutinize his hidden counsels and judgments, that are a great abyss and cannot be penetrated by human thought. . . . It is to be . . . held as certain that those who labor under ignorance of the true religion, if that ignorance be invincible, are implicated in no sin [*culpa*] for this before the eyes of the Lord. But now who would arrogate to himself that he could designate the limits of this ignorance, according to the nature and diversity of peoples, countries, natural talents, and so many other things? But when, freed from these bodily bonds, we shall see God as he is, we shall indeed perceive by what intimate and beautiful alliance divine mercy and justice are united."

Hence also the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore declared † of such as are outside the Catholic Church:

"If they err invincibly, and it be not their fault that they did not come to a knowledge of the true church, God, indeed, who punishes or condemns no one without his own fault, although they are kept by this inculpable ignorance outside the body of the church, nevertheless, if with the aid of divine grace they have obeyed the divine commandments and those truths of Christian faith which they know, will have mercy on them, so that they will not be eternally lost."

III.

After laying down these general principles and citing these high authorities as to the possibility of salvation for such as are

* *Prælectiones Theologicæ*, Ratisbonæ, 1854, vol. vii. p. 151. † Decretum 5.

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outside the Catholic Church, we may quote the following beautiful words of Cardinal Manning,* which, no doubt, will aid to illustrate these principles:

"It is to me a consolation and joy—I say it again and again, and more strongly as I grow older—to know that in the last three hundred years multitudes of our own countrymen, who have been born out of the unity of the faith, nevertheless believe in good faith with all their hearts that God has revealed himself in Jesus Christ, and that what they have been taught from their childhood is his revelation, and that he has founded upon earth a church, and that the church, which in their baptismal creed they call the Holy Catholic Church, is the church in which they themselves have been baptized, reared, and instructed. It is my consolation to believe that multitudes of such persons are in good faith, and that God in his mercy will make allowance for them, knowing what are the prejudices of childhood, of an education studiously erroneous, what is the power and influence of parents and of teachers, of public authority, and of public opinion, and of public law: how all these things create in their minds a conviction that they are in the right, that they believe the one faith and are in the one church, in which alone is salvation. We rejoice to commend them to the love of our Heavenly Father, believing that though they may be materially in error, and in many things materially in opposition to his truth and to his will, yet they do not know, and, morally speaking, many cannot know it, and that therefore he will not require it at their hands."

What Cardinal Manning says of Protestants may, *à fortiori*, be applied to the countless millions of schismatics who, like the Russians, though separated from the centre of Christian unity, still retain all the holy sacraments, and profess to believe the same doctrines which the church held as articles of faith during the first six or eight centuries. As to Jews and Mohammedans, we know that they worship the one true God, the God of Abraham; and who would dare to decide but that there are countless multitudes of them who are doing so in good faith? Among the Mohammedans, for instance, numerous examples of earnest piety or striving to come nearer to God by a moral life, by separation from the world, by meditation and prayer, can be daily witnessed.† Why should not their prayers be heard and their alms and other good works be remembered in the sight of the merciful God, as were those of the Roman centurion Cornelius,‡ though we may perceive no external evidence thereof?

But what are we to say of the millions of Buddhists and other heathens or pagans who seem to have lost even the knowledge of the one true God—how can they be saved?

* *Sin and its Consequences*, i.
† See W. S Lilly, *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, London, 1885, pp. 165–187.
‡ Acts x. 1–31.

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Let us remember that these also have been created according to the image and likeness of God; that they too are, for this reason, in a certain sense children of the Heavenly Father, for whose redemption Christ has offered himself. Now, God, who has given to plants the necessary means for attaining their end, and to animals the necessary instincts to fulfil the object of their creation, has also endowed these his forlorn children with the necessary capacities for receiving the graces which may lead them to the higher and eternal life for which all men have been created. It was a remark full of deep meaning when Tertullian exclaimed, in his *Apology** to the heathen Romans, "*O testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ!*" Every human soul is, indeed, "naturally Christian"—that is, fitted for, and inclined by nature to, Christianity. For, as Catholic philosophers teach,† God has deeply implanted in every human soul such convictions as that there exists a God; that man must do right and avoid wrong; and that man will once have to render an account for his actions. So deeply are these convictions imprinted in the human soul that neither scoffing sophistry nor slothful ignorance are able to efface them. Thus we find also in heathens or pagans the necessary natural capacities for receiving God's graces by which they may be gradually led on to salvation.‡ And from God's goodness and mercy we may expect that he will give also such heathens or pagans as are *bona fide* and do their part the necessary graces.§

Cardinal Newman, in his *History of the Arians*, makes some remarks‖ which will, no doubt, aid to make this truth clearer. He observes:

"We are expressly told in the New Testament that at no time he [God] left himself without witness in the world, and that in every nation he accepts those who fear and obey him. It would seem, then, that there is something true and divinely revealed in every religion, all over the earth, overloaded as it may be, and at times even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it; so that revelation, properly speaking, is a universal, not local gift. . . . The word and the sacraments are the characteristics of the elect people of God; but all men have had more or less the guidance of tradition, in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into the heart of each individual."

And, it may be added, God, who is both merciful and just, will once judge such heathens or pagans as, without any fault of

* Chap. 17.
† See Cardinal Zigliara, *Summa Philosophica*, editio sexta, Parisiis, 1887, pp. 288–291.
‡ See A. Fischer, *De Salute Infidelium*, Essendiæ, 1886, *passim*.
§ See J. Perrone, S.J., l. c. ‖ Quoted by W. S. Lilly, l. c. pp. 189–190.

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theirs, have never heard of their Saviour, according to the light they have received, as St. Paul teaches, saying:*

"When the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these, having not the law, are a law to themselves: who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts within themselves accusing them, or else defending them, in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men, by Jesus Christ."

The author of the interesting and learned pamphlet, *De Salute Infidelium*, advances the opinion that God may often give to heathens or pagans at the hour of their death the supernatural graces by which they may come to faith and justification. He observes:

"We all, indeed, do not know what happens at the moment of death, because no one of us has as yet experienced it. But it is very credible what many psychologists hold, and what seems to be confirmed by indubitable facts, that the human soul, on being freed from the bonds of the depressing body,† will become, as it were, fully conscious of itself and finally capable of exhibiting a by far greater vigor. Now, will not this seem to be the most appropriate time (though it may be considered as happening in an instant, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye) in which God would speak again and for the last time to his creature which is about to be judged, in which the divine voice would be heard and the supernatural grace operate by enlightening and assisting, but not by compelling?"

As the author adds, we have, of course, no certainty on this point; yet there is room for possibility, and perhaps even for probability.

IV.

From all this we see how we may, in the light of Catholic doctrine, vindicate God's justice and mercy, as far as the possibility is concerned that even heathens or pagans may be saved. On the one hand, we indeed know that all men are strictly obliged to enter God's one visible kingdom on earth, the church established by Christ; and that, consequently, all who knowingly and wilfully refuse to do so commit a mortal sin which excludes them from heaven, if they will persevere in that state. But, on the other hand, we also know that God is all-powerful and wise, and can therefore, in various ways, bring to salvation such as, without any fault of theirs, may be outside of the visible communion of the church. And from his goodness and mercy we may confidently expect that he will give such as do their

* Romans ii. 14–16.

† What the writer here quoted seems to mean is not the moment after death, but the moment before the soul's final departure from the body.—*Editor.*

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part his helping hand. They are of the church, though inculpably separated from her visible communion. Though the ways of God in dealing with mankind may often seem incomprehensible to us in this mortal life, we may rest assured, as Pius IX. remarked, that, when we shall once be freed from our present bodily bonds and behold God as he is, we shall then also see how intimately and beautifully mercy and justice are united in him.

JOHN GMEINER.

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THE DIVINE LODESTONE.

"Jesus said: Some one has touched Me, for I know that virtue is gone out from Me."—St. Luke viii. 46.

THE DISCIPLE.

DEAR Lord! unto my longing heart reveal
The mystic virtue which with joyous thrills
Springs forth in life-renewing force to heal
Whoso shall touch Thee. Lo! the many ills
Of human souls! Their misery and sin
I fain would heal. If possible, this grace
All gifts above
Grant to be mine!

THE MASTER.

As from the lodestone unseen pow'r departs,
Infusing a like virtue in the eager steel
That toucheth it, so unto loving hearts
Which touch mine own the might divine to heal
The world's sad wounds is giv'n, and sweetly win
Sin-angered souls to Me. Draw nigh. Embrace.
Go forth and love!
All power is thine!

A. Y.

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THE ANNALS OF A VENDÉAN.

I.

BEFORE a crowd of undisciplined rebels a young Frenchman, blonde, enthusiastic, delicately nurtured, once made this singular oration: "My friends! if my father were here you would have confidence. As for me, I am only a boy, but I will prove that I deserve to lead you. When I advance, do you follow me; when I flinch, cut me down; when I fall, avenge me!" Amid the cheers and tears of the peasants he sat by the gates of Aubier and ate of their coarse brown loaves. It was the first slight sign of his consecration to a cause. He had made his one famous speech—words which have travelled far and wide, and proclaimed his spirit where his name is utterly unknown. Yesterday he was a carpet-knight; now, like "gallant Murray" in the fine old Scots song,

> "His gude sword he hath drawn it,
> And hath flung the sheath awa'."

There was no retrogression. Henri du Verger, Comte de La Rochejaquelein, twenty years old, a little indolent hitherto, a courtier, a lover of horses and hounds, was suddenly shaken out of his velvet privacy into the rude lap of the French Revolution.

He was born in the parish of St. Aubin de Baubigné, near Chantillon-sur-Sèvre, in the now ruinous Château de la Durbellière, on the 30th of August, 1772. He came of fighting stock. Among the ancestors of his name were a Crusader, two warriors killed under Francis I. at Pavia, and a dear brother-in-arms of Henry IV. slain on the battle-field of Arques. The child was destined for the military profession; when the supreme political storm of history burst he was completing his studies at Sorèze. Gentle as he was, he had no disrelish for the barbarous aspect of war. Courage he had in full, the splendid animal nonchalance in face of danger; and later, in a measure almost as ample, the fortitude of soul that "endures and is patient." He had always looked forward, from his early boyhood, to a campaign, to spurs and sabres, to some powerful Jericho to assail. His first commission was in the royal Polish regiment of cavalry. In 1791 he was one of the constitutional

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guard, which had replaced the household body-guard of Louis XVI., and when this was disbanded he still stayed by the king. On the memorable 10th of August he was in the Tuileries, and narrowly escaped with his life; his noble young companion, Charles d'Autichamp, escaping with him, killed two men in his own defence. Thanks to Thomassin, the commissary of police, and his adroit strategy, they and the Lescures, cousins and compatriots of Henri de La Rochejaquelein, reached Tours safely from Paris, along a road marshalled with forty thousand hostile troops. Haggard, wearied, wrought to the pitch of excitement, they came into the heart of revolt and disturbance at home. La Durbellière was deserted; the family of La Rochejaquelein had emigrated; the parish had gone over to the will of the republic. M. de Lescure, sheltered in his château of Clisson, in Boismé, in Poitou, sent for his young kinsman. He went, stepping in among that strange, huddled group of royalists—men of resources like Marigny, with his large joyousness of nature; men like the cowardly, whimpering old Chevalier de ——, whose name, in the records, is sheltered in a blank; aristocrats, abbesses, notaries, old tutors, friends, distant relatives, and little proscribed children, who kept vigil over the dying hopes of conservative France. Few rumors reached them of the fighting in Anjou; they ventured out but seldom, as the house was jealousy watched. But they were of one anxious heart and mind, undergoing agonies of suspicion and suspense, and anon cheering one another with fireside tales, with indoor games and music. Henri was the centre of interest; all relied upon him, quiet and reserved as he was; from first to last he somehow made a brightness in the sombre lapses of those days. "He had lived," says the woman then Lescure's young bride, "but little in the world." Here, through her, we have the first glimpse of his tall, comely person, of his wheaten-yellow hair, his healthful color, his quick, animated eye, and his "contour, English rather than French."

Suddenly, like a thunder-clap, came the news of the king's death. It had been provided that word should be sent to Clisson of any impending rescue. Not a hand had been raised at Paris to save him. Lescure and La Rochejaquelein looked at one another in profound grief and dismay; and among the twenty-five men in the château capable of bearing arms, the little flicker of desperate merriment died down to ashes. So they remained for months, in the midst of rumors and threats growing from day to day. Henri was moody and preoccupied,

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saying little. He traversed the country alone, often facing and surmounting danger with his astonishing skill, sometimes hiding or galloping madly to the woods. On one occasion gendarmes made a descent on Clisson and carried off his favorite horse. They told Lescure that the son of M. de La Rochejaquelein was much more sharply suspected than he was. "I do not see why!" Lescure replied, with habitual directness; "we are cousins and dear friends; our opinions are quite the same."

Citizens were summoned to the defence of Bressuire. Young Lescure had been for four years back commandant of his parish of Boismé. There seemed no way out of it; hourly he expected his summons to march against his insurgent neighbors. The men were holding a council of debate, determined to make at least a passive resistance, when the name of La Rochejaquelein was called to be drawn for the militia. On the heels of the announcement followed a secret message, brought by a young peasant from Henri's aunt, living in retirement some miles away. Châtillon had been taken; the people had arisen; there were wild hopes that the royalist faction might get the upper hand. The young peasant, eager and breathless, fixed his bright glance upon Henri. He spoke persuasively, with a fervor that seemed to thrill his whole body. "Sir! will you draw to-morrow for the militia, when your farmers are about to fight rather than be drafted? Come with us! The whole country-side looks to you; it will obey you." *Dieu le veut!* said Peter the Hermit. He willed that God should will it, at any rate, and all Christendom took him at his word. The peasant boy had some eloquence, for Henri's thinking was over. "Tell them that I will come," he answered. That night, accompanied by the tremulous Chevalier—who was afraid to stand his chances at Clisson—by one servant and a guide, armed with a brace of pistols and carrying a stick, Henri mounted his horse and waved farewell. There were wild protestations, arguments, kinswomen's prayers and tears, but he silently tightened his hold upon his pistols, and threw himself, at parting, into Lescure's arms. "Then first came the eagle-look into his eyes" (says the gentle historian of La Vendée), "which never left them after." Scarcely had Henri left when Lescure and all his family were seized as suspects and conducted to Bressuire. Liberated by chance, he and Marigny rode forth immediately, in their turn, to gather recruits.

Machecould, Herbiers, and Chantonnay, as well as Châtillon, had already been taken by the insurgents when Henri, racing

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nine leagues across country to avoid the Blues, reached the little army on the morrow of a great victory, whose fruits had to be abandoned for lack of ammunition. He turned about and made another painful and perilous journey to the house of Mlle. de La Rochejaquelein; thence, with a few young men, to the rebels' quarters at Tiffauges, whither they had withdrawn. They had achieved a nearly fatal victory at Chémillé; Stofflet, De Bonchamp, D'Elbée, even Cathelineau, were disheartened; they had but two pounds of powder; the shabby regiments were disbanding. Henri went back, brooding and restive, to St. Aubin. It seemed as if opportunity, after all, had failed him. But it was reserved for him to organize the general rising, in the very centre of La Bocage. The peasants found him, calling upon him to inspirit them and to lend them his name, and promising that in the course of a day a force of ten thousand men should join him. He urged them to gather at once by night, armed, alas! with their clubs, pitchforks, scythes, and spades. They came in droves from Neuil, St. Aubin, Echaubroignes, Cergueux d'Izernay. Guétineau's trained division, three thousand strong, was before them. They had but two hundred muskets and sixty pounds of blasting-powder, which Henri had discovered in a mason's cellar. At dawn he took command, with the alarum on his lips. His gayety had come back; he had found his post. What he had to say fired itself in epigrams, from lifelong habit. He was a little pale, but very earnest, and his beautiful presence was as a thousand men. He was only a boy, he said; but if he flinched, they might, at least, cut him down; if he fell in battle, they would, at best, avenge him! And they stormed up together against Aubier on the 13th of April, 1793, as if in the first bustling act of a bright drama.

II.

This side-show of the great Revolution was a magnificent spectacle, and unique in the world's history. Its *mise-en-scène*, the Bocage (itself a portion of the great La Vendée, an area of eight hundred square leagues south of the Loire, and called since the civil war by its name), comprised parts of Poitou, Anjou, and Nantes. It was settled by a hale, single-hearted, honorable people. It was a country glossy with woods of golden furze and pollard oaks, sprinkled everywhere with little hollows and little streams. It was a country rough and wild; it had few roads,

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and these clayey and difficult; it was full of rocky pastures, hedge-rows, canals, and trenches; dull of color, crabbed in outline, niggardly of distances: and the race which mastered it had great agility and nerve. Cæsar had called them invincible. They were not of a volatile humor, as were their kindred in northern France; and yet no evidence bespeaks them as otherwise than habitually moving in the very gravity and temperance of cheerfulness. The patriarchal life survived among them. The noble divided the proceeds of the land with his farmers; the ladies' carriages were drawn by bullocks; on fête-days the wives and daughters of the lords danced with the peasants. After the Sunday services, among his devout and earnest flock, the good curé read out the place of meeting for the week's hunts. There were no feuds; a lawsuit was a twenty-years' wonder. The keys of the jail had taken to chronic rust. The Bocage had seen the rise of the Revolution with but faint concern. Its own clergy were poor, its own gentry magnanimous; its liberties were entire; it had no great public abuses calling aloud for reform. The quiet, loyal folk lived their innocent lives, and were happier than they knew, not being forced to think; and therefore had no history till the insurrection. It broke out in March of 1793; it was over in July of 1795—a thing never to be spoken of in La Vendée without a throb of passion and *élan*.

It had been urged too often that the nobles and priests, active here as elsewhere for the losing cause, had roused the masses to revolt. M. Berthre de Bourniseaux, of Thouars, himself no friend to the Vendéans, records it with strict emphasis that that war was produced by three causes, with none of which the influence of churchmen and kingsmen, as such, had anything to do. First, by the execrable tyranny of the Jacobins and by their oppressions of a people intensely conservative and reverential, who, in the proper Jacobinical cant, were not ripe for the Revolution; second, by the foolish and persistent persecution of their old religion in behalf of the goddess Reason—a thing long borne in silence and bewilderment until the smoldering opposition burst into the full stature of a blaze; third, the forced levy of three hundred thousand men.

Let it be remembered that the nobles and the clergy were too well informed, whatever may have been their desires, to pit this forlorn corner of France against the united realm. The campaign was a spontaneous rising of the free peasants against what they believed to be the spirit of rapine and injustice; it had no intrigue, no pushing; it had absolute purity of intention,

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and takes all its glory from this sole fact. The titled gentry were compelled to join, in nearly every case, by the vehemence of the insurgents. D'Elbée, Bonchamps, Lescure, La Rochejaquelein, Charette, were drawn from their very firesides and urged into service. The priests also, ejected from their parishes for refusing the oaths proposed by the Assembly, long held aloof from sanctioning the redress of arms. Nowhere, at any time, did they march or combat with the troops. When their bodies were found upon the field it was manifest that they had been shot while ministering to the dying. Such, on this point, was the sensitiveness, the austere regard for the proprieties, among the Vendéans, that a young sub-deacon, discovered in the ranks, was angrily and summarily dismissed. Not until the army was at Dol did these pastors ever attempt, in the Republican phrase, to "fanaticize" the soldiery by working on their religious feeling as a means of reviving courage. Never did the insurgents waive what Turreau is pleased to call their blind and incurable attachment to their chiefs and their pastors. At a sign from the latter they actually disbanded during Holy Week of 1793. The Republican squadron sent to quell the revolt found the villages in dead quiet, and so returned north; but on Easter Monday the roads were alive again.

Well was La Bocage called by a writer in *Blackwood's* "the last land of romance in Europe." Nothing can measure the childlike disinterestedness of the men and their cause. Something of what these rebels for conscience' sake endured we shall hear; the rewards they meant to ask for their success were these: that religion should be re-established, free of state interference; that La Bocage should be known henceforth as La Vendée, with a distinct administration; that the king should make it a visit, and retain a corps of Vendéans in his guard; and that the white flag should float for ever from every steeple in memory of the war! They failed, we say; yet what they fought for they won: the liberty of the church and the restoration (temporary, as things are in France) of the government of their allegiance. Louis XVIII. was unspeakably unworthy, as the Stuarts in a parallel case had been, of such whole-souled devotion; he was foolish and crabbed enough afterwards to reduce the pension of Mme. de Bonchamps, to suspect the thrice-proven loyalty of Mme. de Lescure, and to refuse admission to the portraits of Stofflet and Cathelineau when opening his gallery of Vendéan generals at Saint-Cloud, because, forsooth, they were but plebeians. Yet the praise the southern liegemen hoped for

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from the little Dauphin of 1793 they won later from this man. "I owe my crown to the Vendéans," he said, with the one fine family characteristic of gracious speech.

The peasants, therefore, driven to the wall, rebelled without forethought or plan, a desperate handful against the forces of France. At remote points, with no concert whatever, hostilities began—March 10 in Anjou, two days later in Bas-Poitou; and months passed ere one knot of insurrectionists heard tidings of the other. With the Maulevrier peasants rose Stofflet, the game-keeper, harsh and hard, though with a streak of kindness in him—a keenly intelligent and masterful disciplinarian; and Jacques Cathelineau, waggoner and vender of woollens, foremost of the band of patriot leaders. There had been a disturbance at St. Florent over the drafting. Cathelineau, a discreet, serious-minded Christian, eloquent, upright, and lovable, whose name was to be all but adored by his troops, was kneading bread when he heard it. "We must begin the war," he murmured. His startled wife echoed his words, wailing: "Begin what war? Who will help you begin the war?" "God!" he said reverently and quietly. Putting his wife gently aside, he wiped his arms, drew on his coat, and went out instantly to the market-place. That afternoon he attacked two Republican detachments and seized their ammunition, his little force augmenting on the march; in three days it was one thousand strong, and Cathelineau carried Chollet. His three brothers followed him, to fall gloriously in battle; his sixteen cousins and his four brothers-in-law. He was called "le saint d'Anjou," and he deserved it—a man of truth, dignity, and sweetness, about whom the wounded crept to die.

III.

Those born in the purple were of the self-same mould. They had all the "tenderness with great spirit" of Plato's golden race. They were gentlemen, and they had the delicacy and high-mindedness of gentlemen. A pleasant instance of this odd and beautiful retention of amenities in the cannon's mouth occurred before Nantes, where Stofflet found occasion to challenge Bonchamp. "No, sir," said Bonchamp, with stateliness and tact; "God and the king only have the disposal of my life, and our cause would suffer too grievously were it to be deprived of yours."

Friendships throve among them. Lescure, La Rochejaque-

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lein, and Beauvolliers were closely attached to one another, as were Marigny and Perault. Preferments went wholly by natural nerve, intelligence, and a vote of deserts. There was no scheme of promotion to benefit those of gentle blood; the army was a genuine democracy. Perfect courtesy and confidence were accorded to every officer. After the retaking of Châtillon, the young Dupérat, in company with three others, had the imprudence to break open the strong-box in Westermann's carriage; there was good presumptive evidence that they had taken money from it. A council of war ensued, and Dupérat, questioned by Lescure, simply affirmed that they had not done so. His high character was known, and, though the mystery was not to be cleared up, the proceedings were closed with an apology to the young officer. Here at Châtillon, pierced with twelve sabre-wounds, fell Beaurepaire, who had joined the "brigands" at eighteen. The Chevalier de Mondyon was a pretty boy of fourteen, a truant from his school. At the battle of Chantonnay the little fellow was placed next to a tall lieutenant, who, under pretence of being wounded, wished to withdraw. "I do not see that you are hurt, sir!" said the child; "and as your departure would discourage the men, I will shoot you through the head if you stir." And as he was quite capable of that Roman justice, the tall lieutenant stayed. De Langerie, two years Mondyon's junior, had his pony killed under him in his first engagement. Put at a safe and remote post, but without orders, he reappeared, inside an hour, galloping back on a fresh horse to fight for the king. Such were the boys of La Vendée.

Of the elder officers, François-Athenase Charette was first to lead the rebels in Lower Poitou. He had been a ship's lieutenant. His morals were not above grave censure, but in sense and courage he was the equal of his extraordinary fellows. He was twenty-eight years old when he took command at Machecould. The levying had been resisted; the government troops fired; the young Vendéans immediately charged on their assailants and routed them, pillaging the municipality and burning the papers. At St. Florent, then, on the 10th of March, 1793, the royal standard was raised and Louis XVII. proclaimed, Charette himself sternly vowing to die or to avenge him. Stofflet was best obeyed of the officers. Bonchamp, mildest and easiest in temper, was one of the most popular, but singularly unfortunate, being wounded in nearly every engagement in which he appeared, and therefore seen but seldom with his men. Baugé, enrolled by force among the Blues, abandoned them and

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joined the insurgents at Thouars. He was a youth of singular steadiness and patience, and dear to Lescure and to Henri. D'Elbée, late lieutenant of the Dauphin cavalry, was forty years of age, of small and compact build. Estimable as he was, with his unusual reserve and calm, he was vain, narrow, and a *poseur*. It was he who read sermons to his men, who carried with him the images of his patron saints, and who, above all, talked so much and so well on the field of the power which directs us, that the roguish congregation in camp fastened on him the nickname of "La Providence." For Lescure, as for Cathelineau, the peasants had a veneration almost religious. Unselfish, contained and cool, versed admirably in the science of war, Lescure at twenty-six had an aspect somewhat lofty and austere, and habits of absolute self-control. Born in 1766, in 1791 he had made his first cousin, Victorine, daughter of the chivalrous and mettlesome Marquis de Donnissan, his wife. To this timid girl, who heroically followed the fortunes of her husband through the heart-rending war (and who herself, many years after, was to bear a second illustrious Vendéan name by her marriage with Louis de La Rochejaquelein), we are beholden for the *Mémoires*, naïve and precious, which supply nearly every known detail of the heroic struggle, which persuaded out of life the ignorance and prejudice of its traducers, and which serve as the most noble monument ever raised to the worth of the loving army, Catholic and Royal.

IV.

The Vendéan "brigands," as they were called, had a verb, *s'égailler*, and they lived up to it. It meant sharp-shooting, every man for himself, in what we Americans might call the historic Lexington style. They crept behind walls and hedges, not firing, as did the troops of the line, at the height of a man, but aiming individually, and rarely missing, so that throughout the war their loss was but as one to five; they leaped garden terraces, and peered from the angles of the strange Vendéan roads, making sudden volleys and unforeseen attacks, the chief usually foremost, the men eager and undrilled; or they ran forward by scores, fronting the hostile cannon, flinging themselves down at every explosion, and so creeping nearer and nearer until they might grapple the stupefied cannoneers hand to hand. This was their favorite strategy. Clubs, pitchforks, and scythes fixed on handles adorned the marching no-pay volunteers. They lacked wagons, reserves, baggage; each carried his own rations.

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The cavalry bestrode horses of divers eccentricities, but at the tails of one and all figured the enemy's tri-color cockade. Ropes were stirrups to these gallant Paladins, and their sabres hung by pack-threads. They had no time for the conventions of the toilet: their hair and beards looked like Orson's. The officers wore woollen blouses and gaiters, with the little red, consecrated hearts sewed on their coats; no uniform, no insignia, and at first they lacked a distinguishing dress. Neither they nor the privates received a sou for services; if any were in want he asked for a disbursement and got it. The main army averaged twenty thousand men; at a pinch it could be doubled in numbers.

Sobriety reigned in the camps. Considering the prohibition against the presence of women, it is rather surprising to find here and there some spotless Amazon, like Jeanne Robin or the never-to-be-forgotten Renée Bordereau (*l'Angevin*) fighting in the van. The fantastic soldiery, meeting a wayside crucifix half-way to the battery, would doff hats and kneel an instant, then charge like fiends on the foe. The parishes sent carts to the roadside laden with provisions for the passing cohorts; the women, children, and old men knelt in the cornfields, while the firing went on afar off, to beseech the Lord of Hosts. Piety of the sane, honest, unexaggerated sort was universal. Henri de La Rochejaquelein, least apt, perhaps, of all the generals to give his religiousness public vent, voiced it for once at Saumur. He stood at a window, after the five-days' victory, gazing towards the church. To a comrade who laughingly asked what were his thoughts he said gravely: "I was wondering over our success. Is it not the hand of God that has done it?"

The army was innocent of discipline. Every movement was a farce in tactics. "Such and such a general goes such and such a way," the adjutant would call; "who follows?" And the tenants of his own estate, the guerrilla vassals, would charge with a shout after him, forming their lines by his horse. Never were men more dependent on the nerve and sagacity of their leaders. A wounded officer dared not flinch, or the crazy columns would give way. Lescure, wounded at Saumur, dissembled, and kept the troops ignorant of his hurt; Charette being wounded long after at Dufour, his regiments dispersed like sheep; when Cathelineau fell, in sight of his army, there was instant rout. At the recapture of Châtillon, many a leader, sick and weak, rode his horse in affected vigor, and so forced the glorious issue of the day.

The Vendéans, admirable fighters at a spurt, knew nothing

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of prudence or calculation. After the first hint that the victory was theirs they hastened to ring the church-bells and to make bonfires of the papers of the administration—a proceeding which, according to Mme. de Lescure, afforded them unfailing amusement. Never were they all under arms for more than a few consecutive days. The troops were repeatedly dispersing and rallying, giving their chiefs endless worry and chagrin. They fought like Spenser's angels, "all for love and nothing for reward"; but they left the ranks when they chose; after a success, rather than after a defeat, they would scatter to their homes like so much thistledown in the air, and it was hopeless to try to follow up an advantage won. No one was baffled and maddened oftener by this freak than Henri. Yet sometimes, as at Angers and Saumur, it was they who clamored to fight, and he who, against his own judgment, yielded to them. Frequently, when ammunition was in abundance, this unaccountable army was overcome; and as often, without a musket among six, it gained a signal advantage. "Yet these, by bravery and enthusiasm, and by wisdom developed of short experience, conquered a part of France, obtained an honorable peace, and defended their cause with more glory and success than did the leagued allies."

The paradoxical fact remains that the Vendéans had great ardor and fellow-feeling, and that their valor (exquisite enough in tone, to borrow a musical simile, and yet easily swerving from pitch) was prodigious. The truth is, they were but intelligent children at a pleasant task. They had no adult comprehension of their momentous concerns, to which they gave themselves, by fits and starts, with perfect disinterestedness, joyfulness, and zeal. But they relapsed for ever into the absent-mindedness, the truancy, and the game. They went into action with roundelays or litanies on their lips, and with the unabated battle-cry, "*Vive le roi, quand même.*" They frolicked about the famous cannon Marie-Jeanne, namesake of a young Marie-Jeanne from Chanzeau who knelt once in the smoke beside it and prayed; they kissed its ornate inscriptions of Richelieu's day; they buried it in flowers and ribbons. Their songs and stories were of dear brazen Marie-Jeanne; they lost her with dirges and recaptured her with salvos of joy.

Whenever the Vendéans wavered it was not, at least, through dread of any personal hardship. They were often hungry, often ragged, but there were no mutinies for that. Indeed, they underwent horrible poverty and distress, and lacked both money

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and clothes. The picked men of a company long marched in grotesque dominos out of sacked playhouses, in lawyers' gowns, even in furniture stuffs and draperies. The chivalric De Verteuil was found dead on the field, equipped in two petticoats, one about his neck, the other about his waist—the noblest armor, perhaps, that officer ever wore.

As we get away from the grim ethics of history the æsthetics of it take shape and color, and give us an abstract pleasure from the centres of thought and pain. There is an unspeakable verve and attractiveness, to the sense, in these years of the Vendéan insurrection, as if the story of them could never be taken as other than an idyl dark and bright. The course of events was like a romantic drama, full of "points," of poses, of electric surprises; where the dialogue flows in alexandrines, and the crises are settled in the nick of time. The talk is the rhetoric of hearts sincere, but French. The devoted Marquis de Donnissan breaks in upon two clashing swords: "'What! the Lord Christ pardons his executioners, and a soldier of the Christian army tries to slay his comrade!' At these words they drop their swords and embrace each other!" Or, after the terrible battle of Mans, and not long before her little daughter's birth, Mme. de Lescure, hemmed in the choked streets of the city, catches in despair at the hand of a gentle-faced young trooper pushing by: "Sir! have pity on a poor woman who cannot go on. Help me!" Whereupon the young trooper weeps some feverish tears: "What can I do? I am a woman also!" Or that interesting impostor, the pseudo-bishop of Agra, stands up before the lined troops and sheds such prose upon them as Matthew Arnold should praise for ever: "*Race antique et fidèle des serviteurs de nos rois, pieux zélateurs du trône et de l'autel, enfants de la Vendée! marchez, combattez, triomphez! C'est Dieu qui vous l'ordonne.*"

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

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AN IRISH POET.

IT would be a strange fact if Ireland had produced no poets. The heat and strength of the emotional Gaelic nature demand precisely the outlet which poetry affords. Poesy is the first æsthetic development in a nation, as a refined architecture is the final expression of its advanced civilization. Ireland in its early history, with its barbaric heroes and legendary mists, and the powerful, rugged Goidelic dialect, the distinctive Gaelic tongue of the young islanders, was a field in which the muse of poetry wandered as in her own domain. Calliope abode in the infant Erin as naturally as she did in the strong, primal dawn of Hellenic times, when the blind old bard of Chios was her high-priest. True, the Western Isle has produced no Homer. But she has had her singers, who have pitched their lays in some distinctly national key. Tom Moore, in his rollicking songs and sensuous, erotic verse, was simply the effervescence of the strong gayety of the Celt. When he struck a minor chord the tears were not wrung from bloodshot eyes, but glittered brightly like dewdrops which a placid summer night scatters upon a lawn. His sombre touches, like the darker spots in mother-of-pearl, are shot with brilliant iridescence. James Clarence Mangan was a singer of precisely opposite strain. The strings of his lyre were soaked in tears, and his melancholy song was like the wailing of the night winds. His ghastly humor is only the gibing of his soul in defiance of its pains. Although he translated many of the early poems of Ireland, he knew not a word of Irish, though an Irishman and a good linguist. He drew for his metrical versions on literal translations in prose by O'Daly Curran and O'Donovan.

But there is a modern Gaelic bard who devoted years of study to all that concerned the great Gaelic stem which spread out branches in Irish soil. Strange to say, he was not a Celt himself, unless from some remote Scottish strain. Nor was he of that religion which one is so apt to feel as congenital with the true Irishman. Sir Samuel Ferguson was Teutonic in origin and Protestant in religion. But his sympathies were deeply enlisted in the Emerald Isle and her sorrow-stricken race. The old legendary history of Ireland has drawn the poet into quasi-Homeric chants of deeds of war and high emprise of love. His

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poetic conception of the land he loved well may be gathered from these verses of one of his ballads:

"A plenteous land is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileachan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley-ear;
Uileachan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees where her misty veils expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

Sir Samuel Ferguson has published several volumes of Irish poetry. They are entitled *Lays of the Western Gael*, *Poems*, *The Forging of the Anchor*, and *Congal*. The last-named poem is probably the most ambitious effort of his muse. It was published in 1872, both in Dublin and London. It is an epic in five books. The Irish bardic romance of *Cath Muighe Rath*—"The Battle of Moyra"—was brought out by the Irish Archæological Society in 1842. As Sir Samuel says in the preface to *Congal:* "It made a strong and lasting impression on my imagination. It seemed to possess in a remarkable degree that largeness of purpose, unity, and continuity of action which are the principal elements of epic poetry, and solicited me irresistibly to the endeavor to render them into some compatible form of English verse." He confesses that the attempt to do this was too difficult, and he abandoned it. But the general tenor of the piece had taken too strong a hold upon his mind to be rejected, and the ultimate outcome was this epic poem of *Congal*. Growing though it did from the Irish original, the outline and structure of Sir Samuel's poem were too independent of those of its prototype to justify the title of the battle of Moyra, though this contest is the principal incident in both. The battle of Moyra took place in A.D. 637. Sir Samuel Ferguson adopts the view of it which many entertain, that it was the expiring effort of the pagan and bardic party in Ireland against the newly-consolidated power of church and crown, and regards the obligations which Domnal, the reigning monarch, had incurred to Congal, the disappointed sub-king of Ulster, as the *casus belli*. He called the poem after the chief actor, Congal of Ulster. Many of the personages and events are worthily deemed historical, but there is an avowedly preponderating element of romance, and the supernatural machinery which inevitably figured in the classic epic finds place here and is drawn from the supernatural machinery of mediæval Irish fiction. The theme is the *Cath Muighe Rath*—the

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battle of Moyra—in which the forces of the Ulster king are routed by Domnal, and

> "The long-corroded link of life's mysterious chain
> Snapped softly, and his mortal change passed upon Congal Claen."

Unfortunately, perhaps, the hero is listed in the host of heathen, while Domnal fought the barbarian invaders for Christianity and the rites of Patrick and Brigid. A love-affair runs through the epic woof. Congal becomes enamored of the Princess Lafinda, daughter of his tributary, Sweeny, King of Down. She was a maiden gentle, beautiful, and pious. It seems, at one stage of the poem, as if her influence would divert Congal from his vengeful ambition. The sweet piety of this royal maid can be best gathered from her remarks to Congal when he comes to tell her of the war he is about to engage in, and the necessary postponement of their nuptials:

> "Oh me! what hearts ye own,
> Proud men, for trivialest contempt in thoughtless moment shown,
> For rash word from unguarded lip, for fancied scornful eye,
> That put your lives and hopes of them you love in jeopardy.
> Yet deem not I, a princess, sprung myself from warrior sires,
> Repine at aught in thy behoof that Honor's law requires.
> Nor ask I what affront, or how offended, neither where
> Blame first may lie. Judge thou of these: these are a warrior's care
> Yet, oh! bethink thee, Congal, ere war kindles, of the ties
> Of nurture, friendship, fosterage; think of the woful sighs
> Of widows, of poor orphans' cries; of all the pains and griefs
> That plague a people in the path of battle-wagering chiefs.
> See, holy men are 'mongst us come with message sweet of peace
> From God himself, and promise sure that sin and strife shall cease.
> Else wherefore, if with fear and force mankind must ever dwell,
> Raise we the pardon-spreading cross and peace-proclaiming cell?"

Congal is not moved from his warlike purpose and makes light of his betrothed's expostulations. The tragedy of Congal's end is heightened by the manner in which it is accomplished. An idiot, Cuanna, taunted by his stepmother with remaining idly at home while his father and brave men were fighting for Domnal, clutched a bill-hook as a weapon and a caldron's lid for a shield, and rushed to the fray on the plains of Moyra. Congal laughed the idiot warrior to scorn as he pressed pantingly forward till he faced the fierce young Ulster king. "Battle is no concern of thine," Congal tells him contemptuously, and passed on. But the idiot drove his hook-bill with savage force through Congal's coat of mail, and laid him low with mortal wound. He

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was borne close to a cell of a nun of St. Brigid, and as the religious approached to care for the wounded knight, Congal recognized the imperial grace of Lafinda. She did not know him at first, and he asked, reproachfully, if he is so altered that she knew him not, "that shouldst have been his bride."

"Bride now of Christ," she answered low, "I know thee but as one
For whom my heavenly Spouse has died."
"And other nuptials none
Desire I for thee now," he said; "for nothing now is mine,
Save the fast-fleeting breath of life I hasten to resign."

Lafinda bound his wounds, tenderly cared for him, and urged him to repentance.

"Oh! grant," she cried, with tender joy, "Thou who alone canst save,
That this awaking be to light and life beyond the grave!"

This is the gist of the argument. Episodes of the usual conventional epic character diversify the conduct of the plot. The metre which the poet has employed is the heptameter iambic in rhyming couplets. This is equivalent, of course, to alternate tetrameters and trimeters with the latter only rhyming. It has a vigorous swing and is handled well. But Sir Samuel Ferguson's *technique* is not as skilful as could be wished. There is a certain almost homely quality in his style which crops out even in his lyrical effusions.

Sir Samuel Ferguson's other Gaelic legendary themes deal principally with the heathen period. Several of them have been also handled by Aubrey de Vere, whose polished elegance is far in advance of our author's, but whose cold dignity would gain by an infusion of Sir Samuel's Celtic heat and rugged force. Among some of the poems of this character are the "Tain Bo Cuailgne," or "Cattle Spoil of Cooley"; the invasion of Ulster by Queen Meav of Connaught, and the repulse which she suffered at the hands of the Celtic Achilles, Cuchullin. The "Tain" was an object of desire to the Celtic bards, as the Holy Grail was to the chaste knights of King Arthur's Table Round. It was an ancient poem, supposed to be the composition of King Fergus himself, who was the chief captain of the Connaught queen. The legend said that the only remaining copy of the "Tain" had been cut in pieces, which were carried to Rome in the days of St. Patrick. Its discovery was essayed by Murgen, son of the chief bard of the sixth century, Sanchan Torpest. It was

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revealed to him by the spirit of Fergus, who taught the poem to his father.

"Vision chasing splendid vision, Sanchan rolled the rhythmic scene;
They that mocked in lewd derision, now, at gaze, with wondering mien,
Sat, and, as the glorying master swayed the tightening reins of song,
Felt emotion's pulses faster, fancies faster bound along."

But after he had sung the mystic song the ghost of Fergus passed through the banquet-hall, and young Murhen paid the price of his recourse to the realm of spirits. When the spectre vanished he sat stiffly in his chair, a bit of lifeless clay. The fate of Deirdré and of the Sons of Usnach also figure in Sir Samuel's Celtic poems. While his chief claim to distinction must rest on this class of his works, he has treated other themes of a perfectly different order. "The Forging of the Anchor" is a half-lyrical, half-ballad composition. It gives a very just idea of his poetic ability. In the old Celtic legends the heart of his readers is quickened by national proprietorship in those old tales. But in this poem Sir Samuel takes the very modern process of forging a ship's anchor as the subject of his verse. There is something essentially virile both in his thought and his expression of it. It is of a *genre* quality. The dainty grace which diffuses itself over triolets or quatrains, the super-sensuous enjoyment of form even in preference to anything substantial in conception, are quite foreign to his poetic power. It is written in his favorite metre, the rhyming heptameter couplets. The spirited, breezy way in which he starts on the lay is maintained throughout:

"Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased, though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad arms only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there."

In this manner, with the minute fidelity of a Dutch painter, he develops his theme, following the molten mass till it is forged into the anchor, and then picturing the *Dolphin* trembling through a terrific sea, but fast held by the sturdy flukes.

"Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
But, while you swing your sledges, sing, and let your burden be:
'The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!'"

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He follows the massive thing to its "oozy couch of clay," and by bold personification indulges in a forecast of the pleasant sights which await it "beneath the deep, green sea." He paints in strong strokes of his pen the monsters of the deep, with a force suggestive of Schiller in "The Diver":

"O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! Methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden, shallow'd miles:
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his black browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove,
Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands."

The poet warms to a human interest as he pictures the stout anchor sinking among the ocean-buried bones of trusty mariners, which could it recognize it would thrill with pride. He pays warm homage to the faithful tars who have left the seductive joys of home to weather the storm for their country's good:

"Oh! though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!"

is a sample of Sir Samuel Ferguson's lapse into a simplicity which has hardly poetry enough to vitalize it. He is given to these crude lapses, not so much in his strictly Celtic strains as in those whose value is in their ethical quality. He is always strong rather than delicate, and the delicacy that is discoverable is in the thought rather than the verse which clothes it. Too frequently this is rugged to discomfort, and his style is marred by crude passages and harsh epithets. But feeling may be justly considered as more than half of the poetic quality. His reverence for worthy things is strong and frank. He could hardly be a nineteenth-century poet, with his sturdy honesty and frank humanity, and not have heeded the great questions of the mass of thinkers, the Why and the Whither which tease those who have not the plumb-line of faith. Catholic he was not, but his poetry has passages that reveal a stanch Christian integrity

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and confidence. In the poem called "The Morning's Hinges," after deprecating the physical and moral evil which infects the world, and declaring that he would hinder, if he could,

"Wrath, and pain, and spilling blood,"

he asks himself if he be part and parcel of the wickedness and imperfection which are so strong in leaven in the mass of mankind. To this he answers:

"No; a something cries within,
No; I am not of your kin;
Broods of evil! all the forces
Of my nature answer, No!
Though the world be overspread
With the riddle still unread
Of your being, of your sources,
This with sense supreme I know:
That behooves me, and I can,
Work within the inner man—
Such a weeding and a cleansing
Of this moss-grown home-plot there
As shall make its herbage meet
For the souls of angels' feet,
And its blooms for eye's dispensing
Light of Heaven's own atmosphere."

There are two or three translations from the classics. The Invocation to Lucretius' poem, "De Rerum Natura," has moderately caught something of that poet's spirit, and has somewhat reproduced the archaic masterly touches of the great heathen's style. But the impetuous force of Lucretius is not attained in any measure. The translation of "Archytas and the Sailor" from Horace's Odes is the very one a reader of Sir Samuel Ferguson would have fancied he would select, because of the ethical quality. But he deals with it weakly, and the rather pedantic and rigid rendering is not only far from Horatian, but alien to the author's more distinctive and happier manner. Sir Samuel has poems to his brother-poet, Thomas Davis, whom he addresses in affectionate eulogy; and also to Sir William Wilde, whose instrumentality in collecting Celtic antiquities naturally awakened a sympathetic interest in a character as fond of national Irish research as our poet. He also addresses a sonnet to Mr. Isaac Butt, elicited by that gentleman's rejection by the Royal Irish Academy as a member on the 13th of November, 1876.

Sir Samuel Ferguson is the latest though by no means the

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least of Irish bards. It is hard to conceive that any cultivated native of Ireland should not take an interest in his Celtic poetry, and should not feel indebted to him for his scholarly investigations in this field of national research. How thoroughly patriotic he was may be gathered from these stanzas from a poem composed by him in his thirty-fifth year. Oddly enough, as will seem to many, it is composed in the style and language of Robert Burns. But it must be recalled that this Scottish dialect is as familiar to many Ulstermen as to the inhabitants of Ayrshire itself:

"Lord, for ae day o' service done her,
Lord, for ane hour's sunlight upon her,
Here, fortune, take warld's wealth and honor—
You're no my debtor;
Let me but rive ae link asunder
O' Erin's fetter.

"Let me but help to shape the sentence
Will put the pith o' independence,
O' self-respect in self-acquaintance,
And manly pride,
Intil auld Eber Scot's descendants—
Take a' beside.

"Let me but help to get the truth
Set fast in ilka brother's mouth,
Whatever accent, north or south,
His tongue may use;
And then ambition, riches, youth—
Take which you choose."

Quite independently of his genius as a poet, his singular success in giving to Irish legends and traditions, and to the manners, feelings, and distinctive characteristics of the Irish race, fitting expression in English, must be gratifying. Irish hearts which cherish a warm national feeling cannot but welcome every effort which tends to give a distinctive force to Ireland's literature. Ferguson was an early laborer in this field, and he worked there till his life came to its close. Lady Ferguson was an enthusiastic adjutant of her husband here. She has published a delightful work on early Irish history, and has republished her husband's poetry, as well as his prose writings, in a cheap form, which makes them easily accessible to all.

This short sketch of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetic work may be sufficient to call attention to a poet but little known in America, but whose merit is certainly such as to demand re-

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spect and interest from Irish hearts wherever they may beat. Mr. Justice O'Hagan published two or three essays on Sir Samuel Ferguson in the *Irish Monthly* some few years since. In one of these he says:

"Thus traversing all ages, from the shadowy, gigantic forms and mystic lays of the earliest epoch down to our own times, from Cuchullin and Fergus Mac Roy to Thomas Davis, may we not say that Sir Samuel Ferguson has achieved a great work for his country? Be it no disparagement to other laborers in the same field, whom we honor and admire, to say that he is in the front of them all. It has been urged upon us that it is a pity that we did not devote ourselves to make his great gifts as a poet better known through the pages of some English periodical. We do not adopt this view. In the present condition of English taste our words would be addressed to cold, reluctant, and unsympathetic ears. Here and there a man of genius, like Matthew Arnold, may appreciate the treasures that lie in Celtic poetry and legend, but to the ordinary English mind they are extraneous and repulsive. However that may be, the first thing is to make our poet more known and more prized by his own countrymen. If a distinctive national Irish literature in the English tongue is, as we hope and believe, an achievement of which the foundations have been already laid, and which one day, in fair and stately proportions, will body forth all that is best and noblest in the character and aspirations of the Gael, and not of the Gael alone but of the Gael as interfused and blended with the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman, according to the noble language of Davis himself, then to Sir Samuel Ferguson may the greater praise belong. Be this the pillar of his fame."

It would seem as if these sentiments should find an echo among the Irish of America.

JOHN J. A BECKET, PH.D.

THE KEY OF THE POSITION.

IN my former article* I pointed out that physical science, or an experimental knowledge of what Mr. Arnold describes as "nature and the course of things," has in no way whatever diminished the reasonableness or called in question the possibility of natural religion. So far, I said, as the origin and destiny of the universe are concerned, scientific men, keeping within their province, cannot so much as profess to have an opinion. And thus we might as well be living in the sixteenth as in the nineteenth century, for all the help "science" can afford to-

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April, "Dogma and Symbolism."

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wards solving the great speculative and practical problem, What is the spirit of man, and how is he to order his life? In illustration of these principles, which determine the limits of scientific thought, I referred to some of the most eminent authorities and representative men in modern physics. I might have filled my paper with quotations and famous names. But there was no need. It is notorious that the very ground on which a host of scientific men are turning away from revealed religion is their inability to affirm or deny the "transcendental"—in plainer terms, whatever goes beyond physical experience and a psychology founded on physics. "Science" confessedly deals with the finite and the contingent, nay, with the material as distinct from, or opposed to, the immaterial. Take the old problem, then, and ask, Is there spiritual being at the base of our "states of consciousness"? What is it that really happens when we die? Is the idea of Right different from the idea of Expediency? Is there such a thing as sin? Are we justified in speaking of "the High and Holy One that inhabitates eternity," or is eternity blank and lifeless, save for the feeble spark of human existence on this planet of ours, which seems lost amid the starry mazes and the illimitable ether? To these questions we might as soon expect an answer from the Sphinx that lies silent and half-buried in the sands of the wilderness, as from "science" with all its instruments. In the laboratory, the dissecting-room, the astronomer's observatory, they are questions without a meaning. But not so in "the deep heart of man." There they touch upon those secrets of "things in themselves" which lie hidden behind the shows of sense and their fainter shadows in the imagination. For they hold true, as he does, of eternity. And the practical reason which throws light on them, and guides us in the path we should follow as human beings, made for truth and virtue, is not "science" but religion.

I say religion is the practical reason of mankind. I am quite willing to insist with Schopenhauer that it is the one philosophy which "the people" can understand. I will even go a step beyond the prophet of pessimism, and affirm that the educated few or the solitary thinker whom he contrasts with the rest of men cannot dispense with religion, if their light is not to be darkness and their speculations on the origin of things mere fanciful dreaming. It is not given to any of us to escape from these problems or to dispense with an answer to them. Some kind of solution, positive or negative, they must receive. For eternity is within us and around us; the purpose of life cannot

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be determined as though we were merely creatures of time; and it is that purpose which gives their value to our daily actions and shapes us into men or something lower than men, according to our choice. Will not the acceptance of a creed like agnosticism bring about the widest of revolutions as in thought, so in the life of the individual and of the city? And must we not, therefore, in any event add a philosophy to our science, whether we will or no? If man could cut himself adrift from such thoughts he might sail careless and happy over the seas of time, looking neither before nor after, but going as the winds should take him. Divorced from his instinct for the "transcendental," he would still, perhaps, be "more subtle than any beast of the field." But he cannot get away from himself, and all the mysteries on which his hopes and fears revolve are within him.

Now, I wish to make it clear that agnosticism, or even atheism, does not succeed in shuffling off the religious burden, but shifts it from one shoulder to the other. These systems profess to relieve us either by ceasing to inquire into the unseen, or by bluntly declaring that it is of the same stuff and pattern as the things we handle with our fingers and tear with our machines every day. So far as I can see, this is not ridding life of its troubles, but forbidding us to look onward. It is taking the sky out of our view, not making the earth fruitful. Let us endeavor to realize the consequences. Richter, in a celebrated "Dream" of his, has drawn a picture of "the dead Christ proclaiming from the height of the universe that there is no God." It is a terrible and lurid vision, in which the poet forces upon us the conviction that the entire worth of our existence, here and now, depends on that faith in our Heavenly Father which atheism would have us renounce and agnosticism puts away as disowned by knowledge. Standing aloft on the altar, about which the shades have gathered from their tombs, Christ is made to utter the great negation. "Children," he says to them, "you have no God." That is atheism, doubtless. Would the message have sounded less despairing had he wrapped it in the agnostic cloud and proclaimed, "No God that you can ever know or that can know himself, for the only absolute is the Unconscious and the Unknowable"? And if we receive this announcement as the word of science, can we go back to our business and our politics, to hearth and home, the men that we were? A dead Christ and an unthinkable God; virtue, self-denial, heroism, mere cunning calculations; love, the delirium of youth; knowledge itself the amusement of a race of unfeathered bipeds who in a few

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years will have disappeared into the abyss which is the womb and grave of a phantom universe; and, to make the irony complete, religion a symbolism indicating all this to the initiated!—such, stripped of its disguises, I take to be the doctrine preached with enthusiastic conviction, on both sides of the Atlantic, by agnostics. A poor human creature bounded by his senses and the phenomena they attain, yet full of an infinite longing; insatiable, unappeasable; crying out in vain for knowledge that shall endure, and seeking everywhere the fatherly love he is destined never to meet; with the consciousness that whatever he does or leaves undone the end will be the same, and no good come of it—surely this, a hundred years ago, would have been thought a description of the sufferings of the damned. Yet it is the world fashioned by unbelieving science, with agnosticism for a background. And were it the truth—as, thank God! it is the most incredible of fictions—what a hollow mockery would our progress and civilization have come to be! The wretchedest of criminals has at least one possession of which, so long as there is a God in heaven, he cannot be deprived. He has always hope, though, it may be, nothing else. But on the scheme of scientific unbelief neither the worst nor the best of men could look beyond the grave. This world of the senses would alone be left to make up for the loss of God, the soul, and immortality, all alike swallowed up in the infinite darkness.

And thus we are beginning to hear of a struggle for the possession of it. On the one hand, men who cannot be sure of a heaven after death are resolved to make one below, and to get in this miserable prison of theirs as much enjoyment as they can. Science is to be the instrument of universal luxury, and the multitudes are to live happy without religion in an earthly paradise. On the other hand, those who already have the world at their command, and might be supposed to know what an earthly paradise can offer, do not cease crying out by the mouths of their prophets, in prose and verse, that life is an utter delusion and is not worth living. The restlessness of the time is something portentous. Ambition was never so intense, nor the lust of enjoyment in Christian times so shamelessly acknowledged, nor cynical self-interest so universally assumed as the mainspring of human activity. All this, and the practice of vices that still keep from the light of day, though by no means so much as they did even twenty years ago, make up what is called "life at high pressure." But I cannot think it a proof that agnosticism has solved or abolished the religious problem.

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It seems to me rather a plain indication of the chaos into which the thought of civilized man is falling. The prodigal would fain content himself with the husks of swine. He remembers that he once had a father and a father's house, but he is not minded to return thither as yet. Meanwhile he staggers from superstition to superstition; now professing to hold that an earthly heaven is worth ten thousand eternities, and, after a little, turning from his husks to declare that man has no comfort save in death. The phenomena of socialism and pessimism should be carefully studied by those who, not satisfied with the plausibilities of the agnostic negation, desire to see it at work. They will hardly otherwise believe how deadly is the poison with which it has inoculated the whole of modern society—making too many of the poor more wretched than ever and ready for the most violent revolutions, while under its influence the governing classes are paralyzed and the wisest of their leaders are losing heart and hope.

My conclusion is, therefore, that agnosticism does nothing but embroil the problems of this world as of the next. I am not urging the imbecile and irreligious contention of those men who would have Christianity do the work of the police, and keep the social order, by which they mean the moneyed interest, intact. Religion is first, not second; if it has a claim on our allegiance, the reason is not because it will serve instead of a strong government, but because without religion we cannot be *men*, and because in default of it we sink below the brute. A time has come when we must look forward and consider what will happen if atheism, in one of its many forms, should get the upper hand generally in Europe and America, as it already is supreme in France. Modern thought moves fast. The life of a single man now traverses three or four generations of opinion; and what was a logical consequence yesterday will be a series of accomplished facts to-morrow. Agnosticism, beginning with neutrality, neither does nor can end there. By an inevitable law it becomes in the second generation indifferentism, and casts out the religious element altogether. A generation onward, and it develops from irreligion into anti-religion. That destructive force is now dominating France, is able to hold its own to a great extent in Belgium, is restrained only by political considerations in Italy, and is not without powerful adherents in England and the United States, as the conduct of the education controversy bears witness. The last enemy is, therefore, secularism, of which it was long ago predicted that it would lift itself up against all that

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is called God or is worshipped. The gentle agnostic and the militant, lawless secularist differ one from the other only as, among Catholics, the contemplative from the missionary orders. It is the same spirit that rays out darkness in Mr. Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, and arms the right hand of the Paris municipality against the dying Christian in the hospital, and the nun that holds the crucifix before his failing eyes. If there is any truth in the philosophical dictum which personifies thought in a thinker, it is not easy to believe that the creed of agnosticism has grown of itself in the modern mind, or that the spirit which is now so busy propagating it all the world over comes from heaven.

Mankind, I have said above with Schopenhauer, cannot be governed by abstract ideas. A great personality will fascinate and subdue them where reason, though the profoundest, leaves them unmoved. Nothing, again, has so sacred a right in their eyes as custom followed for centuries, or institutions dating from the immemorial past. And, therefore, when we take these things into consideration, we may rest assured that the future belongs not to a system of philosophy, but to that organism which has embodied in itself the reigning principles and can cast a spell over the imagination of the multitude. What will that organism be? Surely some mighty incarnation of the anti-religious spirit, or else Christianity in its most dogmatic form. Day by day, political and, yet more, social difficulties are resolving themselves into the all-embracing question, Shall civilization be religious, as it ever has been in the history of the Western nations, or shall it become secular under the guidance of empirical science? Shall it be a theocracy or a Darwinian struggle for existence without God? Between these alternatives the near future will have to choose.

But secularism has begun to frame its institutions. It aims at possessing itself of the state, and wherever it has succeeded the next step is to laicize (significant word!) every department of human activity connected with it. Especially malignant is its hatred of Christian schools, which are now the chief object of its attack. From the elementary schools to the universities, it assails them all. We may watch the progress it is making, and thereby measure its demands, not in Protestant countries alone, or in the so-called Catholic alone, but throughout modern society everywhere. The Protestant clergy of England, Germany, and America are themselves succumbing to its influence and undergoing a process of laicization. Great numbers of them have

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given up the Christian dogmas; not a few have ceased to believe in theism; others are openly coalescing with the worshippers of matter and brute force. No marvel that their power as a teaching body is seriously and steadily diminishing, or that prophets have arisen to foretell the approaching downfall of Reformed Christianity. May we not affirm, in fact, that it is already fallen? At any rate, thoughtful observers believe that in no long time the multitude of intermediate Christian sects will be absorbed into the great apostasy of secularism, or will gravitate towards the Catholic Church and finally yield themselves to her authority.

Such is the outlook. Without hazarding a prediction, we may, and it will be well if we do, convince ourselves that in this warfare not much depends on paper theories, but everything at last on the living forces, whether for good or for ill, that make up humanity. Let us, then, clear from our sight the haze of rhetoric, and judge of the future by the past. Belief and unbelief alike have their phrase-makers; nor is it incredible that on both sides a great deal of argument may be wasted upon matters which in the issue will not count. *Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.* I am persuaded that the controversy does not turn on particular questions of dogma, nor on the criticism of the Old Testament, nor on this or that incident, however striking or embarrassing, in the church's history. It turns, beyond all doubt, on what scientific men have called the Supernatural. I do not say their use of the term is accurate. Far from it. But with a very little care we can avoid ambiguities in discussing the problem which they raise. By the Supernatural they mean, in the first place, whatever cannot be submitted to their investigations, and therefore all that transcends phenomena. I ought, in passing, to remark that even as regards phenomena the language of modern science is wanting in precision. It is not true that any experiment can be made on phenomena alone. Every phenomenon is a mode of being; apart from being it is nothing. And being is real, objective, persistent, is something more than a mode, for it is that whereby and wherein all modes exist. The scientific man does not, I say, escape out of the domain of real being; and therefore he ought not to speak of bare phenomena, as though he had contrived some miraculous way of detaching the picture from the canvas on which it is painted. He truly deals with the hidden substance—let him call it, if he pleases, with Kant, the unknown x—but his treatment is under the ideas of space, time, and motion. And the fallacy which has got hold

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of him is this, that, except the combinations of time, space, and motion, we can know nothing whatever. Hence he is led to deny our knowledge of our own existence, of the world's reality, and of the living God who is in nature as he is above it. He calls these three, which are the surest of realities, subjective ideas, and puts them aside as the Supernatural. It follows that he must reject equally the ideas of revelation, miracles, and an infallible church, for these are dependent on those and suppose them. While, again, if a man has brought himself clearly to perceive that the existence of Objective Reason is involved in the very fact of his own existence and his individual thought, the question whether God has spoken in history as well as in nature becomes not only possible but inevitable, and the supernatural, in the received Catholic sense, has a scope and meaning.

To this crucial test we must therefore bring unbelief. It is our duty to be constantly pressing on the attention of scientific men this pronouncement of reason and of experience, that there is thought in the universe distinct from the thought of man. If there is thought, there is a Thinker. Thought which does not imply a mind that thinks would be a mode of existence which did not exist as something. But if thought is not something it is nothing, and therefore is not. We must grant, then, that Objective Thought does exist, or else that the affirmations of our intellect are wholly, from first to last, a delusion. The same argument applies to scientific knowledge founded on experience. If that experience is real, and that knowledge corresponds to it, in whatever degree it corresponds there is thought, distinct from man's, embodied in the physical universe. If the book we call Nature can be read intelligibly, the reason is that it has been written intelligibly, by a mind which our own resembles. But a mind involves a Person. Hence we do know that which agnosticism declares not to be an object of knowledge. We know, and can recognize, the Living God.

But, this being so, it is reasonable in the Catholic philosopher, critic, and politician, as it is incumbent on him, never to grant a position, either as principle or fact, of which agnosticism would be the logical outcome. A truism, the reader will say. No, not a truism, but an axiom, and of the widest application. For example, we can in no case grant a doctrine of evolution which would educe the soul of man from dead matter, or would imply that intellect is transformed sensation. We cannot receive as an adequate account of the history of the Jewish people those expositions in which a natural hypothesis takes the place

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of the miraculous on the ground that miracles do not occur, or in which prophecy is resolved into shrewd political guess-work because we know not of a Power that can reveal the future. Once more, when theories of the social order come before us, recommended on the plea that they are the best adapted for this world, we must needs ask, if we believe in God, whether they are equally well adapted to guide us to the next. Everywhere we shall find, if we choose to look, that the idea of theism has a bearing on man's life and welfare here below. It is, if I may venture to say so, a philosophical, social, economic, and literary no less than a theological idea. It must be human, because it is divine. And human we shall perceive it to be, in a most wonderful and inspiring manner, if we have only the courage to follow whither its light leads.

I notice that our well-trained scholastics speak occasionally as if the treatment of theology were exhausted, and nothing remained but to lay to heart what the middle ages and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have bequeathed to us. Surely that is a superficial, not to say a dangerous, view. Let us enlarge the basis of our demonstration, and each for himself, under the eye of holy church, go as deeply as he may into the divine aspects of matter and spirit. He will not be long in gaining evidence that God, though not the unknowable, was to him in a thousand ways unknown. Perhaps the cause of our present perplexities may disclose itself here. We have allowed ourselves to live so much in the abstract idea of God, so little in his actual presence. How many examples might I not give, and most striking, of the discoveries made by poets, philosophers, and men of science during the last three centuries, of the divine footsteps in creation, and of Providence in history, which our treatises do not record! Let us confess it, we have been much to blame. God is in all the worlds—of matter, of sense, of spirit, of nature, of grace, of glory. He has told us expressly that his eternal power and majesty are evident in the things that are made. But this we have too often construed into a mere *imprimatur* on certain abstract metaphysical arguments, instead of filling our daily experience with divine light and turning the sciences of the visible, as we might have done, to a transparent veil disclosing, while it subdued to our gaze, the awful beauty of the face of God. It has even been thought by pious souls a neglect of religious contemplation, or a falling off in fervor, when others have studied astronomy, or mathematics, or the history of mankind, or the laws of political economy. As though

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it were treason in a Catholic to preserve the domain of his lower knowledge from the supremacy of unbelief, or God had not renewed all things in Christ Jesus! Evidently there is a great work to be done and grievous mistakes to be retrieved. From the things that are made we must demonstrate a present Deity, and before the least as before the greatest of them awaken in ourselves the consciousness that they are symbols of a hidden power, not which was once in them and has now forsaken its dwelling-place, but which still abides there as in a sacrament. Science needs to be transfigured by religion; and all history, as we should long ago have learnt, is a book inscribed by the finger of Providence, and in this sense a Bible. God has never left himself without a witness in every people, time, and place. There is no such thing as nature apart from God; it cannot exist, any more than the human spirit can, outside the sphere of his omnipresence, or his wisdom, or his strength; it therefore exists in and through God, and not to recognize him under its multitudinous forms, though infinitely distinct from them, is blindness which deserves to be healed by disaster. Revelation itself is founded on the analogies of nature; it supposes that we have learned to know God where reason can and ought to find him. But here, again, it must be sadly admitted that "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness doth not comprehend it."

While I grant, therefore, that it is the task of physical science to begin the interpretation of nature, I say it is imperative on the metaphysician and the theologian to make it perfect by demonstrating that beneath phenomena there is substance, in all states of consciousness a persistent spirit, and, interpenetrating and upholding spirit and matter, the Eternal Self-Existing, who is none of the things he has made, but is ever making himself known in all of them. This work, I repeat, has yet to be accomplished in its fulness, and this is the key of the position.

WILLIAM BARRY.

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TO MAFRA,* A DAUGHTER.

MAFRA, Mavourneen, little Fly,
For which name shall I call you by?
Which has your image most expressed,
Or which the name that likes you best?
Mavourneen—that in Celtic phrase
  Means darling, and 'tis surely true;
You glance and flit about our ways—
  I ne'er saw darling, if not you.
And, little Fly, I pray you, tell
  The colors of your insect wing.
Who call you so, they love you well;
  It is not, then, because you sting.
But they in you a gem descry,
A radiant, beaming butterfly,
Such as were once in Paradise
And sailed about in joyous skies,
Not of the race of common flies.
  Yet these are fond imaginings,
Fancy which from affection springs;
Not this the best or chiefest part
Traced for you by the father's heart.
That in your third name lies, the truth
  Of serious thought, of promise high;
It does not tell of fleeting youth,
  But life in all its mystery,
  All its unending majesty.
For Mafra marks earth's noblest line,
A name half-human, half-divine.
One part bespeaks that Roman saint
To whom was given, not pale and faint,
But life-like by her side to trace
Her guardian angel's watchful face,
His loving eye and heavenly grace.
And one that name, of all in heaven,
The sweetest e'er to woman given,
The blissful Lady's glorious name,
In whom a parent's love we claim,
Greatest and gentlest of all powers,
The Mother of our Lord and ours.

* A pet name for Mary Frances.

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So when I call you little Fly
The school-girl dances on my sight:
I see fun, frolic, wild yet shy;
I love you then—I love you quite.
And when Mavourneen is your name
You are the darling of our home;
To light within our breasts the flame
Of a child's lovingness you come.
But, Mafra! when I call you so
Your highest place, your glory know,
Since earthly school and earthly home
For trial and for nurture come;
Trial can change the nature wild,
And nurture mould the full-grown child.
But when the trial and the growth
In school and home are ended both,
Then must you seek the place above
Where those two Patrons live and love.
There your true home and welcome gain
Where Frances shines in Mary's train,
And of the Saint and Mother there
The glory and the beauty share.

TO MAFRA, A BRIDE.

The days of girlhood may not last;
The days of bloom and ripeness come;
Go forth into another home
And draw the future from the past.
The woman springs up from the child;
The daughter changes into wife;
The strong, sweet band of human life
Clasps with its girdle undefiled
The promise of the coming years,
A mingled dower of smiles and tears.
For joy and grief dwell not aloof,
But weave life's tissue, warp and woof.

Mary and Frances still to thee
The Mother and the Patron be.
And Mary's Son, the gracious Lord,
Who sat at Cana's bridal board,

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Without a word, by will divine,
Changing the water into wine,
By power of unseen presence bless
  Each common day of human life
With touch of higher loveliness,
  Infusing peace and barring strife,
Each meagre element of earth
Transmuting by a second birth,
Informing clay with spirit's power,
Bestowing heaven for time's brief hour,
And making heart with heart to blend
In willing union without end.

The Daughter's part is past and gone;
The Father's prayer still worketh on;
Parental conquers filial love;
This dies below, that soars above.

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES.

THE HEROES OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE history of a nation usually receives two interpretations: that of the enlightened observer removed by race and time from the entanglements of prejudice, and aided in deduction by the observation of universal principles; and that of the son of the soil, permeated with the traditions of his country, and moved by passionate sympathy with her hopes and fears. The first is likely to be of most importance as an impartial record. The judicial presentation of facts is less liable to distortion, and the distance which lies between narration and narrator brings individual events into a more proper focus. The clouds which are so apt to arise in the conflict between warm feeling and cool judgment are dissipated in the higher atmosphere of thought which surrounds equitable investigation; and a certain evenness and clearness results, of the highest importance as a medium from which to draw conclusions. The rationale of cause and effect is better understood, and its importance as a contribution to mundane philosophy.

It is, however, possible that the far-off study of the landscape of history through this colder and more equal air may fail to catch those lesser points of peculiarity and motive which are of

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almost equal weight in the truthfulness of the picture. Tormented as the nearer vision may be by passing mist of popular emotion or more substantial barrier of inherited belief, it is yet in a position to discern oftentimes more clearly the bearings of circumstance, and the sowing of the seed which bears harvest of wheat or tares thereafter. It is able to reach within the outer envelope of form to the inner core of being, and explain the hidden methods which have led a certain theory to express itself in apparently contradictory action. The traditions of a nation are sometimes as valuable as its archives, in enabling one to understand the consecutive steps which make inexplicable positions not only reasonable but inescapable, as the culmination of long periods of transition; and this knowledge can often be acquired only through blood-relationship. It is the children alone who are fully able to judge the conduct of the mother, for only to them has the veil been lifted. Propinquity and birthright offer more helps to the understanding than jealousy or partiality can oppose by way of hindrance; as the eye and voice of the story-teller lend a reality to his tale with which no intellectual skill can compete.

For this reason it has seemed that a record by a Mexican author of the revolutionary movement of 1810, which culminated in his country's declaration of independence, may be of especial interest to a people who have known the vicissitudes of a somewhat similar revolt against foreign authority. We know so little, as yet, of the actual condition of this neighboring republic that the account will have at least the charm of novelty for the majority of readers. It is taken mainly from a little volume prepared for use in the public schools of Mexico, and bearing the endorsement of the Committee of Public Instruction as well as that of the highest literary and historic authority in that country—the Compañia Lancasteriana. The author, Manuel Payno, is widely known as a poet and miscellaneous writer, and it is but fair to suppose that his work embodies the relation which his people consider most correct of men and events connected with this great struggle. It bears a special significance for Catholics in the fact that not alone the inception but the most important part in the conduct of the revolution was among devoted priests, whose names are to this day enshrined in the hearts of their people, in spite of all the changes of policy and the rigors of anti-religious warfare. To-day the great Hall of Audience in the National Palace is adorned with full-length portraits of these beloved men, and there is scarce a large city which does not commemorate in its public places, with monuments of

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marble or bronze, the same endearing memory. The popular heart has never wavered from the warmth of affection which it bestowed once and for ever upon these its heroes, and it still holds their names sacred with all the tenacity of love and gratitude. Out of twenty-seven States forming the present Mexican Republic, eighteen have given the names of its martyrs to from two to six cities or towns within their borders. In the lexicon of the land there is evidently no such word as ingratitude.

The story of the government of the Spanish viceroys in Mexico is like that of all nations holding in subjection a strange people. To accumulate wealth and power for personal ends, without regard to the happiness or prosperity of the population, and to have recourse for this end to every means which the almost absolute power vested in them made possible, were the usual habits of the governors appointed. The brilliant exceptions in the reigns of such men as Payo de Rivera, the two Mendozas, the Velascos, the Galvez, and, above all, the Count of Revillagigedo, only serve to throw the practices of the rest into a darker shadow of persecution and tyranny. The wonder is not that in the end the sense of injury overcame the popular characteristics of timidity and resignation, but that the accumulation of mismanagement and wrong did not force the people a century or two before to reprisal. It was not, however, until 1810, nearly three hundred years from the arrival of the first viceroy, that the indignation of the Mexicans culminated in a project of revolt, and leaders were found ready to assume the responsibility of action.

The first of these pioneers in the cause of liberty bears the proud distinction of being known as "the Washington of Mexico," although there is little to remind one of the great American in his short and tragic public career. Don Miguel Hidalgo was a country curé of great piety and more than usual learning. He was largely humanitarian in his views of life, and had introduced among his parishioners new methods of agriculture, the manufacture of pottery, and the cultivation of the mulberry plant. His mild and benignant character had gained for him respect as well as love; and his endeavors for their temporal as well as spiritual advancement were added bonds of union between himself and his people. It is fair to suppose that his strong but silent antagonism to Spanish misrule was enhanced by the difficulties he found in the way of ameliorating the condition of his little flock; and that from this nearer view his philosophic mind turned to the contemplation of the future of his unhappy country, gradually being stamped out of exis-

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tence by the exactions of the viceroys. All the strength and justice of his nature forced him toward the idea of revolt, and he had already inoculated with his own fervor a small band of enthusiasts, when the cowardice of a traitor revealed the secret to the government and precipitated their immature plans into action. Most of his fellow-conspirators escaped to the mountains, but Hidalgo was made of sterner stuff. Awakened toward dawn of the 15th September, 1810, by a flying comrade with news of their betrayal, he called about him a few companions, and with ten men, proceeding in the darkness to the citadel, surrounded it, took from it a few prisoners and arms, and succeeded in overcoming the resistance of the Spanish inhabitants and authorities. Next morning, after an early Mass in the little parish church, reinforced by farmers and peasants from the country round about, having assured the Spaniards left in the town of protection and safety, he set out from Dolores toward San Miguel el Grande, and the war of the revolution had been declared, as the uprising of the men of Concord and Lexington, thirty-five years before, had struck the keynote of revolt that resounded through the North American colonies. A motley gathering of poor and untrained men, armed only with spades, lances, and sticks, without money, food, or friends, and with only that wild, furious passion for liberty—as yet scarce recognized under the name of justice—throbbing in their pulses, they passed like phantoms through the gray dawning to dash themselves against the power and pride of that mighty empire whose shadow had darkened their land for centuries; and, for the first time since Cortéz had subjugated the golden throne of the Incas, the cry of independence rang out across the hills and valleys of Mexico! Could there be a more forlorn hope led for freedom?

And yet these phantoms, born of ideas, are stubborn things to kill. They have more vital force than men, for defeat and death, which annihilate human life, are powerless to destroy convictions. From the baptism of blood they rise renewed and eternal. The little force went on, a banner taken from a village church, with the face of the Virgin upon it, for their standard, their war-cry blending purity of motive with patriotic fervor: "America! Religion! Our Lady of Guadalupe! and death to oppression!" With such watchwords and such dispositions, insignificant in strength, ludicrous in appointments, commonplace in element, but made heroic by the fiery fervor of a noble purpose, they passed on their way, reinforced from every hamlet of the plains and village on the hillside, as the mountain rivulet

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gathers tributaries to swell its tiny stream; until in ten days they reached the walls of Guanajuato, seventy thousand strong, and drunk with the wine of triumph. To the demand for surrender the Spanish authorities replied by entrenching themselves and their treasures in the citadel. Admitted into the town by the people, the insurgents were thrice driven from before this almost impregnable position, and it was only when a brave boy, Pípila, binding a flat paving-stone over his shoulders and creeping upon hands and knees, had succeeded in setting fire to the door of the fortress with a torch, that an entrance was effected. Hidalgo succeeded in checking the massacre that followed, as well as the frenzy of the marauding bands that instantly poured through the streets of the rich city. His wise and firm control made itself felt in stringent laws against rapine and violence, in the establishment of a foundry for the manufacture of arms and ordnance, and in the opening of a banking house as a basis of financial security. A fortnight later, leaving one of his officers in charge, he set out for Valladolid, which he entered without resistance, and where he induced the archbishop, Abad y Queypo, to retract the excommunication fulminated against him some days before. His force was here augmented by a regiment of dragoons and one of infantry from the regular army. He founded various offices; provided a depot of supplies; imprisoned part of the authorities and pardoned others; and, placing the municipal power in the hands of a compatriot, proceeded on his victorious campaign.

With upwards of one hundred thousand men he now turned toward the capital itself, passing triumphantly through Acámbaro, Maravatío, Tepetongo, Ixtlahuaca, and Tolucas. Meantime the reigning viceroy had gathered together three thousand soldiers under Torcuato Trujillo, and sent them to meet the advancing forces of the revolutionists. Learning, upon nearer approach, of the overpowering numbers of his adversary, Trujillo fell back from point to point before the advancing Independents, without risking a meeting, until, on the 30th of October, having entrenched himself upon the hill of Las Cruces, he engaged in a terrible battle. The very number of the enemy, unmanageable from size, undisciplined, and scarcely armed, was at first a point in his favor. They were swept away broadcast by his artillery, until the masses of slain hindered the approach of those behind; but soon the indomitable courage of Hidalgo's troops carried all before it. Every man of Trujillo's force was killed, the commander himself escaping only by the fleetness of his horse; and a single cornet, with the wounded mayor of the

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township in which the engagement took place, alone lived to tell the tale. Instead of following up this great victory by an instant advance toward Mexico, now demoralized and without available defence, Hidalgo remained encamped upon the mountain until the 2d of December, apparently abandoning his earlier plan, and finally falling back upon Querétaro. Part of his people returned home; part followed him as far as Aculco, where they were surprised by the Spanish troops gathered from the interior. In the battle which followed the Independents were for the first time defeated. Accustomed to triumph, they could not bear reverse, and a general scattering ensued, leaving Hidalgo, with but a handful of followers, to retreat toward Valladolid. Here he succeeded in gathering together seven thousand men, and proceeded again toward Querétaro, whence one of his chiefs had already driven the Spaniards. Another Independent leader, Allende, who had found it impossible to continue the occupation of Guanajuato, had also retreated toward the same city, which became, for the time being, the headquarters of revolutionary movement. A government was organized, Hidalgo receiving the title of Generalissimo, and two ministers being named, one of "Grace and Justice," the other of "State and Affairs." A commissioner was sent to the United States (who was made prisoner on the way by the Spaniards); a decree was promulgated abolishing slavery, taxes, and stamp acts, and an order passed for the purchase of arms to place the army upon a solid footing. The people began again to rally, and by the time the Spanish authorities had gathered together ten thousand disciplined troops, Hidalgo was able to meet them, at a point chosen by his own leaders, with one hundred thousand men and ninety-five pieces of artillery. The battle of Calderon which followed was a bloody and frightful one. The untrained masses of the Independents, although fighting with fury, were repulsed in three desperate charges, and finally dispersed with great slaughter. This was on the 17th of January, 1811. Hidalgo retreated toward Aguas Calientes, and thence to Zacatecas, where he was shortly joined by the other chiefs. Gathering together a thousand men and whatever treasure remained to them, they resolved to turn their steps toward the United States, there to settle, and discipline a new army which should return later to renew the strife for freedom. On the 21st of March, just before reaching the frontier, the entire party was captured by the Spaniards. The chiefs were imprisoned in Coahuila until July, when they were sent to Chihuahua, and, after a semblance of

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trial, sentenced to death. Hidalgo was shot at seven in the morning of July 31, and his three companions, Allende, Aldama, and Jimenez, on the following day. Their heads were sent in iron cages to be exposed upon the four corners of the Citadel of Guanajuato, which was the scene of their first great triumph; the other leaders of rebellion, wherever found, were executed; and so, in darkness and despair, closed what may be known as the first period of the struggle for Mexican independence.

But the mouths of dead heroes are eloquent, and those ghastly faces became like relics of the saints to the land for whose love they perished. Never had the inspiration of voice or glance been as powerful as those pallid lips and closed eyes. Without countenance from abroad, with division and treachery at home, outcast and proscribed, the remnant of the heroic band, hiding in caves and mountain fastnesses, bore the agonies of hunger, fatigue, and despair without losing courage. As soon as rest or hope strengthened their weakness, under one commander or another, each little group took its turn in harassing whatever adversary was nearest, and keeping the government in a constant state of apprehension. No one knew where the next swift stroke of vengeance would fall. But it was not until the close of 1811, ten months after the capture of Hidalgo, that a successor worthy the name and fame of the beloved chieftain began to gather these separate groups again into a united body. For the second time it was a priest who uplifted the standard of liberty. Beginning his theological studies at the age of thirty, after a youth spent in manual labor, José Maria Morelos had won confidence and esteem among his people no less by his learning than by his unusual sense of honor and rectitude. Something of the nobility and strength of character of the man may be gathered from the perseverance and purpose which must have dominated his life in order to rise in those illiterate days from the station of a muleteer to that of a cleric. The opening of the revolution, fifteen years later, found him pastor of two small parishes, universally beloved and respected, and in the prime of vigorous manhood. His was not the temperament to hesitate between security and danger when the sweet hope of liberty once presented itself. He obtained early the confidence of Hidalgo, and was appointed by him to a command. Endowed by nature with the true spirit of the soldier, at once valiant and prudent, he stepped as if by right into the leadership left vacant by the death of his chief, and in a series of brilliant victories, snatched from the

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regular troops by the almost superhuman audacity and skill of his movements, he placed the rebellion once more upon a secure basis of action. His resistance of the united Spanish troops for sixty-two days at Cuautla is one of the most glorious episodes in Mexican history. He took by assault Orizaba, Acapulco, and Oaxaca, captured large amounts of treasure in money and munitions of war, called the first Mexican Congress at Chilpantzingo, and received from them on the 15th of September, 1813, the title of Captain-General of the Independent army, three years from the day upon which Hidalgo had first declared the revolutionary movement. A Declaration of Independence was drawn up at the same time, announcing formally their secession from the authority of Spain, and declaring before God that they hereby assumed the rights and duties of self-government.*

The Viceroy Venegas had just been replaced by the ferocious and bloodthirsty Calleja. This signal for new oppression, together with the continued victories of Morelos, began to make the rebellion, which up to this time had been mainly confined to the poorest and weakest of the people, more general. Men of learning and fortune hastened to take their place, some in the deliberations of Congress, some upon the battle-field, and a ray of hope somewhat dissipated the darkness. The brave priest Matamoras, curé of Jantetelco, joined the cause of his countrymen, and, with a little group of patriots who had gathered about him, performed prodigies of valor. In a sort of guerrilla warfare he traversed the districts between Cuautla and Guatemala, routing the Spanish forces stationed upon the way, and obtaining signal successes in every action. Surrounded at last by the combined troops of two of the bravest commanders in the royalist army, he was defeated, and, being able neither to advance nor to retreat to the hills, was made

* We append the literal translation of the first Declaration of Independence, the work of the first Mexican Congress, which may be of interest for purposes of comparison with similar documents evolved under similar circumstances elsewhere. The deep religious feeling which seemed to march hand-in-hand with patriotism through this entire struggle finds expression here as forcibly as in the terse ultimatum of our ancestors, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" At home and abroad the spirit of reverence kept pace with the spirit of liberty, in those times, in a manner unknown to these latter days of license and unbelief.

"The Congress of Anáhuac, legally assembled in the City of Chilpantzingo of North America, declares solemnly for its Provinces, in the presence of the Lord God, Absolute Ruler of empires and Author of society, who gives and takes according to the inscrutable designs of his Providence, that, through the present state of affairs in Europe, it has recovered the exercise of its long-usurped sovereignty; and that it hereby declares its dependence upon the Spanish throne to be broken and dissolved for ever."

After this slavery, or peonage, was abolished, with imprisonment for debt; and all men were declared equal before the law.

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prisoner and shot as a rebel at Valladolid. One cannot help remembering, in connection with this sad record of trial and sacrifice, the epigram of Arnold which defines the difference between honor and shame as the portion of a revolutionist:

> "Rebel or patriot? Well, heads or tails;
> Toss up the penny and see how it reads;
> A rebel is a patriot who fails,
> A patriot is a rebel who succeeds."

At the same time Nicolás Bravo was fighting on the coast of Alvarado; Juan Alvarez was struggling with the enemy in the south; Guadalupe Victoria occupied the country about Vera Cruz; Osorno invested the neighborhood of Zacatlán; Manuel Terán guarded the highways toward San Andrés and Tehuacán, while the brothers Ramon and Francisco Rayon followed the fortunes of war wherever necessity or valor called. All fought with magnificent perseverance in the face of constant poverty and frequent disaster.

The defeat and death of Matamoras was the first notable check to the movement under Morelos. Other reverses were not long in following. That fatal perversity of misfortune which seems often to remain dormant under every invitation of opportunity, only to surge finally into a torrent of disaster, as if suddenly awakened to resentment, was not long in declaring itself. In furtherance of an attempt to place the government permanently at Valladolid, the general had called Bravo and Galeana to join him, and the united forces advanced toward that city. In the battle which ensued at its gates the Independents were thrown into such confusion that they cut down one another, mistaking their own men for enemies. From this time—22d December, 1813—until November 5, 1815, the remnants of the Independent army led a checkered career: now fortified for a time at Acapulco, whence the Congress framed a constitution; now hiding in the hills and defiles, and again being defeated by some superior force. At this date, while escorting the Congress to a place of supposed safety at Tehuacán, they were met by the Spanish chief, De la Concha. The revolutionists were completely routed; Morelos, through the treachery of one of his own soldiers named Carranco, was taken prisoner, conducted first to Mexico and afterwards to San Cristóbal Ecatepec, and shot at the latter place at four o'clock on the evening of December 21, 1815. On the same day his friend and fellow-patriot, Don Francisco Rayon, was executed at Ixtlahuaca, and the second scene of the drama of Mexican independence reached its tragic ending. The vigilance and activity of the royalists was redoubled;

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even sex was not spared in the rigorous measures employed to enforce subjection. Some of the most illustrious women of the country, accused of complicity in the designs of husbands or friends, were imprisoned as hostages for the relatives who could not be otherwise reached. The efforts which still were made spasmodically in one or the other portion of territory had all the weakness and hopelessness of death-struggles. Manuel Teran was overpowered in Chalchicomula; Ramon Rayon capitulated at Cóporo; Bravo abandoned the entrenchments of Mistecas. Many chiefs accepted the pardon offered for surrender; a few—among them the afterward celebrated Guerrero—fled to the mountains "to keep alive the sacred fire of liberty"; and the desperate strife seemed upon the point of being abandoned when a new incident raised at once the hearts and hopes of the Mexicans. This was the expedition of Mina.

One of the most celebrated guerrillas of Spain, where he had achieved distinction during the wars of Napoleon, the name of Mina had become known widely as a brilliant although somewhat erratic soldier. Disgusted with the tyranny of Ferdinand VII., he had begun to plot a conspiracy at home; but, his plans being discovered and frustrated, he had escaped to France and thence to England. Meeting in London the celebrated Padre Mier and other American patriots, he imbibed from them an enthusiasm for the Mexican idea and was led to promise his assistance. It is easy to conceive that such a cause would awaken the deepest sympathy in his ardent and fearless nature. The result was an episode which combined all the elements of romantic adventure. Gathering about him a group of men as daring and enthusiastic as himself, "resolute and valiant as the Greeks of old," he sailed for America, and disembarked in April, 1817, in the bay of Soto la Marina, whence he marched immediately toward the interior. Many of his companions, appalled, no doubt, by a nearer view of the hopelessness of the effort to which they were pledged, took their departure for the United States; but the indomitable Mina, gathering others around his standard, was able to begin his march toward the capital with three hundred men. Starting on the first of June, the Spanish chief, Villaseñor, met him, but was destroyed almost without breaking up his line of march. At the Hacienda of Peotillos the commander, Armigñan, with an overpowering force, tried to check his progress, but the intrepid chief broke through their line of battle and entirely defeated the enemy in one of the most glorious of the lesser battles of the war. Continuing on, he seized the fortress of Sombrero;

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routed at San Felipe the Spanish general, Ordoñez; defeated the Marquis de Moncada at Jaral, and took $140,000 which had been buried at the same place. "All this campaign was swift and terrible as a thunderbolt." At one place, with only thirty-seven men behind an impromptu barricade, he kept the royalist colonel, Arredonda, with a force of trained soldiers much superior in number, at bay for several days, and only yielded after his adversary had received reinforcements. The terms he was able to demand made capitulation almost as honorable as victory, and the proud Spaniards were overwhelmed with mortification on discovering that such a heroic resistance had been made by less than twoscore men. At length, terrified by the almost miraculous success of this wonderful leader, the viceroy gathered troops together from every quarter, placing them under command of Marshal Liñan, and giving him as aids Negrete, Orantia, and García Rebollo, who at once prepared to surround their common enemy. Mina fell back amid the hills of Comanja, was attacked simultaneously at three different points, but succeeded finally in driving the royalists back within their own lines, where they were compelled to abandon active measures and enter upon a siege. From the 1st to the 19th of August the intrepid band defied all the horrors of hunger, fatigue, and exposure to the fire of the regulars; but the agony of thirst became at last unbearable, and a desperate sally from their hiding-place, on the evening of the latter date, resulted in their complete overthrow. Mina escaped with a hundred men, cut his way through the opposing lines, and forced a passage to the neighboring fortress of San Gregorio, which he captured and occupied before the arrival of his pursuers. Attacked immediately by the united troops, he resisted for some days, and at last, with characteristic hardihood, broke again through the enemy's ranks, and, following his old plan of swift marches and sudden assaults, succeeded at length, with varying fortunes, in reaching Guanajuato. Here he was met by an uprising of the people against him and forced to take refuge, with a small escort, in the neighboring ranch of Venadito. On the 27th of October, Orantia, with five hundred men, invaded the ranch, overcoming the insurgents after a sharp struggle and taking Mina prisoner. He was led within sight of the walls of San Gregorio, which he had defended so brilliantly a few days before, and there shot, "dying with the same intrepidity and bravery which he had shown on the battle-field." His short but brilliant career covered altogether a space of but six months, yet about it hangs such a

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glamour of audacity, valor, and success that it remains for ever memorable in the annals of Mexican history.

But this death closed no epoch in the story of resistance. The moral effect produced by the successes of their champion overpowered the depression caused by his death; and although a short period of comparative quiet among the people followed this event, it was only the preparatory lull which preceded another outburst of storm. Here and there the patriots were feeling their way and discovering the hidden paths of victory by the lurid fires of defeat. In the mountains of the south one of the bravest and wisest of all the Mexican leaders was biding his time and holding in trust the hopes of his country. Vicente Guerrero, who has been mentioned before as having repelled all overtures of pardon or conciliation from the Spanish authorities, came forward now to lift the banner of his race and lead the way to freedom. A muleteer in his youth, like his friend and chief, Morelos, the first tocsin of independence had called him at once into the ranks of the revolutionists, and in 1812 he was already celebrated for great courage, mercy toward the vanquished, and the dauntless activity evinced in prosecuting his campaigns. Conquered as often as conqueror, no blow of fortune was capable of shaking his indomitable perseverance. Time and again grievously wounded, he waited but for the first respite from suffering to return to the field, overcoming weakness of body by strength of purpose. During the lifetime of the elder chiefs his youth and modesty kept him in subordinate commands; but after the death of Morelos the eyes of the people turned instinctively in his direction. When many leaders, of undoubted valor, yielding to the hopelessness of struggle and the humane offers of clemency presented by the new viceroy, had accepted amnesty and favor, this remarkable man refused all advances toward reconciliation, and, entrenching himself with a few fearless companions in the defiles of the southern hills, had waged incessant guerrilla warfare against the royalists. Possessed of prudence to match his bravery, he waited for the proper opportunity before entering on any wider demonstration; and it was only when, in March, 1818, the Spaniards took the fortress of Jaujilla and dispersed the Mexican Congress there assembled, that Guerrero came down from his mountains, forced his way to the scene of action, winning victories at all the intermediate points, and installed anew the national government. This happy and unlooked-for success seemed to mark the turning-point in the rebellion; from this time out fickle Fortune smiled upon the war of independence.

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During the year 1819 the patriots triumphed in twenty consecutive actions. In 1820 a liberal constitution was declared in Spain, and the idea of complete separation began to awake in Mexico in the minds of many who had heretofore looked either with indifference or aversion upon the scheme of the Independents. Among others, Don Augustin de Iturbide joined the fortunes of his countrymen. His accession was of the highest importance. An officer in the regular army, of great courage and strong convictions, he had set himself resolutely against the plan of revolution, and opposed it with all his energy and influence. Many of the most disastrous defeats of the long and cruel struggle were due to his personal bravery thrown in favor of the Spaniards; and he had been raised to the position of colonel, and received commands of importance at Guanajuato and Valladolid in recognition of his great usefulness to the royalist cause. With the new thought of the feasibility and propriety of separation came an entire change in his feeling; and with all the ardor which had been unfortunately so long directed against his people he now allied himself with their fortunes. By an artifice which can hardly be excused even in the intrigues of war, but which he probably made plausible to himself by its helpfulness to his country, he obtained command of twenty-five hundred men, ostensibly to carry on the campaign against Guerrero, and on the 16th of November left Mexico to establish his headquarters at Teloloapan. From this place he opened a correspondence with the patriot chief, which resulted in an interview between the two at the intermediate point of Acatempan. As a result of this conference, Guerrero, with characteristic nobleness, resigned his position as commander-in-chief to Iturbide, aware of the effect which such generous concession would have upon the country at large; and there ensued almost immediately a happy solution of difficulties. A new and broader Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed; the people became inflamed with hope and ardor; and the Spanish authorities for the first time realized that the power of the mother-country was on the eve of actual destruction.

The reigning viceroy offered Iturbide every bribe known to diplomacy; wealth, power, and higher rank in the army were refused by him with decision. To the united standards of the two generals flocked recruits and assistants from all parts of the land. The old leaders from their places of retirement or hiding came again into the field to arouse followers and excite public opinion. Santa Anna in Vera Cruz, Negrete in Guadalajara, Cortazar in the interior, Filisola in Toluca, Bravo in another

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direction—in a word, not only the former insurgents, but the larger part of the Mexican commanders who had remained faithful to the king, as well as many of the Spaniards themselves, joined the movement. Iturbide made a short and brilliant campaign of a few months, in which everything yielded to the new coalition. Finally the last of the sixty-four Spanish viceroys, the recently appointed governor, Don Juan O'Donoju—whose good Irish name probably carried some good Irish common sense with it to the discussion of the subject of revolt against oppression—met the victorious general at Córdoba, and entered there into a treaty with him. By this Mexico was declared "free and independent," and a government was organized, of which O'Donoju became a member. Although this agreement was immediately repudiated by Spain, and opposed by whoever in Mexico still clung to the traditions of the royalists, the tide of public opinion was overwhelming, and Iturbide, with the other chiefs, was swept on toward the capital. This time there was no need of struggle; the city was prepared to welcome rather than resist its conquerors. There were conferences and negotiations; there were letters and messages, and long counsels over the terms of pacification; but at last, on the 27th of September, 1821, "the Army of the Three Guarantees" (Religion, Union, and Independence) entered the city in triumph, the tricolor flag of their adoption floating above them, thunders of artillery shaking the air with salvos of victory, and the peaceful dawn of a new day shining with happy light over the old night of sorrow and conflict. So amid the sincere and universal jubilation of the people, the hope of future glory and progress, and the delight that comes of heroic effort crowned at last with success, Mexico welcomed the consummation of that greatest and most important work in the history of a nation—independence.

Thus ends the record in the little history of those bloody but glorious years, in which peace was undermined and life sacrificed in pursuit of beloved liberty; happier, perhaps, than many that came after in the purity of the ideal which dominated their pains and griefs, and in the beauty of the hope which spanned their tempestuous passage. When one considers what must have been at that time the condition of the lower classes from which both men and leaders were taken; when one realizes the inertia of poverty, of ignorance, and of oppression which required to be vivified and set in motion before this timid and patient race could be roused to the thought of resistance,

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one can scarce help being moved by wonder. They were confronted by a power still rich, comparatively powerful, and perfectly equipped in the arts and sinews of war; and the story of the struggle which, in spite of such odds, made victory possible, is as touching as any inscribed in the annals of humanity or patriotism. Whatever may have been the mistakes and errors of more recent times, the saving grace of this higher inspiration should moderate judgment and arouse sympathy in any people capable of such persevering and heroic self-abnegation. Especially to us, bound by ties of neighborhood and the sympathy of similar experience, who have known in our own history the bitterness and sweetness of successful revolt against oppressive and undesired authority, there should be warm and kindly interest in the present of a nation which can point to such a past, and a better understanding of the virtues of a race capable of such magnificent self-assertion. It is one point more to incite to mutual forbearance and lovingness; one stone less in the barricades of ignorance which falsehood and misrepresentation have piled up between us. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

THE HOUSE DEADLY.

"THE architects are killing us!" exclaimed Dr. Brown-Séquard at a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences held in the month of December last. If it may be allowed to differ with so considerable an authority, raising our weak lay voice, we shall cry out: The æsthetes and the pseudo-architects are killing *us!*

After Pugin and the Modern-Gothic craze, which was good in its way; and the Neo-Greek craze, which was not bad in its way; and the Eastlake craze, which was decidedly good in every way, we were struck by the plague of the Queen-Anne-Japanese-House-Beautiful craze, which, gathering force as time speeds onward, threatens extermination to a once happy if ill-housed people. Count backward just one short decade, and try to measure our suffering and our loss.

The ideal "House Beautiful" is an enclosed structure, whose distorted exterior hides the fact that the still more distorted interior combines, under a single roof, ill-conceived exemplars of the "Furniture Wareroom," the "Art Gallery," the "Curiosity-

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shop," the "Music Hall," the "South Kensington Museum," the "Tribuna," and "Les Gobelins," complicated with an occasional disjected, æsthetic bed-room, a tiled, marbled, and frescoed bath-room, a system of electric lighting, and—not mentioning the annunciator, or the district telegraph signal, or the telephone, or the mosque lamp, or pagoda bell—that highest expression of modern engineering and hygienic science, Board of Health plumbing.

Inspired by this ideal, the New York business man who has honestly earned, or scraped together, or stolen a "plum" sets about building an elongated home, whose narrow twenty-five feet front dimension is theoretically compensated by its ninety feet of depth. Here, in dreary darkness, are a loving wife and cultured children, perfect schemes of æsthetic decoration, which attain their highest intensity in the draped wall, the portièred door, the embroidered screen, the double-curtained, opal-glassed window. And here the professional decorator composes symphonies of color whose harmonies are modulated to the soft andante of the blue and white Hizen or the lively scherzo of the Yeiraku Kinrande, which, with other rare examples of "twelfth-century" Japanese porcelain, our *curieux* has been allowed to select from the privately exhibited collection of a noble French amateur. The polygonized boudoir and library permit charmingly *malerisch* effects in bambooed oak and renaissance brass—quite visible by artificial light; and beyond the twistings and the turnings of the convoluted little stairway you guess at light and air as you trace the geometric pattern in the dim æsthetic skylight. Is this the conception of an architect, think you? Banish the thought! It is the compound of the æsthetic quack, of the pupil of the school of "Art in Every Household," of the pitiful gleaner from the pages of the Architectural Dictionary and the trade advertisements in the suppositious "Art Notes" of the *Amateur's Weekly Guide*. The architect plans houses that men may *live* therein; the structure we have just left is an upholstered mausoleum.

Had the evil-doing ended here we might thank the gods and pray for better things. But the *nouveau-riche* who housed himself in the latest fashion was but one in a hundred of the willing though unconscious martyrs to the fateful demon of the House Beautiful. Along the highways and the by-ways, in the suburbs, in the villages, the comfortable middle-class man was forced into the whirl of the nonsense-mongers. His open parlor was cut in two, and from the ringed brass or wooden bar de-

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pended the "ancient" Karaman portière. In his narrow windows appeared the bull's-eyed, colored glass, whose glaring tints were concealed from him by the twice-repeated curtain. As he moped in the gloom and stifled in the thick air, he was compelled to seek requital, if not gratification, in the dull gildings and the uncomprehended saints and heroes of the real Satsuma —of Awata—and the clamorous colorations of the Japanese fan. The contracted and obstructed spaces of the combination French flat were still further contracted and obstructed by the tall, hand-painted screen; and the dusky nooks of sleeping-rooms, curtained and hung with befringed and appliqué plush, developed into lovely little air-tight compartments. That terrible pioneer of civilization, that ruthless enemy of all the ages, the speculative builder, who fixes in time the otherwise ephemeral misdoings of the unpastoral man, now appeared upon the scene. Gathering together in one Pandora-box all the evils and the madness of the House Beautiful, he lavishly flung them east and west from out his calculating hand. Along the Park, down in "The Flats," upon the "Heights" he raised temples to the fell destroyer. The deeply-recessed, four-story bay, terra-cottaed, medallioned, topped with ruddy copper, or the brick-red tile, or the colder galvanized iron, adds noble dignity to the colabarg or marble exterior, and triples the curtained capacity of the interior. Low and narrow windowlets, disposed at random, add to the imagined picturesqueness of the façade, and more effectually limit the admission of light and air. Depressed ceilings, rambling partitions, and senseless crannies and recesses are ready-made contrivances, designed to lead to lower depths the novice in the paths of true æsthetic crime.

Only the good is beautiful; but all this is bad indeed. The race is born that it may live, and, living, produce and maintain a brood no less vigorous than the parent. All "art" that hinders this great aim of Nature's self is false, deceiving, cruel art—art of unthinking barbarian or of reckless savage. To live, to acquire, retain and transmit vitality, we must have light and air; above all, air, PURE AIR. Not hangings, or screens, or portières, not plush, or embroidery, or hand-painting, not cabinets or étagères, make a beautiful house. The beautiful house is the healthful house; and the healthful house is one of free spaces, whose openings, not forced from their true purpose in the name of decorative art, admit the life-giving sun and the vital oxygen; whose rooms are so planned that a fresh supply of air may be readily conveyed into each one of them, and the

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diseased air as readily withdrawn from them. Confined air is diseased air. It envelops and evolves seeds of death; and hence the so-called House Beautiful is in fact the House Deadly.

We know that the purest air, on entering our lungs, not only effects material changes in our blood and tissues, but is itself materially changed, and issues from the lungs charged with a fatal gas, the product of decomposition. Every child is taught this fact in the schools. When we meet indoors, then, at meals, in social converse, to dance, to sing, to play, to pray, we emit, minute after minute, a mephitic compound whose poisonous virulence is aggravated by numbers and confinement. Though the limit which is immediately fatal may never be reached, yet the daily absorption of the impure, carbonated air is hurtful to the strong and pernicious to the weak. While we know little of our bodies or of disease, a long course of experiments has determined the connection existing between certain diseases and certain low forms of life which fill the atmosphere. We know, too, that there are certain bacilli, certain microbes, which transmit diseases. The becurtained, draped, beportièred room is the fruitful nest of these silent, patient enemies of man. In the half-poisoned air of confinement they breed with magic rapidity, adding poison to poison.

That confined air is poisoned air is proved by indisputable facts. The more living men and women you bring into that air, the more fatal it becomes. The ordinary death-rate from consumption is three in a thousand; but in barracks, prisons, workshops, and houses containing a number of people, the death-rate from consumption rises till we meet with such terrifying figures as forty-three per cent. Can we ask for stronger proof that to the weak-lunged confined air is certain death, however slow? Shall we not fear for the anæmic, and shall we vouch for the strong? From the later researches physicians are as nearly agreed as it is permitted physicians to be that pneumonia, which yearly sweeps away so many from among us, is a bacillic disease. Its action is at times so seeming sudden, its vagaries so many and so inexplicable, its malignancy so shocking, that theorists fail, with all their theories, to satisfy us or themselves as to the inciting cause of the disease. May we not seek it in the poisoned air of the parlor and sleeping-room rather than in the open air of the park or street? Has not the bacillus bred and nourished and multiplied in the confined air of the House Beautiful, done his work before the numbing chill has warned us of clogged bronchiæ and hepatized tissues?

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And may we not thus account for the apparent contagiousness of the disease at times? Our typhoids, malarias, and the still more cruel diphtheria are attributed to sewer-gas and imperfect plumbing. Would even these affect us if our rooms were so planned and furnished that we could, if we would, drive out the polluted air, and breathe, day and night, in a clearer, purer medium?

Free, unconfined, continuously renewed air is not only a preventive of disease, but a therapeutic whose efficacy has not been as yet rightly estimated or fairly tested. There are more who fear it than use it intelligently. And yet without it the consumptive is doomed, as with it he can be cured. Brown-Séquard's experiments with rabbits are convincing. Taking a number of these animals, he inoculated them with tuberculous matter. Of one hundred and eight thus inoculated and then kept in the outer air under a pavilion, not one contracted phthisis; while of those shut up in the laboratory every one died of that painful disease. If there be some one who is not convinced by these remarkable experiences with lower animals, he can hardly resist the force of the testimony of the reputable physicians who have successfully tried the out-door treatment in their ordinary practice. Dr. Stoker, of Dublin, radically cured a consumptive patient—whose lungs were perforated by deep cavities—by keeping him in the open air day and night. The body, of course, was covered sufficiently to protect it from cold. Dr. MacCormac, who was among the first to suggest this simple and logical treatment, as well as Dr. James Blake, of California, have effected cures in the same manner. Fear a draught, indeed; but fear no less the confined air of what are too often misnamed "living-rooms"! And again, under proper conditions, do not fear the open air!

If fresh air be so necessary to health and life, and so potent a remedy in disease, why construct and furnish houses after a fashion that surely bars fresh air out from us? On the other hand, if confined air be noxious, why deliberately plot and plan and spend that we may breathe no other? The law compels the builder of a tenement to provide for the ventilation of the workingman's apartments. Shall not our intelligence, the interest of self-preservation, the sense of duty to our families and society, stand us in stead of statute law? Is life of less value to the well-to-do than to the poor? Or is there a higher principle involved than we wot of in the cherry shutter with the fixed slat, in the close-armored grate, in the tufted wall, in the oft-repeated cur-

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tain or the too-too frequent portière? In this wintry weather there is more certain evidence of high and thoughtful intelligence in an open grate with a glowing fire than in bushels of bibelots and yard after yard of tapestry. For, lacking other means, there is no more effective way of ventilating a room than through a heated chimney-flue. The foul air we expel from the lungs is surely and rapidly carried out through the flue, the previously-confined air is drawn off by the same friendly vent, and the air we breathe is constantly renewed. When the weather grows too warm for a grate-fire, the flue is still at our service as a ventilator. Leave an opening in the fire-place, so that there may be a free current from room to flue; run a gas-pipe into the flue, and keep the burner lighted. That particular room will be sweet and clean and healthful, however it may be with the rest of the house. If the new gas-pipe seems too troublesome or expensive, why then hang a little lamp in the flue. Taking the place of the gas-burner, the lamp will do quite as good work. The most vulgar little lamp thus utilized adds more to the beauty of the house than a pair of majolica umbrella-pots in the hall, or a Dutch marquetry clock, or even a vernis-martin table, or impossible nymph by Henner.

Oh! for some newer, chaster, not quite so wordy, and somewhat more connected Walt Whitman, juvenile—some psalmist, vates, bard, singer, poet—to awaken the people with loud, resonant, echoing notes of warning, uttered through no reedy Pan pipe but through Wagnerian horn, trumpet, trombone; calling on the American patriot and lover of his kind to pull down the impeding shutter, curtain, portière, and to transship the screen-barricade to the more reasonable Japanese, who knows how to use it rightly; to the habitant of the draped chamber, intoning the telling lesson of the bare hospital wall, which accumulates the mortal bacteria even on its uncovered, well-cleansed surface; to the millionaire as to the bourgeois, chanting the praises and the laws of Hygeia, and of her hand-maidens Light and Air; chanting the glories of the beautiful house, the sun-lighted, ventilated house, the house planned by the true architect; and, in terrible tones of the tuba, sounding far and wide the deceitful perils of the æsthetic house, House Beautiful—the veritable Deadly House.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

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AT THE CROSS-KEYS.

PART I.

As a girl I had decided Bohemian inclinations, and my marriage gave me opportunities for indulging them. My husband found my love of roaming equal to his own, and we have egged one another on until we have become a pair of professional nomads; my poor mother says I might as well have married the Wandering Jew.

When I said "professional nomads" I used the adjective advisedly; for Dick is an artist, and his particular line being landscape, it obliges him to ramble round in search of subjects. We make a point of avoiding the regulation haunts of the brethren of the brush, preferring to find places for ourselves which have not been overpainted, and where, as Dick says, the cows have not been brought up to pose from earliest calfdom. One summer, however, we went, on the recommendation of a friend, to a village which had been "discovered" a few years back, and which, we were told, possessed all sorts of scenic attractions. It was called Chittingdean, and was seventy miles from London, and nine from the coast as the crow flies.

It might as well have been seven hundred miles from town, so un-get-at-able and out of the way it was, and so old-fashioned when reached.

There was no direct railway. We left the main line at a certain junction, and went on to a wayside station called Bigton, a most *timberous* construction; the platforms, offices, and waiting-rooms were all wood, and the station-master's house and the signal-boxes were merely sheds of the same material. An inscription on a large board, "Alight here for Ammering, Startington, Pegworth, and Chittingdean," warned us that this was where we were to get out.

We were still seven miles from our destination, and there was no visible method of attaining it save a cart with an æsthetically tinted, "greenery-yallery" tilt; this vehicle was drawn by an aged white horse, and bore the legend, "Tobias Scutt, carrier, Chittingdean."

Mr. Scutt was deep in conversation with a velveteen gamekeeper when the porter who had charge of our boxes asked him if he would convey them and us. After some reflective head-scratching he decided he could take the lady and the luggage—the gentleman must walk.

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So I was hoisted up to a place beside the driver, and off we jogged.

Never did cart contain a more miscellaneous collection of articles. Immediately behind me was a coop, and I soon knew with uncomfortable certainty that it held more than *mere hens.* I noticed prominent above other surroundings a crateful of china, a keg of kerosene, a side of bacon, and a bonnet-box, also many bundles tied in cloths and spotted handkerchiefs; while "visible on the air," if not to the eye, there was fish, dried haddocks or herrings.

The first house we stopped at, our seat, which was formed by the lid of a coffin-like receptacle for perishable goods, was raised, and three pounds of sausages handed out; Scutt receiving in exchange a dead duck, which he cast contemptuously in at the back to take its luck among the "clutter," as he called it. From where I sat I could see it lying helplessly across a milk-can, with its legs, like the duck's in the song, "hanging dangling down, O!"

I made several attempts to talk with my companion, but, after a brief response to my well-meant efforts, he would relapse into gloomy silence; though he evidently had a tender conscience, and if he found the height of prolonged conversation too much for him he would not shirk the duty of showing me the objects of interest along the road. From time to time he would rouse himself, point with the butt end of his whip, and make some such remark as this:

"That be Marster Lear's—him as had his ricks burnt last year"; or, "See thatten tower? That be Drinkwater's folly."

I longed for further particulars, to ask how Marster Lear had his ricks burnt, or why Drinkwater built him a tower; but I dared not, for I felt that Mr. Scutt's contempt for my ignorance would be of a Swinburnean "intolerable scorn not to be borne" kind.

By and by, as we left the straggling village of Bigton behind, the houses became fewer and farther between, only one here and there, and that, as a rule, standing far back among fields.

The way was a winding one; sometimes it took us between trees whose branches met above our heads, and whose thickly growing leaves let the light through only in wavering, checkered spots on the dusty road; sometimes across a tract of shadeless common where the sun drew a rank sweet odor from the gorse which was blazing in all its golden glory. At one spot I remember the fields came down to the highway's edge, so that we drove through a sea of rustling rye which shivered and silvered in the

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faint breeze. Soon after this we passed a small round hut built of wood and plaster; there was no window in it, only a low door, and in the roof one little chimney stuck up; this hut Scutt told me, with a flickering smile, was "Number one Chittingdean."

"Number two" was a general shop, where we stayed and gave the herrings over to a stout lady in black, who, I was afterwards told, had buried four husbands. As she was healthy and comely, besides being sole owner of a flourishing business, there seemed no reason why she should not add to the number.

The general shop was really the beginning of the village, for just beyond it was the green, with a pond at one side, into which a great lumbering cart-horse was being steered by a scrap of a boy who, perched on its back, smote lustily its unresisting flank and cried: "Git over 'er!" without producing the slightest effect. The huge animal planted its shaggy feet deliberately and with stolid delight in the mud, sucking up big draughts of water, its sides contracting and expanding in a manner fortunately peculiar to horses; it would be most embarrassing in human beings.

All around the green were cottages, quaint, irregular, misshapen, and looking, many of them, as if collapsing beneath their heavy thatches. They all had gardens, in front, behind, or at the sides, full of flowers, prim rows of vegetables, or rank weeds, according to the owner's taste.

On the farther side of the green was the river, crossed by an old stone bridge of many arches, and to the right of the bridge, standing somewhat at an angle, was the inn where we had engaged rooms.

The Cross-Keys—its name a relic of Catholic England—was a long, low, buff-washed building, with a sign-board swinging above the porch, on one post of which was painted a red hand whose tapering index-finger and elaborately pointed filbert nail tried in vain to point round the corner "To the tap."

In the doorway stood Dick. He had made a short cut and arrived first. By his side was the landlady, to whom I was presented. She took me at once to our parlor, where she insisted on my swallowing two cupfuls of boiling tea before she would allow me to explore further, declaring that I was in the last stage of exhaustion, and that my boxes would be quite safe and all right without my worrying over them.

I saw at a glance that she was not a woman to be trifled with, and I meekly obeyed, listening the while to my trunks as they were carried up-stairs, bumping against all the corners, and

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finally deposited with a thud (wrong side up I was sure) immediately over my head.

Jane Hawkins, of the Cross-Keys, was simply terrific. She was very tall, with a face whose features must once have been largely handsome, but whose outlines were now blurred and indistinct on account of the excessive size of her cheeks. I have never seen so portly a woman, or one whose figure, so to speak, so boldly overleaped all boundary lines.

She was used to artists and their ways, she told me; always had two or three there in the summer, but this was the first time one had brought his good lady, and she hoped I should be comfortable.

"There was nuthin' fine or finikin about the Keys, but, thank God! a body could lay her head on her pillow at night and know it was clean."

Our parlor was a low-pitched, square room, with window-seats, chintz-covered chairs, an ancient piano of the shape known as "semi-grand," and the most appallingly hideous wall-paper the heart of man could conceive. For decoration there were quantities of flowers in feathers, wool, wax, and shells, all under glass shades; there was an "ornament for your fire-stove" in green and purple paper, with hangings of the same over the chimney glass, and a fly-catcher suspended from the middle of the ceiling.

Opening from the parlor was a dear little room where Dick could work on wet days, and up-stairs we had a bed-room with an enormous bed that made one think of the lying-in-state of Queen Anne, or King George, or some other eighteenth-century monarch. It was not one of your trivial, every-day, modern affairs, into whose midst one can lightly leap, but a stately, imposing couch that had to be solemnly climbed upon by the aid of a flight of steps. We used to wonder if the dead-and-gone worthies who had slept in it were wont to close the dismal moreen curtains that hung at each corner, before composing themselves to slumber, and, if so, what manner of dreams they indulged in. However, as Mrs. Hawkins said, everything was the pink of cleanliness, and when we had persuaded her to remove some of her objectionable "trimmings," and had arranged the few things we brought with us, we were very well satisfied with our summer quarters, and not at all surprised at other artists having returned again and again to them. It was a lovely spot; the river was big enough to bathe in or boat on, and just behind the inn it went tumbling and brawling over a weir, keeping the air full of the cool, fresh smell of falling water.

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Our predecessors had left their marks on the place; in the bar-parlor were many sketches and studies they had presented as souvenirs to their landlady. In one corner of the ceiling a large, damp stain had been cleverly converted into a grotesque head, and when I leaned from the window and commented on the stylishness of the sign-board already mentioned—

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Hawkins, "that was done for me by young André. He called me into his room to look at it. 'There, Mrs. 'Awkins,' says he, 'how do you like it?' 'What's that there sugar-loaf and them tarsels in the corner for?' says I. 'Why, them's the papal arms,' says he, as peart as could be. 'Then you just take your brush and paint 'em out,' says I. 'Such things may be all very well for *you* with your Frenchified name,' says I, 'but we want no papal arms, nor legs neither, at the Keys,' says I."

When one is turned loose in a country village with no particular object of interest, such as a ruined abbey or a show seat, one generally makes for the church; and the afternoon of our second day at Chittingdean I turned my steps toward the gray tower whose square top I saw standing above the trees. To reach it I had to go down a narrow lane, which, in spite of prolonged hot weather, was very muddy, water lurking in little puddles at the bottom of the deep ruts. I remember wondering why a lane which led apparently only to the church should have so many ruts; why, indeed, it should be necessary for wagons to go that way at all, as the heaviest of farmers could hardly require wheels of such dimensions to carry him to his devotions. Soon, however, I discovered that the lane ran at the back of the vicarage, and that agricultural operations of some magnitude were carried on there.

The house was large, with a porch overgrown by *Gloire de Dijon* roses, but there was an air of desolation about it. The shutters were up, the steps green with moss, and the door looked as if it had not been opened for a century. The grass on the lawns was as long and flowery as that in the adjacent paddocks, and the drives were full of weeds. At the side of the house was a well-filled stack-yard, with a threshing-machine bundled up in tarpaulin garments; a thin wreath of smoke curling from what was presumably the kitchen chimney showed that part of the house was inhabited.

The church-yard was in no better order than the vicarage garden, from which it was separated by a wire fence. On the graves the hemlock and giant parsley grew riotously; the tombstones were dilapidated, and had settled crookedly into the

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ground. There were many of those long boards, supported by pointed posts, which were so much in favor with the poor of a past generation, the inscriptions—such, at least, as were legible—mostly of the "Afflictions sore long time I bore" type.

The main entrance to the church was locked, but, nothing daunted, I pursued my way round the building till I came to a little door in a corner formed by the tower wall and a projecting buttress. I seized the iron ring which did duty as a handle; it turned, and I stepped over the threshold into a passage with a screen across one end.

As I was blinking with the sudden change from the outside glare to the obscurity within, an old man darted on me from behind the partition—an old man in strangely shabby clothes, bepatched and of a marvellous cut. Half his face was hidden by a shaggy beard; what could be seen of it was very dirty; long locks of grizzled hair fell on to his shoulders and brows, beneath which gleamed a pair of fierce, dark eyes.

In answer to his terrifically-toned inquiry as to what I wanted, I said, in the firmest voice I could muster, that I wanted to see the church, whereat he took a bunch of keys from a nail and bade me follow him. We went through a murky vestry where a yellow surplice dangled dismally over an oak chest—own brother, apparently, to the one in which the heroine of "The Mistletoe Bough" met her fate—and under an archway into the chancel.

The church had been a fine specimen of early Norman, cruciform in shape, but it seemed to me that everything which "the craft or subtlety of the devil or man" could suggest towards ruining it had been done; the nave was blocked with hideous pews, the rood-loft had been destroyed, and over the chancel the royal arms ramped; while, triumph of vandalism, at the west end a gallery for the singers had been erected, spoiling the tower by cutting its proportions in half. On a mural tablet letters of gold told to admiring future generations how "Humphrey Neale and William Sayers, churchwardens, had beautified and restored the building, adding this gallery to the glory of God, during the reign of His Majesty George III., in the year of grace 1811."

An old church, however mutilated, is always interesting, and I should have liked to stay some time in this; but I did not altogether enjoy the company of my cicerone, and I trembled somewhat for his patience, so I asked him if it would be possible for me to get the keys and come again at my leisure.

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"What for?" he asked, so snappishly that I, seeking in my mind for a suitable excuse, weakly said, "To rub some of the brasses."

"Rub the brasses!" he snorted contemptuously. "A lot you know about rubbing brasses! Let's hear how you would set about it."

I was confounded. I knew it was done with something black, and that the something's name began with an "h," but whether it was *henbane* or *hellebore* I could not remember. I ventured the former, and the result was a burst of derisive chuckling from the horrid old man. I offered him a shilling, which, to my surprise, he refused, and I beat the most dignified retreat possible under the circumstances.

Mrs. Hawkins made a point of coming to see me every morning as soon as Dick was out of the way. I enjoyed her visits immensely, she was so full of information. I think, on the whole, I have never met a person more full of information or more fond of imparting it. Dick used to say she was garrulous and a gossip; but as I have heard him attribute the same defects to his wife, his opinion is comparatively valueless.

The day after my adventure in the church was a Friday, the morning on which Scutt, the carrier, came, and he had brought me some ice (an unknown luxury in Chittingdean). I was busy snipping it up into bits to put in some lemonade when there came the usual tap at the door, and in walked Mrs. Hawkins.

In answer to my request to her to be seated, she sank with a sigh of relief into the largest chair in the room, filling it to overflowing, and watched my proceedings for some seconds in silence.

"Ah!" she said at last, "I wonder at you drinking that nasty, cold stuff; I wonder your 'usband lets you—I do, indeed: a little scrap of a slim thing like you. A drop of good beer is what you want."

"But, Mrs. Hawkins, I don't like beer."

"Well, stout, then. Mr. Craven, the brewer over to Anderton, he brews a capital stout; this is a free house,* thank the Lord, but I always has Craven's stout."

"I am afraid I don't like stout, either, Mrs. Hawkins."

"Ah! my dear, that's because you don't know what's good for you! No more didn't I till I was so bad in my legs five years ago this very summer. I was that weak you might ha' blown me away, as the saying is. Doctor Maynard, he says to me: 'Mrs. 'Awkins,' says 'e, '*you* aren't a poor body. You aren't got no call to stint your innards, and two pints of stout is what you must take every blessed day,' says 'e.

* An inn not bound to supply the beer of one firm only.

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"'Doctor,' says I, 'I couldn't do it—I could *not* do it'; and no more I didn't, not for weeks, till the doctor he goes down on his bended knees, as it were, and begs and prays of me, 'A pint and a 'arf, Mrs. 'Awkins,' says 'e, and a pint and a 'arf I made it; and since then I've took it reg'lar, and, bless you, I'm *twice* the woman I was!"

I thought with a shudder of Dick's horror if I should ever become "twice the woman I was," and I also thought that the temperance agitators would have done well to buy Mrs. Hawkins and take her round on platforms as an awful example of alcoholism; and I wondered, regarding her proportions as the effects of stout, how she had escaped the wrath of the brewers, how it was they had not conspired to murder her long ere she had reached her present pass. Then I remembered my strange old man of the day before, and, giving her a brief description of him, I asked her who he was.

"Why, that must have been Mr. Drane, the rector," she said.

I had not had much experience of country rectors, and I always imagined them to be long-coated, gray-whiskered men, living impersonations of "the gentleman in every parish" which the English Church by State established is supposed to provide; and I must have betrayed my astonishment in my face, for Mrs. Hawkins repeated:

"Yes, that be our rector for sure." Then, seeing that I was interested, she settled herself more comfortably in her chair and prepared for enjoyment; she did not often get hold of some one to whom her tales wore the charm of novelty.

"The Reverend Drane (which his Christian name is Roger) has been at the rectory a matter of forty years and more."

"Indeed? He—he is very singular-looking!" This I said with some hesitation, not knowing how far a residence of forty years might have endeared him to the hearts of his people.

"Ah!" she answered, with a gurgling laugh, "he's a rum 'un, *he* is; but he was a fine-looking gentleman when he married 'Awkins and me about ten years after he come to the place. 'Come to the place,' says I! He was born here; man and boy, he's lived here most part of his life, and he saw his seventy-five last April. The Dranes are a wonderful old family. I've heard Dixon, the clerk, say that they were here in the time of them old ancient Saxons you've heard of, p'r'aps; and there's a bit of a rhyme says:

"'Thornton, Lyndfield, Drane, and Hurst
Saw Norman William do his worst.'

Norman William, mum, as you may have heard tell, was a

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Frenchman as come over here interfering and doin' a mort of mischief, which it seems is in the nature of them foreigners always *to* do.

"Well, as I was sayin', the Dranes have been squires of Chittingdean for hundreds of years, and the church, so to speak, belongs to them, as well as the Great House. Mr. Drane's father he were a artful old gentleman, he were; he had only one son, and he sent him to college to be made a parson of, so that he could hold the living while his father was alive; and when the old squire died, why, the young 'un, as we used to call him, was lord of the manor and rector as well, so he 'ad it all in 'is own 'ands."

"I suppose, now that he is so old, he has a curate to do the church work for him?"

"Not he. He had one years ago when I was a gell. I remember him well: a nice, quiet gentleman with one eye. Baker his name was, and 'Awkins' brother's wife's own niece lived to him as general servant in the white house opposite the Lion. Mr. Drane used to be away a good part of the year then; when he was at 'ome he kep' a deal of company and was open-handed and free with his money; and he spent a deal, too, in London—lived like a prince up there, I've heard tell, with madam and the young ladies goin' to court in dimonds and plumes. Then all of a sudden he came down here to live. They *did* say he had done somethin' up there which made 'em have to leave and be glad to be quiet-like in the country; all I know is, half the servants were sent away, and only two or three horses kep' in the stables. They had to economize, and I suppose that was the beginning of his bad tempers.

"Then he and his wife fell out, some said about this, and some about that; anyhow, the daughters sided with their ma, and there was terrible scenes. I don't wonder at madam! If I'd 'a' been his wife, *I'd* ha' given him what for!

"Ah, dear! I could tell you a mort of queer stories about him and his goings-on! But the upshot of it all was, madam went off one day and the young ladies with her, leaving Master Penstone and his pa here; and Mr. Drane, from being so free with his cash, took savin'-like, and one by one the servants were turned off. Then they left the manor and moved into the rectory, and Mr. Drane worked right hard on the land, and grew that cantankerous and graspin' there was no goin' nigh him. He starved himself pretty near, but he kep' Master Penstone in luxury. When that boy was at home—which was most of the time, for he hated books and schoolin'—he was the pest of the village. His sisters was a deal older than he was—middle-aged

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women they are now—and they've been here once or twice for a few days and tried to put things a bit to rights; but, bless you! they can't put up with Mr. Drane's ways. He isn't, so to speak, a *takin'* man, isn't our rector, and he's got queer notions with livin' so lonely; for none of the gentry go anigh him.

"He wasn't quite so bad while his son was at home, but now he's gone the rector and Kidgell, the bailiff, and Mrs. Kidgell, they all live together in a hugger-mugger way, and there isn't a round-frock farmer in the place but what keeps his home better."

"Where is the son now?" I asked.

"In London, I suppose. Up to no good, wherever he be, for a bigger scamp than Penstone Drane never drew the breath of life; though I say, and I *always* shall say, he's what his father made him."

"You don't care very much for Mr. Drane?" I hazarded.

"No, mum, I don't. We began to get across while 'Awkins was alive, and after he was carried out feet foremost, as the saying is, we liked each other less, till we had words, in this very parlor, nine blessed years ago. It was after the audit dinner—which he used to give at the Keys then, but is 'eld at the Lion now on account of our falling out—and it all came through his raising the rent on Timothy Woolven, which it was a crying shame. The men were all talking about it, but none of 'em dared to speak. 'If you're afraid,' says I, 'Jane 'Awkins isn't.' And I ups and comes into this room, where he was a-setting at that table, with his papers spread out before him. 'You're not a-goin' to do it, Mr. Drane, sir,' says I, as civil as could be—'you're not a-goin' to do it on a old man as has held under your father, and has hard work to pay his way now out of that dirty bit of land—' 'Mrs. 'Awkins,' says he, 'I've got to make my living as well as you yours; you fake your beer in peace,' says he, 'and leave me to screw my tenants the same.' Well, that made me as mad as mad, for he knew that every drop of beer that's drunk at the Keys is as pure as what he's got in his cellar; so, 'Livin'?' says I. 'We all know how you get *your* livin',' says I, 'but where the money goes is a different thing; pretty sure Chittingdean don't see the color of it! Perhaps, though,' says I, 'it goes to keep Master Penstone in his wine-bibbing and riotous ways, which an't what they should be in a minister's son, if all folks tells me is true. You've made a idol of yourself long enough, Mr. Drane,' says I, 'and, now you are past worshipping, you've set up Master Penstone; but you mark my words, you'll regret it,' says I, 'as sure as God made little apples.' 'I'll let you know when I *do*,' says he, and walked out of the place, and

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puts it up on old Woolven and makes him pay special tithes for the trifle of 'ops he was growing. Well, the rector he didn't come near the Keys for weeks, and then one day in he walks for a glass of bitter. 'Beg pardon, but it's a shillin',' says I when he tendered his tuppence; 'it's a beer I keeps for the clergy, made from very dear 'ops. It's not the "faking" it that costs,' says I, 'it's the *special tithes* gives it a flavor, to be paid for accordin'.' Well, he looked me straight in the face a minute, then he throws down a shillin' and out he goes, and has never been in since. There's no love lost between us, I can tell you; if he could play me a nasty turn he would. He'd like to take my license away, but I'm too well known for that—I'd like to see the West Sussex magistrate as would interfere with Jane 'Awkins!—let alone that he daren't show his nose on the bench. But though he don't come here, I always goes to church, for I hope I'm too good a Christian to keep away because the rector and I don't *frequent*, as the sayin' is, besides it's bein' the only chance a body has of wearing her bit of best."

AGNES POWER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SNOW-STORM.

(*Written while looking out at the Blizzard, March* 12, 1888.)

THICK fall the flakes upon the frozen soil,
White rise the mounds above the buried grain
That sleeps entombèd by the farmer's toil,
In hope to grow to glorious life again.

The deeper sink the snows into its tomb
The better promise of a harvest good;
They turn, by sinking into cheerless gloom,
Dull death to life, corruption into food.

Thus falls of grace unto the barren soul—
Of vice though shrouded in the wintr'y night—
By hand divine dispensed with generous dole,
Bring strength and beauty with reviving light,

Awake the intellect and deadened will,
Arouse the dormant faculties within,
Till life celestial all their forces feel,
And white-robed innocence replaces sin.

Fort Washington, March 12, 1888. H. A. B.

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AN OPEN LETTER FROM A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

THE Rev. Dr. Stalkinghorse, from whom I received the following highly interesting letter on a subject to which I have lately endeavored to call the attention of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, requests me in a subsequent note to be assured that, while he thinks he has written just about what every Catholic college president in the United States would write if he confided his honest thoughts to paper—"*mutato nomine, de eis fabula narraretur*," as he puts it—he is to be understood as speaking officially only for himself, and is far from presuming to be spokesman for any one else. ALFRED YOUNG.

Extract from a letter from the Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P., to the Rev. Dr. Pestalozzi Stalkinghorse, A.B.C., etc., etc.

. . . And it seems to me that the principles I have adduced in my several essays upon congregational singing, and especially their application in "An Open Letter to a Nun," deserve serious consideration at the hands of superiors and directors of colleges, like yourself and your reverend associate professors. What is sauce for the goose (begging pardon of her and hers and of you and yours for the simile) is sauce for the gander. Why cannot you have all the students sing together all that ought to be sung at High Mass and Vespers and on other occasions? Won't you think about it? . . .

PARNASSUS COLLEGE,
ACADEMOPOLIS, April the first, 1888.

MY DEAR FATHER YOUNG: Your proposition that all the young gentlemen of our colleges should unite to form a common chorus, and sing together all that a choir should sing at the divine services of the church, at daily prayers, etc., strikes me as a novelty to the introduction of which there are serious objections.

First of all, it would be looked upon as a grave innovation upon college traditions, and regarded by the young gentlemen themselves as an unwarrantable restriction of their time-honored and prescriptive privileges, which in their eyes is tantamount to a defeasance of "inalienable rights." The maxim, *State super antiquas vias*, if not inscribed over the portals of our colleges, is one whose force all are soon made to feel who enter them either

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as pupils or as professors. The singing in our college is performed by a choir (*sic*) composed of members from three musical societies formed among the students—the Mendelssohn Glee Club, the Wagner Philharmonic Choral Union, and a select quartet called the Gamma Sigma Beta Tau, whose members constitute the "Chorus" when we produce a Greek play. The members of these societies spend a good deal of time in private rehearsals under the tuition of the well-known professor, Signor Solfamire, the expenditures for whose services, although very costly, I feel justly warranted in making for the honor of the college.

Naturally, these singers would object to straining their finely-cultivated voices to such a pitch as to be heard above the singing of two hundred boys, who, of course, if once permitted to do so, would sing at the top of their voices; and if the choir-singers could not make themselves distinctly heard above the rest, all motive, as you will perceive, would be taken away for them to sing at all,* to say nothing of the positive injury which their voices would sustain from singing together with uncultivated and harsh voices, as Signor Solfamire assures me would certainly be the case.

Again, the common singing of hymns or other chants which are within the capacity of a large number of persons, many of whom, as is the case in a body of college students, are but imperfectly educated in the art of singing, is, as you are doubtless aware, generally voted as vulgar and fit only for people of the lower classes. Our own college, of which I have the honor to be the president, counts among its students a large number of the sons of distinguished families, the very élite of society, or, what comes to the same thing, of those whose wealth or political influence enables them to take rank among, and assume the title and privileges of, gentlemen. To introduce such a practice as congregational singing would, I think, be regarded as beneath the notice and unworthy of the interest of these young gentlemen. I know you would say that what is considered as good enough, and as even preferable in the judgment of the church—as is plainly the expression of the late Council of Baltimore, and of other councils abroad whose decisions you have cited in your essays—ought to be good enough even for young gentlemen, be-

* Although he writes "*all* motive," I presume the Rev. Dr. Stalkinghorse means, doubtless, that motive which is regrettably uppermost and often the only one in the minds of the select few who sing in our church choirs, which is, to be heard and praised by the audience; and not the true and only worthy motive which should animate singers at divine service, viz., that of singing to be heard by and to praise God.—A. Y.

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their manners and tastes never so refined. Your arguments appear to be irrefutable, and theoretically I cannot but agree with you; but to inaugurate a practice which might result in a large falling off in our matriculation list would be a grave question for a college president to meet. Probably the students might be won over to it by instruction and encouragement; but, between ourselves, many of their purse-proud and over-refined parents would not be so easily dealt with. This *argumentum ad crumenam* will probably evoke a smile upon the lips of your reverence, but my desire to be frank with you has induced me not to withhold it.

Once more: Except the members of the before-mentioned musical societies who employ their free time chiefly in the culture of their voices and in practising instrumental music in order to exhibit their powers in these arts on various public occasions (I may say just here that their singing in the choir at Mass and Vespers is quite a secondary purpose of their choral organizations, and whose performances at these divine services are, of course, not comparable in style and finish to their admirable renditions from *Robert le Diable*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *Pinafore*, and the *Medea* of Euripides, with their capital impersonations of negro character and songs with banjo and bones)—except these, as I was saying, most of the college students employ all the time at their command in athletic exercises, whose triumphs in the ball-field and at the boat-races you have probably read with great interest in the newspapers.

These students, who are by far the great majority, have, as you perceive, no leisure time, over and above that devoted to these diversions, which might be employed in the study and practice of singing. What was said of the people in general and of the lack of this accomplishment among them by one of the reverend pastors of the ancient and conservative city of Albany, just past the celebration of its bi-centennial anniversary of existence, may well be applied to the students of our own and, I presume, to the students of most of the colleges in this country. He said, as reported in a late number of the *Albany Sunday Press:* "The principal difficulty in the introduction of congregational singing would arise from the fact that, *leading a more active life* than European people, and having less time for the cultivation of music, we have not the advantage of that earlier training which is part of the curriculum of Old-World schools." And, as he remarked, it would not in his opinion "take" in Albany, so I am also of opinion that it would not take

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among the students of our colleges, who are so deeply interested in and much occupied, despite its serious interference with intellectual pursuits, with the cultivation of their muscular activity.

Your arguments for congregational singing, especially those adduced in the article entitled "Let all the People Praise the Lord," which appeared in the March number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are very forcible—*macte virtute!*—and by those who have been well grounded in practices of devotion, and who love the church's services of divine praise and seek its highest and purest expression, cannot be lightly passed by without serious consideration. But, my dear Father Young, you know what college boys are, and how tiresome, as a rule, church services of any kind are to them, not being trained, as you know, to love and esteem pious exercises.*

They are, I observe, very glad when we have no High Mass or Vespers on Sundays and festivals, and no sermon, as it leaves them more free time to use in training for the coming contest against the ball and boat clubs of —— College.†

I fully agree with you that our youths in this country sadly lack religious training; and I am sure that learning the replies to a few questions in the catechism, and the ordinary prayers, is not enough to make them good, practical Catholics, or decently intelligent ones either. What they possess as a rule when they come to us to receive instruction in the higher branches of education, to the attainment of exceptional excellence in which our colleges are especially devoted and expected to achieve for their pupils, is, I regret to say, extremely meagre in a religious point of view. In fact, it has been reported to me that even some of our own students who have been with us a year or more do not know how to follow the Mass intelligently. You will see, however, by reference to our annual catalogue, that we have, as all our Catholic colleges have, a department of "Christian Doctrine," for proficiency in which we bestow medals and other rewards of merit; and some of the boys, I am happy to say, do remarkably well, considering the relatively small amount of time and attention we can afford to devote to that department. Then we are not without special religious associations of students, who hold their pious meetings once a fortnight or monthly, at which they display their society banner, put on

* My good friend, the President of Parnassus, might be judged from this to think that it is not a duty incumbent upon college teachers to *train* their scholars to love and esteem exercises of piety, but I am quite sure he would indignantly repel any such imputation.—A. Y.

† They play ball behind the college on Sundays, so as not to scandalize the neighbors. I am very careful, as I think all college presidents should be, on that point.

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their badges, and recite their little devotions. Parnassus College has two such societies, the "Sodality of St. Aloysius" and the "Confraternity of St. Christopher *flumen pertransiens*"—the latter my own foundation—both recruited chiefly, as you can well understand, from among the boys of more tender age and delicate constitutions who are not able to take part in the trying physical exercises of the more robust and healthy ones. The Confraternity of St. Christopher *flumen pertransiens* I so named in the hope to induce members of the boat-club to join it, but as yet only one of them has given in his name. These religious societies have a tolerably good *esprit de corps* among themselves, as it has given me pleasure to observe, and which I think it very advisable to encourage, as it cultivates a laudable spirit of emulation most requisite for the attainment of excellence in any undertaking, and in their case is a kind of set-off against the very remarkable, though at times somewhat troublesome, *esprit de corps* which certainly distinguishes our singing societies and the ball and boat clubs.

These sodalists sing at their meetings, not very melodiously I must allow, yet with a good deal of fervor; but then, you see, the poor fellows have not had any training, and cannot be expected to charm the ears of any who may happen to be within earshot of them. They take it out, I suppose, as you say, in the pleasure of singing *to* and *before* God. If they could have a little training from Signor Solfamire they would do much better, but then I would hardly feel justified in expending money upon the singing of a society for merely pious purposes.

Nevertheless I remember that on some occasions, when invited by their prefect to attend their meetings (and I think it wise to encourage such associations by the presence and smile of authority, although my time is constantly engaged with matters of more urgent importance than these little societies), I have been, I may say, more deeply moved by the rather uncouth and uncultivated singing of these sodality boys (albeit that I am by nature rather cold and dispassionate, as it behooves those in authority to be, or to assume to be) than I ever have been by the finest renditions of our Mendelssohn Glee Club or the Wagner Philharmonic Choral Union; and I have not unfrequently been obliged to hide my emotions by overcoming with a violent cough a fanciful obstruction in my throat—purely nervous, I suppose—or vigorously blowing my nose; and, finding occasion to wipe my spectacles, deftly wipe my accidentally suffused eyes also at the same time before reassuming them.

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There is something about a common, hearty singing by a number of persons together which I acknowledge is not without a peculiar charm and spiritual power of its own—else why should it so deeply affect me?—and more than once while singing their devout sodality hymns with might and main I have seen the faces of these dear boys light up with a singular brightness of expression (or was it only my fancy?) that was, I am free to say, lovely—I cannot find a better term to describe it—quite lovely to behold; and it has led me to go among them more frequently and to stay there very much longer than I would otherwise do, and perhaps more often and longer than is becoming in visits from one in authority, who, I take it, should always limit his appearance and the time of his presence to quite this side of what might indicate or invite familiarity.

To be quite honest with you, dear Father Young, I dare say that if you should demand from me a categorical expression of opinion I would not deny that I like the singing of these good youths, musically poor as it is, much better than I like their silence at Mass and Vespers; and I am led to believe that if the whole two hundred and more students were busily occupied in singing together, even if the result were not, in refined expression, equal to the choice vocal efforts by our few select voices in the choir, many of the boys would be thinking more about God and divine things during those seasons of prayer and praise than I fear they in fact are. The juvenile mind of a youth, like his body, is acutely sensitive and irrepressibly active, and, *propter lapsum naturæ*, has a perverse disposition to wander in forbidden paths, pluck forbidden fruit, and scale forbidden bounds—*nitimur in vetitum*, you know—which perversity of nature induced that shrewd observer of man and womankind, the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to say that she thought she could make men better—and, *à fortiori*, it would be true of boys—if she could get Parliament to revise the Ten Commandments and abolish the word "*not*" from them.

I read your late article, "An Open Letter to a Nun," on the present subject, and while heartily enjoying the criticism you so cleverly managed to make of the methods employed in nuns' convents, here and there I felt that your letter might be perused with equal profit by those having charge of schools for boys also, saving only the change in gender. I am a little surprised, however, at your attributing proverbial quick-wittedness to schoolgirls, unless you had included them among scholars generally. I have not much acquaintance with little girls in or out of school, but I always imagined them to be quite lacking in that *acies*

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ingenii, acuteness of intellectual perception, when compared with boys. Of them I can speak both from experience and *ex animo*. The very remarkable power possessed by boys of reading one's thoughts from one's countenance, and sometimes, as it were, even of seeing out of the backs of their heads and divining what passes behind them, surpasses all understanding and defies all philosophical solution, as we whose occupation is to develop and train the intellectual faculties of youths can fully testify to. Wherefore I heartily agree with you that one should be extremely careful not to give them songs or hymns to sing which they would regard as silly stuff or of dubious moral sentiment if given them to read. Sentiments of piety so expressed as to inspire those boys inclined to irreverence to style them "fal-lal-lal" and "mush" can only tend to make all religious thought and practices of piety contemptible.* I am rather disposed to think that Signor Solfamire is not quite particular enough on that score when he selects new pieces of music to be sung by the members of the musical societies. Hearing something of this sort taken from operas of more than doubtful moral character, and taking occasion, as was my imperative duty as president of the college, to remonstrate with him, assuring him that the lamentable pruriency of some youthful imaginations should be most carefully guarded against being furnished with material and means for descent into turpitude of thought, he only laughed and said, "Oh! the words are nothing, Dr. Stalkinghorse; they are only pegs to hang the delicious music upon." But *he* has not studied philosophy (a pitiable lack in the education of musicians generally), which would have told him that the tune, or music, is the body of which the words are the soul, and both you and I know, Father Young, that the body is too often the dangerous beauty which attracts, enslaves, and leads one headlong to infamy and self-destruction. And, of course, he is not expected to know the fact simply as a musician—though as a *church* musician he ought to know it; but the pronouncement of the Council of Baltimore was perfectly and logically consistent with the philosophical truth I have just cited when it laid down as a

* It is said to be unwise (*unlucky* is the popular term) to criticise the saints, but I wish that the saintly Father Faber, the author of so many good hymns, had never written that hymn of his entitled "The True Shepherd," in which occur the lines:

"He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly he kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how he had missed me.
He coaxed me so to love him," etc.

Now, why do the sodality boys like that hymn, and why do they all smile and look at one another when singing it?

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criterion of fitting music to be sung in churches the maxim, "*The music for the words, and not the words for the music.*" The Spanish proverb thereon is very apt: *La letra es la reyna, y su esclava la musica*—"The word is queen, the music is servant."

Although I am president of the college, I regret to say that I am forced sometimes to feel keenly, and greatly against my sense of self-respect to endure, the autocratic sway of the Signor in these matters; much about the same as our pastors of churches do from the all-powerful person who sits at the organ and obliges the priest to wait his pleasure and accept his choice of music for divine service. If your proposed reformation of church music—*si diis placet*—Father Young, would end in reforming our church organists and music-teachers, and liberate college presidents and church pastors from a slavery in which I, for one, am sometimes led to despise my bonds and resolve at all costs to be free—and I suppose you would at once assure the certainty of such a desirable result—you would confer a lasting blessing upon the clergy at large and be hailed as a benefactor beyond reward.

There is one other consideration not unworthy of note. I once heard an anecdote of a celebrated organist who, at the close of a brilliant performance upon his instrument, was accosted by the bellows-blower with: "We did unusually well to-day, professor?" "*We?*" exclaimed the professor interrogatively, and with a marked tinge of scorn in the tone of his voice. "I think it is *we*," replied he of the bellows-handle. "I think not, sir," curtly and severely said the organist; "it is only *I*." The anecdote further related that on the next occasion, as the organist was about to begin and pulled the bellows signal, it failed to start the blower to his work. The audience was waiting. "I think *we* will play well to-night" was the surly remark of the king of the bellows when appealed to for instant action. The professor wisely comprehended the situation, and his response, "I think *we* will," was at once followed by a full bellows. But the autocrat of the bellows-handle very soon learned that he was not the only man who possessed the art of pumping wind for an organ.

Our chapel choir has not unfrequently expected from me a smiling assurance that "*we* sang the High Mass to-day very well"; and I have wisely, though with no little contempt for myself, felt obliged to reply, "Yes, I think *we* did."

I have always been deeply impressed with the conviction that our Catholic youth should be so trained in their schools as to be thoroughly conversant with and accustomed to attend the complete and rubrically celebrated divine services of the church, if we are to hope that they will in after-years go to High Mass and

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Vespers, as every intelligent and reasonably devout Catholic man who appreciates those more solemn services at their proper worth and purpose should by preference do. Hence, when I was appointed president of Parnassus it grieved me to find that the rule of the college was to have only a Low Mass and the beads in place of Vespers. The slang expression, "short shrift," I was shocked to hear was a by-word among the students for both Low Mass and the Holy Rosary. I will not give their by-word now used to designate High Mass and Vespers, both of which I have succeeded in establishing as the rule, because, as I said before, some quick-witted lad might read in my countenance what I had written to you, and it would never do to have it supposed that I am aware of the use of any such expression amongst them. Some evils, you know, dear father, as well as some good things, fade by sheer neglect.

But now I come to the application of my anecdote. Time and again I find myself obliged to give them "short shrift." The choir say in effect: "*We* cannot sing High Mass or Vespers to-day. Our tenor has a cold, or our bass is laid up from the effects of a 'foul' on the ball-field; or we have had no time to practise a 'Mass,' because the solos and trios and choruses from *Robert le Diable*, or the 'nigger jamboree,' had to be rehearsed." The holy church and God's praises are relegated to a second place, or rather to no rightful place even as second, but are benignly patronized by these "choir" singers, and put in the position of beggars to pick up the scraps and leavings which these gentlemen loftily offer if perchance they feel in the humor of giving.

If I were as confident as you, dear Father Young, of the feasibility of the project in so far as to secure a pretty general singing by all the students, even if our "prima donna tenor" and "bull bass," as they are dubbed by the others, should spitefully keep silent, I would be sorely tempted to assert that *I* sing High Mass, and show these choir artists that there are many other hands besides their own quite competent to take a turn at the bellows-handle (if I may be permitted the use of that musical metaphor derived from the before-cited anecdote), and, boldly deploying my banner, *Vera pro gratis*—"True things instead of agreeable things"—upon the outward walls, invite the whole body of students to join with me in singing High Mass, thus celebrating that Divine Sacrifice according to the very spirit and letter of the church's ritual—*cum omnibus circumstantibus*, as is plainly indicated by the invitation which the priest makes to all present when, at the *Orates fratres*, he designates

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the Mass as "meum ac vestrum sacrificium." It might be rather a feeble attempt at first, but I am not unmindful of the forcible maxim, "*vires acquirit eundo*," and these autocrats of the choir gallery would then learn that the regular celebration of the divine services of the holy church and the singing of the praises of God in a Christian Catholic college were not to be made truculently subordinate to and dependent upon the exactions of an operatic or negro chorus, and still less upon the demand for "practice time" in the base-ball field.

I have heard that somewhere out West, situated either in the wild woods or upon one of the sceneless prairies of that immature region, there is a sort of collegiate institution, which our young gentlemen would call a "one-horse" college, whose curriculum of studies is probably suited in its intellectual standard to the needs of those homely Western provincials, in which bucolic gymnasium High Mass and Vespers, and indeed even the special services of particular festivals, are sung by all the students precisely as you would wish, and that that institution makes a point not only of securing the accomplishment of that design, but of boasting not a little as well of their success. However, I have all this only from hearsay.

Your reflections, in "An Open Letter to a Nun," upon the grave responsibility laid upon teachers of youth in reference to this matter, have, I acknowledge, made me feel quite uneasy. To tell you the truth, the thought quite spoiled my appetite, and I lay awake half the night thinking about it. As president of the college—*homo sui juris*—I have large liberty in matters like this, and just now the spectre of "responsibility" doth so haunt my mind and rouse the twinges of my conscience that, not yet seeing precisely how to lay the ghost you have called up, I could wish my liberty were less, and that I could lay the flattering unction to my soul that, if things are not what they might and should be, it is not my business nor my fault; saying with Macbeth, adjuring Banquo's ghastly shade, "Never shake thy gory locks at me: thou canst not say I did it."

But I have tired you, I fear, with my long epistle; yet trusting that it may not prove wholly unworthy of your perusal, and sympathizing with you in your earnest efforts towards establishing congregational singing among the people at large—*quod bonum felix faustumque sit*—I am, my dear Father Young,

Yours, in hope of better things apud nos,

PESTALOZZI STALKINGHORSE, A.B.C., etc., etc.,

President of Parnassus College.

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SCIENTIFIC FREEDOM.

THOSE who are subject to spectral illusions are often advised, as a remedy, to walk boldly up to the unsubstantial air-vision and clasp it in their arms, or, better still, if circumstances permit, unflinchingly to sit on it; and then invariably the terrifying phantom vanishes into thin air. A similar conduct would perhaps meet with a like success in the case of many of the ghosts of objections which the hierophants of infidelity are fond of conjuring up for our edification. There is a risk lest too much looking and listening should give them an appearance of strength and weight not their own, and enable them to make a sinister impression on our nervous nineteenth-century faith, or at least tempt us to draw a sword which should be reserved for more solid foes, and make us wound ourselves in the vain attempt to cleave them.

One such phantom objection, which seems to be a scare to many minds, is the reproach that we Catholics have no scientific freedom. In the harangues and lucubrations of the coryphei of physical science, the church, the mighty mother, generally figures as a sort of Goddess of Dulness, who lulls the aspiring inquirer in her soft bosom, and then puts her bandage over his eyes. The readiness with which a Catholic scientific man professes to submit his views to an authority which teaches without reference to their hypotheses seems to them a sign of worse than Egyptian bondage, and justifies their regarding him as the champion of a retrograde obscurantism. "You hardly deserve the title of man of science," they taunt him; "you are afraid of experiment, lest it should explode your *à priori;* you cannot bring forth the smallest pet of a theory without living in daily alarm lest it should be strangled by a papal definition; you cannot give our most brilliant hypotheses a frank acceptance, because you are ever haunted by the suspicion of an approaching bull. Bridled by the Pope, ridden by priests, saddled with Moses, what freedom have you in scientific investigation, and consequently what right to be called a scientific man?"

The conclusion is certainly trying, and has put several disputants on their mettle and made them look to their weapons. Some whip out the rapier of logic and try and split the spectre on the point of a distinction. "The church," they loudly proclaim, "has no right whatever to interfere in scientific matters,"

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and then they add in a whisper, "*as such.*" "The proper object of the Pope's infallibility is faith and morals alone. History, philosophy, science, the higher criticism" (again *sotto voce*, "as such"—much virtue in an *as such!*) "are entirely outside his sphere." Others with the axe of theology attempt to beat down the monstrous shape and minimize its alarming proportions. "After all," says one, "it is not so much; the yoke we bear is not as galling as at first sight appears. The conditions of an *ex-cathedra* pronouncement are hardly ever verified. The number of Scripture texts which have received authentic interpretation is delightfully small. Several of our theories of inspiration would allow you to live in much peace, and beyond the narrow region of the defined you would find a field for hypothesis whose amplitude would surprise you. Look at me, now. I am an admirable Catholic, and yet I don't believe in Adam's apple, I don't believe in Noe's ark, I don't believe in Daniel in the lions' den; and as for the naïve anthropomorphism of Genesis, it excites in me a smile no less beaming than your own."

There is no intention of entering here into the many questions regarding the subject of the gift of infallibility and the field in which it is exercised. These require the firm and delicate grasp of a theologian. Still less (we hasten to quiet alarms already, perhaps, excited) is it intended to discuss the case of that colossal bore, Galileo. All that is wished is to indicate what seems, for a Catholic in his private interior warfare, the common-sense plan of meeting gibes concerning his scientific freedom, which have lately become as persistent as poor Horace's "*libertino patre natus.*" For with regard to the argumentation described above, however useful or necessary it may be in dealing with "those without," it suggests a pitiful spirit in a Catholic who chooses it as a weapon to fortify his own heart withal. The objection, if only it is scrutinized a little closely, turns out to be a very poor ghost indeed. Let us approach the grisly horror boldly, and clasp it in our arms with a schoolman's *Concedo totum*, and presently we shall find it melt and dissolve in our grasp, leaving us surprised that so faint a thing should have seemed so fearful. For, after all, what is this scientific freedom of which they are so proud, and the lack of which in us seems to them so abject? We have here only one more instance of "dust which is a little gilt," of a base thing admired because it is decked with a noble name. It often happens that a word which in one combination signifies something high, when transferred to another will express something mean, and yet will carry on

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to the latter something of the dignity and credit it has acquired in its first connection—just as sometimes a low man will be esteemed because he bears a name laden with the memories of the historic past. Freedom, liberty, independence, are spirit-stirring words, connected as they are with what we are most proud of in our nature and in our history. And therefore they come to be abused; and people try to persuade us that because a man should gladly make any sacrifice for his own or his country's freedom, that therefore free-printing and free-thinking and free-loving are worth dying for. Freedom is a thing to be proud of only when it means the freedom of the *will*, or, secondly, when it means the freedom to execute what reason dictates. In the first sense it is opposed to the blind instinct of brute creation; in the second it is the opposite of slavery. But freedom of the intellect—as distinct from freedom of the will—is not a thing to be proud of at all. Scientific freedom is only another name for ignorance.

Liberty of choice, or free-will, is indeed an admirable gift. It gives us the most intimate indication of the great chaos which is fixed between man and the rest of animals. It is the basis of praise and glory, and the root of all merit. It implies that the being who possesses it is made for the Infinite Good. For if we are free to turn our eyes from any created vision however fair, if we can reject any joy however subtle or potent, it is because the will has a capacity which can only be filled by the boundless good of God. But because freedom is a perfection of the will it does not follow that it is also a perfection of the intellect. Because a man is not perfected by all created goods, and therefore his dignity requires the power of taking them or leaving them, as he wills, it does not follow that the intellect is not perfected by all truths, and that it is a privilege to be able to reject and deny them at will. One must not forget the essential distinction between the faculties of intellect and will; which is, that the will is satisfied and perfected by *things*, and the intellect by *ideas* of things. Ideas do not interfere with each other; on the contrary, the more a man has the better he can receive and appreciate new ideas. Because a man thoroughly understands Gothic cathedrals it does not interfere with his understanding Romanesque. A man's clear idea of New York does not prevent his having a clear idea of London also; and musicians can preserve in their minds a great number of melodious ideas at the same time. No freedom is required here. But when towns or cathedrals or tunes become

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objects of the *will*, then a man must have freedom to choose. He cannot live both in London and New York; he must make his election. If he wishes to build a cathedral he cannot have it in two styles; he must select Gothic or Greek or Renaissance. And even those who are most enthusiastic for music hardly care to hear "Rule Britannia" and "Yankee Doodle" at the same moment.

But in our choice of *opinions* we have liberty only in so far forth as we are in the dark. When we have clear knowledge of a thing we lose this liberty; and we may justly accuse any one who takes the trouble to enlighten us of robbing us of our scientific freedom. If I open my eyes and see a hay-stack before me, I am not at liberty to deny its existence; nor, if I could, would it be any great improvement to me. And if any one tells me that the whole is greater than the part, or that Rome is a city of Italy, or that Napoleon was victorious at Jena, I have no liberty in my judgment, because I have no ignorance. But we all have freedom in assigning an author to the letters of Junius, or in stating the functions of the spleen, or in analyzing the fixed stars, because on these points we are much in the dark; and for the same reason an oyster may doubt whether the scent of a rose is sweet, or pickled salmon pleasant at breakfast. Set a tavern sign before me and a horse-car driver, and tell us it is a masterpiece of Raphael: he indeed will be at liberty to believe or deny; but I, if my suspicions are confirmed by an infallible critic, will lose all freedom of judgment.

Let not Catholics be ashamed to admit that the Eternal Wisdom has restricted their intellectual freedom by revelation. God has taken away their liberty, or, in other words, their ignorance, in many questions of history, philosophy, and some even of physical science. Not that the church has ever pronounced in such matters for their own sake. To do so is not included in her mission, which is only concerned with our eternal welfare. But indirectly the light of the supernatural truths she has proclaimed has irradiated many departments of scientific research, and so far deprived Catholic scientific men of liberty; or, to say the same thing, been to them a guiding star to light them along the path of truth, and save them from the absurd aberrations through which the infidel scientist has his admirable right to wander at will. Catholics, in this matter, stand in the same relation to infidels that the angels do to Catholics. Just as we see many truths in the light of the church's teaching, so do they see many more in the light of "Essence increate." All the phy-

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sical causes after which we are so painfully groping stand discovered in that supreme illumination, which thus robs them of the advantages of free speculation, investigation, and experiment. Therefore, if we are contemptible because the teaching of revelation restricts our liberty, much more despicable, in the eyes of the apostles of culture, must the angels be, whose scientific liberty is so terribly hampered by the Beatific Vision. And as for Almighty God, we are afraid our friends must have a very low opinion of him, for he has absolutely no scientific freedom at all. No opinion, no theory, no shadow of hypothesis, ever comes near that divine immensity of mind.

In truth, does not the argumentation described in the beginning of this paper, if used for any other end than to help the objector, seem to reveal some inconsistency? Far be it from us to find fault with those who seem grudgingly to define the exact limits of the church's gift, and who take pains to point out to infidels how little she has encroached, or can encroach, on the domain which they regard as exclusively their own. A Catholic man of science is "a debtor to Greek and barbarian, to the wise and the unwise." But there is a danger, in reading this kind of apologetic, of conceiving the suspicion that there is something to be guarded against, or ashamed of, in the teaching authority of the church; something which exposes us to the taunt of being slaves of unreason, and which, so far from being a subject of exultation, should as much as possible be slurred over or held back. If we believe that the Catholic Church is guided by the Spirit of Truth, and supernaturally preserved from the least taint of falsehood, why should we exult that she speaks so seldom?

If the authority of the church weighs on a man's heart as an uneasy yoke, or as a chain which holds him back in his intellectual flight, does he not show that his conviction of her unerring truth is not practical and strong? Or else does he not prove that it is not scientific truth he really cares about, but only the interest and excitement of investigation, the glory of discovery, or the pride of independence?* If my love of truth is honest and simple, what does it matter whether I have learnt it by experiment or have been taught by an infallible voice? Provided

* The writer, we are sure, does not mean that he would favor the church extending her decisions directly over the domain of purely natural science; nor would he detract from the value which the active pursuit of truth possesses to the religious mind as enhancing the dignity of the human intellect and revealing in a manner peculiarly effective the wonders of the divine majesty and goodness in the created universe. The interest and excitement of investigation and the glory of discovery, as well as innocent pride of independence, are providential incitements to that deep love of the truth which in a multitude of cases is necessary to the best results of the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul.—*Ed.*

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I know with certainty that the accidents of a body can subsist apart from their substance, what odds does it make that my certainty comes from the church's authority, rather than that with some exquisite instrument I had pierced to their division and with my own hands torn them asunder? In either case the truth is mine—I possess it, I rejoice in it, I use it henceforth as a first principle.

Why should it be a cause of jubilation to Catholics that the church has not as yet pronounced on evolution, or the universality of the deluge, or the ultimate constitution of bodies, and such like questions, on which therefore, for the present, they have full liberty to hold their own? Take, for instance, evolution. There are many who think that the plain words of Scripture are true in their obvious sense, and to whose imagination that moment is still clear in which, as they believe, Adam sprang forth into the sunshine of paradise from the radiant hands of his Creator, and glorified him by the sudden perfection of his intellect and beauty; and that other moment when, waking from his deep sleep, he first saw the "mother of all the living," new-moulded from his own substance, and welcomed her the immaculate queen of a virgin earth. Other minds there are, few but scientific, who prefer to think that Adam and Eve began their careers by being independently *located* (so they daintily express it) in the bodies of different female anthropoid apes, and only then at length became "living souls" when the Almighty breathed into their melancholy faces the breath of immortal life. There is no use disputing about tastes, but what cannot be disputed is that there is nothing to be glad or proud of in our present liberty and the ignorance which is its basis. A man who to Catholic sense united common sense and a love of scientific truth would regard it as a precious boon to be deprived of liberty on this and a host of other interesting questions connected with Scripture, by an authentic interpretation of the church. Nay, if it had been given to the church to instruct us in all truth, even unconnected with faith and morals; if, as soon as any question occurred, or theory was broached, or system was formulated in history or philosophy or physics, it might be authoritatively and infallibly judged by the Vicar of God rather than by the able editor of our daily paper, what a satisfaction it would be to a truly scientific man, and what a saving of time and trouble to the whole world! Though indeed, if one wishes to say the last word on the subject, it makes little difference whether we spend the first fifty or sixty years of our

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unending existence in partial ignorance of truth or not. In a million years or two, when we look back on this epoch of our present life, we shall not think of this deficiency with much regret, provided we have had the knowledge which brings a man to the Vision where all things are seen in their First Cause, and saves him from the dread region of eternal doubt.

St. Augustine, as is well known, taught that creation was the work of a single moment; and he explains the successive days of creation, described in Genesis, as the successive illuminations of angelic intelligences with regard to the various orders of beings. And when the sacred text says, "And the evening and the morning was the first day," he refers it to the twofold knowledge which the angels have of things. For the angels see all created things in their own natures, and this he calls their evening knowledge. And besides this they see created things in the vision of the Word, where they all exist eternally in their efficient Cause and Exemplar; and this he calls their morning knowledge. We also have a twofold knowledge: that which we draw from the fountains of nature, the senses, the reason, or human testimony, and, secondly, that which we derive from the teaching of the church. But it is this latter which we should look on as our morning knowledge. Our evening knowledge, our science, our philosophy, may seem to have a warmer glow and to be more soothing to the senses; but it is already mingled with night, and to many of us it is barren of hope or fertility. Our morning knowledge is more austere, but it is brighter and more wholesome, charged with the intoxication of hope, and pregnant with the promise of the splendors of the eternal day.

B. B.

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THE LATE KAISER AND THE KULTURKAMPF.

THE Emperor William, who, in an evil hour, undertook what Pope Leo XIII. called "a relentless war against the divine authority of the church," was but a few weeks ago gathered to his fathers. The life of the late Kaiser embraced a period of great and surprising events. He was born in the days of the martyr-pontiff Pius VI., when the Revolution thought it had gained a supreme victory over the Papacy, and exultingly proclaimed that the end of the Catholic Church was come. As a youth he aided in the overthrow of the first French Empire, and paraded the streets of Paris with the allied forces that had defeated the great Napoleon. When king of Prussia it fell to his lot to direct the two greatest wars which Europe has seen since Waterloo. He conquered Austria, overthrew the second French Empire, again marched the streets of Paris, and was proclaimed emperor of united Germany on French soil.

The church of God, which witnessed these turmoils and changes, and suffered much from them, continues to exist unchanging and unchangeable as in the earliest times. Macaulay's words are trite, but they are very true: "She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all." And if never before the authority of the Holy Father has been more fiercely attacked than in our own day, never, on the other hand, has his voice been listened to with greater respect and intelligent obedience, or his sacred office been the object of more reverence and love.

The year 1848 forms an era in the modern history of Europe. The insurrectionary tumults and the subversion of government in France, Austria, Italy, and the various states of Germany, all occurring simultaneously, mark that year as one of the most memorable in European history. These popular commotions, though political in their origin, were not without their influence upon the church. One of the effects of the Revolution of 1848 was to sweep away a whole host of vexatious and tyrannical laws which till then oppressed the church, especially in Germany, and hampered its free action.

During the political disturbances then going on the German episcopate, at the invitation of Archbishop von Geissel, of

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Cologne, met at Würzburg to deliberate on the affairs and needs of the church in Germany, and lay down the principles of ecclesiastical liberty. In the memorial which they addressed to the German sovereigns the bishops warned the governments of the coming dangers, and declared that they were powerless to stem the tide of revolution and anarchy so long as they were denied the free exercise of their episcopal duties. They demanded the fullest freedom in the matter of education and instruction, and asserted the right of the church to direct its own affairs, as well as the right of Catholics to freely communicate with their spiritual superiors.

Fortunately, the voice of the German episcopate was listened to, especially in Prussia, where the rights of the Catholic Church received a fair recognition. The new constitution of 1848 recognized the independence and confirmed the liberties of the Catholic Church, putting her on a perfect equality with the Evangelical Church and other religious denominations acknowledged by the state. In no part of Europe was the church more free and better organized, and nowhere did she display such wonderful activity as was manifested by her in Prussia since 1848. The clergy, stimulated by the example of their bishops, showed the most praiseworthy zeal; convents and monasteries were established all over the country, scientific associations were formed, and newspapers and reviews were founded in which Catholic interests were ably defended. Especially deserving of mention is the open and courageous manner in which so many laymen of the highest position bore witness to their faith, and the great devotion which they at all times manifested towards the common Father of Catholic Christendom. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the influence of the Catholic Church increased enormously throughout the whole extent of the kingdom.

Infidelity and Protestantism viewed with alarm the advancement and growing power of Catholicism. It began to be feared that, should the Catholic Church continue to make the sure though silent progress it had made during the last thirty years, the Protestant population might eventually succumb to her influence. To stay the advancement of "Romanism" the Prussian government, after the French war, entered into a close alliance with the "National Liberal" party, the inveterate foe of the church, and initiated a persecution unexampled in modern Europe, except in the penal laws of England.

The "Kulturkampf," or "battle of progress and culture," as its chief promoter was pleased to call it, was opened under a

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double pretext. The first was the Vatican definition of Papal Infallibility, which, it was claimed, was at variance with the rights and prerogatives of the modern state as well as with the duties of loyal citizens. The founder of the Old Catholics, Dr. Döllinger, had declared that "thousands of clergy," like himself, were ready to fall away from Rome as soon as they should be assured of the assistance of the state. And so the German governments allowed themselves to be beguiled into the belief that the Catholic clergy and people would, after a short contest, submit to the power of the state. The second pretext for entering upon the "struggle for civilization" was the attitude taken up on the Roman question and in matters of politics by the Centre, or Catholic party, against Prince Bismarck, the mighty chancellor of the resuscitated German Empire. At the very opening of the first Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament, in 1870, the Centre party, headed by Dr. Windthorst and Herr von Malinkrodt, brought in a motion calling upon the House to enter its protest against the occupation of Rome by the Italian government. The Protestant majority treated the motion with scorn, and violent onslaughts were made upon the Centrum—the "party fighting for the temporal dominion of the priesthood," as it was called. Such were the ostensible grounds for the war that was to crush Catholicism in the German Empire; but the real cause of the Kulturkampf, it must be confessed, was Protestant bigotry and the hostility of the Liberal party, the relentless persecutor of the church in continental Europe.

The first step in the warfare against Rome was the suppression, in July, 1871, of the Catholic division of the Ministry of Public Worship. All matters and business relating to the Catholic Church were henceforward to be transacted by the regular officials of that department, who were all inveterate Lutherans. To check the influence of the clergy in the schools, a law was enacted which handed over to the Protestant state the absolute control over all educational institutions of every kind, whether public or private. In rapid succession Catholic schools were placed under Protestant inspectors, and a Protestant dictatorship was thus established over Catholic education. Another law on the "Abuse of the Pulpit" (Kanzelparagrapf) was passed curtailing even freedom of worship. Every expression of disapprobation on government measures by the clergy was to be severely and instantly punished.

Next came the declaration of war against the religious orders. In June, 1872, the Reichstag passed a law prohibiting the Society of Jesus and other "affiliated orders" throughout the

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whole extent of the empire. Not only the Jesuits were ruthlessly driven out of the country, but also the Redemptorists, Lazarists, Barnabites, Theatines, Christian Brothers, Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Ursulines, and other religious orders and congregations, whose only crime was that they devoted themselves to the education of Catholic youth and the instruction of the people. The Prussian Ministry went so far as to interdict "Associations of Prayer" and "Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." In vain did the bishops of Germany, meeting at Fulda in September, remonstrate against these outrages, insisting upon the freedom and independence of the religious orders, which were guaranteed in the constitution as well as by solemn treaties with the Holy See. Pius IX. also raised his voice in behalf of persecuted innocence, exposing in his allocution, on the eve of Christmas, the bad faith of Prussia and the cruelty of its recent acts of suppression.

But further measures of persecution followed. In the spring of 1873 Dr. Falk, the new Minister of Public Worship, introduced into the Prussian Landtag a series of bills, known afterwards as the "May Laws," which purported to regulate the relations of church and state, but in reality aimed at the complete dissolution of the Catholic Church in the kingdom. They provided for the training of a "liberal and national" rather than "Ultramontane" clergy, and for an entirely new system of appointment, removal, and deposition of ecclesiastics, and contained, besides, a whole series of penal enactments for the enforcement of these laws. The "May Laws," in particular, enacted that all ecclesiastical establishments for the training of the Catholic clergy should be placed under state control; that candidates for the priesthood should be examined as to fitness for their vocation in the usual subjects of a liberal education by commissioners of the state; that the state should have the right to confirm or protest against the appointment as well as the removal of all clergymen; that the application of ecclesiastical censures and penalties should be subject to the approval of the government; lastly, that the state was to have the right to punish resistance to these measures by fines and imprisonment. With the view of compelling the Catholic clergy to bend completely to state supremacy, the "Royal Ecclesiastical Court" was established, which was empowered to receive appeals against the decisions of bishops, and dismiss every ecclesiastic, be he priest or bishop, from office "whenever his presence shall have become incompatible with public order."

The Centrum, in the name of the Catholic laity, protested

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vigorously against the new laws, which aimed at Protestantizing the Catholic Church in Prussia. When they appealed to the existing statutes of the Prussian constitution, of which these laws formed the most glaring violation, those statutes, on motion of the Ministry, were immediately repealed. The bishops of Prussia, in their address to the government, dated May 26, 1873, openly declared that they could not obey the laws in question, they being "an assault upon the liberties and rights of the church of God." In their pastoral letter, issued at Fulda, they reduce the consequences of these laws to the following: "Separation of the bishops from the visible Head of the church; alienation of the clergy and people from their lawful pastors; severance of the faithful in Prussia from the universal church; and utter destruction of the divine organization of the Catholic Church." Pope Pius IX., in August, 1873, addressed a strong autograph letter of remonstrance to the Emperor William. But the august Head of Christendom was rudely answered by the autocrat of Prussia, who went so far as to accuse the Catholic clergy of disloyal agitation and of "abusing their sacerdotal power," and insultingly required of the Pope that he should make use of his authority to compel them to submit to what were universally regarded as iniquitous and unjust enactments.

The new laws, having received the royal sanction, began to be rigidly enforced. Bishops and priests who refused obedience to the nefarious enactments were fined, imprisoned, or exiled. Among the first arrested and sentenced to imprisonment in the common jail were Archbishop Melchers, of Cologne, and Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen, who, while in prison, was created cardinal by the Pope in March, 1875. Other distinguished victims of Prussian persecution were the bishops of Paderborn, Treves, Münster, and Breslau. They were arbitrarily deposed from the exercise of their episcopal office in Prussia, and, with the exception of the last-named, who had sought refuge in the Austrian portion of his diocese, were, after their stock of property was exhausted by fines, arrested like malefactors and thrown into prison. The sees of these bishops were declared vacant by the "Court for the Regulation of Ecclesiastical Affairs," and the chapters were called upon to elect successors to them. When this was refused crushing fines were inflicted on the recusant canons; in some instances they were imprisoned for refusing compliance with the injunction of the government. On the other hand, the professors and clergy who had joined the Old-Catholic movement were maintained in their office, despite the interdict and suspension of their bishops.

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Throughout all and from the commencement the Catholic laity backed their clergy, and not a single parish had been found wanting in obedience to the church. They cheerfully undertook to provide for the support of their destitute priests, and indignantly repudiated the invitation to elect new pastors in place of those deposed by the government authorities. On every occasion the Catholics of Prussia vigorously protested against the interference of the state in religious affairs, and by their admirable union and activity defied the nefarious efforts of their enemies. Under the able leadership of Dr. Windthorst, political associations were formed over the whole empire, and in the elections of 1874 the number of Catholic representatives was increased in the Prussian Landtag from 52 to 89, and in the Reichstag from 63 to 105.

This firmness of the Catholic population startled the government, which was forced even now to acknowledge its mistake. But passion predominated over reason, and, rather than give up, the Prussian Ministry for a time had recourse to still harsher measures. The laws passed in 1873 being found inadequate to cope with the opposition of the clergy and people, additional penal statutes were enacted in the years 1874, 1875, and 1876. The worst of these were an "Act for the Prevention of the Unauthorized Exercise of Ecclesiastical Duties," passed by the Reichstag in May, 1874, which empowered each separate state to banish obnoxious priests from specified districts or from Germany altogether at a moment's notice; and the so-called "Breadbasket Law" of April 22, 1875, by which support from the state was denied to all ecclesiastics who refused to promise submission to the new politico-religious laws. Another law admitted the Old Catholics to a share in the revenues of the Catholic parishes.

The result of the obnoxious "May Laws" may be imagined. Hundreds of faithful priests were imprisoned or made homeless, being driven from their homes and their country merely for having exercised the most ordinary acts of religious administration without permission from the government. In quite a number of instances Catholics were deprived of their churches, which were turned over to a handful of Old Catholics. At Wiesbaden, for instance, two hundred Old Catholics obtained possession of a large parish church to which twenty thousand Catholics belonged. It was a sore trial for the bereaved Catholics to see their places of worship profaned by innumerable sacrileges. The next act of tyranny was the expulsion of some nine thousand religious, about eight thousand of whom were

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women, in accordance with a fresh law passed May 31, 1875, which suppressed, with few exceptions, all existing religious orders and congregations, and interdicted all future foundations of the same in Prussia. The base ingratitude of this cruel war against the religious orders was seen in the fact that many of their members had died on the battle-field ministering to the German wounded and dying; others still wore the decorations which they had received at the hands of the emperor in recognition of their devoted patriotism and faithfulness to duty.

The conflict continued from 1873 to 1878 without any sign indicating a change of policy on the part of the imperial government. The danger menacing the church in Prussia was indeed great, the rigid enforcement of the new ecclesiastical laws working devastation and destruction in every direction. In 1878 all episcopal sees, excepting three, had become vacant by death, or were deprived of their bishops by exile or imprisonment, while in almost every diocese there were hundreds of parishes without priests. Spiritual destitution in consequence became appalling. Hundreds of thousands were deprived of the consolations of their religion, and many hundreds were left to die without even the last sacraments.

On the other hand, the oppressors suffered fully as much as, if not more than, the oppressed. The terrible evil of Socialism, which, up to the year 1860, hardly existed in Germany, was spreading with alarming rapidity, and its influence, especially amongst the working-classes, was enormous. This, it would seem, at length convinced the emperor and his government that waging war against the church was not the way to increase reverence for sovereign authority, but the means to spread anarchy and revolution. Notwithstanding the violent assaults of the government and the various anti-Catholic parties, the Centrum, under the guidance of Dr. Windthorst, had grown steadily in strength and influence; it finally held the balance of power in the Prussian Landtag. Dissensions among his own followers, and the danger threatening the state from Socialism, drove Bismarck to seek an alliance with the Catholics, and to turn to that Papacy whose influence he had learned to respect.

Encouraged by the conciliating spirit of Pope Leo XIII., Prince Bismarck opened negotiations with the Vatican, which became especially active in 1880, when the first Catholic Relief Act was passed. Slowly and gradually Catholic disqualifications were removed by the milder application and partial abrogation of the notorious "May Laws," whose author, Dr. Falk, was compelled to resign in 1879. The banished bishops and clergy

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were gradually recalled, and finally, in May, 1886, the "May Laws' Amendment Bill" was passed, which virtually put an end to that long and terrible war called the "Kulturkampf." To bring about this happy result required not only the honest German pluck of the Centrum party, but all the prudence, sagacity, and energy of the great Pontiff who governs God's church in these critical and trying times. The severity of the disastrous conflict, as well as the happy termination to which it has been led by Leo XIII., is described in his Allocution to the cardinals of May 23, 1887, thus:

"We have completed, by the blessing of God, a work of long standing and of great difficulty, to which we gave our whole mind, and disregarding every minor consideration; the salvation of souls was, as it ought to be, our supreme law. You know in what condition things were during many years. You joined us in deeply grieving over dioceses without bishops; over parishes without priests; over freedom of public worship infringed; over seminaries of the clergy interdicted; over the number of the clergy so reduced that very many Catholics could neither attend at divine worship nor receive the sacraments."

The Pope then refers to the gallant bearing and position of the Centre party and the important part which they had borne in bringing about the ultimate triumph of right and justice:

"And we felt the more the greatness of these evils because alone we could not heal them nor lighten them, and that insomuch as our power was in many respects interfered with. We therefore resolved to seek for remedies where they could be found, and that with more confidence because, besides the bishops, we were assured of loyal and powerful support from Catholic legislators, men of unbending energy in the best cause, from whose zeal and union the church has received no small fruit, and expects no less in the future. Our intention and our hope were greatly increased because we had certain knowledge that the august emperor of Germany and his ministers had equitable and peaceful views. In consequence, a removal of the greatest evils was carefully sought after."

And then, alluding to the recently passed "Amendment Bill" and the results achieved in the cause of religious freedom, the Holy Father says:

"By the law just passed, as you are aware, former laws were in part abrogated, in part greatly mitigated; and at last an end has been made of that terrible conflict which, while it ground down the church, did no good to the state. So much we rejoice to have seen done, with great exertion on our part, with much aid from your counsels. And, therefore, we feel and we express a great gratitude to God, the consoler and the guardian of his church. If there remain some things which Catholics have reason to desire, it must be remembered that the successes attained are far more numerous and far more important. The chief of these is that the Roman Pontiff's authority in the government of the Catholic Church has ceased

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to be considered in Prussia a foreign authority, and provision is made for its free exercise in the future. Then, venerable brethren, their liberty is restored to the bishops in governing their dioceses. The seminaries of the clergy are given back. Most of the religious orders are recalled. For the rest we shall continue our efforts, and, considering the emperor's will and the intention of his ministers, we have reason to hope that the Catholics of that nation may take courage, for we do not distrust that a better time is coming."

The old Kaiser is gone. The Kulturkampf has ended in victory for religious liberty. In the whole Catholic Church there does not exist to-day a more noble body of men and women than the German Catholics, who, without forfeiting love of country, suffered and struggled and triumphed for the love of God and of liberty.

J. A. BIRKHAEUSER.

HEYWOOD'S DRAMATIC POEMS.*

IT must be twenty years since the now extinct firm of Hurd & Houghton brought out the first member of this trilogy for American readers under the title of *Salome*, now more appropriately given to the third. Whether that edition preceded or followed an English one we do not know. The poem and its successors, *Antonius* and *Salome*, received fine and appreciative praise from competent critics on either side of the Atlantic, but created no great ripple in general reading circles. To say this is to say nothing in disparagement of their poetic value and to presage nothing unfavorable concerning the final verdict to be passed upon their merits. The court of posterity, "if it knows itself," will be likely to have its own say on that question.

The name Heywood belonged already to the history of English drama in its most distinguished period. John Heywood's Muse was not too delicate of tongue, nor too keen of wit, nor too careful of the directions in which its arrows flew, to gain and keep the favor of the eighth Henry throughout his reign. Yet tradition says he was also a friend of the Blessed Thomas More, and Mary protected him until her death. He was the author of *The Foure P's, The Pardoner and the Frere, The Play of*

* *Herodias: A Dramatic Poem.* By J. C. Heywood. New edition, revised. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884.—*Antonius: A Dramatic Poem.* By J. C. Heywood. New edition, revised. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.—*Salome: A Dramatic Poem.* By J. C. Heywood. New edition, revised. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1887.

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Love, and of many miracle and wonder plays. But when Elizabeth came to the throne, fearing that under her he would not be able to keep both his faith and his head, he fled into Brabant and died there in 1565, truly penitent, we hope, for a good deal of scurrilous jesting and bad versifying.

Thomas Heywood, a dramatist of much more consequence than John, to whom he bore no family relation, flourished under the first James and Charles. He was, perhaps, contemporary with Jasper Heywood, an English Jesuit, and a poet also, Thomas was the author of two hundred and twenty plays, of which twenty-six only are now extant. Of him Charles Lamb says that he "possessed not the imagination of Shakspere, but in all those qualities which gained Shakspere the attribute of 'gentle' he was not inferior." Apparently Lamb held a view different from that of Mr. Appleton Morgan concerning the significance which was attached to that adjective by Shakspere's contemporaries, for he adds, "generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness." Mr. Morgan, if he be well acquainted, as he doubtless is, with *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, Heywood's most successful and most touching play, would naturally agree with Lamb's summary of his qualities, while denying that the "gentle Shakspere" was a phrase which conveyed any such ideas to his fellow-players, who used it, according to him, as a scoff at the poet's "weakness for being considered of 'gentle' birth." There are vital improbabilities in the conception of Frankford and his wife Anna, the "woman killed with kindness," but, the weakness once granted, it is easy to overlook it for the sake of the tenderness of the sentiment of the play, and to sympathize with the man who says, when his kindness has produced its best effect:

> "My wife, the mother to my pretty babes,
> Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
> And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
> Though thou art wounded in thy honored name,
> And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
> Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest."

The author of the three poems now before us throws new lustre, then, upon an old name, already illumined from a like quarter. The lustre is a higher one, moreover, for Mr. J. C. Heywood is not only a dramatist of real power but a poet capable of unusual and exceptionally well-sustained flights. Take, for example, the prologue to *Herodias*, prescinding the opening chorus by "All the Heavenly Host," which is a trifle too

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prolonged, and too formal in its antitheses to be thoroughly effective. Had Mr. Heywood divided this chant in unison into versicles and responses, preceding it, possibly, with one brief burst in full choir, it seems to us that he would have done more wisely. But in all that follows, until the end of the vision, the supernatural element, always most difficult to deal with, is treated with singular simplicity and effect. The passage is too long to quote in full, and to do less would be to do it an injustice. Perhaps we shall best indicate the nature of its charm if we say that there is no "celestial machinery" to interfere with one's enjoyment by forcing imagination below the desired level. It is the inward ear rather than the inward eye that is appealed to; voices rise, clear and uplifting, in the far empyrean; angels and archangels send back to each other great antiphonies which roll and reverberate above one's head on shores unseen but sounding. To have produced such an effect with words very simple and very few is to have chosen them with singular and poetic appreciation of their values. The prologue to *Salome* is good also, but not so good as this.

The subject of all these poems is the same—Salome, the daughter of Herodias—but the time varies by so many years that one's historic sense finds some difficulty in reconciling the image of the girl Salome, already old enough for betrothal, dancing before Herod on the night of the beheading of St. John Baptist, which must have occurred about the year 30, with that of the same Salome in the year 70, when she is described as

> "Young Autumn, mourning in the faded garb
> Which, dying, Summer hath left, and wearing it
> In memory of hopeful loveliness."

However, the historic sense has no special business with poetry, and Mr. Heywood, who is so careful of the unities that he has compressed the action of each of these dramas into a single day or night, has the poet's license to make his maiden heroine as fair, as ardent, as loving, and as much beloved at say sixty, or perhaps a lustrum fewer, as at sixteen. It is enough that he shall make her appeal to the imagination, which he succeeds throughout in doing.

Jerusalem is the scene of the first and the last of these dramas. That of *Antonius* is laid in the Isle of Mona, now Anglesey, at the time "when Aulus Plautius invaded Britain" —in the year 43, that is to say. In this second drama, which, on the whole, we prefer to either of the others, the Wandering Jew is introduced with great effect. Mr. Heywood, it may as well

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be said here as anywhere, is very successful in making his characters stand out well on his canvas and well apart from each other. They preserve their identity throughout and make a definite impression on the reader. Among them all, however, perhaps Antonius and Herodias are the strongest, the one to attract and the other to repel. Salome is their daughter, born when her mother was as young and, we were about to say, as innocent as she on the night when she becomes the unwilling instrument of the queen's vengeance. But Mr. Heywood has very well indicated that birth-flaw which makes even the innocence of Herodiases a matter of time and temptation merely. If we had space for long quotation we should like to transfer to this page the scene in which Antonius relates to Sextus the story of his love and its betrayal, and follow it with that in which Herodias gives her daughter her version of the same. There is a fault in the latter, too, considered as character-painting. When Herodias says:

> "I know not if I loved him, for I doubt
> If love be so inconstant,"

she is speaking very literal truth, but truth of a kind that would know no road to such lips. She is more in line with herself when she adds:

> "But there was
> A fever in my blood more fierce than love.
> In its delirium I saw but him,
> In all the noisy world I heard but him,
> In dreams and thought, I thought and dreamed of him.
>
> SALOME.
>
> Ah, thou didst love him, love him truly, mother.
>
> HERODIAS.
>
> And had he never torn himself from me
> He still would be my thought, my dream, my life,
> And they all pure and noble as that self.
> But I forget, and thus forgetting, loose
> My hold convulsive on forgetfulness.
> A twelvemonth we were wedded; thou wert born.
> Before thy little lips could speak his name
> He led his loving veterans to the wars.
> His couriers, slain, brought me no messages,
> And absence cooled my fever."

There is another brief but strong scene in which Herodias is alone in her chamber, with the head of the Baptist before her. The motive of her revenge Mr. Heywood makes to be less his denunciation of her incestuous marriage than her despised love for himself. But for this, as for the story of which these poems

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are, in fact, but three acts in a single tragedy, we must refer the reader to the books themselves. In addition to their crowning excellence as poetry, with which nothing interferes but here and there an unaccountable solecism in taste which gives one the greater shock coming from a writer who ordinarily uses so well that flexible and sonorous instrument of poetry, our English speech, these dramas have the additional merit of being interesting as mere story and delineation, and bear perfectly the heavy test of reperusal. Mr. Heywood is least happy in his lyrics, and the extracts we must permit ourselves we shall take from his stately blank verse. And first the dream of Alpindargo, the Druid chief, the night before the triumphant invasion of the Romans:

"I slept again, yet, as if waking, saw
Love-fostering Night, from the orient stooping, place
Within its cradle, on rocking western waves,
A young moon, swathed in swaddling silver-gray,
Which in her star-decked bosom she had borne.
And, as she bent, her loosened mantle fell,
Thick darkness, on the earth. The forest sighed;
From far-off valleys voices low complained,
Like distant streams in autumn; in their beds
Brooks turned themselves and moaned; a sobbing gust
Went through the wood, and hurried on afraid.
Strong billows, crouching, came not near the shore,
And hushed their roaring. From the southern sea,
Like gliding ship on fire when fogs are low,
A misty shape moved slowly and approached:
I knew my father's ghost. . . .
His eyes appeared
Two stars seen dimly through dull evening haze;
Their look was fixed beyond me far in space.
Fast from their circles on his drifted beard
Tears fell as showers upon a mountain's snow.
Three times he sighed and moved the spell-bound leaves;
Three times would utter words which came not forth.
At length he spake. His voice was like the sound
Of lonesome pine lamenting to the wind.
'I seek once more my native groves to say
A last farewell.' He paused. The oak-trees sobbed.
He slowly pointed southward; spake again:
'The death-storm riseth from the middle sea;
It cometh; red its skirts with blood; behold!
From its dark bosom blazing brands of fire
Fall on the island! Burning are the groves!
The smoke is black; upon it rise the ghosts
Of Condomaro's children! Come away!'
He said, and, spreading, faded from my sight."

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Admirable, too, but again too long for quotation, is the description of Kaliphilus, the Wandering Jew, and the scene with Salome in which he sues for her love and pleads the fittingness of a union between two so overwhelmed by unpardonable guilt as they. And here are some lines, Shaksperean in metaphor and rhythm as well:

DEVALRIX.

"No one could say which of them loudest raged,
The sea or sky.

SEXTUS.

Yea, they did split their throats
With bellowing; and through the mists I saw
Old Neptune's helmet, with its snow-white plumes
Waving along the main, a foam-girt hill.
He egged the howling billow from beneath."

And these also:

"From polar snows,
Where, in the voiceless cold of winter nights,
Pale, phantom conflagrations sweep the skies,
To where, with feet on Afric's either shore,
Old Atlas, sighing, holdeth up the heavens."

One more, and that one of the often-recurring evidences of the observant eye with which he has watched the sea, and we take our leave of Mr. Heywood. It is a perfect bit of literal yet poetic description:

"See! the emerald corselets of white plumèd waves,
Which march in serried columns to the shore,
All stained with blood by final, rushing bolts
From Phœbus' quiver."

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JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XX.

DOMESTIC AMENITIES.

POSSIBLY the reverse side of sensitiveness is not always a proneness to irritability. Still, if any one entertains doubts that it commonly is so, it would be easy to try the experiment by laying an unexpected hand at dusk on the shoulder, or saying a sudden loud word at any time in the ear, of the mildest-mannered, softest-spoken woman of one's acquaintance. The chances are that she will give the nearest bystander a most viciously ill-directed slap upon the instant, while that she will emit a squeak is as certain as if she were a rubber doll and had been pinched in the vicinity of the whistling attachment. Not that it is necessary to speak of either one quality or the other as if it were exclusively feminine or lay chiefly on the surface. Even the hedgehog has doubtless got a reminder of some sort from the inner end of his prickles before he rolls himself into an impenetrable ball and presents them, sharp and thorny, to all comers.

But, whether the rule be general or not, Zipporah Colton was no exception to it. And even though she had been, the course of that Saturday afternoon might have been found rather provokingly full of small irritants by a slower-tempered young woman. For one thing, her conscience began to trouble her the moment Paul Murray left her and her companions, and when she saw him re-enter Shirley's, while they stood waiting for a car, her fear lest her silence should put him to serious inconvenience would have taken her back there at once but for Mrs. Nat's teasing looks and tongue.

"Seems to me, Zip," she began, almost as soon as Paul had turned his back, "Milton Centre is pretty well supplied with presentable people for a howling wilderness such as you've been trying to make it out. I didn't expect to discover so soon what had reconciled you to teaching all of a sudden."

"I wouldn't be a goose, Fan, if I were you!" returned Zip shortly. "I never made it out a howling wilderness, and I'm not reconciled to teaching!"

"Well, I didn't really suppose you were. You bothered me

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a little at dinner-time, though, with your zeal for the rising generation. But it is good to be honest, I've been told, and I'm glad to see you coming round to that opinion."

"You are insufferable, Fan!" said Zip, an angry flash in her eyes. "Pity you don't try once in a while to *practise* what you've been told about honesty and several other things. You might get to know some of them for yourself after a good deal of trying!" The car had stopped and Mrs. Colton was stepping up on the back platform. "You get in, Mattie," Zip went on; "I won't ride. I'd rather walk down."

"Huffed, isn't she?" said Mrs. Colton, looking back at her with a provoking smile.

"Well, I don't wonder," answered Mattie. "What business had you to make such a speech as that to her?"

"Oh! it does me good to rile Zip a little now and then. It is pretty nearly as much fun as stirring up your mother. You and Nat are too easy-going to be much amusement."

"I'd be a little careful how I amused myself with Nat, if I were you," counselled his sister. "I've wanted to tell you that more than once already. He don't flare up and get over it, like Zip; but you set him on fire once in good earnest, and see if he don't burn things to ashes."

"I guess I was born to be burned," said Nat's wife, half-closing her long eyes, and drawing her lips into the smile that Mattie hated by instinct; "I always did love to play with fire. I like to see people sputter, and I like to see them flame."

"Yes, you're a good deal like a cat, I've often thought," said downright Mattie. "You always take the warm corner, and the easy-chairs, and the soft things generally. Isn't that Carrie Salter standing by Hedley's window with Johnny Mount?"

Zipporah, meanwhile, left standing alone beneath the old elm-tree at Shirley's corner, took a few minutes to consider what she would better do. What she ought to do was tolerably clear to her, but it perplexed her not a little to account to herself for her disinclination to follow Mr. Murray into the music-rooms and explain to him the nature of the commission she had just executed for Mr. Van Alstyne. She was quite sure, and justly so in the opinion of her present biographer, that the insinuation of her sister-in-law had nothing to do with her reluctance.

"She's a nasty, vulgar thing, and I don't see how Nat ever *could!*" she said to herself when her quickly-kindled wrath had gone out as quickly. "But I do wish I had taken them both back with me instead of stopping by myself. And suppose

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he didn't come for that—and wouldn't like Mr. Van Alstyne to do it—and—and—O dear! what *will* he think of me anyway for meddling?" But this suggestion of her interior tormentor she was prompt to repel. "I wouldn't be a *ninny*, if I were you, Zip Colton!" she remonstrated energetically. "You *didn't* meddle! You did just exactly what you were asked to do by the dearest and kindest old man in the world, and why you should make such a fuss about going in and telling Mr. Murray, and perhaps saving him some money, or at all events some annoyance, is more than *I* know! You'll be getting as idiotic as Fanny Colton, if you don't mind!"

And thereupon she took her courage in her hands and faced about toward Shirley's with her usual energetic action. But that was all—not a step forward could she yet resolve to make. "Dear me!" she thought, "what a nuisance men are! Why couldn't they all be girls, except your father, and your brothers, and nice old men like Mr. Van Alstyne and the squire? I wouldn't mind a whole regiment of *them!* I don't wonder there used to be Amazons," she sighed. "I think I could get up a company of them myself! Well—here goes!"

Poor little Zip! she did not look, and perhaps she did not feel, precisely Amazonian, with her heart in a flutter that made her very wroth with herself, and scarlet patches coming and going on her cheeks and throat. Still, she would probably have found her voice, and got her explanation very fairly made, if her doubts and hesitation had not taken just a minute too much time. Paul Murray was passing into the other street through a side door at the further end of Shirley's, as she entered the place in search of him, and though she saw him, and might possibly have reached him by making a little more haste than usual, yet to do so was for her totally out of the question.

It is hard to say whether she was glad or sorry. Both, probably, as women usually are when a decision is snatched out of their hands, but with a tendency to feel that though the wrong turn had been taken, yet it was just as well and decidedly more comfortable that it had. She went home at once, at a much more leisurely pace than was customary with her, and on her arrival found her mother bowing out some callers, and Nat's wife and Mattie each standing in a separate parlor window.

"What kept you so, Zipporah?" her mother was asking as they entered the room together. "Mary Price was at the door inquiring for you not ten minutes ago, but I couldn't tell her when you would be in, and she couldn't wait."

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"Dear me!" said Zip, "I'm sorry. Nothing kept me; I just walked instead of riding."

"You didn't go back into Shirley's to talk to Mr. Murray, did you?" asked Nat's wife, with a teasing laugh. "I saw you go up the steps again just as our car turned into High Street."

"No, I *didn't*—go and talk to Mr. Murray," flashed Zip, with a violent effort to tell the truth and seem to deny it in the same breath. "I didn't say one word to him. I went back for—for something I forgot there."

"I thought you'd forgotten something when we left you," continued Mrs. Nat. "Mother Colton, do you know it's no wonder Zip likes Milton Centre, and teaching, and all that sort of thing? Mat has seen Mr. Van Alstyne, and says he would be perfect without his dollars; and I've seen Mr. Murray, and—well, I won't say what I think of *him*, for fear of annoying Zip. I never like to tease her, she's so inflammable."

"Who is Mr. Murray?" asked Mrs. Colton, speaking to her son's wife, but looking over her spectacles the next instant at Zip, who stood rigid and in a white heat of anger near the door.

"Mr. Murray? I don't know, I'm sure, except that he is 'a gentleman from Milton Centre.' That's Zip's description of him," she answered, mimicking Zip's tone very closely. "*I* never heard of him before, but I supposed of course you had. You are her mother, and I'm only a poor, unconfided-in sister-in-law. But I thought he looked at her as if there might be confidences in store about him for somebody or other in the family."

"What does Fanny mean, Zipporah?" asked her mother rather dryly. But for Mr. Meeker's previous hint she would have dropped the subject, having small esteem for Mrs. Nat, and a natural unwillingness to aid her in badgering her daughter. But time was flying; her husband would be at the door presently to take Zip and her packages to the train, and the opportunity to question her which she had wished but not hoped for came too welcomely to be left unused. Zipporah's lip curled and she turned on her heel.

"*I'm* going upstairs," she said, "to put my things together. I haven't any time and I haven't any inclination to explain Fanny. You'd better ask *her!* Perhaps she knows—*I* don't! Will you come, Mat?" And out she went into the hall, erect, and with her head well up in the haughty pose it took when she was on her dignity.

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"Wait a minute, Mattie," interposed her mother as the younger girl rose to follow her. "I'm going up presently. I've got a word or two to say to Zip before she goes. Do *you* know what Fanny means? Did you see this Mr. Murray?"

"Yes, mother, I did," answered Mattie, "and no, I don't. What *do* you mean, Fan, unless it is just to tease Zip? That's what you always do when you get a chance. Mr. Murray is Mr. Murray, mother, and that's all *I* know about him, or she either. He happened to be in Shirley's when we went there with Nat, and as Zip knew him she introduced him. Perhaps he is something to the little girl she bought the piano for. I shouldn't wonder if he is, for she said it was to be a surprise, and she cautioned us not to mention it to him. And that's all there is about it, except Fanny's nonsense."

"You'd better ask *me*, Mother Colton, as Zip advised," said Mrs. Nat, from the corner of the sofa where she had thrown herself. "Mr. Murray isn't an ordinary person—at least, if there are many like him in Milton Centre or any other country village I should be surprised. He is built a little on the telegraph-pole style of architecture at present, but I guess he'll get over it in course of time. If Zip were here I would have some remarks to make about the color of his hair and moustache, but there's no use wasting them in her absence; and really, they're *not* red, are they, Mat? And his eyes—well, they're a sort of combination: blue suns, or burning-glasses, or polished steel, I don't know which they are most like, do you, Mat? He shone on Zip, I observed, and beamed on Mattie; I don't know *what* he did to *me*. I don't stare back at strange men in the way *some* folks do!"

"Fan, you're *horrid!*" ejaculated Mattie. "I'll tell you what he did to you, if you want to know. He looked you *through*—and no great look, either! Mother, I wouldn't pay any attention to her. Mr. Murray looks like a gentleman and acted like one, and we met him by accident. There isn't another thing to say. If there had been, Zip would have told me something about him last night."

But Mrs. Colton, primed by Brother Meeker, and further enlightened by a kindred instinct, attached a different importance to Zip's omissions than her sister seemed inclined to.

"Yes, of course she would," she answered, more carelessly than she had yet spoken; "Zip is very ready to talk about everybody and everything that interests her. I had forgotten your little ways for the minute, Fanny. They are not the kind-

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est in the world, but I suppose you don't mean any harm by them. People often do harm, though, whether they mean it or not."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Nat, drawing down the corners of her mouth and looking mock-contrition from under her lashes. "I've often suffered in that way myself. All the same, Mat," she added, sitting straight up as soon as Mrs. Colton was well on her way up-stairs, "that is all nonsense about Zip's telling everything! She don't—nobody does, unless it's you, and you won't keep on. Do you suppose I didn't see her face when she first met that young fellow out on Shirley's steps? She didn't expect him—that was as plain as day—but Zip don't blush for nothing, and her face was as red as a peony. She needn't have been so huffy! There was no harm in poking a little bit of fun at her."

"She blushes for everything!" retorted Mattie, whose indignation, slow to kindle, was now at the combustible point. She had a tongue like a needle on occasion, and, though occasions had been hitherto infrequent, much intercourse with her brother's wife was developing them with some rapidity. "And I don't tell all I know, even now. If Zip knew about your performances at your own house last Thursday evening, she might have been blushing because you were inside, and would have to be brought forward! But I had too much respect for Nat, and myself too, to tell her."

"Take care," began Mrs. Nat, an ugly light in her eyes. Then she fell back again among her cushions and laughed quietly. "That's just like you, Mat," she ended. "On the whole, you are better fun than Zip. She gets over it, and you don't. Truly, Mat, it never occurred to me till just this minute that I might have been treading on *your* corns by flirting with Harry Parsons. You ought to confide in me, then. I'm always safe just as far as I'm trusted."

"Thank you for nothing," said Mattie, more coolly. "I'll remember that when I've any secrets to confide. Perhaps you'll excuse me just now. I've got some of Zip's parcels in my room to tie up."

Alone with her daughter, Mrs. Colton found it even less easy to question her abruptly on the topic broached down-stairs than she had anticipated. Apparently Zip was already recovered from her little fume, and as she sorted out her purchases she began dilating to her mother in her chatty way on the uses to which some of them were to be applied as decoration or as

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costume in the children's tableaux. Mrs. Colton listened and answered with due interest, awaiting, meanwhile, some chance opening through which the wedge of her inquiry might be driven at hazard. But as none came, and her husband was even now drawing up before the door, she made one.

"How comes it," she said, "that they are making such a to-do about Mr. Van Alstyne's birthday? Do they do it every year?"

"Why, no," answered Zip; "I thought I told you last night. I'm sure I did. It was because he happened to say at Mr. Murray's one day when I was there that it was so long since any one had remembered it that he had almost forgotten it himself. The children began it by talking of theirs."

"That is the Mr. Murray Fanny was just speaking of, I suppose," suggested her mother quietly.

"No," said Zip with equal composure, "it is his father. The gentleman Fanny was romancing about is Mr. Van Alstyne's manager. There's father down-stairs already. I must put my hat on."

"You wrote to Mattie last Sunday about all the rest of the Murrays," persisted her mother; "why didn't you mention this one?"

"Dear me!" said Zip, "how could I mention him? I didn't know him. I never met him until he came into Mr. Van Alstyne's on business one night this week, and I've seen him once or twice since. Why should I, anyway? I'm not Fanny. Did you talk about all the—people you met when you were a girl?"

Mrs. Colton smiled a little bit of a smile, and concluded to give up her investigation for the present. "Well, no; not all of them," she said. "I thought I heard some talk between you and Mattie about her going down to pay you a visit when the birthday comes off. There isn't any reason why she shouldn't, that I know of."

"Well, I've got to see Bella and Lucy Cadwallader first, I suppose," returned Zip, tying on her hat. "I couldn't very well propose her staying with me until afterwards. I'm going to see the girls to-night, and they'll probably write and ask her. I haven't had the ghost of a chance yet to tell them about it, and we shall want them to help."

"Who is 'we'?" asked Mrs. Colton, suddenly inspired. "You and the school-children can't be doing this alone. Who gave you the money for all this stuff?"

"'We'?" said Zip, coloring a little but laughing also as she turned from the glass and looked at her mother standing beside

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the dressing-table. "'We' is everybody that is interested, I suppose, and that must be pretty nearly all the village—at least it will be as soon as they are taken into confidence. But at present it is chiefly I and Mr. Paul Murray, whom we met up street just now—that is, it was he who supplied the money for getting what I bought, and who will superintend the performances."

"Did you know he was coming to town to-day?"

"No, mother, I didn't. What makes you ask that?"

"Because, Zip, your father and I have been spoken to about him—I mean—" Mrs. Colton paused, not quite knowing, perhaps, how to go on.

"I don't understand," said Zip, looking at her with clear, steady eyes. "Why should anybody speak to you about him? And who could? What did they say?"

"Well, they said you were going to the Roman Catholic church every morning with Miss Murray, for one thing."

"'*Most* every morning I am," admitted Zip; "that is pretty nearly all the exercise I get. Somebody must have had very little to do to run with *that* news! Anything else?"

"Well, only that she had a brother, and that it would be a good plan to warn you not to be going about with him. He is a Catholic, I suppose, like the rest of the family. There, there, Zip! Don't get into a tantrum! There's no occasion! It is only necessary to remind you, of course. I didn't think there was anything in it."

"*Oh!*" cried Zip, flinging herself down on the lounge and burying her face in its pillow. Then she stood up again.

"*Mother!*" she said, "what a world this *is*, and what people there are *in* it! Warning *me!*—about a man I've seen three *times*, maybe! What do you suppose *I* care whether he's a Catholic or a—a Hottentot?" sputtered Zip, at a loss, in her wrath, for a fitting term of definition.

"Don't talk so loud," cautioned her mother; "you'll have Fanny out in the hall listening. I didn't suppose you cared—you don't care enough, so far as that goes. And as for seeing a man three times, you can't see him three hundred unless you first see him once. Come in!" This was in answer to Mattie's rap on the door, and Mrs. Colton presently left the sisters together. But only for a moment, their father hailing them from the lower hall with a reminder of train-time.

"Mother been scolding?" was all Mattie had time for. "And, oh, I say, Zip! *is* Mr. Murray the 'person down at the Centre'?"

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XXI.

ON THE ROUNDABOUT ROAD TO THE SQUIRE'S.

"WELL, you'll have your hands full," said Mr. Colton, giving his daughter one bundle after another from under the seat of the buggy. "There, that's as much as you can carry. I'll fetch the rest as soon as I find some one to hold the horse. Anybody going to meet you down at the other end?"

"Yes, I guess so," answered Zip, turning to enter the waiting-room. It was already nearly full, and she found a seat with some difficulty. Mr. Colton presently followed her.

"This is a way-train," he remarked, as he added his contribution to the heap of parcels at her feet, "and it will probably be crowded until past your station. I will look around and see if I can't find some friend going your way who will lend you a hand."

"You needn't mind about that, father," objected Zip. "I can manage well enough, You are going on board with me, you know."

"I'm not so sure about that with all this crowd. And, anyhow, it is the getting off I'm thinking about. Why didn't you have these things sent down by express? It was absurd to burden yourself like this."

"That is true, but I didn't think there were so many. They kept piling in up to the last minute, almost. But it will be all right. Somebody will be sure to come for me. My ticket is the only thing you need bother about, father."

"And none too much time to spare about it, either," Mr. Colton answered, starting as he spoke toward the line of people ahead of him at the ticket-office. He came back several minutes later through a crowd that had increased during his absence, and it was not until he was close upon her that Mr. Colton saw that his daughter was engaged in conversation with a tall young fellow whose back was toward him, and who, at the moment he became visible, was recovering an erect position after picking up a quantity of Zip's troublesome parcels. She was laden, but lightly, and was standing also, the door of exit being now open and the train steaming into the station.

"Father," she said, as Mr. Colton reached them, "this is Mr. Murray—from Milton Centre."

The two men shook hands and looked at each other with a keen mutual interest, Zip meanwhile standing by in a well-dis-

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guised but pretty thoroughly displeased frame of mind, the result of her recent interview with her mother. She found Mr. Murray's advent not well timed, sure though she had been that it was coming. Why couldn't he have waited to find her until after the cars started? Under any other than existing circumstances she would have been entirely contented to present him to her father, but after what her mother had been saying!

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Murray," said her father. "So you are provided already with an escort, daughter? I had just found you one myself. Here—where is he gone to? Ah! Brother Meeker, here she is!"

Mr. Meeker's eyes had been sharper than those of Mr. Colton, and he had lagged behind of set purpose, being uncertain as to his reception. But for the second and last time Zip found his presence not wholly inopportune. She gave him a smile such as he had never yet received from her, and, on his offering to take them, handed over her remaining packages in a way that made him feel more in keeping with his character as an approaching bridegroom than he was always able to. Not, perhaps, the actual, concrete bridegroom of the equally actual, concrete, middle-aged, and somewhat formidable Miss Samantha Silvernail, but the ideal one, who indulges a hope that he is soon to halve his cares, double his joys, and all that sort of thing which the *ewige weibliche* may awaken even in the breast of a wifeless yet indefinitely remarrying minister. He forgave her on the spot for all previous contumelies, which was not such a hard task, either. Zip's offences against her fellow-men were never so serious that a smile did not suffice to obliterate the memory of them.

"There is not a minute to be lost, Miss Colton," said Paul Murray. "The train is going to be jammed, and if you'll follow with your father I'll go on and try to find a seat."

Brother Meeker imitated Paul's example, and Mr. Colton took his daughter on his arm to pilot her through the crush of people.

"By the way, Zip," he said in a low voice, in the midst of their transit, "the dominie, there, was at dinner with us to-day. Can't you do him a good turn with his Sunday-school, as he wants you to? He seems pretty down-hearted over the way things are going on in his church down yonder, and says you might be of real service, if you only would."

"Then it was *he*, was it?" said Zip in a way her father found irrelevant.

"He what?"

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"Oh! nothing. I'm afraid I can't, father. I'm getting too tired of teaching on week-days to lose my Sundays for it. I'm not capable of being of use to Mr. Meeker, anyway. Dear me! what a crush! That fat woman nearly tore my sack off my shoulders."

"Well, I think I'd try and put myself out a little in a good cause, if I were you, girlie," persisted her father; "you'll never have cause to regret being generous in God's service, you know."

"I don't suppose I would," said Zip, with a little lift of her eyebrows; "it's Mr. Meeker's service I'm objecting to at present. I haven't made up my mind that they're identical—for me, anyhow."

Brother Meeker was waiting at the car-steps, ready to assist Zip in ascending them. He was beaming with a sort of fat smile, the after-glow of one which had overspread his countenance in return for that Zip had but just now shed upon him in the waiting-room, and he had his hand ready to take hers when her good-by to her father should be said and done with. She was really an incomprehensible person to Brother Meeker, this young woman. Her sun had gone back behind thick clouds; she didn't see his hand; in fact, she ignored his presence altogether. She looked past him, and, seeing Paul Murray at a window of the car, got in without a word and walked to her seat, the only one now left empty. Brother Meeker followed, and Paul, who had risen to let Miss Colton take the place next the window, found it impossible to sit down again and leave his elder, clad, moreover, in a clerical suit of no matter what significance, uncomfortably standing. So he offered him his place, and Brother Meeker took it. As for Zipporah, she forthwith turned her back upon them both, and paid the closest attention to the landscape travelling toward her at railroad speed for the hour it took to bring the Milton Corners station within stopping distance. On the whole, her biographer fears that Zipporah Colton had too much human nature of a strictly feminine type to be an altogether model heroine. The human verb, in her person, was usually an affair of the potential mood and of more tenses than in strictness belong to it. She certainly did not want Paul Murray next her, having no present inclination to take up the question left open earlier in the day; she appreciated fully his courtesy to Brother Meeker, and admired him for it, but was vexed with herself for being conscious of either appreciation or admiration; as for Brother Meeker, she began by

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being extremely vexed at him for meddling in her affairs, and presently ended by forgetting all about him. If the journey had lasted much longer she would doubtless have faced about soon and been amiable to both of her companions; but, like all things mundane, it was shorter than the time it takes most of us to repent and atone for our smaller peccadilloes.

It was near sundown when the train stopped at their station, and Paul Murray, as he assisted Miss Colton to alight, saw that the orders he had given in the morning had been complied with, and that his conveyance was waiting for him at the end of the building. The evening was plainly going to be a fine one. A great yellow glow suffused the sky, and the edges of the pale clouds in the west glittered with a gold almost too bright to bear looking at. Paul looked at the girl instead, and saw the reflection of it in her gray eyes, where it kindled twin flames.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, forgetting herself quite, and with herself her small vexations.

"You are going to let me drive you over to Milton Centre, aren't you?" he said in a gently persuasive tone by way of all answer. Somehow it conveyed as entire an approval of the evening to the girl's mind as if it had been more directly affirmative. And action and reaction being equal and similar when not violently interfered with, she also acquiesced without more ado, and without once adverting to the fact that her intention had been to go elsewhere. Nor, indeed, was that piece of forgetfulness the only one that marked their drive. It was not until the bridge, which crossed the mill-stream not far from Mr. Van Alstyne's house, came into sight at a turn in the road, that either of them reflected that they had had somewhat special to say to the other. Very few words had passed between them thus far, and now, when the same thought occurred simultaneously to each, it clothed itself in diverse shapes.

"O Mr. Murray!" Zip said suddenly, sitting straight up in her corner and letting her eyes drop from the clouds and turn to meet his, "I'm not going to stay at Mr. Van Alstyne's tonight! I must go to the squire's. I have any quantity of things I must say to the girls. I'm sure we can never do anything of any account without they help us. I don't see how I forgot it. You'll turn right back, won't you?"

Paul looked at his watch. There was yet a good hour before daylight would merge into a moonless twilight.

"I'll take you back, of course," he said, smiling as he turned the horse into the left-hand one of the two roads that crossed

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each other at this point, "but it isn't necessary to return by the way we came. Suppose I drive round by Henderson's Falls? You haven't seen them?"

"No; but isn't it too late?"

"Not with this animal in front of us. I undertake to show you the falls and deposit you at Squire Cadwallader's door before dark—if you are willing, that is." He leaned forward to take the whip out of its rest, and, while doing so, looked up into the girl's eyes. "May I?"

"If you want to," said Zip, in a rather subdued little voice.

"Well, I want to very much," touching up the mare on the instant with such vigor that she started out of her more than leisurely pace into her briskest trot. "And, besides, I wanted to tell you something about my errand in town to-day, and its results. You remember I spoke to you—last Wednesday, wasn't it?—yes?—curious! it seems as if it might be a year or more. Well, whenever it was, I told you I thought of buying a piano for my little sister for her birthday. I went up to the manufactory—Sandiman's—to look at some after I left you this afternoon."

He was looking straight ahead while getting off this piece of news, veracious, yet manufactured for this occasion only; but now he turned on Zip a glance which he succeeded in making deceptively serious and candid. She looked distressed, which made him a trifle ashamed but not at all repentant. That something in masculine human nature which causes it to prefer turning the screws when the material they enter is not too yielding, made him entirely willing that she should preserve her reticence until he had slowly forced its stronghold. He had a second tolerably innocent little cracker ready for her, but she did not wait for it.

"O Mr. Murray!" she said, blushing all over her face, but looking so straight at him that he would have dropped his own eyes, conscious of their guilt, if his curiosity, or something else, had not got the upper hand of that gracious impulse, "I *am* so sorry! I—I would have told you in Shirley's; only, somehow I couldn't. And when I went back to tell you, you were going out of the other door; and then I couldn't."

Then she stopped, and if Paul Murray had been the absolutely generous man that any right-minded novelist would most enjoy delineating he would no doubt have forestalled the rest of her confession. But, being simply a man, he helped her not one jot; it is even to be feared that he enjoyed her confusion.

"Told me? Told me what?" was all he said, biting his lip

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under his moustache to prevent too quizzical a smile. On the whole, her way of getting out of the difficulty, having the element of unexpectedness in it, was better than that he had devised.

"*I* bought Fanny a piano yesterday," blurted Zip.

"*You* bought Fanny a piano?" he said with extreme gravity. "How could you do that, Miss Colton? I thought I told you I proposed doing so myself. Besides—" then he stopped and looked out at the bushes on the right of the road. Then silence for some minutes.

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Murray," said Zip at last, with a faint but still perceptible tremor in her voice, "but Mr. Van Alstyne asked me to before ever you spoke about it. He wanted —he wanted to give it to Fanny for a surprise, and I didn't see how I *could* tell you. And now I suppose you have gone and bought another, and you'll have some trouble about it, maybe. I *wish* I had told you when we were in Shirley's."

Then she stopped and began to contemplate the bushes on the left-hand side of the road. By this time she had put Paul quite in the wrong, and how to get right again was not perfectly obvious to him. Presently he heard her sigh. He stopped the horse, which had somehow fallen back into a jog-trot again, took the reins in his left hand, and leaned forward, his right elbow resting on his knee.

"Miss Colton!".

"Well?" with another sigh.

"Turn your head this way, won't you?"

"What for?" this in a voice barely audible.

"I'm sure I don't know. I oughtn't to want to look anybody in the face while I confess to being a brute. But I wish you *would* look round just a minute, Miss Colton."

Zip turned her head a trifle, sighed again very gently, but did not raise her eyelids.

"Look at me, won't you?" he persevered. "The trouble you have put me to isn't worth sighing about."

"I didn't sigh," objected Zip.

"Oh! I beg pardon! It must have been something else I thought I heard. Well, I see you are not going to look at me, so I must proceed with my explanation in the dark. I didn't buy any piano."

Zip smiled this time, and looked up in the frank way she had. "Oh! I'm glad of that," she began, not a trace of her embarrassment left. "Because you can change the one I got, if you want to, you know. It is coming down on Monday for your approval.

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I wouldn't take it on any other conditions. I was only afraid I might have been putting you to expense through sheer stupid nonsense on my part."

Somehow the ease with which she regained her composure was less comforting to her companion than might have been expected. He would not have been sorry to go on mitigating her self-disapproval by degrees for some time longer. As there was now small hope of that, he concluded to make his own avowal of ill-doing and cast himself on her mercy.

"No," he said, "I didn't buy a piano this afternoon. But that isn't all. I had no intention of doing so. I knew what you went to town for—Mr. Van Alstyne told me last night. Still, I naturally thought I would like to see the instrument you selected before it was sent down. You think, don't you, that it wouldn't have been more than fair to tell me when I was standing beside it with you?"

"I wish I had; but I couldn't," said Zip, turning away her head.

"There's that soft little noise again," remarked Paul Murray. "I'm afraid there must be a breeze rising. I haven't got quite through yet, Miss Colton. Your piano is all right. I tried it, and couldn't have been better suited."

"Well, then, what did you make all this fuss about it for?" inquired the girl over her shoulder, in a tone plainly intended to be severe.

"Well, that's what I wanted to explain. I told you I must confess to being a brute. Don't you wish me to apologize for it? I'm afraid I must. I fear I was trying to vex you a little, perhaps to recompense myself for your silence to-day. You must really have thought me more formidable than I am contented to appear, if you *couldn't*—that is what you said, wasn't it?—*couldn't* tell me such a very simple thing. Why couldn't you?"

"I never said I couldn't tell you," said Zip, with a very faint emphasis on the latter pronoun, which Paul caught but concluded to disregard.

"Didn't you? There's plainly something the matter with my hearing this evening. I thought you said so."

"It wasn't you; I only didn't want to tell you just then, because of—something else. I told you I went back to find you, but you were—going out."

"Well, no matter. I am plainly the only person in the least to blame, and if I don't regret my fault more it is because it gives me the pleasure of begging you to forgive me. You will, won't you?"

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Zip laughed, but overlooked the hand he held out to her. "You're not sufficiently repentant," she said. "I don't believe in sinners who sin for the pleasure of being pardoned. And I'm afraid we won't get home before dark, at this rate. Wouldn't you better start again?"

"I fear so," said Paul, laughing also. On the whole, he was not ill-pleased to be let off so easily, and they finished their drive with no nearer approach to sentiment. Nor, in fact, when Paul considered things later on that night, was he quite sure that there had been any approach to it whatever. He was, at all events, not unwilling to tell himself so.

But Zipporah Colton, and his present and future relations with her, paramount though the place was which that subject occupied in his thoughts, was not the only matter with which Paul Murray's mind was busy before he sank that night into the forgetfulness of sleep. During his brief absence at Riverside the population of Milton Centre had been increased by one more soul, and somehow Paul could not help speculating on the possible effect which that fact might yet have upon his future. Curious! A week ago and he would have felt inclined to say that, as far as the accidents of this life were concerned, he held that future in his own right hand, compact and simple. And now how full it seemed of diverse and entangled strands!

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THERE is a story about Anthony Trollope, told, with some show of disapproval as to its manner, if we remember rightly, by Mr. John Morley in *Macmillan's* shortly after the novelist's death. It refers to a *conversazione* at the house of George Lewes, where the talk happened to turn on the nature and value of the inspiration which good novel-writers are supposed to await. There must have been some tall talk, one may imagine, with the great "George" on the tripod, and lesser priestlings all about the shrine, and no doubt it was not John Morley alone who felt as if something had dropped when Trollope, getting up from his seat with an expressive gesture, declared that the only necessary and unfailing inspiration was a large lump of shoemaker's wax, laid on the novelist's chair, which would hold him fast to his desk until his daily task was over. He was a good novelist himself, and he knew it; and a fertile one, moreover,

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who never dawdled away any time waiting for the flutter of unseen wings about his head, and he thought he got the familiar scent of humbug in the atmosphere.

There is a good deal to be said for the shoemaker's-wax theory, as Mr. Howells must know, and Mrs. Oliphant, with her four novels a year, all of them pretty good, too, it must be said, and some of them much more than that; and as Mr. Walter Besant most evidently knows. *Herr Paulus* (New York: Harper & Bros.) must be the fourth or fifth of this gentleman's fictions which have been noticed in this magazine within a twelvemonth. It is as clever as any of his work, and as entertaining. Its hero, Ziphion Trinder, is a young American with aspirations after literary fame, which six months in New York, spent in hanging about newspaper offices and the antechambers of magazine editors, are quite enough to dash. Ziphion is not a poet, but he has the poetic temperament, debased by a longing after distinction and a desire to be "talked about wherever the English language is spoken." But he is out at elbows and down at heels, and has no money for his board bill. What is he going to do about it? And while he is staring that situation in the face with a pair of "strangely eager, passionate eyes" big with despair, a couple of men pass him in the street, and one of them is saying he wants a pupil who shall combine

"youth, quick intelligence, sympathy, a highly nervous and sensitive organization, a poetic disposition, wide reading, and good education. I want a young man who is perfectly free from the trammels of relations, society, and ties of any kind. I want, besides, one who will give absolute obedience, and preserve, if I require it, inviolable secrecy. Besides this, he should be a youth unspotted—not, like these young Gothamites, up to all kinds of devilry; and he must be prepared to postpone indefinitely the acquisition of dollars. Tell me, my friend, where shall I find such a paragon, such a phœnix, for a pupil?"

And Ziphion, hearing, feels that he can fill that bill, applies for the situation, and obtains it. When he appears again—for all this happens in the prologue to Mr. Besant's novel—he is Herr Paulus, an adept in theosophy, who is described by a sister-adept in St. Petersburg, before his first appearance in fashionable English Spiritualist circles, as

"one of those rare and precious human creatures who acquire early in life powers which the more dull can only attain to after years of work and struggle. He proposes, if he meets with a sympathetic circle, to preach the higher philosophy in a way which will be entirely new to you. . . . His soul is candor itself; he is as pure as the white leaf of a lily; he

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is as incapable of deception as one of the lofty spirits with whom he holds habitual communion; he trusts, and expects to be trusted."

That is the way Anna Petrovna describes him; when he enters Lady Augusta Brudenel's drawing-room just after this letter has been read to the expectant guests, Tom Langston whispers to his betrothed, "I'm sure he's a New-Yorker, Dodo. He's one of the sort they call dudes." Mr. Besant has previously remarked—and far be it from any patriotic New-Yorker to gainsay him—that "it is said that there is no place in the world where young men are so wonderfully beautiful as in New York." Herr Paulus, therefore, to the visible eye an Apollo-like American of twenty-four, in reality, as the initiated know, a citizen of no country and a sage whose years count up by centuries, is a very great success. He has one natural gift besides his great New York birthright of beauty, and that is the power to mesmerize at will almost any person who chooses to let him try the experiment. So he goes from conquering to conquer through the various assemblages of fools who, having set aside Christianity as an idle superstition, are eating out their hearts in the vain longing to have the fact of immortality made plain to them in some newer and more cogent way than by the testimony of prophets and apostles and the living church. Herr Paulus mesmerizes one or two susceptible subjects, and talks in a delightful voice about the Ancient Wisdom and the Ancient Way, until his host, who has been dabbling in Spiritism for many years with frequent sickness of soul and inward dubitation, at last says to him:

"This night marks a new departure in spiritual research. Herr Paulus, I thank you in the name of all those who, like myself, have believed, through cruel disappointments and most unworthy deceptions, in the future of our cause. We have been like blind men—I see it now—waiting for a guide, or like ignorant men in a labyrinth, trying all ways but the true way. What use to us have been our Chicks and our Medlocks? What power had they? None. You have been sent by those you call your friends to show us the way. It is no longer by the fitful light shown by deceitful and vicious spirits that we shall try to advance, but by the steady glow of the lantern held up to us by your friends. We thank your friends through you. We have tried to maintain the constancy of our faith, but there have been times, I confess it, when our feet have seemed to be placed on the shaky and uncertain turf of a hidden quagmire. Now, thanks to your friends, we stand at last on *solid rock*. At last, I say, on *solid rock!*"

Herr Paulus, however, is not a mere vulgar adventurer. Impostor and trickster though he be, and a puppet moreover in

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the hands of a master who wants to use him to turn the keys in money-drawers, his own aim is still that with which he set out from his father's "general store," which, by the way, Mr. Besant locates in a "small town of a New England State," "not many hundred miles from Boston," although he considers his hero a New-Yorker! Fame is what he wants; he desires to cut a very big swath through the ranks of the credulous, make them believe in his supernatural powers, and then retire suddenly in a blaze of glory just as he touches the zenith. Unfortunately for this aspiration, he falls in love with one of his "subjects," an extremely nice girl, herself the daughter of a "cheap and nasty" medium, and hence a hater of Spiritualism as she has known it, though a real convert to the new sort taught and practised by Herr Paulus. Once in love, his power over her and over others vanishes. His real weakness asserts itself, the girl and her honesty get the upper hand, the schemes of Herr Paulus, long successful, collapse, and that he does not utterly collapse with them is due to the fact that, shamed at last into honesty, he avows them all, and lets Hetty pick him up out of the dust of humiliation and the mire of detected fraud. Altogether, a readable novel, with several lessons in it well worth inculcating.

What Men Live By (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York) is a beautiful little parable by the Russian, Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. A poor cobbler, going home almost empty-handed to his wife after a fruitless effort to collect enough of the money due him to buy a new winter garment which shall answer for both of them, finds on the road a strange man, naked and perishing with cold. At first Semyón passes him by, reflecting that he is too poor to shelter him under his roof, and too cold to share with him the scanty garments which he wears. But hardly has he done so when his conscience begins to prick him, and he returns, throws his kaftan over the stranger's shoulders, puts on his feet a pair of old boots he is taking home to mend, and brings him with him to his wife. Matriónа scolds him roundly; no money, no new sheepskin cloak, for the want of which she is perishing whenever she puts her nose out of doors, nothing but a husband with the odor of his one dram yet about him, and a freezing, starving stranger to help eat her and her children out of house and home—it is more than the poor woman can bear in silence. No, she has no supper for them; she won't stay in the house with a man who uses her so vilely, nor with the drunken beggars he fetches with him. She snatches their common jacket from her husband and prepares to rush out of doors, when Semyón says

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his last word: "Matrióna, can it be that God is not in you?" Whereupon Matrióna's conscience also shows signs of life, and, beginning with a grudged compassion, she soon grows to share her husband's love and pity for their guest. He stays with them for five years, learns to cobble, and then to make boots in a manner so far superior to his master's that Semyón gets into comfortable circumstances. He has been "entertaining an angel unawares"—an angel who, having failed, through compassion for her infants, to take the soul of a woman for whom God had sent him, had been sentenced to assume the form of a man until he should learn by experience *what is in men, what is not given unto men, and what men live by.* When, through what happens to him from the moment the cobbler meets him until that in which his penance has ended, he knows that *love* is in men, that no man knows what is needed for his body, and that the living God, and not their own care, is what men live by, then he reveals himself to his hosts, imparts his new knowledge to them, and returns to heaven.

The Story of Colette (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is also a translation, the name of whose author is not given. It was called "Colette's Novena" when it originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a title more appropriate but probably less taking to the general reader than that it now bears. It is a harmless and amusing tale, whether well translated or not we are unable to say, but certainly put into very pleasant English. It opens on the first day of March with the little prayer Colette inscribes at the beginning of the journal she keeps to relieve the weariness of life spent in a dismal château under the guardianship of a maiden-aunt who does not love her, and one old servant. "Keep me, O Lord," writes Colette, "from dying of despair and *ennui*, and do not forget me, buried in this snow, which deepens every day."

Colette is an *ingénue* of a rather sparkling type. With the exception of two happy years in a convent—where her aunt placed her in order at once to keep and to evade the promise made to Colette's dying mother, by which she was obliged to give her niece at least two years in Paris, and thus a chance to "settle herself"—she has spent all her days in this gloomy castle, and at eighteen she is growing very tired of being "full of ideas with no earthly being to tell them to; to be gay alone, to be sad alone, to be angry alone—it is insupportable." She has begun to look for her "adventure." She is sure it will come, and that when it does it will be "tall and dark, with black hair, straight

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eyebrows, and severe eyes." She had hoped it might arrive in May or June, and in those months never passed a hedge without looking to see what it concealed; but

"I hope even now," she writes, "and every morning, when I open my curtain, I look carefully to see if its feet have not left their traces on the snow under my window. When nothing has come I make excuses for it to myself—the weather is so bad, the paths so hard to find! I wish it to arrive with its arms and legs uninjured; I even praise it for not risking a sprain by coming a day too soon."

When "it" does come Colette flatters herself that "it" will not be disappointed in her appearance:

"I say this without vanity or conceit, for I have never appreciated the modesty that exclaims, What a beautiful horse! what a wonderful rose! but which severely forbids the same remark about a face which one certainly has not made one's self—simply because it is one's own. It is allowable, and even considered to be in good taste, for a person to abuse his nose or to declare that his eyes are crooked; but to say that the Creator has made them straight—the thought is horrible!"

Up to the 6th of March Colette's days go on in the same old monotony, but then she coaxes the milkwoman to stay beside the kitchen fire, while she herself takes the donkey and the milk-pails and goes up the mountain to wait on the remaining customers. The donkey lands her in a drift, where she is nearly frozen before being recovered and brought home. But she soon recovers, and by the 8th is ready to chat with the poor old *laitière*, overwhelmed with remorse for her share in Colette's mishap, who comes up to her room to visit her. Colette learns from her that there is a "wise woman," Mother Lancien, in the neighborhood, who can give a good advice on most topics, and she resolves to visit her, which she does on the next day but one. Mother Lancien is no witch, and, when Colette's troubles have been laid open, she tells her she has no art but common sense, and no wisdom but prayer.

"'In this case,' she says, 'where no one on earth can help you, why have you, my young lady, forgotten the saints in paradise?'

"'I did not think of them,' returns Colette.

"'Very well,' she replied; 'it is just as I supposed. . . . When you were a child whom did you ask to give you the fruit that grew out of your reach on the trees? Was it not taller people than you? But you are grown up and large enough to help yourself to what you want on the earth; but for that which is still out of your reach do as you used to do, ask some one higher still, for there will always be things which you cannot attain.'"

So Colette begins at once her novena to "St. Joseph, . . . as

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it is not within the memory of man that he has rejected such a prayer as mine." One difficulty she has in finding a statue of the saint to put up on the altar to which she devotes a whole corner of her room. "In despair I was going to take one of St. John Baptist in his stead, and beg him to allow himself to be prayed to as St. Joseph," when she discovers a beautiful little one, in solid silver, in a corner of the chapel. She is very amusing, this little Colette, with her novena, the last prayers of which she says before her window and not before her altar, so sure is she that the "adventure" is almost in the courtyard, and so anxious to see how it really looks. But St. Joseph's day wears into night and brings nobody. Still, she will give him a day's grace, though prolong her prayers one half-hour beyond the ninth day she will not, mindful of the punishment of Moses when he struck the rock the second time. But when the 20th of March also comes and goes and brings nobody, Colette flies into a passion, seizes the statue and flings it through her window into the road—where, of course, it hits the "adventure" in the head as it is climbing the garden wall to see what lies beyond, knocks it down, fractures its knee, makes a hole in its forehead, and throws it thus upon the repentant Colette's good offices as nurse. The story is old enough, as the reader sees, but it is charmingly told.

The Dusantes (New York: The Century Co.) is in Mr. Stockton's usual quaintly amusing vein, full of harmless laughs and absurdly funny situations. Mr. Dusante, the proprietor of the desert island on which Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and Mr. Craig were cast away, having returned to his home and found the ginger-jar on the mantelpiece with the "board money" in it, finds also that he can enjoy no peace of mind until, "with the ginger-jar in my hand," he shall have searched "over the world, if necessary, for the persons who in my absence had paid board to me, and return to them the jar with its contents uncounted and untouched." How he meets those persons in a big snowdrift on the side of a California mountain; how he, his sister, and his "adopted mother" exchange the courtesies of life through the tunnel they excavate between their respective holes in the snow; and how he will force the jar on Mrs. Lecks, and how she won't receive it, and how they finally split the difference—for all these things we must refer the reader to the book itself. It has more than fifty cents' worth of wholesome laughter in it.

Don Armando Palacio Valdés, the greatly praised author of *Marta y Maria*, is also the writer of *Maximina* (New York:

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Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), which has been not particularly well translated by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. It is a picture, very pleasant in the main, of a pure wedded love, which opens on the eve of marriage and ends two years later with the death of Maximina, surely the sweetest, most innocent, and most charming of recent heroines. The supposed exigencies of novel-writing have, however, elicited from Count Valdés a good deal of not at all interesting padding in the shape of political discussions and talks between vulgar people in newspaper offices; and the episode of Julia and Saavedra is a distinct blot on the book for those who wish to be careful that the amusement they seek in light reading shall be no impediment in the way of higher things. It is a pity, for Maximina herself is most delightful—a lily of modest purity which could have been grown only out of Christian soil and in a wholly Christian atmosphere. With a firmer faith than Valdés seems to possess—a faith which would have given the concluding pages of this novel a less uncertain sound—what admirable work he might do in a field which needs conscientious hands to till it! For though these pages, which describe the fluctuations of Miguel's mind during the years which follow after he has lost his happiness in losing Maximina, are true enough to certain phases of even the Christian soul under great affliction, yet there are truths which may be so presented as to suggest a lie. That is one of the temptations of "art for art's sake," of the realism which is unreal because it so emphasizes parts as to ruin the whole.

The phenomenal "run" of *Mr. Potter of Texas* (New York: The Home Publishing Co.), by Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, very easily explains itself. It is crammed with startling incident, it is quite empty of analysis and subjectivism, its lovers are ardent and innocent likewise—when one excepts Lady Sarah, whose passion leads her into the great meanness without which Mr. Gunter's novel could not have been—and its action is quick and dramatic. It reads, indeed, as though, like the work of several recent French novelists, it had been constructed with an eye to the stage.

The Great Amherst Mystery (New York: Brentano's) purports to be "a true narrative of the supernatural." It is backed by the affidavit of the author, one Walter Hubbell, a travelling player, and relates circumstances, to some of which he says he was an eye-witness, which occurred in Amherst, Nova Scotia, from 1878 to 1882 or thereabouts. If the facts are as alleged, it seems on the face of it to have been a case of obsession by evil spirits—in

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fact, the invisible actors claimed to come direct from hell. The prayers of Baptist and Methodist ministers having proved unavailing to send them away from the afflicted young woman, Esther Cox; as, likewise, the expedient of sleeping with a Bible under her pillow, which was recommended by "the Rev. R. A. Temple," and that of copying "the third verse of the second chapter of Habakkuk on slips of paper, as directed by Mr. Alexander Hamilton," it occurred to the practical Yankee mind of Mr. Hubbell that there might be "money in it" for a shrewd lecturer with the gift of gab and trained powers of elocution. So he persuaded Esther to accompany him on a tour and let herself be tormented on the platform while he told her remarkable story. But the good sense of the public was somehow against the exhibition, and in Chatham, New Brunswick, "a howling mob" pursued the pair to their hotel from the lecture-room, and Mr. Hubbell's scheme, which reminds one of the account in the Acts of the Apostles of the "girl with a pythonical spirit, who brought her masters much gain by divining," fell to the ground. The book reads not unlike an extract from Görres' *Mystique Diabolique*. But as Mr. Hubbell says that after her marriage, in 1882, Esther's torments ended, it would probably be safe to diagnose her case as hysteria.

Haschisch, by Thorold King (New York: Brentano's), is the story of a murder, and the detection of the murderer by making him reveal his crime under the influence of the drug which gives the book its name. Nevertheless, it is utterly commonplace and stupid, with not even a sensation between its covers.

It is hardly possible to be uninteresting and yet write of Shakspere; unless, indeed, one be a Baconian, or the decipherer of some newly concocted and elaborate cipher. And Mr. Appleton Morgan, though he is the friend of Mr. Donnelly, gives no credence to his theories; as, though the friend of ex-Governor Davis, he sees no reason to believe that Shakspere was a lawyer. In fact, after reading Mr. Morgan's *Shakspere in Fact and in Criticism* (New York: William Evarts Benjamin), always with attention and often with interest and approval, we find ourselves at a loss to say what is his own view of Shakspere's personality, and doubtful that he has added anything vital to current discussion of the same. What theory he entertains is summed up, we take it, in the words: "By the study of Shakspere should not, I think, be understood the glorification of one man. . . . Shakspere, the man, is an ideal to each one of us, and his biography a pasture for poets and dreamers al-

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ways. . . . We have no use for dates and documents, muniments and pedigrees." He seems to believe—we speak under Mr. Morgan's correction, for, after chasing his real belief throughout his essays, we find it hard to catch—that William Shakspere was a man of "shrewd and ready wit, who made these plays available for revenue," but who did not write them; who did not, at all events, write the most Shaksperean part of them. Why? Because his genius was "fully as practical as poetical." Because he "elbowed his way from abject poverty to exceptional affluence." Because the plays he mounted "contain specimens of all known rustic English dialects of the periods they cover, put into the mouths of appropriate speakers," while he and his family "spoke Warwickshire dialect." Because the writer of these plays "was patrician, with the scorn of a Coriolanus for the mob who gave him their suffrages, which William Shakspere was not." Somehow the reasons do not strike us as entirely reasonable, if their object be to take down the man Shakspere, deer-stealer of Stratford, player and manager of the Globe Theatre, "full of jokes and gallantries," dead at last in a drunken frolic, from his unique and uncompanioned niche in the temple of great poets. The first reason assigned for such a displacement is, in fact, the best reason against it. That his "genius was fully as practical as poetical" accounts for pretty much all that needs accounting for. That he was the substantial author of what goes by his name, though he appropriated what he wanted wherever he found it, is easier to believe than that there was one other man, still less half a dozen or so, capable of fathering upon him such children of fancy and never reclaiming either the honor or the money they achieved. Shakspere was a poet by eminence, and therefore he did not use poetic figures to embellish a prose thought, but he thought in figures. He saw the identity of things, that is; saw it by intuition, and clad one in the garb of another because the whole wardrobe belonged to one. He was a dramatist by eminence, and therefore he did not thrust his own belittling individualities between himself and the people he contemplated and reproduced. Sometimes he found them made ready to his hand where any one else may find them—in Plutarch's pages—sometimes he found them in the ale-house or the play-house; but, wherever he found them, he forgot himself and looked at them, and so caught the secret of their reproduction. And because he had that gift of words which has belonged to many brains, but perhaps to none in so eminent degree as to his own; and had it united with his other gift of per-

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ceiving identities, and hence used figures as the material of his thoughts and not their dress, he did not need to know law as a lawyer knows it in order to employ its phraseology with fair correctness, nor physic to talk medicine, nor a murderer's guilt to render his emotions. We give our vote for Shakspere, and are content to believe that the man who gave us *Macbeth* was brought into the world in Stratford, on the 23d of April, in we forget what year. Mr. Morgan's discussion of *Hamlet* seems to us very good; so also his essay on "Shakspere's Literary Executor." One of these papers, that on "Queen Elizabeth's Share in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*," and the greater part of another, "The Growth and Vicissitudes of a Shaksperean Play," appeared originally in this magazine.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

From my earliest recollection till nineteen years of age the subject of religion was no part of my thoughts except for ridicule; all my teachings on this subject were adverse. My father, though a most exemplary and moral man and a kind parent, was an avowed infidel. He read his Bible constantly, but only to cavil at its doctrines. He accepted portions of it as history; but all its teachings wherein God manifested his omnipotence to the children of men either by precept or by miracles he rejected. When I had reached early manhood I removed to another State. Here while attending school a series of religious meetings were commenced under the auspices of the Methodists. Many of my companions of both sexes were brought under the influence of these good people, and I soon found myself, in a social sense, quite isolated. I naturally began to think there must be something about these revival services more than a mere form, since they interested so many. So, out of a vague curiosity, I commenced attendance also. A personal appeal was made to me to accept Christ as my Saviour and to give my heart to him. I was told to pray to him.

For the first time in my life, alone in my room, I bent my knee to God. I tried to say something; naught but a sigh or groan would escape my lips. So I arose and retired, but sleep would not relieve my troubled heart. Though the weather was bitterly cold, I arose and once more tried to pray. At last I cried out, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" Immediately light shone into my heart, and where pain and anguish of spirit existed only a few moments before, now praise and joy and peace reigned. From that time, forty-four years ago, till now, never for one moment have I doubted that man is an accountable being to God, and, being lost by the sin of Adam's transgression, he must be brought back through the mediatorial office of Jesus Christ. All seemed joyous and peaceful for some time. I felt as St. Peter did, *i.e.*, if all the world should deny his Master, yet I would not.

Feeling thus secure, as I thought, hardly a year elapsed before I passed

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through that phase of religious life which Methodists call "falling from grace." So for several years I was in a despondent state, feeling all the time, however, that even if God should call me hence in my sins, still I might hope to be saved. I believed all the same in him, but the sense of sin well-nigh overpowered me. I was one of the Argonauts of California, and in those pioneer times when the wild scenes of a mining country were leading men into every sort of excess and crime, I often used to wonder if there was even one man in all the gold-mines who ever had a religious thought. I often tried to draw men out on the subject, but never could find one in sympathy with me. Becoming thoroughly disgusted with such a wild life, I returned to one of the young cities of the Pacific. There I married a worthy Christian lady, but, like me, she knew but little about vital Christianity. We were both perfectly willing and anxious to serve God, if we only could see our way. A Baptist clergyman became acquainted with us and strongly urged us to become members of his church, which we did, receiving baptism by immersion, which we were informed was the only valid form and the door of the church.

All went pleasantly for some years, but just about the breaking out of the late civil war the Baptist Church became more or less involved. Sectional prejudices were brought into their churches, and as a result the whole denomination on the Pacific coast became more like a bear-garden than a Christian church. Believing, as I had been instructed, that the Baptist Church was the only apostolic and evangelical church, I did not know what to do. Of one thing I was certain: if the churches in that denomination were the apostolic church, I had had enough of it. So, without carefully examining the tenets of Presbyterianism, I connected myself with that denomination, believing that any retreat was better than the scenes I was passing through. Besides, the Presbyterians were, as I was informed, a well-behaved people, always attending to their own affairs and letting everybody alone so long as they were not interfered with. Sure enough, I found them all I expected. In fact all one had to do was to appear respectable, pay his pew-rents, and contribute for charitable purposes as ability afforded. In short, it was an easy-going body. One can go to sleep or be absent any length of time—all will go on smoothly. It is always safe. This state of things did not seem to me to be quite up to the teaching of Christ. *I longed for a higher and holier life.* I had now pretty thoroughly tried three of the prominent denominations in this country, and still was not satisfied. It was a turning-point in my life when I first got the idea of a divinely-founded church. I felt sure, at last, that there is a church, existing now, the same that Jesus Christ planted when he lived on earth, and the one that he promised to be with even till the consummation of all things. The question that puzzled me most was, "Where is that church?"

I commenced a rigid examination of the history of the different denominations. Greatly to my surprise, I found but two that had a history dating back more than about four hundred years, and changes and reformations characterized nearly all. So there could be no possibility of any of these being the church to which Christ made the promise. The remaining were the Roman Catholic and the Greek Church. But surely, I thought, it could be neither of these, for I had it thundered into my ears from all sides that these people were idolaters, that they prayed to images, that they worshipped a woman, and, in short, were an ignorant people, who could not read or judge for themselves, and left all in the hands of priests. But all these preconceived notions did not deter me from a rigid examination as to

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their history and doctrines; for I had set out with a full determination to learn the truth and to follow it, no matter where it led me. The first thing that I discovered was that the Greek Church was a schismatic body, and was but an offshoot of the Church of Rome. So no church was left me to accept or reject but that of Rome.

Having reached this very essential feature in church history, naught remained for me to examine but in reference to the doctrines and usages of that church. Here I found many things which seemed strange to me. Suffice to say all of the formulated dogmas of the church were a *terra incognita* to me. To take seriatim each one and analyze it was a problem that was far above the comprehension of the ordinary layman. But just here the promises of Christ to his chosen people solved the vexed question: "Lo, I am with you even till the consummation of all things"; and again: "He will lead you into all truth"; "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven"; "As the Father hath sent me, so also I send you." This settles the whole question as to dogmas. Having settled these questions, but little remained for me to do. First to resign my position as an officer of the Presbyterian Church, and to request them to drop my name from their list of church-members. Which being done, it created no small amount of pain among the worthy people with whom I had been connected. The pastor, when I told him what led me to the radical change as to what Christ's church really was, regarded me as being almost a candidate for the insane asylum. He labored with me for over ten hours, taking up somewhat in detail the doctrines of the mother-church. I remember the one that he assailed the most vigorously: the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist. He, of course, was a theologian, a graduate of Amherst. I was only an infant, just struggling for light and breath in a new world to me. Just here again Christ's words were my only argument, viz., "This is my body—this is my blood." So he left me apparently with a heavy heart.

Up to this moment I had never in my life spoken to a Catholic priest on the subject of religion. How to take the first step in what seemed to me a solemn duty puzzled me. So by the grace of God I mustered courage to go to a Catholic church and ask to see a priest. I trembled like one with an ague. When he asked me the object of my visit I stammered out something about my condition. At a glance long experience disclosed my state far better than anything I could say, and I well remember his first words: "Give yourself no anxiety, for I, too, have passed through just what you are passing through, and I know just how you feel." These words, spoken to me in tones of great kindness, did the business, and all the terrors of what I had been led to believe about the confessional, penances, etc., etc., vanished in a moment.

Very soon the good father told me what to do, and from that hour, twelve years ago, till the present never has one doubt crossed my mind as to what constitutes the one, holy, apostolic, universal church. Each day, every Mass, every service I attend reveals new beauties and brings me nearer and nearer my dear Lord. Here I find blended under one head all the teachings of Christ—not a part but all. We do not, as most Protestants do, have to invoke the Divine Presence, for He is always present on the altar. If this is true, what man shall find fault if a Catholic bends the knee and makes every possible demonstration of love and respect, knowing and feeling that he is in the very presence of the Son of God? Each day of my life demonstrates more clearly to me the oneness of God's people in one fold, under one head—Christ the Lord in heaven, and St. Peter's successor on earth.

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No other conditions, no other plan, ever can, or ever did, or ever will fulfil the conditions which were formulated by Jesus Christ when he visited this earth, as does the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

I have written thus briefly in the hope that some other unfortunate one who, like me, may be groping after God's duly appointed church may read these words. If this shall help in bringing one such to carefully examine the subject for himself, and, after having settled the question in his own mind, to act in strict accord with his convictions, I shall feel more than repaid for having taken the trouble very imperfectly to mark out the way by which I was brought into the Holy Catholic Church. I have found in the mother-church a rich banquet, yielding to the hungry and thirsty soul not only certitude but all the spiritual blessings that it craves. No one can stand outside and look at the walls of the Catholic Church and receive and understand much about it. But once inside, and by examining every doctrine, every precept, and all the accumulated wisdom that has been treasured up for nearly two thousand years, such a one will exclaim: "How beautiful thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

MY CONVERSION.

I was educated in the evangelical doctrines of the Episcopal Church as commonly taught in New England forty years ago. In the country town where I lived the most fraternal relations existed between this church and the other denominations, and the resulting harmony would have been the envy of our Protestant friends of to-day who are so earnestly seeking for "Christian unity." The basis of this harmony was found in the entire rejection of the doctrine of sacramental grace, and consequently of the necessity of apostolic succession. Even baptismal regeneration was scouted as a vain and popish superstition. The only distinctively Episcopal tenets impressed upon my mind were the superior beauty and utility of a liturgical worship, and a caution against religious enthusiasm or excitement.

Owing to peculiar circumstances my mind was very early set to work on the great religious questions of fate and experience. As a little girl I made the Bible a study, but took no one into my confidence. My boarding-school life early brought me into contact with Calvinism, and my Bible studies seemed to corroborate these doctrines. I was overwhelmed with terror and despondency because I could find in myself no marks of election and could have no deep convictions of sin. I must be allowed to pass over these experiences of mental torture, long endured and kept secret from my nearest friends. To this state succeeded gradually a partial indifference. My studies engrossed me, and I began to feel my intellectual nature awakening, with correspondingly more liberal ideas and tastes. Associations, too, soon served to foster liberal thinking, and I drifted rapidly and pleasantly in that direction. I read Emerson, Carlyle, and above all Channing, and I need not say my original creed was revised. I was quite content to remain in the Episcopal Church, and began to appreciate its liturgical beauty and fitness; but I had not then the faintest conception of the nature or office of the visible church of God.

This happy religious optimism continued for some years, but was succeeded almost insensibly by doubts which as the gloom deepened became more intolerable than my early Calvinism. One by one every doctrine of redemption and of grace, even of Divine Providence itself, seemed slipping from my mental grasp.

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The darkness which Bunyan describes as the passage through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" became my terrible experience. Nothing could dispel this gloom, and I turned away heartsick from the very authors who had been as my familiar friends. Only those, and I believe they are many, who have passed through a similar experience can realize its utter desolation and despair.

At this time I first met with the *Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson*, which I almost literally devoured, as well as his sermons. They were not satisfactory as regarded my doubts; but they seemed to inspire a noble courage in suffering, and a resolute will to continue to trust the God in whom one could not even fully believe. But Robertson marked an epoch in my life, inasmuch as he gave me my first thoughts of the Catholic Church. It is well known that he attempted to distinguish the truths underlying the great Catholic dogmas of the faith from what he called the erroneous dogmas themselves. As a matter of fact I simply disregarded the distinction, and found myself interested in the doctrines. I began to wish it were possible to believe what seemed so consoling and so beautiful, yet without imagining such a thing possible.

A very dear and acute-minded friend, long since dead, who knew something of my spiritual unrest, persuaded me to talk with her rector, a High-Church clergyman. The interview was a surprise to me and marked my first distinct step Romeward, a fact of which I was, however, profoundly unconscious. I record my grateful remembrance of that clergyman, who is still living. He was kind, patient, wise in counsel, and firm, and he gave me positively the first notion I had ever had that religious belief was a real virtue, its opposite a real sin.

But just here arose the great difficulty for which I long sought a solution. Granted there is an authority, a church of God, which can rightfully command my assent intellectually and morally, how and where shall I find its unerring decisions? Here were a High-Church rector, a Low-Church bishop mutually contradicting each other on the most fundamental points of doctrine and of grace, and, to make matters worse, my favorite Broad-Church authors denying or explaining as only figuratively true the distinctive tenets of both High Church and Low. Verily "a house divided against itself shall not stand."

Mine was indeed a weary search after certain truth, but never was I deceived by any "glittering generalities" about "unity in essentials," still less by vain appeals to the decisions of a remote antiquity or to the "general councils" of an "undivided church." I regard with sentiments of veneration, not unmixed with awe, our ancestors the early Britons, but they have never seemed to me to furnish a very practicable court of appeal in pressing questions of controversy and conduct. However, the practical thing was that this appeal to the early Britons and to the early councils was not available to me, and, I may add, is not available to multitudes of men and women the world over. Nor are these multitudes of human beings for whom these questions have a profound significance willing to depend upon the interpretations of any "Dr. Dryasdust" who may assume to define them by the aid of his Greek lexicon.

The question was continually narrowing to this focus: Has God given a revelation to man? And if so, to whom has he committed its custody? Who is authorized to declare and explain it with an unerring, living voice? If the Infinite Creator has thus deigned to reveal himself to his creatures and to command their assent, then of necessity he must declare his will so plainly that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein." No prolonged study of ancient history, Roman or British, could be required. If the church of the first three centuries

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was empowered to speak authoritatively to the world in God's name as his unerring vicegerent, she must have the same prerogative now, for when and by whom has her charter been abrogated? In short, the question is one of jurisdiction and of infallibility, and not of historical progress.

My Bible studies had distinctly impressed upon my mind one fact: that the Scriptures were fragmentary and were not intended to teach a definite creed. Inspired they are without doubt, free from error, full of grace, and full of truth, but evidently addressing both Jews and Gentiles, as already believers in the law and the Gospel, as disciples of a living teacher. Not to dwell further upon this point, which has always seemed very strong to me, I found, to use Cardinal Newman's words, that "the Scriptures were not intended to teach truth, but only to prove it."

Thus far had I progressed without ever having read a Catholic book or come into contact with a Catholic mind, and I still fancied it would be quite impossible ever to accept the Catholic creed. A Protestant friend chanced to put into my hands a volume of sermons by the Paulist Fathers. My curiosity was aroused by the fact that they were written by men who had been converted from Protestantism to Catholicism. As I read my attention was aroused to such a degree that I determined to seek an interview with some one of these priests, and question him as to the faith—a step which was not accomplished without serious misgivings. The reverend father to whom I applied gave me Newman's *Apologia*, and that book became the turning point in my mind. It was my first introduction to the Oxford school of thought, and, strange to say, I seemed to trace there, written indeed by a master-hand, the history of many of my own religious opinions. Especially was this the case in regard to the doctrine of sacramental grace, of probabilities in evidence of revealed truth, of the necessity of a religion of dogma as distinguished from one of mere religious sentiment, and of the gradually enlarging conceptions of the visible church, its necessary organic unity and authority. I think no book that I have ever read before or since has ever impressed me so much.

From that time the magnificent figure of the church of God, the Catholic Church of all nations and races, was ever before my mind, and attracted me as the Bride of the Lamb, resplendent in her white and jewelled raiment.

I may say here that never at any time has the "branch theory" had any hold upon my mind, although I understand it quite well and the plausible theories by which it is maintained. It infinitely belittles the conception of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, and is contradicted both by sound logic and by human experience in history.

Evidently the question is simply this: Has there always existed, and does there still exist, a Catholic Church, one in doctrine and communion, speaking ever with one unerring and consenting voice, founded upon that Rock of Peter against which the gates of hell shall never prevail? A tremendous claim, indeed, but it is the only one that needs to be considered, and in considering it the question of Anglican orders has never seemed to me, however interesting, to be of any considerable importance; consequently I found myself brought face to face with the claim of the Roman See to be this Rock of Peter, and I studied as best I could the history of the Papacy, praying ever for divine light and guidance, and reading impartially both Catholic and Protestant authors, taking counsel principally from Episcopal clergymen. I studied, as I have said, the history of the Papacy, but not in such a manner as to lose myself in minute details, but in a broad and general way.

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People do not study imposing architectural designs with a microscope—at least if they do they are certain to become exceedingly confused as to the *tout ensemble*. I found that only a miraculous grace of divine protection could have preserved the Papacy, and, through its unifying power, the church universal, intact in life and doctrine through all the centuries of fire and bloodshed, through all the inundations of heathenism and sensuality, which have swept over the earth since our Lord's Ascension. The evidence that the Rock of Peter was the Roman See became as clear to me as the shining of the midday sun in heaven. Is the Anglican Church to-day in living communion spiritually and doctrinally with the Catholic Church and its centre of unity, the See of Peter?

And here my inquiries terminated. I had no longer any excuse for withholding my submission. I may add as a curious circumstance, perhaps, that I even then found difficulty in accepting the great central dogma of the Real Presence. I was unable to conceive of it; but its attractive power over me was indescribable. Truly I may say that I entered not in by the "Gate that is called Beautiful." I was entirely ignorant of the ritual of the church as regards vestments, colors, lights, incense, and even the "eastward position." I accepted what I there found on these points. I recognized gladly their fitness; but for one thing only my eye sought on entering a Catholic church—the ever-burning lamp before the Tabernacle, which told my beating heart of the Sacred Presence there enshrined. "Verily, thou art a God who hidest thyself, a hidden God," "the Saviour." No church is a church to me, however harmonious its decorations, however imposing its vested priests and surpliced choirs, if there the Adorable Sacrament of the altar has not an abiding-place. The house is to me empty, like our Lord's sepulchre with the linen clothes folded and lying there, while the Master has for ever departed.

And thus wandering sorrowfully in the garden I heard the voice of the Risen Lord, and my soul cried out, "Rabboni."

LET THE PEOPLE SING.

Some time ago I happened, in the course of my travels, to be in the city of Petersburg, Va., on a Sunday afternoon, and I went to Vespers. To my surprise the church was packed. Thinking it was some festival day, I inquired the reason of the large attendance, but was told that the church was always filled like that at Vespers. As soon as the services began the secret of the large attendance was out. The children, the boys on one side and the girls on the other, were seated in the front seats, and, with the pastor and altar-boys, alternately chanted the Psalms with the choir. The pastor—whose name, if my memory is correct, is Father O'Farrell—has a fine tenor voice and evidently enjoyed the singing as much as the children and their parents. The little ones also sang the Benediction service.

Since reading Father Young's excellent articles on congregational singing, I have often thought that the pastor of that little church away off in Southern Virginia has opened a way to introduce the congregational singing so much desired. I have lately heard that Father O'Farrell has ceased to use the choir altogether, and now the girls and boys alone alternately chant the Vespers. Why cannot those same children be taught to sing, alternately, those parts of the Mass which are commonly sung? How easily, too, could not the children in our Catholic schools

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be trained to this way of singing Vespers and Mass! In Petersburg, so I was told, the sisters in charge of the school taught the children how to pronounce the Latin, while a young lady of the city, an accomplished musician, went regularly to the school and without any charge trained the little ones in the music. This can be done in every Catholic school. Furthermore, if it be desired to introduce in place of Vespers a public service of psalms and hymns in English, as we hear of Bishop Vaughan doing in Manchester, England, how easily could the children be so trained as to introduce it among their parents and grown brothers and sisters!

Yes, let the people sing; but begin with the children, and then, little by little, let all the people PRAISE THE LORD.

HINTS TO FISHERS.

I once heard an earnest preacher name as the four last things to be remembered, "Death, Judgment, Hell, and Eternal Damnation"! Of course it was only a mistake—only a slip of the tongue—which made him leave out heaven altogether and give us a double dose of the other place. But it is a fair illustration of what some preachers really do in their fire-and-brimstone zeal. Is it likely that sinners will come to hear such sermons? Pshaw! You might as well drop down a bare hook into the water and expect the fish to swallow it so.

Our Lord said to his Apostles, "Be ye fishers of men," and he meant what he said. He knew that sinners must be fished for. But the comparison ends here. The poor fish are caught only to be killed; sinners are caught only to be given life eternal. Nevertheless, sinners are no more desirous than the poor fish are to be hooked or drawn into a net, therefore they must be dealt with accordingly. Do fish come crowding around the fisherman, begging to be caught? Not much. Do sinners come crowding around the priest, begging to be drawn in?

Bait, bait, sweet, pleasant bait, carefully-mended nets that will take them in unaware—these are the means which every fisher *must* use who would obey the divine commission.

When St. Peter followed the craft, did he lash the waves violently, and slam his nets into the water, and hammer away on his boat, and hurl rocks and roots after the finny tribe? Oh! no; he was wary, and watchful, and wise; he was patient, and silent, and slow.

When a zealous pastor sees his congregation lessening he says to himself: "I am an unprofitable servant; I must take myself to task. From this moment I will begin. I will fast oftener, pray better, do more penance, and give greater alms. I will be unsparing of myself, and then my labor will be blessed with good results." This is all very beautiful, very sublime, but he should not stop there. He should angle for poor human nature with human means. Observe the following quotation from a Protestant journal:

THE CHURCH'S STRENGTH—DUE TO THE ABANDONMENT OF GRIMNESS AND MOROSENESS.

'When we ask what is the secret of the present strength of the church, I think we must find it in this, that the church has, to a great extent, abandoned the attitude of grimness and moroseness, and has substituted in its place the doctrine of human happiness. Formerly people went to church and held to religion, not because they enjoyed it, but because they thought it their duty; if they did not enjoy it this proved it all the more to be their duty. It is a great trans-

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formation. Young people now find a pleasure in the religion that is presented to them; things unattractive are by general consent laid aside. Revivalists rely on love rather than on fear. No matter how utterly inconsistent all this may be with creeds and traditions, it is done. Church parlors are annexed to the 'sacred edifice,' and there is provision for stewed oysters and ice-cream; the children are provided with 'flower concerts' in summer and with 'Christmas-trees' in winter; the whole flavor of the institution is altered; it is conciliatory and not denunciatory, and meets people half-way."

Pretty good, Mr. Protestant. Oysters and ice-cream are indeed the bulwarks of Protestantism. They should not be despised by us, either. They are a power—there is no use denying it. The enterprising strawberry and the progressive oyster! Without them Protestantism would collapse, and with them the true bark of Peter itself can take in many a draught of small-fry otherwise uncatchable.

Look at the "Sabbath" school, with its rewards, its picture-papers, chromo-cards, and endless novelties. Look at the Christmas-trees, literary guilds, high teas, sociables, sewing-circles, dramatic clubs, summer camp-meetings, sea-shore attractions, new preachers, new sermons all about sweetness and light, singing societies, etc., etc.

Where would "the church" be without these side-shows? I don't object to them. They are very good so far as they go; only they don't go far enough. They would leave religion all bait and no hook.

Years ago one large section of Evangelicalism (the Puritans) tried to run religion on the plan of all hook and no bait. This failed dismally, as the above relates, so that now, "by common consent, things unattractive" (such as belief in hell, necessity of penance, indissolubility of marriage, and compulsory confession) "are laid aside," and the present plan is all bait and no hook.

The true church, however, was never given to "grimness and moroseness." Her joyous ritual is proof of this since times remote. As far as her poverty or her riches would allow, hers has always been a service of beauty and brightness. The twinkling altar-lights, the flowers, the changing colors, the jewelled vestments, the loveliest arts of music, painting, sculpture, and poetry—all are prescribed in her liturgy. Moreover, the Miracle Plays, the Sacred Oratorios, the Church Minuet in Florence, the Passion-Play at Oberammergau—all go to prove the church's tolerance of all innocent means to render religion interesting. It was St. Philip Neri, of the Oratory, who originated the present oratorio by having concerts of sacred music in his Oratory. The smiling saints, the laughing cherubs, the radiant Virgin, invite cheerfulness, not gloom, in the service of heaven and in the house of God. The devout Catholic, upon entering the glittering edifice, finds his heart involuntarily singing, "The beauty of thy house I have loved, O Lord, and the place where thy glory dwelleth."

But to the indevout a lower rung in the ladder is necessary. I see nothing wonderful and little reprehensible in the way people rush after frivolity and neglect religion. Take *Pinafore*, for example, as compared to a sermon. How is the story of *Pinafore* told? By a troupe of merrymakers, with spangles, footlights, beautiful scenery, changing curtains, laughter, wonderful tricks, enlivening music, gift matinées, noise, and general jollity. Now, how is the story of Bethlehem told? By one person, standing alone in the pulpit, in some cases one who speaks English poorly, has never taken a lesson in elocution, knows nothing of oratory, and has not learned the first principles of vocalization. Is it any wonder that children go wild over *Pinafore* and care little for the story of Bethlehem? And we are all "children of a larger growth."

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I claim that if God's fishermen were one-tenth as adroit in the baiting of their hooks and the casting of their nets as are Satan's fishermen, their draught of fishes would far outweigh those of the latter.

On one bank sits Satan with his followers, hundreds of them, all fishing assiduously. At the end of every line hangs a "spicy" book, a new play, a game of chance, a Mardi-Gras ball, etc. On the opposite bank is Peter with his followers. But what have they at the end of their lines? Thank Heaven! there are *some* well-written Catholic story-books, happy sermons, soul-inspiring music, and beautiful processions; but too often their hooks hang empty. Is it any wonder that the poor foolish fish are drawn, in schools, to nibble at the sweet baits of Satan, and fight shy of the many baitless hooks on the other side?

A fine play, if ill-managed, poorly advertised, and badly billed, will surely fail, and the fine troupe will play to empty benches. Now, the preacher stands a better chance. All things being equal, the preacher has a much fairer audience than the play. Do we not all know of many well-attended churches whose defective acoustics, bad ventilation, uncomfortable seats, and other disadvantages would kill any theatre, and would not be tolerated by any wide-awake manager?

It was Divine Perfection itself which said, "Be ye *wise* as serpents," which also commended the unjust steward "inasmuch as he had done *wisely*," and rebuked the children of light for their lack of *wisdom*. So were it not wiser to forego the ten-thousand-dollar organs and establish free Catholic libraries? Were it not better to spend less on the fancy choir, and more for instructors in congregational singing?

I advance nothing new in advocating the doctrine of bait for fish; of a low rung in the ladder, as a first step for those who cannot reach a higher; of using not vinegar but honey to catch flies; of working *through* people's prejudices, and not *against* them; of using human means and not trying to work by miracle alone; of promoting innocent amusement; of desiring more Catholic stories, a cheaper Catholic literature, dime-novels of the right sort, dime-dramas of the right sort, low-priced periodicals, free schools, free libraries, free lectures, free readings; of a revival of miracle-plays, modernized; of Catholic dramas, and of all manner of lawful Catholic clubs.

Was it Carlyle or Johnson who set down the population of England at "thirty millions, mostly fools"? Well, he was not far wrong. Is not the population of the world thirteen hundred millions, mostly fools? Could lottery schemes, patent medicines, humbug doctors, anti-poverty societies, drunkenness, dime museums, high-heeled shoes, tight-lacing, poison cigarettes, and other frauds innumerable, obtain among us as they do, if we were not "mostly fools"? Oh! yes, we are simply foolish little fishes, and a little proper baiting, proper seining, proper netting can take us in by shoals.

Our Lord meant what he said in saying, "Henceforth be ye fishers of men."

New Orleans, March, 1888. M. T. ELDER.

TEMPERANCE AND EDUCATION.

At a meeting in favor of high-license, held lately by the citizens of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Joseph Fransioli, rector of St. Peter's Catholic Church in that city, made an address in which he claimed that his parish school was entitled to recognition for the work done there to inculcate correct principles regarding drunkenness.

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It is not sufficient, he said, to pass a good law. There must be men with minds well informed to understand their responsibilities. He felt it a sacred duty of patriotism to teach his children that temperance takes rank, among Catholics, as one of the chief or cardinal virtues.

In any of the schools under State control he, their pastor, would not be permitted to teach lessons of sobriety, and other matters relating to the moral and physical welfare of the children under his charge. Rather than leave the work undone, or have it performed imperfectly, he had spent, during a period of over twenty years, $321,000 in maintaining his parish school.

Whence came this large amount of money? It was the free gift of the Catholic taxpayers for the fostering of temperance and other virtues, civic as well as religious.

A CORRECTION.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

The following appeared in the April number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in an article entitled "The Laity":

"If next Sunday all the men and women in New York, between eighteen and sixty, who sincerely declare themselves to be Catholics, and sincerely believe themselves to be Catholics, were to take it into their heads to go to Mass, does any one for a moment suppose that the churches of the city, even with the average of five successive Masses each, would be able to accommodate more than a fraction of them?"

Upon better information I find that there is not nearly so great a deficiency of churches in the city as I thought there was. I by no means desired to reflect on the management of the diocese or on the clergy of New York. The difficulty of securing sites and erecting church buildings is something hard to appreciate by those who have not been practically concerned with it. The object of my article was to call attention to a different matter altogether—namely, the question of the people joining more generally in the public worship of God.

A LAYMAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ST. PETER, BISHOP OF ROME. By the Rev. T. Livius, C.SS.R., M.A., Oriel College, Oxford. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1888.

There are many Episcopalians in this country who implicitly believe Dr. Littledale and other leading writers of their denomination when they flippantly assert that "it is only a guess that St. Peter was ever in Rome at all; it is only a guess that he was ever Bishop of Rome." To such confiding readers we would recommend Father Livius' timely work, which establishes the historical fact of the residence and bishopric of the Prince of the Apostles in Rome. To Episcopalians, of all Christians, the matter is of the utmost importance. Should they peruse *St. Peter, Bishop of Rome*, without becoming convinced that their good faith has been imposed upon, we would be unable to see how they could consistently believe other more remote historical facts, such as the victories of Alexander the Great or the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar. We are afraid that the difference of their verdict in those very similar cases would be based, not on the evidence, but

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on some moral motive. Other historical facts do not bring with them any religious obligations, whereas the fact that St. Peter was truly Bishop of Rome would bind the inquirer to give up the church of his baptism, and would dispel that pleasant dream of a church, Catholic without universality, Apostolic without mission, and One with a divided episcopacy. Such a burden, we admit, should not be taken up without an overwhelming demonstration of its absolute necessity.

Father Livius supplies the desired fulness of proofs. In the first part of his work he offers an imposing array of witnesses, from the fourth century down to the first, who explicitly or implicitly testify that St. Peter, after having exercised his episcopate at Antioch, came to Rome, and that he there established his episcopal chair, which at his glorious death he left to his successor as Bishop of Rome and as Shepherd of the entire flock of Christ. The very Clementines—both the Homilies and the Recognitions—apocryphal though they are, confirm the fact of the general belief to this effect in the fourth century at the latest, just as the historical romances about Charlemagne confirm the fact that this great emperor ruled over the Frankish nation.

The same historical truth is made certain in the second part of the book from the testimonies of the Roman Catacombs, those subterranean witnesses of the early life of the Christian church. Whatever the learned but biassed Dr. Schaff may say to the contrary, these Christian cemeteries were used not only for the purposes of sepulture, but also for the purposes of worship, as is evident from the very shape of some of their recesses. Now, in both ways, whether as places set apart for tombs or as chapels for religious exercises, they furnish many striking records of the presence of Peter in Rome as Bishop of the Eternal City. See especially the chapters on the gilded glasses and on the paintings of the Catacombs, and the interesting notice on the chair: "*Sedes ubi prius sedit Petrus Apostolus.*"

The author has in his first part mainly followed Dr. Jungmann's *Dissertations on Church History*, and in the second Northcote and Brownlow's *Roma Sotterranea*. In the third part, which he calls his own, he discusses at length the tradition on the subject, both in Catholic and in non-Catholic communions, especially in the Greek Church; and he explodes the German rationalistic invention of the legendary theory of which Bauer, Lipsius, and Zeller are the most noted exponents. He also refutes the flimsy fabrication of Homersham Cox on the primacy of St. James, and the often repeated and refuted fallacy of the equality of St. Paul with St. Peter. The author's erudite dissertations close with a most interesting study of the present state of the question among Anglican writers, who seem to become more and more sceptical as the fact becomes clearer to others—one more example of the saying that none are so blind as those that will not see.

H. G.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

LETTERS OF FREDERIC OZANAM, PROFESSOR OF FOREIGN LITERATURE IN THE SORBONNE. Translated from the French, with a connecting sketch of his life, by Ainslie Coates. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This book is really Ozanam's life told by his letters—a kind of biography the most real and most instructive possible in cases where men have

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left behind, as did Ozanam, a copious and familiar correspondence. He had many friendships of that loving quality more common in southern Europe than among English-speaking races, and his intercourse with friends produced many letters which revealed him and his troubles, perplexities, plans, joys, successes, even in great degree his interior religious experience. Arranged chronologically, linked together by the epochs of his life, abridged of matter of mere passing interest, and also, in consideration of the Protestant admirers of the writer of them, of such things as he himself would doubtless have omitted if addressing them personally, these letters are made up into a book which is a valuable contribution to the study of a great character.

For Frederic Ozanam was really a great man. Not that he was what is called a great genius, though his historical works will hold ever a high place, and his criticism of Dante is unique in its power and beauty; but he was great in his perception of the relation of religion to modern society, great in his expression of it. Catholics know him best in his character of founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, which are the practical expression of Ozanam's view of how the dominant element in society should bear itself towards the poor. These Conferences, composed of that social element which is in possession of the wealth and worldly respectability of this life, are now actively at work among the homes of the poor and the haunts of vice in every part of Christendom. They are, perhaps, better calculated to restore to society the equilibrium of all its orders than any other public force. The leaven of Christianity drained out by the Reformation and its complement, the French Revolution, is to be restored by the uncloistered charity of the laity of all orders, especially the better-to-do classes.

The institution of the Conferences made Ozanam "the first gentleman of the age."

In the political order Ozanam, being a Catholic Republican and primarily a man of letters, was greater than his opportunities. What he could have done had he lived longer or had he continued at the bar and gone into political life, may be seen from his defence of the elder Lenormant in the Sorbonne for his return to Catholicity, evidencing as it did his courage and ability on critical occasions.

Not every man is best known by his letters; but Ozanam is. He was French: effusive, rhetorical, gay, emotional, always eloquent, and also frank and interiorly true. The study of this noble and generous disciple of Christ and friend of humanity is all-important to fit one to deal with the errors and aspirations of these times.

THE CANONS AND DECREES OF THE SACRED AND ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF TRENT. Translated by the Rev. J. Waterworth. To which are prefixed Essays on the External and Internal History of the Council. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The impetus given to theological study by the legislation of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore will necessarily increase the demand for standard works of theology, and will, we hope, lead the clergy to push their studies beyond the elementary text-books with which they began their course in the seminary, inducing them to have recourse to the sources and

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springs of theological science. Of these sources a most important place is undoubtedly held by the great Council of Trent, by which the church broke the attack of the so-called Reformation, and began that true reformation which has been accomplished and maintained ever since that time within the church by the faithful and energetic carrying-out of the legislation then made. We have always felt the somewhat jejune knowledge of that legislation afforded by the text-books (sufficient though it be for all purposes of mere necessity) does not enable the student to possess himself of the mind of that great council and to enter fully into its spirit. We therefore welcome this reissue of the translation of the Decrees of the Council of Trent made some forty years ago by the Rev. John Waterworth. We do so all the more heartily because it is a translation into English. The vast number of theological works possessed by the French, and by the Germans also, in their own language has always been a subject of envy to us. Not merely have they large and detailed histories of the church, lives of the saints, and translations of the Fathers, but they even possess in the vernacular such works as the *Summa* of St. Thomas and such text-books as Sanseverino and Zigliara. We fear that it will be a long time before we can hope to have so extensive a literature, but in the meanwhile we ought to encourage every attempt made to realize so desirable an object. It is an encouraging circumstance that Waterworth's *Council of Trent* has now been reissued in response to numerous inquiries, the previous edition having been long since exhausted.

It is not necessary to say much about this new edition, except that it is fully equal, and perhaps in quality of paper superior, to the former edition; and this, for those who are acquainted with that edition, is saying everything in its praise. For those who are not acquainted with the former edition we may say that this volume comprises not merely the canons and decrees of the council, but a history of the events which led up to its calling and of the proceedings which eventuated in the decrees. This history takes up 250 pages and will be of great interest for those to whom Pallavacini's large work is inaccessible. There is also a very full and reliable index.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS; or, Travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Samoa, and other Pacific Islands. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Mr. Ballou is an entertaining traveller—amusing, that is to say, but not especially suggestive, nor in any deep sense observant. What is on the surface he sees and records in a style always readable; and there is a good deal on the surface in the countries through which this book takes one. Like a good many of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Ballou appears to go about the world so nearly unembarrassed by convictions on any points, except those which relate to the material well-being of themselves and their fellows, that one gives up, after a chapter or two, all expectation of anything better from him. Thus in Samoa the sight of the divers and swimmers of both sexes, who come alongside in great numbers, moves him to the sage reflection that when he "paused to think of the matter, it was they who were naturally covered, and we who were artificially clothed." After which one is not surprised to learn that a "convent of Samoan nuns," which has been

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established near Apia by the Catholic priests on the island, struck Mr. Ballou, when he "paused to think," as "the height of absurdity." What interested us most in his book was its record of the ubiquitous Chinaman, present everywhere, everywhere depraved and filthy as a rule, to which the exceptions are as honorable as they are few, and everywhere the double of the Anglo-Saxon in the work of supplanting the native races. What is to be done for the Chinaman among us? A constant factor in Western civilization, he cannot be escaped and must be reckoned with. Mr. Ballou has no suggestions to offer, but he chronicles the fact that John is everywhere esteemed an undesirable guest by both civilized and uncivilized peoples.

HENRY VIII. AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES: An Attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B. London: John Hodges. 1888. Vol. I. [For sale in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.]

We cannot do better than place at the head of our notice of this most important work the words of Mr. James Gairdner in his review of it in a recent number of the *Academy*, coming as they do from one who, having distinguished himself by his works on this period of English history, and being at the same time a Protestant, is at once both competent to form a judgment and without bias in favor of the church. He says at the conclusion of his article:

"Such is the real story of the famous visitation of the monasteries, as it appears in Father Gasquet's book. It is a new story, which it was impossible to tell even a few years ago with anything like accuracy, simply because the original evidences had not been made sufficiently accessible or comprehensively catalogued in true chronological order. But, although the author is avowedly himself a monk, and dedicates his work to Pope Leo XIII., by whom, it appears, he was induced to undertake it, he need fear no contradiction hereafter on the main point here revealed. The old scandals, universally discredited at the time, and believed in by a later generation only through prejudice and ignorance, are now dispelled for ever, and no candid Protestant will ever think of reviving them."

In the short notice which is all we can at present give it will be sufficient to indicate the general scope and the place which it is intended to fill. The first and only attempt which had hitherto been made to give a connected and particular account of the suppression of the English monasteries was that of Canon Dixon in his *History of the Church of England*, and he only treated it as an episode of a greater subject. Father Gasquet's is the first attempt to make the suppression the object of a special inquiry, and for this purpose he has had recourse to a large mass of material hitherto unpublished and unconsulted. In order to make his researches he has travelled through the length and breadth of England. The bishops of the Established Church have given him access to the archives of their sees. Of their courtesy and kindness Father Gasquet makes the warmest acknowledgment, admitting that if they had not accorded him this privilege it would have been vain for him to write at all. We may, perhaps, in passing, say how much we wish that some writers in our Catholic papers would follow Father Gasquet's example and speak of those from whom they differ with at least common civility.

The ultimate authority as to the state of the monasteries has hitherto

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been certain reports made by Cromwell's visitors. The great result achieved by Father Gasquet is to show the untrustworthiness of these reports by reference to contemporary testimony. He traces in brief the position of the monks in England in the period antecedent to Henry, and then gives in detail the proceedings in Henry's reign. This first volume embraces the suppression of the lesser monasteries; the proceedings with reference to the larger monasteries will be the subject of the second volume, which is to appear in the autumn. On a future occasion we intend to return to this important work and to give it a more extended treatment.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW MEXICO. By the Very Rev. James H. Defouri, Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Santa Fé.

In this little book Father Defouri has given us a summary of the history of the diocese of which he is vicar-general, and in which he has spent many years in missionary labors. Much that is highly interesting is about the early Spanish missionaries, men of heroic mould, mostly of the Franciscan Order, many of them martyrs. The singular spectacle, presented in many parts of Spanish-America, of a devoted clergy and rapacious and cruel civil and military rulers, was presented in the early days of New Mexico. The famous revolt of the partly Christianized natives, two hundred years ago, provoked by the tyranny of the government, but falling most disastrously on the missions, is an event worthy of much study.

Father Defouri's account of affairs when the saintly Archbishop Lamy, not long since passed to his reward, came with the United States authorities to assume ecclesiastical control, is like a romance. What noble souls the French missionaries are, indeed! How it stirs the blood to read of their dauntless courage, their patience and self-denial, their tender affection for their spiritual children, often the most worthless beings under the sun!

Let us hope that this tribute of a true-hearted missionary to the zeal and sanctity of his brethren may obtain the wide circulation it deserves.

LIVES OF THE DECEASED BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. With an analytical index. By Richard H. Clarke, LL.D. Vol. III. New York: Richard H. Clarke.

The lives of forty-three bishops are given in this volume, which brings the whole work of Dr. Clarke pretty nearly down to date, making three volumes in all. The object of the author is to give a summary of the chief events in the lives of deceased American prelates, and some statement of their most prominent traits of character. Hence condensation has been necessary. As he writes more to convey general information than to make an historical study of times so recent and of men so lately actively concerned in public life, his tone is not critical; indeed, now and then he seems to pass the bounds of formal praise and to be too laudatory. However, in some cases, and those requiring rather delicate handling, he has expressed his own convictions with commendable frankness.

A work of this kind, it seems to us, is indispensably necessary for all who write for the press, and for all libraries, both private and public. It

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is, besides, of much interest for the ordinary reader. Such men as Archbishops Spalding, Bayley, Purcell, McCloskey, Blanchet, have left among us much that is of absorbing interest to every intelligent American. Other prelates were beset with such misfortunes and subject to such vicissitudes, as Bishop Lynch of Charleston, that there is really something of absorbing and touching interest in even a brief summary of their noble lives.

The author is his own publisher, and has got out a well-printed book, bound in first-rate style and every way creditable in its manufacture.

SPIRITUAL RETREATS. Notes of Meditations and Considerations given in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton. By the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. London: Burns & Oates (Limited); New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Archbishop Porter, as is well known, filled for several years the office of master of novices of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. Previously he had been professor of dogmatic theology at St. Benno's and rector of a large parish. To him was entrusted the defence of the society in the differences which arose between the religious orders and the English bishops. A short time ago he was raised by the Holy See to his present exalted position.

This volume contains the notes of the Meditations and Considerations given by him in retreats made in the convent of the Sacred Heart in the years 1881, 1885, and 1886. On each day there were three Meditations and one Consideration. Two of the retreats were for eight days, the other for six. The Meditations are modelled on those of St. Ignatius, and are faithful to his precepts, not being so long as to exhaust the subject but suggestive of thought and leaving much for the one who meditates to do for himself. This little work, coming as it does from one who is at once so profound a theologian, so well versed in spiritual and ascetical literature, and of such wide experience in the every-day life of the world, will be welcomed by all who either have to guide and assist others in the spiritual life or who are trying to lead a spiritual life themselves.

IRISH MUSIC AND SONG: A Collection of Songs in the Irish Language set to music. Edited for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, by P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Dr. Joyce's *Collection of Songs in the Irish Language* presents us with a number of quaint and beautiful melodies to which the simple poetic language is admirably adapted. Many of these songs are unfamiliar to the majority of those who admire Irish music, but need only an introduction to become as great favorites as the best-known Irish melodies.

THE LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK, Apostle of Ireland. With a preliminary account of the Sources of the Saint's History. By William Bullen Morris, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Third Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The first edition of Father Morris' *Life of St. Patrick* appeared ten years ago. The present is not a mere reprint of the former editions, but large alterations have been made. The Introduction has been rewritten, an inquiry into the state of Ireland at the period of St. Patrick's advent has been

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introduced into the life, and there are considerable additions as well as omissions in the body of the work. Father Morris is not a collector of legends, and has, though with reluctance, rejected all stories, however beautiful in themselves, which have not sufficient evidence for their truth. The author has thrown his whole soul into this work, and has spared no labor and no research to make it complete and trustworthy. We need not say that he has the fullest sympathy with St. Patrick's work and the greatest veneration for the saint. In our judgment this life will be found to be the best which has yet been written, combining as it does the results of accurate and painstaking research and long and patient study with the reverence due to the saint and to the great work he accomplished.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY: or, Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time. By Joseph Gillow. Vol. III. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. [Want of space compels the withholding of our notice of this important work until next month.]

PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST. By Edmond Stapfer, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. Third Edition, with Map and Plans. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

TYPES OF ETHICAL THEORY. By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D., late Principal of Manchester New College, London. Second edition, revised. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

ESSAYS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM. By the late Wm. G. Ward, Ph.D., sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, etc. Reprinted from the *Dublin Review*. Edited with an introduction by Wilfrid Ward. Two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE UNITED STATES from the first settlement down to the present time. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

THE PROVIDENTIAL MISSION OF LEO XIII. A Lecture by John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

OLD THEOLOGY HEALING AS TAUGHT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SCIENCE OF SPIRIT. By E. J. Arens. Boston: A. S. Arthur.

THE CRIME AGAINST IRELAND. By J. Ellen Foster. With a Preface by John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

WHAT AMERICAN AUTHORS THINK ABOUT INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. New York: American Copyright League.

STORIES OF FIRST-COMMUNICANTS. Drawn from the best authors by Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Keller. Translated, with permission of the author, by Francis M. Kemp. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

IRISH WONDERS. The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Demons, Lepreechawns, Banshees, Fairies, Witches, Widows, Old Maids, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle. Popular tales as told by the people. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Illustrated by H. R. Heaton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE PERFECT RELIGIOUS ACCORDING TO THE RULE OF ST. AUGUSTINE; or, Instructions for all religious, referring principally to the constitutions of religious Ursulines. By Francis Xavier Weniger, S.J. Translated from the German by a member of the Ursuline Community, St. Mary's, Waterford. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, 1887. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.

I AM THE SHEPHERD TRUE. Sacred Song. Words by F. W. Faber, D.D. Music by John A. MacMeikan. New York: Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.

MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH. By the Abbé Berlioux. Being practical meditations for every day of the month of March. Translated from the French by Eleanor Cholmely. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

CEREMONIAL OF THE ALTAR. A Guide to Low Mass, according to the ancient customs of the Church of England. Compiled by a priest. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. This is a Protestant book.

DE SPIRITU SOCIETATIS JESU. Auctore Julio Costa Rossetti, S.J. Friburgi Brisgoviæ: Herder. 1888.

PERCY'S REVENGE: A Story for Boys. By Clara Mulholland. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1887. Hearth and Home Library.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A Story of Boy Life; and KENSINGTON, JUNIOR. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES OF FRANCE.

FROM the German universities our literary pilgrimage now turns towards France. It is with a feeling of sadness in our hearts that we approach her. 'Tis not as in the days of yore, when from every corner of the earth the tens of thousands of eager students flocked to her, as the undisputed queen of the intellectual world. Other powers have since arisen in a night which they then knew not of; and she herself is not what she used to be. German accuracy has beaten her in the schools as well as on the battle-fields, and voices now speak of her with something of contempt that once were eloquent in admiration and homage.

And yet she is still a queen. The blush of shame is indeed upon her cheek, not only for the triumphs of the stranger, but still more for the want of loyalty to the truth by which so many of her unworthy sons have dishonored her intellectual fame. But it is a blush of fair and noble majesty that must yet vindicate itself. Method and accuracy are unquestionably essential to success either in research or in instruction, and France has been suffering sadly for her comparative deficiency in them; but they are far from being the noblest elements in intellectual greatness. Enthusiasm cannot take the place of plodding exactness; but there is in it far more of inspiration, of elevation, of soul power, of the human.

The most exact machine is no substitute for man.

There is much in the German system that is machine-like, hard and dry and unamiable, more calculated to astonish than to move to genuine admiration and to a desire to imitate it. For the truest expression of the human, yes, and of the Divine, we still must look to France. She has only to learn accuracy from her neighbor beyond the Rhine—and she is fast learning it—and the

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present ascendency of Germany's educational renown will surely not last. So it is with hope in our hearts, as well as sadness, that we turn to the once proud Mistress of the Schools.

Arriving in Paris, we lose no time in finding the Institut Catholique, now the only representative of the Christian glories of the far-famed University of Paris. The rector, Mgr. d'Hulst, we had previously met in Rome, under circumstances which enabled us soon to discover how well founded is the esteem in which he is universally held for deep and varied learning, for administrative ability, and for grandeur of character. Under his courteous guidance we examine the whole institution, and then spend a charming evening with him and his professors. It is well that he and they are the men they are, men filled with the spirit of faith and of martyrdom, or their noble effort would have ere this been given up in despair. It is a spirit that well becomes the hallowed ground on which they stand; for the old College of the Carmelites, which they now occupy, beheld the martyrdom of a legion of the soldiers of the cross in the bitter days which inaugurated France's temporary unfaithfulness to her Lord. They are standing their ground, holding up the banner of higher Christian education, in the face of the bitterest hostility from the enemies of religion, and of too scanty encouragement from its friends, strong in the sense of duty to God and to France, and in the hope of better days to come. Mgr. d'Hulst is a splendid pilot through the darkness and the storm. His unanimous selection to be president of the International Catholic Congress of Scientists, which is in session while I write, sufficiently shows how high is his position and how wide his influence among the Catholic scholars of Europe.

A doleful story is that oft-told tale which he recounts to us of the vicissitudes of higher education in France. Up to the great Revolution, France professed Christianity, and her universities, more than twenty in number, grouped around the unrivalled University of Paris, led the van of the world's intellectual progress. In a day they were swept down and cast into the red flood. When Napoleon snatched the country from the vortex of threatened barbarism, he reconstructed the educational system in accordance with his own notions of centralized and absolute Cæsarism. The University of France took the place of all the educational institutions that had preceded it, comprising the whole course of instruction throughout the country from the elementary schools upward, and shaped and moved in all its details by the central authority at Paris—that is, by the all-absorbing will of Napoleon himself. In education as in all else the domi-

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nant idea was, not truth, nor morality, nor the popular welfare, but the casting of the whole mind and life of the nation in the mould of his own lofty ambition, so that he might say even more truly than did Louis XIV., "*La France, c'est moi.*" Under all succeeding governmental changes the form and the spirit of the educational system have remained the same. It has seen the empire yield to the monarchy, and the monarchy to the republic, and the republic to the empire, and the empire to the republic once more; but the same absolutism has been the dominating spirit of them all. It has been the rule of one set of ideas or of another; but each set has ruled with the same intolerant absolutism.

Higher education has had most to suffer from this system. When the dominant spirit of the state system was contrary to the convictions and the conscience of the people, they were free to have volunteer schools where their children could be educated as they wished. But higher education is at the mercy of those who conduct examinations and confer degrees, and these prerogatives the state refused to all but its own officials. Only in 1875 was the National Assembly shamed by the burning eloquence of Bishop Dupanloup and his Catholic colleagues into granting liberty of higher education. Instantly, with an enthusiasm worthy of the sacred cause, the Catholics of France sprang to the noble work before them, and five Catholic universities were at once established, at Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, Angers, and Lille. At Paris, the École des Hautes Études, which for thirty years had struggled to keep alive some lingering embers of higher Christian education, blossomed forth almost immediately with all the faculties of a university. With marvellous rapidity the same was done at the other points above-named. The old Christian glories were about to gleam out again. Irreligion sounded the alarm and set all its machinery to work. The law was abolished, the right of conferring degrees cancelled, and the very name of university forbidden to them. Shorn of the rights and prestige which they had scarcely begun to enjoy, and permitted to exist only as training-schools for the government examinations, the Catholic Institutes, as they are now called, have thus far stood their ground, waiting for better days, but not knowing when nor whence to expect them. Bravely these devoted men uphold the banner of the cross, which was the labarum of their country in the days when history recorded the "*gesta Dei per Francos.*" To-day they are sneered at for it, and are regarded almost as aliens in their own country, whose administration is so shamefully and disastrously swayed by hostility to religion. But Frenchmen know how to be heroes, and, impetuous as they are, they know how to

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be patient and to wait. According to the signs of the times, they can hardly have to wait long. Popular weariness of the present condition of things is being plainly manifested on all sides. Just what to put in its place the people seem at present not to know; but the events with which our century opened show that an extreme of impiety and violence, such as we have of late been witnessing, is sure to bring a salutary reaction in some shape. And so the truest friends of France wait and hope.

Closely akin to the difficulty arising from government opposition is another arising from popular inertness. A so-called paternal government is naturally apt to produce a nation of children. The French have so long been used to having the initiative in all things taken by the government, that it is no wonder that, as the dean of the Faculty of Sciences in the Catholic Institute of Lyons lately wrote to me, "it has become a habit with the people to do nothing without the concurrence of the state." Sad illustration of the truth that inordinate governmental interference and control not only leads to state tyranny but also to popular paralysis. Cesare Cantù was right in saying that the aim of wise governments must be not to supersede or fetter but to encourage and aid individual enterprise. The results of the contrary policy are now sorely felt by the Catholic universities of France—for we must give them their true name, in spite of the petty tyranny which forbids it. The people do not rally to their support as they ought. The pitiful spectacle of a great nation wringing its hands and leaving itself to be misgoverned by an aggressive faction which it could easily strangle, is reproduced in the condition of its Catholic universities, which represent but too well not the apathy but the discouragement and lack of energy in which the people sit brooding.

A magnificent exception to this is found in the Catholic University of Lille. There the people have still a large measure of the bold, free spirit and energy of their Flemish ancestors, united with the generosity of the French character, and the result is seen in their splendidly equipped university. Not only are its faculties thoroughly organized, but its stately university structures, its spacious grounds, its lovely gardens, its admirably arranged and well-stocked library and laboratories, its beautiful and comfortable residences for professors and students, are a joy to behold. They reflect endless honor not only on the admirable management of the rector, Mgr. Hautcœur, but also on the noble zeal and generosity of the people of Lille. The university has published its monthly Bulletin ever since its establishment in 1875, and it is delightful to see how, month after month, it tells of the munificence

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with which one professorial chair after another was endowed, and one structure after another erected or furnished, to complete the symmetry of the great plan. Some considerable portions of the general design remain still unfinished, but there is every indication that they will not be so long. There was nothing on which the late lamented Cardinal Czacki—for whose friendly interest in our Catholic University we will be for ever grateful—used to dwell with more delight in his conversations with us than the active part which he had in aiding and fostering the establishment of the University of Lille. May his prayers assist us now in our great undertaking, and may the splendid generosity of the people of Lille be emulated by the Catholics of America!

Still another difficulty weighs down the Catholic universities of France from which, above all, it behooves us to take warning. As stated above, immediately on the passage of the law granting freedom of higher education, five universities were established by the Catholics of France, in the centre and in the four corners of the country. That so many were required by the necessities of the immense Catholic population was beyond question. But that so many could be established and supported and brought to perfection all at the same time was quite a different matter, which ordinary prudence might well pause to consider. But the enthusiasm of the hour 'brooked no delay. Moreover, speedy action seemed necessary, that the needed number of universities might be established while the fickle sun of governmental favor was shining. The dread which urged their action was speedily realized; but its realization left on the hands of the disheartened people a burden that seems beyond their strength. One or two universities could have been safely carried through and perfected by united endeavor; but to build up five simultaneously is proving impracticable. One of them is languishing to death, and those of Paris and Lyons are kept up only by heroic efforts.

Again and again the moral of this lesson was urged upon us, both in France and in Rome. The observant eyes of Cardinal Czacki, of the Propaganda, and especially of the Holy Father, took in the situation fully, and repeatedly they impressed upon us that, while the immense extent of our country will assuredly call for several Catholic universities eventually, we must so advance as to make certain the success of one before starting another. Unite, they said, all the energies of your country in perfectly organizing first your central and national university, and then you can safely follow the expansion of the church by the establishment of others. And they were glad to learn that such is precisely the determination of the Hierarchy of our country.

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Being requested by Mgr. d'Hulst to address the Divinity students of his university, I spoke to them for an hour on the condition and progress of the church in the United States, on the character of our Catholic people, on the relations between church and state which have thus far proved so advantageous to religion in our country, as contrasted with the religious condition in other lands, and then on the Catholic University whose establishment is to crown the church's first century in this grand new field. Their eyes sparkled as they listened, and one could easily see in their faces not only how intense is the interest with which they watch our great enterprise, but also how they almost envy us our atmosphere of genuine freedom, so well calculated to develop all that is noblest in human energies. "One thing," said Mgr. d'Hulst to me, "is very evident in your discourse, and that is your love for your country." "And how could it be otherwise?" I answered; "even were one so dull as not to appreciate our national blessings as he ought, he has only to visit poor France, and see how she languishes under the despotism of what has not yet learned to be a republic, and his heart is filled with gratitude for our free atmosphere, in which all that is good may expand to its utmost, and he becomes, if he were not such before, an enthusiastic American." One needs the spectacle of the contrast in order to appreciate rightly the happiness of our condition. It would, indeed, be silly to play the optimist, and to see nothing but excellence in our country's organization. Unmixed perfection is not to be found in any earthly association of human beings. But a glance back at history, or a glance around at the world, is quite sufficient to convince a fair mind that the true and the good have here a freer field than they have ever had before, or now have elsewhere, and that should they fall short of the glorious and salutary results that may reasonably be expected of them, it could be owing only to a lack of appreciation and of zeal on the part of their own adherents.

The number of Divinity students in the Catholic University of Paris is not large, has probably never exceeded fifty. The reason of this is obvious: it gives only a superior course of Divinity, to which no student is admitted who has not already gone through the ordinary course in some approved seminary. In this it imitates the example of Louvain, but it differs from the other French universities, which, with perhaps one other exception, imitate the ecclesiastical schools of Rome, and give a course of Divinity which, while of a superior order, does not presuppose any theological course previously made. It might at first sight seem that this latter system would be detrimental to the

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already existing seminaries; but they assured us at Lille that such is not the case. Only students of very remarkable talents, they say, are sent to the university; and therefore, though the number is naturally larger than if an exclusively second course were given, still the great body of students are sent, as a matter of course, to pursue their studies in the ordinary seminaries; and thus, while students of exceptional ability are given the opportunity to which their talents entitle them of making as perfect studies as possible, no appreciable disadvantage has been inflicted on the previously existing institutions. These considerations, however, though strongly urged, could not avail to change the resolution of the founders of the University of Paris that it should give only a second course of Divinity. Nor are they shaken in their purpose by the comparative fewness of their ecclesiastical students which is the natural consequence. *Non numerandi, sed ponderandi* is their motto. Not to do much work, but to do the very best sort of work, is their aim—a noble one surely.

Inquiring into the object had in view by the several students, we learned that the greater number of them are preparing to be professors in the seminaries and colleges which abound in the various dioceses. Others are destined by their bishops for some diocesan office calling for more than ordinary proficiency in liturgy, canon-law, or some other special branch of ecclesiastical knowledge. Others, in fine, have been sent by their bishops, or have themselves asked and obtained the permission to continue their studies, because of their special desire and fitness for profound scholarship in sacred science.

Glancing now to our own country, we see how all these possibilities of honorable usefulness exist to an almost equal degree, appealing to the laudable ambition of our young ecclesiastics, while our peculiar circumstances present other inducements besides, which in France have but limited existence. Our seminaries and colleges, already numerous and excellent, must be still more multiplied and perfected in order to meet the demands of our rapidly increasing and steadily progressing Catholic population. The religious orders and congregations established for that special work stand already in sore need of helpers in so wide a field, and these must be prepared for their important task, not only by specially wide and profound studies but also by the normal training that will fit them to impart knowledge successfully. In proportion, too, as the ecclesiastical organization of our country comes more into accord with the norma of canon-law, our bishops will need men specially trained in this important branch of practical learning.

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But the chief incentive will be found in the unparalleled field which our country presents for the direct action of solid learning on the people through the pen and the spoken word. This is not found in an equal degree in France, nor, we might say, in any other country, because nowhere else are the relations between clergy and people so close, so intimate, so cordial, so trustful, as they are among us. In the old countries the political and social events of centuries have conspired to make the clergy and the people classes apart, to lessen mutual sympathy and confidence. The utterances of the priest too often sound like a voice from another sphere, and therefore have not the practical weight which they ought to have with the denizens of this sublunary world. With us, the priest has only to show himself the learned and holy and high-minded and broad-hearted man that he ought to be, and he finds that his sacred character only adds power to his influence. Without those qualities his usefulness is apt to be confined within the limits of his sacramental ministrations; but with such attributes of character and scholarship, he has a field before him here such as the world has never elsewhere beheld. To form such men and such scholars is to be the aim of the Catholic University of America. Who can doubt that the spirit of our people and the Providence of God will assure its realization? Who can doubt that, among the young ecclesiastics of the United States, many will be found in whose hearts love of God and love of country will awaken and foster the desire to fit themselves for such noble usefulness?

With them will shortly, please God, be associated in our University, as in Paris, numbers of young laymen who feel in their souls the ambition to be something more than mere money-making machines. Such souls there must be, and such there will be in constantly greater numbers. It would be an injustice to human nature to doubt it. They need but the right touch upon them to rouse them to self-consciousness and make them leap forward to proffered opportunities. To supply those opportunities, and to rouse the latent manhood in the breasts of the rising generation, is the work now before us. It is a work which God and church and country must unite in blessing.

While I write, news reaches us that on Wednesday, the 21st of March, our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., granted Jubilee audience to the representatives of all the colleges and seminaries in Rome. As is usual with him on all such occasions, the Catholic University of America was the subject uppermost in his thoughts. Never before did he manifest such earnestness in regard to it. Addressing his remarks to the Right Rev. Rector

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of the American College, he said with evident emotion: "About the University at Washington, it is my desire that all the bishops should work together with unity and with energy. I have confided the care of the University to them, and it would greatly grieve me did I suppose that there could possibly be among them any want of agreement and of earnestness in regard to it. Let them at once push this work to completion, and they will win for the University the support of public opinion in the United States. The honor of the American episcopate demands it, yea, the honor of the church in the United States, and the dignity of the Holy See, which has so solemnly given this University its approval."

These are rousing words from the Vicar of Christ. They must thrill through every Catholic heart, scattering any lurking remnants of hesitation or doubt, and spurring all to determined resolution and to noblest endeavor. Leo XIII. shall not be disappointed.

John J. Keane.

IS PROTESTANT UNITY POSSIBLE?

We are not surprised to find this question asked and discussed in the official organ of our good friends the champions of "Progressive Orthodoxy" at Andover. It comes in as a very appropriate and very serious topic for examination, as following the leading article of the March number of their *Review*, which, we are informed in a foot-note, is the first of a series in which they propose to discuss the principle of the "Universality of Christianity" in the light of recent criticism. The hoped-for "coming event" of an universal Christianity certainly might be expected by all reasonable minds to "cast some shadow" of its advent before; and it is instinctively felt by these earnest-minded, would-be heralds of such a desirable boon that, if it does not foreshadow unity, or what can be interpreted as such, every sensible man will conclude that their proposed universal Christianity has no real body, but will be regarded in the same light as the legend tells us of the "man without a shadow"—a weird, uncanny creature whom every one will avoid or treat as the baseless fabric of a disordered vision. Hence the appearance of the article we are considering, the matter of which certainly furnishes food for friendly criticism.

It may be that they think they have yet in reserve a more powerful battery to bring into line than this present piece of rather small calibre and of feeble though genial report, and that they intend this to be taken only as a signal-gun, whose dis-

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charge is not meant to do any serious damage to the enemies of unity, but only to arouse them from their state of sleepy indifference, and politely warn them to prepare for an attack to be made with heavier and more destructive artillery.

Yet we think not. Indeed, we are sure that this one little gun constitutes their whole armament in the division which is to be deployed against that particular adversary. They may point it higher or point it lower; they may have it loaded, primed, and fired under different supervision (and care must be taken not to load it with too heavy shot lest it prove self-destructive), but it will be still the same gun. The army of Disunion may slumber in peace; it is for the most part too far out of their range and too scattered for any one to be hit, to say nothing of the random aim with which it is directed.

Yet with all our heart we commend the sincerity which unquestionably underlies this manifestation of extraordinary and hopeful courage in so promptly and frankly acknowledging that Disunion is an enemy, and, as they should all along have known, an uncompromising and *logical* enemy, to any universality whatsoever. If their aim is in fact taken at random, it is in spirit and intention most sincere. A few words from their own lips will prove that: "Evidently the time has come when we should seriously consider the possibility of reuniting Protestantism. Christianity is to-day menaced by hostile forces, which can only be overcome, if at all, by its united strength. The materialism of the age, with its long train of influences opposed to any kind of spirituality, the attention paid to the arts and sciences which minister to the comfort and luxury of life, the ominous weakening of the idea of duty, the growing strength of the lawless and anti-religious elements of society, and generally the existence of so many tendencies in modern life which are inimical to the healthy existence and orderly growth of religious faith—all these are to-day standing in united array against Christianity in any form. In view of these opposing forces, are the Protestant churches still determined to go on with their family feuds and guerrilla warfare, or are they convinced of the folly and wickedness of this course, and are they ready for the future to dwell together in that unity (?) which should characterize the church of God?"

Here is good proof of the courage we have accredited to them. They frankly own to both the folly and the wickedness of disunion. But we are tempted to ask just here: Was disunion not always foolish and wicked? Is it only so now because a united array of hostile forces are threatening what they are

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pleased to call the church of God? It would almost seem to be their thought when we read on a preceding page: "There was much that was picturesque, much even that was commendable, in the old heroic age of denominationalism," the heroism displayed in "those days of internecine strife almost making one forget that civil war is always deplorable, though the combatants on each side are heroes." Deplorable! Gentlemen, it was foolish and wicked, as you have yourselves said, and no glamour of picturesqueness can ever cover over its wretched folly and its unpardonable wickedness.

It will not fail to be observed that, in the beginning of the quotation we have made, the writer instantly makes a distinction between Protestantism and Christianity, and, in the latter part, between the "Protestant churches" and "the church of God." This distinction is no *lapsus calami.* He knows too much to make "Christianity" and "Protestantism," and the "Protestant churches" and "the church of God," interchangeable terms. Christianity, he tells us further on, is a something which "is in the very air we breathe, which would still exist, nay, more, would grow, and would soon take on to itself a new outward form and organization suitable to the circumstances which surrounded it, though some great cataclysm of thought swept every ecclesiastical organization on the earth to-day out of existence." And he immediately adds: "The Church *of the future* will not be the exact pattern of any one church of to-day." This new, outward form and organization of a Christianity which is thus coolly taken for granted as without any legitimate form and organization now, but which *will be* embodied in a church of God, which again is supposed not to be in existence (although he speaks of it as if it did exist somehow or somewhere), is, we presume, the "Universal Christianity" which our Andover essayists are seeking for, and have so sincerely and courageously set themselves to the work of finding, or, at least, of defining its most probable nature and characteristics. We have heard of this "Church of the Future" before—the church our Lord always *will* found but never does—and we are very sorry to meet the same old acquaintance again in this place.

But why is this writer, speaking, we presume, for the united corps of our valiant champions of "Progressive Orthodoxy," so much concerned about the possible reunion of Protestant churches? Will Protestant unity be the shadow cast by the hoped-for universal Christianity? Will the then united Protestant Church be "the church of God"? Will this united church enjoying Protestant unity be, or will it even dare to claim

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to be, Christ's "One Fold under one Shepherd"? Undoubtedly not. Then the unity of Christianity and the oneness of the church will not yet be realized. The Christianity which they could then affirm would be at best a something, and the church of God a something, which still lacks unity, a house still divided against itself, a disordered system to the direction of whose disunited elements no one central, organic, personal power can be applied.

"Oh!" but says our worthy essayist, "Christianity cannot be monopolized by any one division of the Christian church. It has been and is yet the dream of certain Christian bodies that some day or other all the Christian world will be reunited by acknowledging their claims to be the true and only representative of Christianity. Such a dream will never be realized!" We have never heard ourselves of but one body that ever dreamed such a dream, or ever pretended to have had such a vision. But let that pass.

The writer evidently has no conception of a Christianity or of a Christian church without divisions. Reunion of Protestantism, or rather hoped-for union—for it never had any unity to be re-established—cannot therefore give unity to Christianity nor make one Christian church. There must still remain divisions, more or less, neither of which must dream of monopolizing Christianity.

So, for the life of us, we cannot see of what particular use the union of all the Protestant "churches" proposed by them will prove. "But have you not heard me say," asks our essayist, "that Christianity is to-day menaced by hostile forces which can only be overcome, *if at all*, by its united strength?" Yes, we heard you say as much, and we are sorry to see you fearful of the result of the conflict between Christianity and these hostile forces. We think you ought to have more confidence in the strength of Truth, and more faith in our Lord's promise that the gates of hell shall never prevail against his church. But will the strength of Christianity *be* united when Protestantism shall be able to declare itself in unity? According to your own clearly-expressed views, there never was, is not, nor will be one monopoly of Christianity. Cannot you even allow that there might be one board of directors, chosen from all the divisions of Christianity, or what might be rather, as you intimate, a number of "divided unities," of which Protestantism is to be one when it gets united? These might vote, according as they would be directed by their constituents, on what is or is not divine truth, and what is or is not necessary to be done in order to be saved!

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There must be, you say in effect, no one monopoly of the way and the law of salvation. Every one ought to see, should he not, that neither our Lord nor his apostles ever dreamed of bringing the world to the unity of any such a monopoly of truth as that? The Christian motto, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," must not be supposed to indicate the existence of any system or organization in religion that smacks of monopoly. The apostle's language, "There is *one* God and *one* Mediator," "There is no other name [but one] given under heaven whereby we must be saved," cannot mean that our Lord intended to monopolize the work of salvation. Is there not a banner of salvation on which one may inscribe the name of "Legion"?

But a truce to the further discussion of this part of the subject, which, by the way, the writer very properly enters upon, viz., Whether Protestant unity is *desirable;* although the title of his article offers to us only the question whether it be *possible.*

We confess to having looked with no little eagerness and curiosity for his reply, feeling so little satisfied as we were, and as we think most people would be, from his arguments for its desirability. We have been told to always preach and write as if we were addressing people with vigorous understandings, no matter of what class of persons our audience may be composed. We do not think we are unfairly underrating the real value of our essayist's plea for Protestant unity if we say that one need possess but little vigor of understanding to perceive that Christian unity would not be much the gainer by the realization of Protestant unity if there be no better reasons assigned than are presented in the article before us. Certainly, disunion among professed followers and believers in the one Lord is, as he told us, both foolish and wicked, despite its picturesqueness; but he did not tell us the reason why it was foolish and wicked. We Catholics are not disunited among ourselves, and, in so far as that fact stands unchallenged before the world for so many centuries, we may have failed to exhibit the beauties of picturesque disunion; but we have at least none of its folly or sin to answer for. But then he may consider us, as doubtless he honestly does, as disunited from Protestants, and therefore included under the same judgment. If so, we think he ought to have brought us to book, and enlightened us as to the reason of the blame for by far the greater share of that which, on account of our superior numbers, we should be justly held accountable. Has he ever heard it said that we have sought or enjoyed division and disunion, or that we have ever been suspected of needing to be convinced not only of the desirability but no less of

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the *necessity* of unity at the price of our immortal salvation? If the charge of disunion can be laid at our door, in the name of God and of his Christ, who prayed that all his might be one, even as he and the Father were one, let us hear the truth!

But to return to the question, Is Protestant unity *possible?* Our essayist "*thinks*" it is. Alas! here the piece of artillery before alluded to shows how small is its calibre and feeble its report. We looked for no unhesitating reply. We expected to read, not "I think so," but, "I am certain," or, "Unquestionably." But having, at least, thought it possible, one immediately looks for a statement of reasons upon which he founds his favorable opinion. This, of course, would mean the proposal or discussion of some method whereby union may be realized. Two ways only present themselves to his mind: the one already mentioned, and scouted as an unpractical dream—viz., that of one division monopolizing all of Christianity, the others coming under its rule of faith and virtually allowing themselves to be "swallowed up" by that one organization. The other way is by "a gradual assimilation of each church to all the others, finding the least common multiple of their dogmatic creeds"; and the writer thinks that "almost unconsciously to themselves the divided churches of Protestantism are finding and exhibiting this common multiple as the highest outlook of modern Christianity." He adds: "There is a movement downwards on the part of those denominations which shot above the normal line of essential Christianity, and a movement upwards on the part of those denominations that fell below that normal line. And when they all meet, as meet they will, on a common line, the question of the reunion [*sic*] of Protestantism will solve itself without the help of any formal schemes of unity."

The perusal of that method for uniting Protestants brought forth from us a long, deep breath. A friend at hand wondered what might be the cause of so profound a sigh. As well he might. For if, by means of a least common multiple among all the Protestant churches, one is to find the normal line of essential Christianity, our essayist must think we possess no more vigor of understanding than a cow if he imagines we are going to believe there will be any Christianity in this curious arithmetico-geometrico-moral result of which essential qualities can be predicated at all. Does he not hear the clamor of his justly impatient readers: What *is* the common multiple? Where is the normal line? What is essential to Christianity? Which is up and which is down? *Upward* would seem to imply a movement towards what is higher and more perfect;

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and who shall say that those who are higher are not also the more perfect, and why should they come down? Is the church of God to be built upon a compromise? *In medio stat virtus!* he may say. But we reply that that is damnable doctrine where truth and spiritual life are concerned—the only two things with which Christianity has to do. And when we are asked to imagine this church as higher and that other one as lower as compared with one another among Protestants, we venture to say that if Catholics were allowed to enter the arena and requested to assign them their due rank in view of a divine criterion, some might find themselves placed very far below many others above whom they have long plumed themselves as holding a higher position. This faith which is proposed as the result of an application of the principle of the least common multiple appears to us to be very like what is described in Scripture as the faith that is neither cold nor hot, nauseating to God, and known by experience to be no less so to man.

Will our sincere seeker after unity venture to assure us that the problem for solution of the question of such vital importance, equally, as he holds it is, to ourselves and to Protestants, may be thus stated?—To find the normal lines which define true universal Christianity—*i.e.*, the Christian religion Christ gave to and intended all men to receive—find the least common multiple of all the creeds of Protestantism, *et voilà!* Does he really mean what he says when he tells us that such a result is "the highest outlook of modern Christianity"? Is he so blind that he cannot see that such a lame and impotent conclusion is one that the infidel will laugh to scorn? And when such an outlook shall have been attained, and Protestants shall dwell together in unity in their new City of God built by them and "set on the hill" to be seen of all, can they hope that it will prove to be one which by its eminence will command the admiration of the nations, and by the impregnability of its walls of truth and the elevation of its towers of heavenly doctrine will unite an erring, defenceless, and shelterless humanity to seek within its enclosure protection and safety against the dire assaults of the hostile powers of the "gates of hell"? Well may we deeply sigh, seeing wise men and good deliberately proposing to those who might justly be supposed to be hanging with painful, and to us pitiable, expectancy upon the words of wisdom that fall from their lips, such weak and utterly hopeless expedients as these.

Men and brethren, the charity of Christ constraineth us to say that ye are acting the part of blind leaders to the blind; and shall ye not both fall into the ditch? ALFRED YOUNG.

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THE CREATION AND THE CLASSICS.

To pass from the myths of modern science to those of ancient poetry is like coming into the tropics after rounding the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. The weather is calmer, the sea smoother, the air more pleasant; and if we lose something of the intense earnestness which characterized the rougher portion of the passage, it is agreeably replaced by a serene atmosphere and an unclouded prospect. Nevertheless even in these sunny seas a pretty brisk breeze is sometimes found to be blowing; and the classical hurly-burly aroused by that Æolus, Mr. Gladstone, is not one whit less animated than the scientific cyclone which accompanied it. At first, however, there is an appearance as if this particular contest were about to hang fire. Dr. Réville, it seems, has founded his criticisms upon Mr. Gladstone's earliest publications in regard to Homeric subjects; while the latter, importing into literary matters the amazing versatility distinctive of his political genius, has so completely altered his original conclusions as virtually to repudiate them altogether. He does not, he tells us, maintain that there was any systematic or wilful corruption of a primitive religion, or that all the mythologies are due to such a corruption, wilful or otherwise, or that the ideas conveyed in Genesis were developed in the form of dogma; but merely that there is a historic connection between certain of the Greek and Hebrew traditions.

But this polite explanation or retractation—whichever it may be—is merely a preliminary flourish, a sort of handshaking with the gloves on before the actual encounter; and the two are very soon engaged in a regular hand-to-hand combat. With deep expression of respect for the erudition of his adversary in those literatures with which he himself is *not* acquainted, he gives very plainly his opinion as to the value of M. Réville's scholarship in such subjects as he is personally competent to test, and draws first blood by expressing a hope that his opponent does not exhibit "in his treatment of other systems the slightness of texture and facility and rapidity of conclusion which mark his performances in the Olympian field."

As an example of this tenuity of treatment—an example unexpectedly confirmed by Dr. Réville's reception of the criticism—Mr. Gladstone takes the author's statement that the Greek Heracles and the Tyrian and Carthaginian Melkart "is in fact the same god." He shows the extreme improbability of a foreign origin for Heracles, and the numerous points which render such

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an identity inconceivable, though he oddly omits to call attention either to the fact that Heracles was not a god at all, but only a demi-god—a very material point in considering the origin of his worship—and, secondly, to the full-length portrait of the hero drawn by Euripides in the *Alcestis*, a study of character remarkable in more ways than one, but chiefly as impersonating in a possible individual all those conflicting traits which Mr. Gladstone finds so hard to reconcile in Homer's description. And what says M. Réville to Mr. Gladstone's refutation of his perfectly unfounded and indefensible statement? He replies, with really enviable coolness, not to say audacity, that his distinguished opponent will be glad to hear that he does "not consider Heracles and Melkart to be the same god"; he considers them both to be "solar myths." But if he does not consider them to be the same god, why did he say that they were the same god?

But meanwhile a greater presence than that of M. Réville had risen upon the horizon. Professor Max Müller had seen the gauntlet flung down by Mr. Gladstone in *The Dawn of Creation and Worship*, and felt that such a challenge ought not to go unnoticed. And here, too, it would seem as if the contest were declined, for the professor declares that he has only attempted to prove that "certain portions of the ancient mythologies have a directly solar origin"—a most unimpeachable statement, which would call for no comment whatever were it not that on the very same page he maintains that "we may now boldly say that behind the clouds of ancient mythology the sun is seldom entirely absent." In fact, his whole article on "Solar Myths" is an exposition of that solar theory which Mr. Gladstone in great measure derides; and the professor renders the weight of his name still more weighty by confessing that he has been converted to solarism with much reluctance.

What, then, are we to say of this wide-spread theory, wherein not Heracles alone, nor Here (or Hera, as, for some inscrutable reason, German-worshipping scholars insist on calling her), nor Zeus, nor Hermes, but Achilles and Barbarossa and William Tell are in all seriousness resolved into personifications of the action of the sun, a kind of human embodiment of an idealized radiometer? We reply that to our simple mind the proof of the pudding lies in the eating; and no theory can be considered as satisfactorily tested until it has been shown to solve some difficulty which it was not especially devised to meet. If the explanation suggested for any myth in its shorter form, such as

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is given by Lemprière or Smith, throws a light upon the other details when reference is made to original sources, then no doubt a strong probability arises in its favor; and the solar origin of the legend of Circe, we may remark, or at least its close connection with solar worship, is strongly favored by the remarks of Tertullian upon the Circus, introduced, he says, by that enchantress and called after her name. But the strange thing is—and very strange it is in the case of so distinguished a scholar as Professor Max Müller—that in the cases he quotes, or at least in a considerable number of them, the result is the very opposite; and so far are the original accounts from affording any confirmation of the learned professor's conjectures that, for the most part, the more intimately we become acquainted with the classic writers the greater does the difficulty become of applying to their traditions the solution of a solar origin. Take the case of the Zodiac with its twelve houses or stations. Here, if anywhere, solar influence is surely to be expected; and there is no great stretch of imagination required in order to suppose that the Ram, the Goat, and other signs betokened the sun's influence at various periods of fecundity. Yet what says Manetho in the *Apotelesmatica* attributed to him? He tells us that the Zodiac is the fairest circle in heaven, and that it is adorned with twelve "eidola," or signs, but says not a word as to any connection with the solar light.

Hephestion's description is still further removed from such a conception, for he connects the different parts of the Zodiac closely with the earth. Babylon, he says, is beneath Aries, Media and Egypt under Taurus, Gemini rules Cappadocia, Leo Greece, Virgo Rhodes and the Levant, Scorpio Carthage —a description absolutely unintelligible, unless we suppose the Zodiac to have been conceived not as a celestial but as a terrestrial circle or wheel, situated doubtless in the sky, but indissolubly fixed in its relation to the earth, both in its general outline and its particular portions. Or consider another legend —one of Professor Max Müller's particular favorites—the myth of Daphne. "If it were not for the method of comparative mythology," he observes, "we should never have known that Daphne was the same as Ahana, the Dawn"; and, again, that "nothing is more certain than the equation, Daphne = Ahana." That such a discovery would never have been made except in the way of comparative mythology may be easily admitted, considering that the statement itself is a comparison of mythologies; and he would be a rash man indeed who would ques-

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tion the professor's knowledge of the Sanksrit language, though otherwise we should like to inquire, under our breath, whether he is prepared to maintain that the Sanskrit *ha* is always equivalent to the Greek *phi*, and from whence he contrives to import that big, big D. But the real puzzle begins when we turn to classic sources and see what the author of the *Metamorphoses* has to say about Daphne. Who was this famous girl? She was, says Ovid, the daughter of Peneus, a river-god of Thessaly. The daughter of a river-god! And what has a river-god to do with the dawn?—unless perhaps we are to understand that Apollo was in the habit of taking a cold bath in the river every morning. But let that pass. What happened? Apollo, one day seeing Cupid amusing himself with his bow, cried out: "What are you doing, you naughty boy?" (*lascive puer*). Whereunto the celestial urchin replied: "Apollo, mind your own business; you hit everything with your darts, and I'll hit you with mine, and then my glory will be as much greater than yours as you are greater than other things." Then the young rascal fitted two darts: one light, to excite love, the other heavy, to destroy all passionate thought. The former he aimed at Apollo, who straightway fell headlong in love with Daphne. With the latter he transfixed Daphne herself, who received Apollo's addresses with aversion. In vain Apollo pleaded; Daphne fairly took to her heels and scudded over the plain. Her celestial lover toiled breathlessly after her, entreating her to stop, and gasping out that he was a god, the son of Jupiter, and would do all kinds of fine things for her. Daphne paid no more attention than a Democratic President to a Republican office-seeker—the image is our own, not Ovid's—and at last coming within view of the river and catching sight of her father, Peneus, she begged his aid to deliver her. Her father heard her prayer and changed her into a laurel, while Apollo arrived just in time to put his hand upon the bark and feel her heart beating beneath it. A very curious and edifying story, no doubt; but what it can have to do with the dawn is quite beyond our limited imagination. The dawn does precede the rising sun, it is true, and may, without any very violent effort, be supposed to be flying from him, although the phenomena would hardly seem to suggest it. But what about Cupid, and the two darts, and the chase, and the invocation, and the transformation, and the interference of Peneus, and what has the laurel particularly to do with the early morning? Once beyond the bounds of Lemprière, there really is not a single feature which accords,

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except by the most painstaking perversion, with the theory of solar action. At this rate it is clear that not Daphne only, nor Achilles, nor Barbarossa, nor William Tell, as the solarists maintain, nor Napoleon I., as Dr. Whately set forth, but that President Lincoln as well, who is fabled to have been a backwoodsman and the emancipator of the negroes, was in reality a "solar personage," personifying the brilliance of the atmosphere of the prairies and the deliverance of day from the black night; that Dr. Franklin, of whom the legend runs that he discovered the principle of electricity, is, when properly understood, a revival of the solar myth of Prometheus; and that the renowned Professor Wiggins is nothing else than an embodiment of the uncertainty attending the condition of American weather. Nay, we cannot, upon reflection, doubt that the very controversy we have been considering is a mere collection of solar phenomena. There is Mr. Gladstone (the resemblance of whose name to Ahana, or the Dawn, is as striking as that of Daphne) scattering his blows like light upon every side; there is Professor Max Müller, the illuminator of the entire East; there is Professor Huxley serenely looking down from the heights above and giving nothing but bewilderment to those who look at him too closely; and there is M. Réville himself struggling earnestly, though with singularly ill success, to shine in the midst of a fog. In the language of the *Prolegomena*, "Here are all the elements of a dramatic myth!"

In truth, if allegory must be impressed into service, there is another and very different direction where we may go a-prospecting with much better hope of reasonable return. Brilliant as the external universe appeared to the Greek, he was far more occupied with the internal conflict of the mind in its initial struggle with its physical environment. To the Greeks each infant art was a device at once divine and impious, a gift from Heaven and a revolt against the heavenly will. To plough the earth was to tear the breast of the universal mother; to sail the sea was to set at defiance the restraining ocean; and Horace's complaints are but the echoes, perhaps only the copies, of those of Aratus. Beyond all other nations there were ever present to that remarkable people the thoughts and aspirations, the habitual failures and empty successes, the mocking hope and the ultimate despair, the triumphs issuing from the victor's agony and the failures leading on to some fresh effort—all the thousand paradoxes, in fact, moral, physical, and intellectual, attendant upon the outbreak of original genius.

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They saw how the fate of a reformer was ever to incur some fresh struggle for the sake of others, and to be regarded in return as a "very doubtful character" by those who imposed the tasks upon him, and they embodied it in the myth of Heracles and Eurystheus. They perceived what would be ever the course of struggling genius, and they invented the fable of Tantalus with the fruits and the waters just escaping his parched lips. They foresaw the relations which would one day exist between author and publisher, and they placed the divine Apollo as servant to the table of wealthy Admetus. The career of those who should endeavor to raise the condition of their fellow-mortals lay open to them, and they expressed it in the myth of Prometheus with the vulture tearing at his entrails. They caught a glimpse of the idea of national education, and they foreshadowed it in the daughters of Danaus pouring water into the bottomless tubs. They knew the attempts which would be made from time to time at purifying the administration of public affairs, and they prefigured them by Sisyphus pushing with infinite labor his stone to the top of the hill, and then watching it with leaps and bounds rolling down once more to the bottom. They foresaw that one day philosophers would heap absurdity upon absurdity in striving to explain for themselves the mysteries of religion, and they prefigured the attempt by the imposition of Pelion upon Ossa in the Titanic struggle to scale the heights of heaven. Fantastic as such a system of interpretation may be, it is at least more nearly akin to the spirit of Greek thought than the eternal reference to the state of the weather.

A much more probable method of explanation is that proposed by Mr. Lang in another article arising out of this polygonal discussion. The real difficulty of understanding the classical myths, as this writer points out truly and acutely, arises from the total meaninglessness of the freaks attributed to the various divinities—where gods devour and disgorge their own offspring, change men and women into birds and beasts and plants and stones, and conduct themselves generally "more like extravagant and unprincipled clowns in a pantomime than pure natural forces or sublime abstractions." Now, all this, he observes, is quite foreign to any condition of the Greek intellect with which we are historically acquainted; but it is quite in keeping with the ideas of races on a lower level, especially where totemism* is practised and there is no transforma-

* Prof. Max Müller makes the surprising confession that he does not know what "totemism" may be. Possibly this statement is "rote sarkasticul," and we are much more inclined to believe ourselves too stupid to see the point of the remark than that the learned professor can

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tion of Zeus or Indra beyond the pretensions of "medicine-men" to perform. It is, therefore, to this stage of religious belief, whether experienced by the Greeks themselves or imported from less cultured neighbors, that he attributes the origin of mythological legends.

In testing the value of this theory by applying it to classical ideas of the cosmogony, or rather to the notions which prevailed amongst the Greek and Latin nations in regard to all that concerned the creation of the world and of mankind, it is necessary to say a few words as to the kind of authority to be brought in evidence. For the notions directly relating to these matters belong naturally to the domain of philosophy, and it is amongst the philosophers, therefore, and more particularly the early philosophers of Greece, that one would primarily seek for such information. Unfortunately, however, there are two objections to this course quite insuperable at the present moment. In the first place, the works of the early philosophers are so extremely fragmentary that their opinion upon any given point must itself be very largely a matter of opinion; and, secondly, the rendering of their ideas in the commonly received accounts are so highly unsatisfactory that a translation rather than a summary would be almost a necessity. Thus in the article on "Evolution" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, written by Professor Sully, to which reference has already been made, and which Professor Huxley was so good as to recommend to Mr. Gladstone for his edification, Parmenides is stated to have held that all his own conjectures were merely opinions, having to do with the impressions of the senses only; whereas the words of the philosopher himself are directly to a contrary effect. "I would have you know," he writes, "both the unshakable heart of reasonable truth and the opinions of men in which there is no firm faith." And again: "I will lay down a true law from which you may judge of the opinions of men." And the principle laid emphatically down by him is this, that "it must not be said or conceived that existence can come from the non-existent." So when Empedocles speaks of whirling strife pervading the lowest depth, while in the eddy's centre love stands calm, it is hardly justifiable to interpret the philosopher as having arrived at the notions of molecular attraction and repulsion, and still less to credit him with "taking the first step in evolution by conceiv-

really be ignorant of that not very unfamiliar term. Still, for his information, or that of whosoever may desire it, we may state that totemism is a belief in the descent of a given tribe from some particular animal or plant, held consequently in reverence by that tribe. It is, in fact, a kind of Darwinism raised to the *n*th power, and is commonly received among the American Indians, though the Fellows of the Royal Society have not yet advanced so far.

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ing the varying action of those forces to be the origin of particular species." There is a certain class of writers who must perforce see "a step" towards their favorite theory, whatever may be uttered and whoever may have uttered it; but the only conclusion we can fairly draw from these fragments is that the one philosopher had firmly grasped the notion of eternal and uncreated life, and the other of the supremacy of immutable love—two ideas familiar enough to Christian tradition, but to all appearance apprehended rather dimly by some professors of modern science.

When from the philosophers we turn to the poets the field becomes a little clearer. Aratus affords a striking example of that mingled absurdity and beauty for which the theory of Mr. Lang would partially account; and the proem of his work is so sublime in tone that our effort to reproduce it here will be easily pardoned, since, though the grace of diction may be absent, all that is necessary to preserve is the nobility of the thought:

"From God let us commence, whose name unsung
We mortals never pass: full all the streets,
Full are the ways of God, full is the sea,
And full the harbors; yea, and everywhere
Of God we live, his offspring are we all.
'Tis he who in the heavens hath firmly set
For signs the constellations, mapping out
The year by stars, that they should be the bounds
Of seasons unto man, and all harmonious move.
Hail Father, hail O Wonderful, hail Joy of man!"

And then, having completed this almost inspired prelude, quoted by St. Paul in his address to the Athenians, he plunges straightway into such a confusion of astronomy and myth as to defy all hope of analysis, except upon Mr. Lang's principle that it is the single result of two distinct and conflicting periods of intellectual growth.

With Hesiod, as with Empedocles, Love holds a prominent place, and here forms with Space and Earth (Chaos and Gaia) a primeval trinity. Both the genealogical form which the traditions of this poet assume, and the nature of the legends themselves, quite accord with the theory of Mr. Lang, while, on the other hand, we have another specimen of M. Réville's "slightness of texture." When Hesiod, he observes without the smallest grounds of justification, "tells us that Uranus begot Kronos, and Kronos begot Zeus, he means that Uranus, Kronos, and Zeus are all one—heaven." If Hesiod did mean that, he took a very strange way of expressing his meaning; but, what

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is more to the purpose, he must have meant that earth and heaven are identical also, since he makes Uranus the offspring of Gaia. Perhaps the finest portion of Hesiod's works is the well-known (though frequently misquoted) Ages of Man; and it is interesting to observe how closely the various periods agree in their principal characteristics with the great epochs mentioned in Holy Scripture. The golden age, wherein men lived on fruit spontaneously produced, is exactly parallel with the life in Eden; the silver age, by no means equal to the golden, but yet where worship still prevailed, with the period after the fall; the brazen age, with the time preceding the Flood, when the whole earth was perverse and desperately wicked; the age of heroes, with the times of the Jewish patriarchs and judges; and the fifth or iron age, wherein the poet wishes that he had not been born, with the historic times of battle, murder, and every form of misery. Virgil, who alludes to the golden age alone, comes still closer to the Scriptural account by assigning the education of man through the necessity of labor as the object for which the ground was cursed with sterility; and this is the more noticeable as Virgil is the very last writer whom one would expect to originate any wide or general thought. Ovid, to whom we are indebted for the modern notion of chaos as a "*rudis indigestaque moles*" instead of simple extension or space, follows closely upon the lines of Hesiod; but he omits all mention of the heroes, and he introduces cave-men into the age of silver.

So far, therefore, as this brief examination carries us—and a more general investigation would only reproduce the same result—there is nothing to controvert and much to confirm the theory of Mr. Lang that the familiar legends of classic poetry were either survivals of a less intellectual stage of thought or importations from neighboring races. But even then the principal question seems to remain unanswered. Granted that we can understand more or less how such stories came to be received among a cultivated nation like the Greeks; that does not tell us how they came to exist at all. Let it be admitted that the natural repulsion may be thereby overcome to such myths as that of Zeus devouring and disgorging his own children; still, at the best it was a very odd thing for any one, god or no god, to do. Why should Kronos have devoured his children, and, again, why should he disgorge them? Some motive there evidently must have been to give rise to such extraordinary performances, or rather, since no motive can render such actions other than monstrosities, some features there must have been of

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the original tradition of which these mythological expressions are the perversion and caricature. Now, the hypothesis of a primitive revelation, subsequently obscured and materialized by local and tribal traditions during the wandering and unlettered period of the Aryan migration, brings us face to face with the principal issue raised by Dr. Réville, as to whether an examination of religions historically considered would or would not lead to a belief in such a delivery. M. Réville characteristically commences his examination by assuming the conclusion and answering this question in the negative; but we shall content ourselves with pointing out that, in regard at least to the classic and more particularly to the Greek mythology, the more strongly the full light of the Catholic faith is turned upon its recesses, the more brilliantly do the most intricate portions of that complex mythology shine out with luminous and consistent significance. A few illustrations must suffice.

Consider how easily such a doctrine as that of the eternal generation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity may be transformed when orally handed down by a nomadic and illiterate people, or when guessed at from a neighboring people whose language is but half-understood. Can we not perceive how naturally the Eternal Son would become identified with Kronos, or Khronos, abstract Time; and then how the mutual relations between the divine Persons would be materialized into the notions of absorption and reproduction, or devouring and disgorging? So, as it is the Blessed Trinity who creates, directs, and determines mortal life, materialize this triple exertion of the divine Unity in Trinity, and we have Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. By the same process in regard to judgment might be easily conceived the origin of Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus —Rhadamanthus, whom, as Pindar sings, "the Father has as a great assessor." The myth of Bacchus, whether narrated by Euripides or by Homer in his hymns, is replete with Christian symbols, and even sayings to a degree positively startling; while the myth of Prometheus, as recorded by Æschylus, more especially if identified with the Pramantha of the Vedas, reads like an almost undisguised prediction of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

It is time, however, to bring this somewhat lengthy discussion to a close; but it would not be proper to conclude our observations upon this important controversy—for important it is, if only by eliciting in their most sharply defined form the opinions of so many illustrious writers—without a word or two in reference to the remarkable work out of which the whole dispu-

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tation arose. Nobody can properly object to the collection and comparison of duly authenticated facts, and the facts relating to the worship and belief of the various races of the world form a class invested with a very high interest. But if such a collection is to possess any value whatsoever, whether in the eye of the scientist, or the theologian, or the historian, or the student, nay, if it is not to be a mere accumulated congeries of misleading confusions, it is evident that the doctrines and facts put forward as representing any particular religion must, in the first place, be such as are propounded by the acknowledged authorities of that religion, more particularly by those of the same time and country; and not be such as some foreigner of a different creed, living many centuries later, has chosen to imagine that they must have been. There could have been no more proper function for a *Prolegomena to the History of Religion* than to afford a specification of the authorities from which in each case our knowledge is derived, and a careful analysis of the amount of weight attaching to the various works, and at the same time to enunciate and discuss the critical principles whereby the statements of these authors are sometimes to be interpreted, modified, or possibly rejected. Then at least we should know what we are about, and should not be perpetually mistaking windmills for knights in armor. M. Réville, however, far from either recording authority or enunciating principle, does not seem even to trouble his head about either the one or the other, but calmly assumes that to be most correct which is most alien to the particular country and most foreign to the ancient tradition. Where, for instance, does he obtain his notion of the double authorship of Genesis, or that of absence of synagogues and consequently of public worship among the rural Jews until the time of the Captivity—from ancient Judæa or from modern Germany? Suppose that any one should deal with literature as M. Réville has dealt with holy Scripture, and, without condescending to a word of comment or explanation, should treat the vagaries of the New Shakspere Society as admitted facts, speaking of one scene in some familiar play, such as *Macbeth* or *Timon*, as the work of Beaumont, and another as the production of that poetaster, Cyril Tourneur—what kind of value should we attach to the result? If we are to have the gospel according to Strauss, and sacred history secundum Ewald, and Homer à la Wolf, and Shakspere according to Mr. Furnival, well and good. The result will not be without its own interest; but let us fairly put aside, once and for all, any weak-minded hankering after facts as they are. Then M. Réville observes that until modern times the

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Christian Church taught that all mythological traditions—amongst which he specifies in another place the Sibylline utterances—were the work of the devil. Now, we will not demand any abstruse knowledge upon this difficult point, but it is not too much to ask of any one who pretends to interpret the mind of the Christian Church that he should be acquainted with one of her most familiar and most widely celebrated hymns. If, then, we turn to the "Dies Iræ," that solemn strain which has re-echoed so often in the ears of the mourners of France, we find the well-known line, "Teste David cum Sibylla." Now, the Catholic Church, we beg respectfully to inform M. Réville, does not consider the devil as an authority on a par with King David. So far is the church from an indiscriminate condemnation of every external belief that her missionaries study carefully the religions of those whom they hope to convert, and that one of the familiar charges made against her by Protestant ignorance was her supposed leniency towards heathen superstition.

All this is unsatisfactory enough; but not only has M. Réville left undone those things which he ought to have done, but he also has emphatically done those things which he ought not to have done. If there is one thing from which the author of such a work should preserve himself with unbending rigor, it is the indulgence in theories. "Our young science," observes Professor Max Müller with much truth, "has suffered much from the embraces of that philosophy which tries to know how everything ought to have been without first trying to know something of what really has been." Now, theorizing, albeit in a mild and platitudinizing fashion, is the element wherein the soul of M. Réville takes inexhaustible delight. He has a little theory about everything and everybody. He has a little theory about the authorship of the Pentateuch, and another little theory about "the royal plural." He has a little theory that "religion is civilizing only when it is in accordance with the conditions of civilization," and another little theory that among the arts architecture, music, and poetry are more adapted to religious purposes than dancing. He has a little theory that "science has certainly a right to the most complete autonomy," but, on the other hand, that "it is well to recognize that definitively, and when thoroughly understood, religion in itself and independent science never ought to be hostile." Innocent little theories they are, some of them, innocent almost to puerility, but they are none the less theories, in a position and at a moment when there should be room for nothing whatever but facts.

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In a word, "to sum up," if we may borrow a favorite expression of our author. From beginning to end of the *Prolegomena*, whether we regard its design or its execution, its history or its philosophy, its particular details or its general argument, there is but one epithet whereby it can be properly described, and that epithet, we regret to say, is flimsy. That word, indeed, may be applied to it in more senses than one. For the whole production reads like a series of newspaper articles dashed off by some experienced press-writer knowing thoroughly where to lay his hand upon encyclopædias and dictionaries and summaries of information, and possessing a neat and ready turn for indiscriminate generalization. The remarkable point about it is that it should have attracted the attention and commanded the interest of such a man as Professor Huxley, who can write excellent sense when he pleases to do so, and of Professor Max Müller, who has really done much to increase and diffuse a knowledge of ancient literatures and religions.

W. MARSHAM ADAMS.

EARLY DAYS OF NOTRE DAME.

As originally admitted into the Union, the north line of Indiana was continuous with that of Ohio. Shortly after the admission of the State, however, it was suggested that if the line were placed ten miles further north, Indiana would have the advantage of a port on Lake Michigan, to gain which advantage what was called the ten-mile purchase was effected. Whether the present value of the lake port, Michigan City, would justify the price paid for it we will not now inquire. But Indiana gained unlooked-for advantages besides. Besides the site of the widely known and very successful college whose early history this paper chronicles, a noble river, the St. Joseph (sometimes called "Big St. Joseph" to distinguish it from a branch of the Maumee named after the same saint), which would otherwise belong wholly to Michigan, now has its most important "Bend" in the Hoosier State—a bend which has given its name to a municipality mentioned by Parkman in his carefully written work, *The Discovery of the Great West*, as "the present village of South Bend," although at the date of the edition before us that village was already a city of 20,000 inhabitants, and has since probably doubled its figure. A peculiarity of the location is that it is on the water-shed of the continent. A shower of rain falling here may send some of its waters to one extremity of the

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United States and some to the other. Drained into the St. Joseph, it would pass into Lake Michigan and through the romantic Mackinaw Strait into Lake Huron; by St. Clair River and lake, and the Detroit River, into storm-lashed Erie and over roaring Niagara; and then by Ontario and the Thousand Isles, by historic Montreal and Quebec, into the mist-covered North Atlantic. But, falling on the opposite side of a roof-ridge, the drops might be carried into the Kankakee, which rises just west of the city limits, and thus pass into the adjacent Prairie State, into the Illinois River, and so to swell the surging flood that carries fertility and commerce through the great valley of the South and West, by St. Louis and New Orleans, so into the tropical billows of the Gulf.

Here, then, as we might have inferred, is one of the principal "portages" over which the aboriginal canoes were carried when it was desired to transfer them from the waters of the Great Lake basin to those of the Mississippi valley. The country to the north of South Bend still bears the name of Portage Prairie—a well-known rendezvous to the hardy and adventurous *coureurs des bois* at a time when France claimed all the territory necessary to connect Canada with Louisiana, and had even established lines of trading-posts, forts, and Indian mission churches in various directions throughout its forests and prairies. The river St. Joseph well deserves its Catholic name. More than two hundred years ago, in the autumn of 1686, a tract of land on this river was granted to the Jesuit missions on condition of their erecting a chapel and residence there within three years. This is the earliest grant of land on record within the limits of the present State of Indiana. The portage and the sources of the Kankakee were deemed of sufficient interest to afford material for a graphic description written by Charlevoix in 1721. Within the present century it was an important centre for the fur traders, before the settlement of the country drove the beaver from his dam and the buffalo from his range. The buffalo, indeed, is still to be found in Indiana—on the State seal.

About three miles north of the extreme southern point of this elbow of St. Joseph River, and on the concave side of the curve, lies the site of Notre Dame, the subject of the present sketch. Here two little lakes, fed by never-failing springs, discharge their crystal waters into the river by a westerly-flowing rivulet. These lakes were originally surveyed and mapped as one, but the land between them, now dry, was never covered by any

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great depth of water, and in after-years, its marshy exhalations causing ill-health, it was deemed advisable to introduce a system of drainage which converted the original single lake into two, of which the larger covers about twenty-five acres, the smaller seventeen. A rising ground between the lakes is still known as the "Island." The once submerged flat lands are planted with shade-trees or form stretches of open meadow. The original oak groves are preserved on the north and east of the lakes, and the scene retains much of its native wildness, forming a delightful contrast in the immediate vicinage of the culture and classic taste of a large institution of learning.

In 1830 the tract adjoining these lakes was conveyed by purchase to Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the proto-priest of the United States, being the first ordained within the limits of our country. *Ste. Marie des Lacs*, as the locality was then called, was the centre of an extensive range of missions. The resident priest here attended to the spiritual wants of all settlers and sojourners, white and red, between Coldwater, Michigan, and the Illinois line, east and west, and from Kalamazoo to Rochester, north and south—a parish as large as an average diocese. A little log church of the period is still preserved here as a venerable relic of more unworldly days.

And now let us take a retrospective glance and dwell for a moment on our wild predecessors occupying this place. The Indian tribes that claimed the neighboring hunting-grounds were Pottawatomies and Miamis, and in evangelizing them the missionaries had to contend with the usual obstacle—the incongruity of observed Christian practice, as manifested in the lives of the white settlers, with Christian principle. The Jesuits, most successful of all who have introduced Christianity among the Indian tribes, achieved their success mainly by banishing the white settler from their "reductions" and treating his influence as veritable contamination. It has often been said that the Indian learns nothing from the white man but his vices. May it not also be true that the very virtues of the white man are a stumbling-block to the Indian? The most conspicuous virtue of the American farmer is his industry. Rising before sunrise to begin his labor—labor only intermitted by the "bolting" of three hasty, unwholesome, and ill-cooked meals, with perhaps a "noon-spell" if the welfare of his horses requires it—he continues these labors until after sunset of the long summer's day; he plies them often in solitude and silence, uncheered even by the sight of a fellow-laborer. How can the Indian, seeing this illustration of

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the Gospel maxims which he has lately learned—the maxims that tell him to consider the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin—how can he fail to reflect that his own previous life, depending on Providence for what game might be brought down by his arrows, was more in accordance with the Gospel spirit than this slavery is? It has been customary of late years to sneer at the sketches of Indian character found in the novels of Fenimore Cooper as mere freaks of a poetic imagination, having no substratum of fact as a basis. The testimony of those missionaries who have devoted their life-work to the evangelization of the red races will, however, go a long way to prove the existence of estimable qualities beneath the unattractive exterior. Simplicity of purpose, fidelity to promise, and even, in spite of the harrowing tales of ferocity and cruelty related of them, true kindness of heart, have been manifested to the Black-Robe whose faith and charity have been sufficiently powerful to enable him to bid farewell to the niceties of civilized life. Beloved and venerated by his spiritual children, he has returned their affection with unfeigned warmth.

The list of missionaries among the Pottawatomies and Miamis in the region to which we now refer begins with the celebrated Marquette, who, on his return from the village of the Kaskaskias, descended the St. Joseph on the trail by which it is reached from the Kankakee by "portage." Whether he resided here for any length of time is uncertain, but his successor, Father Allouez, is known to have been a resident. Under the grant of land already spoken of as made to the Jesuits in 1686, at such point as they might select on the river, he chose a locality twenty-five leagues from its mouth, and there built a chapel and mission-house, which was the scene of his labors until his death in August, 1689, after a missionary career of thirty years. He may be considered the founder of the church in Indiana, concerning which he writes: "It is said that the first who found churches are generally saints. This thought so touches my heart that, although I am good for nothing, I desire to expend myself more and more for the salvation of souls." A saint, indeed—St. John Francis Regis—had been his own preceptor.

After him Father Claude Aveneau had charge of the mission, and for a long time perpetuated the salutary influence exercised by his predecessor. An unwise policy on the part of those who wielded the executive, however, drove the Miamis upon the war-path, and the mission was suspended. It was restored under Father James Gravier in 1706. In 1711 Father Peter F. X. Chardon was in charge here. In 1721 Charlevoix found it

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deserted, but a new pastor, Father John de St. Pé, was sent here and remained until 1734. In 1738 the pastor was Father Peter Luke Du Jaunay. Missions were now opened at Vincennes and where Fort Wayne now stands, and these soon became the centres of activity, so that the mission on the "Big St. Joseph" was thenceforth obscured by their fame.

The abandonment of French claims upon Indiana, and the Declaration of Independence on the part of the United States, put a new face upon public affairs, and Indiana was admitted as a State before we hear of another resident missionary on the banks of the St. Joseph. Father Badin, whose purchase in 1830 we have already noticed, fixed his abode in Michigan, so that Father Louis De Seille is usually regarded as the first pastor of *Ste. Marie des Lacs.* His sojourn here probably began in 1832. His house was a log cabin, divided into two apartments, one for a chapel, the other for his dwelling. A rude bed, a table, some books, and a few chairs were his only furniture. A little wooden altar in his chapel had for its sole ornament a beautiful picture of the *Mater Dolorosa.* Here he lived, died, and was buried. A simple cross now marks the site. The body of the sainted dead has been laid in a vault beneath the altar of the new church at Notre Dame.

His death was marked by interesting and affecting incidents. He had visited Pokagon, an Indian village, now a railway station on the Michigan Central about seven miles from Niles, and hence seventeen from his home. When he took leave of his Indian congregation there he told them they would probably never see him again. He seemed to have an intimation of approaching death, although in the prime of life and to all appearance full of vigor. "I have a great journey to perform," he said; "pray for me, and do not forget to say your beads for me." His hearers were afflicted at the prospect of losing their beloved Black-Robe, and the warmth of their protestations of attachment touched his heart. The farewell taken, he left them on foot, making his return journey by the woodland trail. He had a horse for distant sick-calls—sixty or eighty miles sometimes—but the foot-paths were more direct than such bridle-roads as they had then.

He reached *Ste. Marie des Lacs* that same day, apparently in good health, but the next morning was taken sick. Priests were sent for, the nearest points being Logansport and Chicago. Sickness, however, in one case, and absence from home in the other, prevented aid from coming. Finally Bishop Bruté sent Rev. Louis Neyron from the southern extremity of Indiana, but

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he came too late to afford him those consolations with which he had so often fortified the last hours of others. When it became evident that death was at hand he dragged himself to the altar of his little chapel, assisted by two of his good friends, Coquillard and Bertrand—early French settlers, whose names will never disappear from this neighborhood. Arrived there, he opened the door of the tabernacle, exerting his remaining strength in a final effort to receive his Saviour as the guide of his departing soul; and thus he passed away, exactly half a century ago. His books and chalice are still treasured at Notre Dame.

His successor, Father Petit, seems to have completed the conversion of the tribe. During the short time of his residence at *Ste. Marie des Lacs* he baptized three hundred Indians, and presented at one time two hundred for confirmation in the log church by the side of the lake. The deportation of the Indians under Governor Cass began in 1840. Father Petit accompanied his beloved spiritual children to their new home—if the name of home could be given to the uncongenial climate and soil of the new reservation. Fraudulent representations were made to induce the red man to leave his native land to the encroaching Caucasian. Many of the Indians had accepted civilization, such as it was, were living in settled homes, and had even become attached to their white neighbors. One white lady of wealth and influence was looked upon with the reverence due to a mother by the Indian women. She treacherously lent herself to the deportation scheme, telling her red friends that she would accompany them to the new reservation, which was represented as a land flowing with milk and honey. She did indeed accompany them thither, but, having acted as a decoy, returned.

Father Petit died beyond the Mississippi, but his remains were brought back to the scene of his missionary triumphs, and they repose with those of Father De Seille beneath the altar at Notre Dame.

Active as these men had been in spiritual architecture—in the building of those edifices, "not made by hands," which redound beyond all others to the divine glory—little, if anything, had yet been done for material splendor or even comfort. A ten-acre clearing supplied the bare necessaries of life. Log walls screened the sanctuary from the wintry blast and summer blaze. The natural beauty of the crystal lakes was the only—and sufficient—charm that the landscape afforded. Dense woods lay between the mission and the nearest white settlement. Where the whistle of the locomotive now wakes the echoes, the occa-

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sional creaking of an emigrant wagon making its uncertain way through the forest was the only sound indicative of land-travel. The river was the chief highway of such commerce as existed. By this the early settlers received their supplies in exchange for peltries and other products of the chase and farm. Such was the condition of affairs when Father Edward Sorin arrived here in 1842.

The Indians, even, were here still in large numbers, for the deportation, begun in 1840, was not completed in less than three years. A remnant, in fact, is still among us, and Indian blood has rarely been altogether absent from the veins of the youthful throng that assemble to receive Catholic instruction at Notre Dame.

Father Sorin, at that time in the prime of youth and energy, had united himself to a community, the Congregation of Holy Cross, whose aim was the education of boys, and, in obedience to his superiors, had left his native France to extend the blessed influence of religion in a new world. Making his first resting-place in the neighborhood of Vincennes, Bishop de la Hailandière, who then filled the episcopal chair at that mission, spoke to him of the lovely spot in the northern part of the State—a spot already sanctified by the lives of so many holy men, whose benedictions, lavished upon it, were doubtless destined to bear noble fruit—and encouraged him to go thither, giving him possession of the land on condition that a college building should be put up and maintained there.

Accordingly, in November, 1842, Father Sorin, accompanied by seven brothers of his congregation, started for *Ste. Marie des Lacs*, to encounter for the first time the rigors of a Northern winter. Of his companions but one, Brother Francis Xavier, now survives. A writer in the "Silver Jubilee" book, published in 1869, describes this brother as one "who has made the coffins of all who have died at Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same kind office for many more yet before he drives the last nail into his own."

The words were prophetic. The writer was laid in his grave by the good brother in November, 1874, while Brother Francis is still hale, vigorous, and kind as when those lines were written.

The college was begun on the 28th of August, 1843, and made habitable the following spring. Pupils had already been received, however, and accommodated in a brick building now known as the Farm House, and which is consequently honored as the original seat of learning at Notre Dame. Three churches and three college buildings have occupied the first sites. The

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first church and second college were destroyed by fire. The first college and second church were ruthlessly pulled down to make way for nobler structures.

The Know-Nothing excitement against Catholics was felt to some extent here in early times, but Father Sorin's address and exquisite tact soon made the most influential Protestants of the neighborhood his friends. Children of all denominations were entrusted to his care to be educated, and soon it was suggested to him that a college charter enabling him to confer the usual degrees and hold the buildings tax-free could be procured from the State of Indiana. This was done in 1844, and thenceforward the University of Notre Dame became a power in the land. A post-office was also obtained through the instrumentality of Henry Clay.

Every building connected with the university has its history and vicissitudes, to present all of which would transcend the limits of the present article. In 1860, when the writer of these pages first arrived here, much of the original quaintness and poetry still appeared in the surroundings—features gradually swept away in the march of "modern improvements." Few men have witnessed such vast developments from small beginnings as the venerable Father Sorin, still energetic and enthusiastic as when he first planted the seed from which the towering tree arose. To his spirit of prayer and constant devotion to the Blessed Virgin, even more than to his active exertion, these gratifying results are undoubtedly due. In the old records many interesting notes afford glimpses of life in those pioneer days—a healthy as well as a holy life, the life of the *mens sana in corpore sano.* In the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* for 1843 we find that a "School for Young Men" has been lately opened at Southbend (*sic*), near Washington, Ind., directed by Rev. E. Sorin. "The location is on an eminence, and is one of the most healthy in the State, situated six miles from the town of Washington, Indiana."

The oldest inhabitants cannot remember any "town" bearing the name of "Washington" within six miles of South Bend. Could it have been one of the numerous names which the village Mishawaka took unto itself before it finally settled upon the old Indian appellation signifying "swift-running water," which so well describes its location? Mishawaka, however, is named in the same almanac, with the spelling "Mishiwakie," as one of the places attended by Rev. E. Sorin. The terms per quarter for board and tuition, including washing and mending, at that time were *eighteen dollars!* How could it be done? We find, also,

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that no extra charge is made, except for books and stationery, which are furnished at store prices, and for the services of an eminent physician who attends the institution. Before the Crimean war opened a market for American produce the necessaries of life were far in excess of the demand.

Five years later we have a miniature catalogue of the university, giving an account of a solemn distribution of premiums on the Fourth of July, 1848, the commencement exercises being made to coincide with the celebration of the national festival. Here we notice premiums awarded in the English course to Thomas Lafontaine, of Huntington, Indiana, the son of the chief of the Miami Nation. Other names found here have since attained local celebrity. The States furnishing most students are Indiana and Michigan. A few scattering names appear from Missouri, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, but none from Illinois, the State now affording the largest contingent. No list of teachers is given, no details of the collegiate course. This catalogue was printed in Detroit.

In 1850 we find a catalogue printed in South Bend by "S. Colfax," the gentleman who afterwards sat as Vice-President of these United States during the second term of Grant. Mr. Colfax was always a stanch friend to the university, and invariably met Father Sorin with the most genial of his well-known smiles. This catalogue contains a prospectus dated January 1, 1850. Here we find mention of the Philharmonic and Debating Societies. The commencement exercises have receded to the 3d of July, and there are the names of nine teachers for the various branches taught. The students' names number fifty-six, and there is mention of thirteen students in theology not included in the list. Of the fifty-six, Indiana sends thirty-three, Michigan fifteen, Illinois and Ohio two each, New York and Massachusetts one each, and of the remaining two we find no address. Various events conspired to spread the fame of the university in subsequent years. As Chicago grew in wealth and extent, her merchants sought a safe rural retreat in which their children might be secured against the dangers and temptations of city life. After the civil war broke out the Catholic colleges of the Southern States were used as military hospitals, and the students from those regions flocked to Notre Dame. The circle of friends continually widened. Spaniards from New and Old Mexico found it a convenient place to learn English, Europeans to learn "American," as our language is now called on the Eastern continent; and with each revolving year the distances from which students arrive continually increase.

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The number attending is now tenfold what it was in 1850. But as we walk beneath the gilded dome, through spacious halls adorned with costly historical paintings, or kneel beneath the loftily vaulted aisles of the church, where the light streams in floods of purple, amber, crimson, and azure through the translucent imagery of the panes, soothed by the melting strains of the organ, amid the perfumes "of Ormuz and of Ind" rising in clouds from swinging censers, the memory of the old days of privation and struggle returns as a pleasing reverie. The simple faith of upturned Indian faces from which the savage war-paint has been lately washed by the baptismal wave, the sun-browned features of hardy pioneers and brave *coureurs des bois*, surrounding the phantom shapes of devoted Black-Robes, still haunt us, and imbue us with a sense that this, in view of its past even more than of its present, is indeed hallowed ground.

ARTHUR J. STACE.

AT THE CROSS-KEYS.

PART II.

GRADUALLY we ceased to be astonished at the odd ways of Mr. Drane; his wild appearance no longer moved in us the most languid interest; it was a matter of course to see him ride by on his raw-boned sorrel—a horse to which the luxuries of grooming and bedding down were unknown. When it was wanted it was taken straight from grass, with bits of straw and stick and clods of dirt clinging to its shaggy coat; a sheepskin took the place of a saddle, and a rope with a loop in each end answered for stirrups.* Dick made a sketch of horse and rider, and underneath wrote: "Portrait of a Bloated Pluralist" —for besides Chittingdean Mr. Drane was incumbent of two outlying parishes. By and by, however, we put the caricature aside and left off laughing, for the comic was lost to us in the distressing.

It was sad to see the villagers, without spiritual head or guidance, appallingly ignorant, and allowed to drift as they would into carelessness and sin; boys and girls growing up with little more knowledge of right and wrong than the beasts

* In case I should be accused of exaggeration, I may here remark that this was actually the equestrian equipment of a well-known rector in a South-of-England parish.

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in the fields around them. It was sad to see the fine old church nearly empty Sunday after Sunday, the service hurried through and a sermon mumbled out by a man at whom half his audience was laughing in its sleeves, half trembling at the prospect of approaching rent-day; and sad to see how every one passed by on the other side. There was no one to put out a hand to stop these crying evils, though the rural dean lived within an hour's drive, and twenty miles off was the cathedral town, with its "bishop," its "Father in God," whose charge it was to administer His laws in that diocese. But, to me at least, saddest of all was the old man, so terrible in his loneliness, half-starving himself, leading the life of a miser, and grinding the faces of the poor, to supply the prodigal wants of a spendthrift son.

There was a cricket club at Chittingdean, and Dick, who was an old public-school boy, had, of course, insisted on joining it. Evening after evening did he spend tearing about between two sets of wickets, or "fielding" for some other wielder of the willow, in an attitude suggestive of the late Colossus of Rhodes. He had gallantly done his best to coach the rustics into better form, and had succeeded so well that they had triumphantly won a series of matches over neighboring clubs, and were beginning to hold their heads very high indeed.

The cricket-field, a flat meadow joining the Cross-Keys garden (a great convenience for thirsty souls), was a favorite *rendezvous* in leisure moments. Non-players were fond of lounging in its corners, and silently smoking on the railings that surrounded it, on which railings it was also fashionable for maids and matrons to lean and gossip, looking with admiration at the exertions of their perspiring sweethearts, or anxiously alert to prevent too venturesome Tommy or Bill from toppling over the paling and breaking his tender neck.

One beautiful September evening, towards the close of our stay at Chittingdean, we were all in the meadow; the club had been practising for a match which was to be THE event of the season, and Dick, with his coat off, was descanting on the merits of round-arm bowling to a knot of youths, who listened eagerly to the words of wisdom that came from his lips, when suddenly the talk and laughter stopped, an embarrassed silence fell, the men dropped apart with uncomfortable looks. Unseen till then, the rector had appeared, and, for the first time in my recollection, was standing amongst his flock.

The English rustic is a difficult creature to deal with; he has

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a shy pride which makes him hate to be seen while amusing himself; he never loses his self-consciousness, and is constantly suspecting people of laughing at him. It requires a special knack to win one's way into his good graces, and there are people who, with the best of intentions, spend all their lives visiting the poor in country places, and who yet never succeed in being more to them than mere relievers of temporary wants. With how much more distrust, then, will they look upon a man of Mr. Drane's description, whom even their dulled intellects can detect as the product of a gigantically wrong system?

The old man stood a moment; his glittering, restless eyes, wandering from face to face, were sharp enough to see distrust and dislike on each.

"I appear to have interrupted you," he said at last, and, raising his hat to me with an exaggerated old-world courtesy, he turned away.

A great lump rose in my throat, such as I remember to have felt when I saw Henry Irving's Shylock in the trial scene. What sudden freak had moved Mr. Drane to come among us? Had he passed through one of those bitter moments when the need for human companionship and sympathy forces itself on even the hardest and most self-contained among us?

I watched him as he moved across the ground, his long shadow slanting up the grass before him, pointing the way to his lonely home. The sun was sinking behind the tall old elms, and the rooks were cawing their good-nights. Evening had come upon us very suddenly.

It was past eleven the same night. The good folks of Chittingdean kept early hours and had been asleep long ago. Dick had already gone to bed, and I, who had been finishing an interesting book, was thinking of retiring, when Mrs. Hawkins came into the parlor, candlestick in hand. She wished to know if I wanted anything more, and then went fidgeting round the room, setting it to rights, putting this and that in its place, as she had a way of doing.

"I don't believe Sam [the hostler] has fastened they shutters," she said.

"Why, Mrs. Hawkins, are you afraid of burglars?"

"One never knows; and this time of year there's many bad characters about—'oppers and such-like." And she flung open the window.

As she leant out to fasten the shutter some moving object

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caught her eye; a man was skulking in the shadow of the house, and at the same moment Boxer, the watch-dog, set up a short, angry bark.

"Who's there?" cried Jane.

The man drew near the window.

"Hush!" he said; "for God's sake stop that dog. Mrs. Hawkins! don't you know me?"

"Mr. Drane! Why, sakes alive! whatever are you doin' at this time o' night?"

"I—I—am only taking a stroll."

"Oh! come now, Mr. Drane, strolls and such-like don't do for *me;* and let me tell you, sir, rector or no rector, I don't allow folks to hang around the Keys at all hours without a pretty good idea of what they're up to."

He did not know that I was there behind the curtain, and—

"Mrs. Hawkins," he said, in a kind of desperate way, "Penstone is here—"

"Here! at the Keys? That he an't!"

"No, no. Down there in Cheeseman's barge. He is ill, he is hiding, and—O my God!" His voice broke down and he began to sob in a piteous manner.

"Mr. Drane," said she, "you and me have known each other forty year. I don't say as our terms has always been pleasant, but you married me, as you will remember, in a shot-silk and a Leg*horn* bonnet, and if you wants a friend now Jane 'Awkins is the woman."

He caught sight of me then.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"That's Mrs. Wardour, and as safe as the Bank of England, I'll go bail."

"Yes, yes!" I cried eagerly, "you may trust me, Mr. Drane. But you had better come inside. Pollard passes here about this time."

Pollard was the solitary constable Chittingdean possessed.

"See there, now! She's got more sense than you and me, standing here talking like two great babbies. Come you in at oncst."

He scrambled in at the low window, and we had only just pulled to the shutters when we heard the slow tramp of the policeman. Not until his heavy tread had died away did we dare to speak, and then hurriedly, in a few words, he told us.

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I have often wondered since at his unrestraint, but I suppose in times of great trouble one knows instinctively whom one may trust. A terrible blow had fallen on him. He had been struck through his son, his idol, the only being in the world whom he loved. For years this son had been draining him, calling incessantly for money to gratify his extravagant tastes. What Mrs. Hawkins had once said was true—in Penstone Mr. Drane lived over again his old fast life. His great joy was to read the chronicles of the young man's doings in the so-called society papers—the accounts of his horses, of his drag, of the diamonds given by him to Miss So-and-So of the Temple Theatre, or of the grace with which he led the cotillion at the Duchess of Nottingham's ball.

In spite of his own strangely negligent habits, the rector had a vast pride of race, and his dream was to see the family re-established, taking, as he expressed it, its proper place in the county; and his idea was that Penstone would dazzle the eyes of some heiress, and by a brilliant match rekindle the almost extinct lamp of the Dranes.

But the years went by, and the heiress as yet existed in imagination only, while money to carry on the campaign became more and more scarce, and at last came a time when, in reply to the son's demands, the father had to intimate that his resources were at an end; the property was mortgaged to the hilt: there was no more to be raised on it.

Then the name of Penstone Drane began to appear on the lists of city companies, on the board of directors of this scheme and of that. More than once the bubbles burst and Mr. Drane was called on to cover up deficits. Then came the explosion of a gigantic fraud. All England rang with the nefarious imposture. Its promoters had placed themselves within peril of the law, and first among them was Penstone Drane.

When he was wanted to render an account of his misdoings he was not to be found. The principal partner in his guilt stood his ground, but Drane fled, it was thought to Spain, but in reality to his native village. So cleverly had he arranged matters that the keenest detectives in Scotland Yard were tracking him to Madrid, while he was lying *perdu* not three hours' journey from London.

The news of the discovery of the fraud, and his connection with it and disappearance, was four days old, but in Chittingdean it was not yet known. The rector was the only man who

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read a daily paper; we others took our information from the weekly columns of the *West Sussex Gazette.*

Imagine the strain and the anxiety the old man must have suffered during those days of uncertainty, till one night his son, gaunt, haggard, and dirty, tapped at his study window. He had slept out two nights, and was shivering with the chills and fever. His father dared not take him in because of the long-tongued bailiff and his wife, and he had hidden him in the cabin of an old water-logged barge that lay a little below the weir, hoping for an opportunity to get him out of the country; but in the forty-eight hours that he had been there his fever had increased, and he was now too ill to remain in his place any longer.

We woke up Dick, and after a brief consultation it was agreed that he and I should go and fetch the wretched man to the Cross-Keys. If Pollard saw us he would suspect nothing, for Dick had a whole array of eel-pots and night-lines set, besides which we sometimes went on the water quite late.

Our wits were singularly sharp that night. In those few minutes' flurried whispering in the dark little parlor (we had put out the lamp, fearing it might betray us) everything was arranged and no necessary detail forgotten. Mrs. Hawkins was to prepare a room, and, if we could succeed in getting Penstone to it, he was to pass as a French artist friend of Dick's, arrived suddenly, and equally suddenly taken ill. Of course it was very wrong, we were deliberately doing our best to defeat the ends of justice; but at the time we saw only the father's agony, and tried to help him in his efforts to save his son.

I shall never forget that walk to the river. The harvest moon was sailing along in all her splendor, flooding the roofs and walls of the houses, touching their points and gables with silver. We went down through the yard, where the big dog bounced upon his chain, and the horses in the stable moved uneasily. One old mare with a chronic cold scared me stiff, she coughed so like a human being, and every noise sounded so startlingly loud in the hushed stillness.

I did not go on board the barge, and it seemed an age to me before Dick reappeared up the cabin steps supporting a tall, thin man. His violent trembling made it no easy task to get him to the house. We took him into the parlor while his room was being prepared. We had decided it would be less suspicious to arouse the chambermaid, and that sleepy damsel

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was helping her mistress, when, to our horror, Penstone broke out into hysterical weeping, his cries rising louder and louder in spite of our efforts to hush them, till at last they reached the ears of the landlady of the Cross-Keys, and in another moment that terrible personage stood before him.

"Now, Master Penstone, you stop that noise! You stop it this minute now, or I'll call in the p'leeceman—I will for sure. Do you think I want the whole house disturbed? What! You *won't*, won't you?"

And taking him by the shoulders, she shook him as one shakes a naughty child, and, like a naughty child, he gave one or two frightened gasps and was quiet.

The doctor had to be sent for, and of course it was useless to try and keep the truth from him; but he was almost as old an inhabitant of Chittingdean as the rector, and his memory, leaping back a quarter of a century, showed him Penstone Drane, a little, fair-haired boy, playing with his own lads, and, with that recollection, how could he betray him? I doubt, however, if the secret could have been kept anywhere but at the Cross-Keys, but there the ruling spirit's word was law. If she said the "poor French gentleman" was to be waited on by her alone, no one dared dispute her authority or question its wisdom; and so it was that through his terrible illness Penstone was nursed devotedly night and day by rough-tongued, sound-hearted Jane Hawkins, and to her skill and care alone he owed his recovery.

When he could be moved he left with us, an emaciated bundle of wraps, carried by Dick to the fly and driven slowly over the breezy Downs to Newhaven, and put aboard the packet for Dieppe. From thence after a time he made his way to Spanish South America.

I have often wondered why we all took so much trouble to save so worthless a creature, and if it would not have been better to have let him die in the stifling four-foot cabin of Cheeseman's barge, where the air came only through the cracks and the water slipped softly past the window.

I would fain tell you that from that time a change for the better came over Mr. Drane, but a regard for truth obliges me to say that the old man came back from Dieppe unaltered, and dropped once more into his old ways. He still rides the raw-boned sorrel, he still rack-rents his tenants, and still inflicts the same old sermons on his congregation year out and in.

Dick pretends that he is thoroughly ashamed of his part in

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the matter; he says he would never have assisted in the least, if I had not roused him out of a sound sleep and talked him into participation in our "connivance at forgery" before he was fully awake. And when I say that if Penstone Drane had been caught it would have availed his creditors nothing, and he would probably only have died in prison, my husband answers that on these points women are invariably immoral, in support of which theory he quotes statistics to prove that it is always ladies who cheat the revenue by smuggling gloves and *eau de cologne* (on the matter of *cigars* he is strangely silent), and the railway companies by going first-class with second-class tickets—to which crushing facts I reply that only a man could be cruel enough to suggest giving up a hunted thing which had fled to him for refuge and protection.

Especially it makes Dick angry when he hears of Penstone's prosperity, for he has thriven in Mexico as he never could have thriven over here; besides growing rich himself he has married a fabulously wealthy Mexican belle, and his life is laid down on most lordly lines.

"I could forgive him," says Dick, "if he were only poor and miserable! But to think of that wretched scamp and coward rolling in wealth over there, while a hard-working painter—" etc., etc.

Jane Hawkins is more generous. From the moment she befriended them she took the Dranes, father and son, into her large heart. Old grievances were forgotten, old wounds healed, and she and the rector have become the greatest friends. He brings her Penstone's letters to read, and they chuckle together over the way they "did the law." Penstone never forgets her. Twice a year he sends her a great box, so that many strange pickles and sauces find their way into the Cross-Keys larder.

AGNES POWER.

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SIENA AND HER SAINTS.

OF all the towns of lower Tuscany none is more celebrated than "the city of the winds," as Siena is poetically called. As the tourist emerges from the tunnel of San Dalmasio he catches sight of the city, throned upon the brown crest of her hill-promontories, and commanding an extensive view of champaign country, stern and gray and uninteresting-looking in winter as an English midland county; but in summer the masses of green foliage and vine slopes pervaded with pale golden light seem everywhere filled with hidden and beautiful life. Geologists tell us that all this part of Tuscany consists of loam and sandy deposits, forming the basin between two mountain ranges, the Apennines and the chalk-hills of the western coast of Central Italy.

Its site is Etruscan, its name Roman, and its essential interest and beauty belong to the artists, statesmen, and soldiers of the middle ages. The character of the town is truly mediæval: a city wall follows the outline of the hill from which the towers spring, while the cypress-groves and olive-gardens slope downward to the plain.

The three places to which every one goes immediately in Siena are the cathedral, the house of St. Catherine, and the Palazzo Publico; and they all breathe the ascendency of mediæval ideas, the individual life of the city, its art and its religious tendencies, in all their fulness.

From any part of the city can be seen the straight brick tower of the Palazzo Publico, the House of the Republic, high above every other building. In the irregular Gothic edifice, now changed into prisons, law-offices, and show-rooms, the old government of Siena used to assemble. Here are the great frescoes of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, considered the greatest of the Sienese painters. They were executed in the early part of the fourteenth century, and express his theory of government—the benefits of peace and order, and the evils of tyranny and lawlessness—in magnificent allegories. The first fresco represents Peace, and the artist has painted the twenty-four councillors who formed the government, standing beneath the thrones of Justice, Concord, and Wisdom. They stretch in a double line to a gigantic figure representing the State and Majesty of Siena, surrounded by Peace, Fortitude, Prudence, Magnanimity,

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and Justice, while Faith, Hope, and Charity float like angelic visions in the sky above.

Another is a fresco of Siena herself, girt with battlement and moat to insure her peace, her streets crowded with busy life, the gates open, with streams of farmers bringing in their produce, hawking and hunting parties in full view; a schoolmaster watching his class, and figures of Geometry and Philosophy personified, indicate that education and science also flourish. The third fresco is Tyranny holding full sway, with Justice under his feet, Avarice, Fraud, and Cruelty sitting around him, and above figures of Nero, Caracalla, and other monsters in human form. Near by is also represented Siena, the reverse of the other picture, the streets filled with scenes of bloodshed, quarrel, and theft. And to those living then these were no mere fanciful allegories, but realities too often acted out at bitter cost within a few short years.

Over all the gates and public buildings is to be seen the monogram I. H. S., always surrounded by a halo. And the object of this is to perpetually recall the famous story of the illustrious St. Bernardino, who was born near Siena in 1380. The story of his life is too well known to need more than passing mention. He lost both his parents at an early age, and was tenderly brought up by an aunt. The singular purity of his character is well illustrated by the fact that if he came up to a group of his school-fellows who were engaged in boyish talk that partook of any irreverence, they would say: "Hush, there comes little Bernardino!" But it was the purity of strength that savors nothing of weakness; and when the plague scourged Siena, Bernardino devoted himself to the sick with dauntless heroism, while terror dried the springs of compassion in almost every heart. He even inspired twelve other young men with his passionate ardor, so that they shared his labors in a measure, and for four months nursed the dying and carried those stricken in the streets to hospitals or places of shelter. At last the overstrained body asserted itself, and for months Bernardino lay between life and death. On his recovery he devoted himself to the care of an aged, blind, and palsied aunt, and, left free, he went to live with a friend just outside the city. But once when praying before his crucifix the nakedness of his Lord upon the cross, without even a grave in which to rest, so reproached him that he sought the absolute consecration of heart and life in the Order of St. Francis. He was just twenty-nine when he took the habit, and the power and eloquence of his sermons were

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so remarkable that he was called "The Gospel Trumpet." When he joined the order there were but twenty convents of the Minor Friars of his branch of the order in Italy, and at his death there were two hundred. He was appointed vicar-general of his order by Pope Eugenius IV., and refused many bishoprics. He died on the vigil of the Ascension, and, by a most touching coincidence, to use no stronger word, at the hour of Vespers, just when the friars were chanting: "I have manifested Thy name unto men, which Thou gavest me," etc. We are told that a man once went to St. Bernardino and told him that his preaching was the cause of the artisan's utter ruin; that his trade was the manufacture of cards and dice, and that he had supported his family in comfort until now, when St. Bernardino had converted the whole city to such reformation in ways of living that no one gambled, so he was reduced to beggary. The saint told him to try to carve little tablets like the one he always held in his hand when preaching, and perhaps a sale might be found for them. They at once became the rage, every one desiring to possess a tablet, and the man ended by realizing a fortune.

In the very heart of Siena is the picturesque Piazza del Campo, where the great races were held every 15th of August, and on the upper side of it is the celebrated fountain, constructed in the middle of the fourteenth century, which gave such delight to the people of Siena and was so much admired that its architect was ever after called Jacopo of the Fountain. And, although suffering from the ravages of time, its novelty of design and beauty of general effect make it still one of the model fountains of the world. The sides of the Piazza are filled by the Palazzo Publico and other Gothic palaces containing many art treasures. Leaving these and threading the narrow, bricked streets, one catches a sudden view of the western façade of the cathedral on the very highest of the three hills on which Siena is built. The façade is of black and white marble, with an intermixture of red and other colors; but time has toned them down, so that black, white, and red do not contrast so strongly as they may have done five hundred years ago. The architecture has a variety which does not produce the effect of eccentricity, but of an exuberant imagination flowering out in stone. On high, in the great peak of the front, and throwing a subdued glory on the nave within, is a round window of immense size, whose painted figures can be dimly seen from the outside. Around the summit stand the venerable

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statues in clear relief against the Italian sky, the highest being one of our Lord.

One of our most brilliant word-painters says of this cathedral:

"But what I wish to express, and never can, is the multitudinous richness of the ornamentation; the arches within arches, sculptured inch by inch, of the rich doorways; the statues of saints, some making a hermitage of a niche, others standing forth; the scores of busts, that look like the faces of ancient people, gazing down out of the cathedral; the projecting shapes of stone lions—the thousand forms of Gothic fancy which seemed to soften the marble and express whatever it liked, and allow it to harden again to last for ever."

And it is a graphic illustration of the character of the times and the popular devotion to the church that people literally did give not only their money but *themselves* to this very cathedral. There is a document in existence, dated 1333, which preserves the actual names of one couple who had given themselves, as "oblates," with all their property, to the church, devoting themselves and their means to the advance of the work. The trustee in whose hands the property was placed pledged himself to give them support during their lives and burial after death.

The cathedral rises on its height of one hundred and fifty feet above the ravine-like valley below, and its rectangular bell-tower is only matched by the more aspiring tower of the Palace of the Republic standing on the Campo beneath. Around the feet of these towers the restless life of Siena whirled and eddied; and now that her life has run low and her glory become a memory, they seem only monuments of a former proud spirit now extinct. But when they were building these towers there was more than enough hot blood in the veins of the Sienese, and their pride and vanity, as well as their religion, were goaded to the work by the splendid cathedral of Pisa, not far off. Other less noted towns were also rebuilding their old churches, and Siena did not mean to fall behind, and the proud and prosperous city counted no cost too heavy for this undertaking. Large sums were voted by the Council of the Bell, the chief legislative assembly of the city, which was composed of three hundred citizens and met at irregular intervals, generally as often as once or twice a week, and was always called together by the ringing of the bell, from which it took its name.

But the fund was also increased by the offerings made each year at the feast of the Assumption (the 15th of August) by all

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the citizens of Siena and by the towns and cities subject to her rule. On the vigil of the feast a procession of the citizens, arranged under the ensigns of their trades and banners of their parishes, and in their distinctive costumes, headed by the nobles in their most splendid apparel, and accompanied by the magistrates in full official garb, was conducted in solemn pomp to the cathedral to take part in the services and lay their offerings on the altar. That evening or the next the deputies of the castles and villages under the dominion of Siena, all in gorgeous ceremonial robes, presented themselves with their tribute, their pride soothed by the fact that their token of submission took the form of an offering to the Lord.

The year 1260 is the most famous in all the history of Siena. While she was busy with her cathedral she was making preparations for a war in which her very existence as an independent city was at stake. The long contentions between Frederick II. and successive popes had embittered the great party strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines throughout all Italy. And though the ideas represented by the names were often lost sight of in the confusion of the times, in the main the Guelphs, led by the popes, were constant in opposition to a foreign ruler, and sought independence and unity for Italy; and the Ghibellines sought in supporting the emperor, who maintained, to the imagination at least, the ancient imperial tradition, to provide a strong feudal head for the state, under whose rule existing liberties would be safe and civil discords repressed. The death of Frederick, in 1250, greatly depressed the spirit of the Ghibellines. Free from the dread of his strong hand and his genius and good fortune, Florence, always Guelph at heart, called back her exiles, expelled some of the leading Ghibellines, and put herself at the head of the Guelph interest in Tuscany.

Siena adhering to the Ghibelline cause, preparations for war were begun with vigor on both sides, and by the summer of 1260 the army of Guelphs was encamped five miles from Siena, at its head the *carroccio*, or great car, from whose tall mast floated the red and white banner of Florence, the signal of the whole host. This car was a symbol of independence widely in use among the free cities of Italy. At each corner of the car stood a man steadying, by a rope attached to its top, the mast from which floated the banner of the army. On the platform from which the mast rose was hung a bell that sounded on the march and was rung while the car was stationary in time of battle. Upon this platform was also erected an altar, upon

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which Mass was said previous to an engagement, and on any distant expedition a priest attended the army for this special service.

When a halt was made the tent of the captain of the forces was set up by the *carroccio*, the signal of battle was given from it, and in case of defeat it was the rallying-point. Never before had so large a force set forth from the gates of Florence; for the contingent from other cities swelled the ranks to nearly 30,000 men.

There was no dismay in Siena, but everywhere the hurry of preparation; the council chose a syndic, giving him full power to govern the city; he was Bonaguida Lucari, a man of rank and of great goodness and purity of life. In the meantime the bishop had summoned all the clergy and gone to the cathedral to pray to God to defend them from the impious Florentines, and then they made a solemn procession barefoot through the cathedral. When the council was ended Bonaguida cried to the people before the church: "Though we be entrusted to King Manfred, yet now, meseems, we should give ourselves, the city and territory, to the Virgin Mary; and do ye all follow me."

Then he bared his head and his feet, stripped to his shirt, put his girdle around his neck, and, having caused the keys of all the gates of Siena to be brought to him, he took them and led the way for the people, who, all barefoot, followed him devoutly with tears and lamentations up to the Duomo, and, entering it, all the people cried aloud: "*Misericordia! Misericordia!*"

The bishop and priests came to meet them, and Bonaguida and the people all fell on their knees. Then all embraced and kissed each other, forgiving all wrongs, and Bonaguida uttered a prayer of dedication to the Virgin Mary. This gift was recorded by the public notary, like all acts of state, and there was a mosaic over the main door of the Duomo representing this whole scene. This is said to have been destroyed in the remodelling of the façade in the fourteenth century, and was a great loss to all lovers of the early art of Siena.

The next morning the people met in the Duomo once more to join in solemn procession. The crucifix, carved in relief, was taken down from over the altar and carried at the head of the procession. After it came the image of the Blessed Virgin under a canopy, then the bishop barefoot, and Bonaguida, with head and feet still bare, and girdle round his neck; then clergy and people, also barefoot, reciting psalms and prayers. And thus they went through Siena.

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What the Sienese lacked in numbers they made up in fury; and they were aided—at least the Florentines say so—by a traitor who cut off the hand of the Florentine standard-bearer. But in spite of treachery and panic at seeing the standard down, the Florentines fought bravely; and, as their fortune grew desperate, they rallied around the *carroccio* and defended it with passionate valor. They kissed it with tears, thus taking a last farewell of all they loved, and then turned to die, till a heap of dead surrounded it like a wall. But all their efforts were in vain—the Ghibellines got possession of it and dragged the banner of Florence in the bloody dust. Before nightfall the greater part of the Florentine host was dead or captive, the rest flying in dismay.

That night there was great joy in Siena; but neither she nor Florence has ever forgotten what they called *the vendetta of Montaperte.*

In the course of the next century Siena reached her highest point of glory. She was beautifying herself within and extending her dominion without, and she had never been so strong, so flourishing, so self-confident before. She had reached the crisis of her story, for the sources of civic virtue and public spirit were beginning to run low. Men were less honest, women less modest, and the new generation was less hardy and more passionate than the old. Law no longer restrained those who had ceased to honor justice, and ferocity knew no bounds. Homicides were common, and men taken by their enemies were tortured to the point of death, and then revived to be killed with every refinement of cruelty. At last the council, in despair of amendment, ordered a truce to all feuds during the feast of the Assumption, Christmas, and Holy Week; the rest of the time men carried their lives in their hands.

Siena was not alone in this; she shared the corruption of Italy. But the day of reckoning was close at hand. In the height of her glory the proud city was struck down by a blow from which she never recovered. The plague broke out, brought by some infected vessel from the East, and it was the most fearful on record. The sultry wind, laden with fetid exhalations from the earth, carried the contagion with fearful rapidity, and a restless fear and depression of spirits prepared the body for the seeds of disease. The plague struck down its victims at once in city and country, and spared no rank or condition of life. Then all bonds of fellowship and of society were loosened, and strange crimes and suspicions influenced the lives

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and thoughts of men. Innocent persons were hunted to death as spreaders of infection; the terrors of the grave broke through all forms of artificial life, and human precaution became cruel and merciless. Many accounts are given by eye-witnesses. One says: "At this time the great mortality began in Siena; greater, gloomier, more terrible than can be imagined. Men died while they were talking. The father hardly stayed to watch his child; one brother fled from another; the wife fled from her husband, because it was said this disease could be caught by looking. No one could be found to bury them, but he to whom the dead belonged, as soon as the breath was gone, took the body by day or by night to the church and buried it as best he might, covering it with a little earth that dogs might not devour it. In many places enormous trenches were dug and bodies thrown in in layers. I myself buried five of my children in one of these. No bells were rung, for each one expected death; and neither physician nor physic availed anything, but rather it seemed that the more care one took the sooner he died. And at this time there died in Siena more than eighty thousand persons." And the curious effect of all this horror was that those who were left fell to feasting and rejoicing, for each one felt as if he had regained the world and could not settle down to anything.

Siena did not recover from this blow, though, in time, men did become familiar with the new aspect of things and life began to run in the old channels. But the spirit of the city was broken, and this was no period for carrying on public works. The Duomo, as it now stands, forms only part of the vast original design, and the church, which looks so large from the beauty of its proportions and the interlacing of its columns, is but the transept of the old building, lengthened a little and surmounted by a cupola and bell-tower.

One most remarkable decoration is the line of heads of the popes carved all around the church above the lower arches. And not less peculiar to Siena is the pavement of the cathedral, inlaid with marble. Some of the designs are as old as the cathedral, and others are the work of later artists. They represent the history of the church before the Incarnation, and a special interest is felt in this pavement from its seeming connection with the twelfth canto of the *Purgatorio*.

In this cathedral are the ten celebrated frescoes illustrating the life of Æneas Sylvius, afterward Pius II., and a wonderful painting of the Passion by Sodoma.

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By going down the hill on which the Duomo stands, a valley is reached which lies between the old part of Siena and a hill to the west on which stands the church of San Domenico. Here has existed from the oldest times a kind of suburb inhabited by peasants, and here is the centre of deepest interest to all Sienese, for here is the birthplace of St. Catherine, the very house in which she lived, her father's workshop, and the chapel erected in memory of her saintly life.

Over the doorway is written in letters of gold, "The House of Catherine, the Bride of Christ." And inside they show the room she used and the stone on which she rested her head. They have her veil and staff and lantern, the bag in which her alms were placed, the sackcloth she wore under her dress, and the crucifix from which she took the Stigmata.

It is impossible, even after the lapse of centuries, that these relics could be fictitious, for every particular of her life was remembered and recorded with scrupulous exactness. She was famous throughout all Italy before her death, and her house was beloved by all the citizens who saw her daily leave it to help and comfort sick and plague-stricken wretches deserted by those who should have cared for them. Even those who take no interest merely in a canonized saint regard Catherine of Siena as the most noteworthy woman of her time, and her public life and its actual facts cannot be ignored by any one attempting to study the history of her native city. There are an indefinite number of her biographies, one a sketch by Baring-Gould in his *Lives of the Saints*, and one by her friend and confessor, Father Raymond of Capua, which gives a full account in detail of the private life of Catherine, and it has all the freshness of style and vividness of color of a Frà Angelico portrait. But the *public* life and influence of St. Catherine were so fresh in the minds of those for whom he wrote that he simply alludes to or wholly passes them over.

From the moment of her death St. Catherine's house became the object of veneration to thousands. On one side of it rises the huge brick church of St. Dominic, where the saint spent the long hours in solitude that won her the title of the Bride of Christ. And in the chapel attached to it she watched, fasted and prayed, and wrestled with her spiritual temptations. There she assumed the robe of poverty, and gave up her silver cross, and received the crown of thorns. And now that five centuries have passed away, her enthusiastic votaries still kiss the floor and steps on which she trod, and say: "This was the wall on which she leant when Christ appeared to her. This was the

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corner where she clothed him, naked and shivering, like a beggar-boy; here he sustained her with angels' food."

Catherine was one of twenty-five children born to Jacopo and Lapa Benincase, citizens of Siena. Her father was a dyer, and in the year of her birth, 1347, Siena was in the fulness of its pride and splendor, and then the plague began its ravages. With so large a family, and so much trouble abroad, it may be supposed her parents paid little attention to their children's characteristics, and for some time Catherine seems to have been quite unnoticed. But as early as six years old she began seeing visions, and longing for convent life, and collecting her little playmates and preaching to them. As she grew her desires strengthened, and she so vexed her parents by refusing to think of offers of marriage that they gave her all the meanest and hardest household duties, which she accepted uncomplainingly, at the same time living her desired life so far as she could. She scarcely slept, ate nothing but vegetables, and wore sackcloth under her clothes. At length her firmness of character won its way, and her parents consented to her assuming the Dominican robe between thirteen and fourteen. From this moment we see in her the remarkable combination of the nun, the philanthropist, and the politician.

For three years she never left her cell except to go to church, and kept almost unbroken silence. And when she was again drawn out into the world, it was to preach to infuriated mobs, to nurse men dying of the plague, to execute diplomatic negotiations, to harangue the republic of Florence, to correspond with queens, "and to interpose," as Milman says, between princes, popes, and republics. In the midst of this extraordinary career she continued all her ascetic practices, and at length died, worn out by inward conflicts and the fatigues and excitement of her political life.

Even those who do not reverence her as a canonized saint admit that when they look at the private life of St. Catherine it excites the profoundest amazement to think that the intricate politics of Central Italy, the councils of licentious and ambitious princes and nobles, could in any way be guided by such a woman. Alone, with no prestige except a reputation for sanctity, she dared to tell the greatest men in Europe of their faults: she wrote in words of absolute command, and they, demoralized, worldly, sceptical, or indifferent, yet never treated with scorn the voice of this gentle girl. Absolute disinterestedness, natural genius, and faith in her divine mission were her only power. All the circumstances of her life were against her. The daugh-

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ter of a tradesman overwhelmed with an almost fabulous number of children, Catherine never had even the pretence of an education. In the maturity of her genius she had never learned to read or write, yet the fact remains that writing became almost immediately a powerful and comprehensive means of expression to her, for she has left volumes of letters, besides a treatise on mystical theology, and she had also the capacity for dictating to three or four secretaries at once. To conquer self-love and live wholly for others was the one thing she urged upon all and practised rigorously herself, never resting day or night from some sort of service, and winning the almost adoring love of all who saw her by her loving unselfishness.

When she began her career as peacemaker in Siena her biographer says, in his artless way: "If all the limbs of my body were turned into tongues, they would not be enough to relate the fruit of souls won by this virgin to their Heavenly Father. I have seen a thousand persons or more come at the same time, both men and women, as if drawn by the sound of some unseen trumpet, from the mountains and villages in the territory of Siena. These persons, I don't say at her words, but even at the mere sight of her, were suddenly struck with compunction for their misdeeds and bewailed their sins with so great contrition that no one could doubt an abundance of grace had descended from heaven."

Whole families devoted to the vendetta were reconciled, and civil strifes were quelled by her addresses and personal influence, as well as her letters. St. Catherine was never beautiful, and her features were thin and worn, but her face so shone with transcendent love, and her eloquence was so pathetic in its tenderness that none could hear her or even look at her and remain unmoved. Her translated writings may sometimes be out of accord with our modern taste as to modes of expression, but simple and clear thoughts, profound convictions, and sternest moral teachings underlie her most ecstatic exclamations. Her reiterations of the word "love" are most significant; for it was the keynote of her theology, as well as the mainspring, the sustaining power, of her own life. One incident exhibits the peculiar character of her influence in a striking light. A young man living in Perugia, one Nicolà Tuldo, had been unjustly condemned for treason, and in the agony of rebellion against his sentence he cursed God and the day he was born, and utterly refused to think of or listen to words of submission to his hard fate. Priests and friends pleaded with him in vain; he only repeated his bitter, despairing words at having his life torn from

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him in the vigor of his manhood. At last Catherine was sent for, and by a few tender words she touched the aching heart no priest could soften, no threats of death or judgment terrify into submission. She says: "He now received such comfort that he willingly confessed, and made me promise to stand at the block beside him on the day of execution." After further interviews Catherine went with Tuldo to the altar when he made his first communion, and, wholly at peace, he had but one remaining dread—that he might not meet death bravely. Then he begged Catherine: "Stay with me, my sister; do not leave me; so it shall be well with me." She replied: "Comfort thee, my brother; the block shall soon become thy marriage altar, the Blood of Christ shall bathe thy sins away, and I will stand beside thee."

When the day came she went to the scaffold and waited there for him in earnest meditation. She even laid her own head on the block and tried to picture the pains and joys of martyrdom. She became so absorbed in thought that time and place were lost to her, and she no longer saw the gathering crowd of spectators to witness the ghastly spectacle, while she prayed on silently for Tuldo's soul. At length he came, walking, she says, "like a gentle lamb." She called him brother, and herself laid his head on the block, and held his hands, and told him of the Lamb of God. His last words were her name and that of his Lord, and then the axe fell, and Catherine saw him borne by angels into Paradise.

In these days of courted notoriety and passionate ambition we may well draw a breath of inspiration from the humility of this wonderful life. While Catherine undoubtedly possessed certain qualities in common with all leaders of mankind—enthusiasm, eloquence, the charm of a gracious nature, and the will to *do* what she designed—yet she founded no religious order. Her work was essentially a *woman's* work—to make peace, to help the ill and troubled, to feed the poor, to strengthen the church, and to be a source of purity and light wherever she moved.

When she died, in 1380, in her thirty-second year, she left a memory more of love than of power, the fragrance of a pure, unselfish life, and her place was in the hearts of the poor, who still crowd her shrine on festival days. It was not until 1461 that Catherine was canonized by her countryman, Pope Pius II., Æneas Sylvias Piccolomini.

The workshop of Catherine's father is now a church, containing an interesting statue of her and four pictures illustrat-

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ing her life: one of her saving two Dominican monks who had been attacked by brigands; one of her visit to St. Agnes of Montepulciano; one of a visit to a hospital; and one of her reproving a youth about to commit suicide.

The site of her garden is also a church, and a little higher up the hill is the great church of St. Dominic, where she took the vows of the Third Order, and where are many celebrated pictures of her. Indeed, many of the most celebrated painters of Italy have chosen subjects from her life, especially Sodoma, who has represented her receiving the Stigmata. Her most interesting portrait is by Andrea Vanni, and is at the left of the entrance to the church, with Sodoma's "Charities of St. Catherine" to the right. This Andrea Vanni was among the devout admirers of St. Catherine during her life, and he belonged to a family of artists, the first of whom, his grandfather, flourished in the beginning of the fourteenth century; and the last of the line, Raffaello Vanni, died towards the end of the seventeenth. The family was noble, and it appears that, besides being the best painter of his time, Andrea was Capitano del Popolo, and was sent as ambassador from the republic of Siena to the pope and afterwards to Naples, where, during his embassy, he painted several pictures, and he has been styled by Lanzi "the Rubens of his age." St. Catherine seems to have regarded him with maternal tenderness, and among her letters are three addressed to him during his political life, containing admirable advice with respect to the affairs committed to him, as well as his own moral and religious conduct. She begins, "Dear Son in Christ," and points out to him the means of obtaining an influence over the minds of those around him, and then adds: "I do not see how we are to govern others, unless we first learn to govern ourselves." Vanni's portrait shows us a spare, worn, but elegant face, with small, regular features. Her black mantle is drawn around her; she holds her spotless lily in one hand, and the other is presented to a kneeling nun, who seems about to put it reverentially to her lips; this figure has been called a votary, but some think it may represent the pardon and repentance of her enemy, Palestrina. "The Swoon of St. Catherine in the Arms of her Sisterhood," by Sodoma, is considered one of the marvels of art. The traditionary type of countenance which may be traced in all her pictures has a real foundation, besides that of her contemporary portraits, for her head, which was embalmed after death, is still preserved in the church. The skin is fair and white, and the features look more like sleep than death. They have the breadth and squareness of outline and

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the long, even eyebrows which gave its peculiar calm to her expression. This relic is publicly shown once a year on the 6th of May, the Festa of St. Catherine, and a procession of priests and people holding tapers, and children dressed in white, carry a silver image of their patroness about the city. And then, in all the blaze of waxlights and sunlight, far away beyond the shrine and dim through the incense, is held up the pale, white, worn face that spoke so much and suffered so deeply long ago.

It must be in strange contrast with all the fulness of luxuriant landscape and hum of life outside, and to the faithful kneeling all about, full of wonder, gazing with reverent awe at the relics, or softly repeating to each other the stories of the miracles of the saint.

OUR DRINKS AND OUR DRUNKARDS.

"DRINK it down! Drink it down!" So runs the cheering, classic refrain of the American hymn to Bacchus. Drink down what? Oh! the "good old brandy punch"; the "good old whiskey punch"; the "good old claret punch"; the "good old Bourbon whiskey"; the "good old Burgundy wine"; the "good old Rhine wine"—in "deep, deep draughts." *Sancta simplicitas!*

Within the last fifty years there has been an extraordinary increase in the consumption of alcoholic drinks. A really serious man could seriously say that "modern progress" has been lifted to its present dizzy height on a mounting wave of rum. Among the nations we have not been specially favored. Here the wave has risen no higher than in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Norway, or England. Probably the French do not top the wave-crest. But how noble their striving! In 1850 the feeble Frenchmen of the incubating Empire sipped a miserable thirteen million gallons; in 1885 the vigorous sons of the Republic engulfed thirty-three million gallons. Everywhere thinking men were long since moved to action. Moral means have been used to arrest the growth of the evil, and certainly with some success. The law has been invoked, with even greater success. In 1881 the Hollanders passed a law against public drunkenness. A limit was set to the number of bar-rooms. In 1882 there were but 1,640 bars, against the 2,003 that flourished before the traffic was regulated by law. Better still, there was a decline of

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nine hundred thousand gallons in the quantity consumed. Norway likewise took to the law as a remedy. Not every Norwegian hotel and restaurant is permitted to sell liquors. Certain places are allowed to be open only on certain days or at certain hours. At other places the dram-drinker must take a quart or go dry. In the list of the reformed, Norway shows the highest average. The Swiss did not escape the fatal epidemic. Other means of cure failing, they too have had recourse to law, and with advantage. Belgium has had a like experience.

Self-protection compelled these states to interfere—will compel other states to interfere. Look at England, where alcohol kills its 50,000 a year! Look at France again, where the percentage of suicides doubled within thirty years, and where twenty-five per cent. of the men and five per cent. of the women who are placed in asylums are drunkards! Look at great Prussia, where forty-six per cent. of those who go to jail are drunkards! It is no longer a question of sentiment, of theory. It is above all a practical question: How can we protect society against the ravages of a terrible plague?

Men will fight for their habits. Pleasure deafens a man. The argument of reason he meets by unreasoning argument. The argument of fact is not heard. Practical men who know mankind and recognize the force of existing conditions will waste no time contending for the best means of cure. They will accept any, every right means, however slightly remedial. Time and organization are two powerful factors in correcting evil.

Will "high license," the limiting of the number of bars according to population, the encouragement of "light-wine" drinking, the severe punishment of the drunkard or of the unlicensed dealer—will any or all of these measures correct the evil of modern alcoholism? Does not the real evil lie too deep down to be reached by any of these palliatives? Let us see.

Words are more fixed than things. We keep and use the word when the thing itself has changed or gone. Think you that to-day the word "liquor" means what it meant fifty years ago? or the word "alcohol," or "wine," or "drunkard," or "sot"? Probably you have not thought much about the matter. Well, then, a few minutes given to the consideration of facts may help to a thoughtful answer.

The alcohol of alcohols is the "spirit of wine"—grape alcohol, to speak unscientifically. This is the alcohol of *good* brandy, ethylic alcohol, the least hurtful of all alcohols. Nature has distributed alcohol generally, but sparingly. It is present in

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spring-water, in the river, in the soil. Fortunately, alcohol cannot be profitably distilled from springs and rivers. If it could, what a luxury water would be! However, alcohol can be manufactured profitably from any substance that contains a given quantity of starch. The starch is transformed into sugar, and from sugar into alcohol. From corn, rye, and wheat we get the alcohols which, in the form we drink them, are known as whiskeys. These alcohols are not the same as the alcohol of brandy. They are amylic alcohols. Amylic alcohols are hurtful. They may be made less hurtful by means of successive distillations, but even distillation will not give them the quality of the alcohol of wine. Hurtful alcohols are also extracted from rice and oats. Vinegar is now made from wooden logs. There is no reason why a kind of alcohol should not be made from sawdust. Possibly it is so made, though we have seen no report of the fact. To modern chemistry we owe the impetus given to the manufacture of the bad and cheap alcohols, which are chemically formed from the beet-root and the potato. Besides the ethylic alcohol and the amylic alcohol we have in commerce the propylic and butylic alcohol.

The alcohols made from rice, oats, indeed from grain generally, are poisonous; those from beet-root and potato are deadly. In France, where the chemists have studied the subject closely, M. Henninger found that a dose of sixteen grains of amylic alcohol sufficed to kill any ordinary dog. M. Dujardin-Beaumetz and M. Audigé, in 1879, presented the results of a series of careful experiments to the Academy of Medicine. These experiments were made on swine, who were not educated drunkards. MM. Beaumetz and Audigé tried to determine the "killing point" of the various alcohols. And in order that their experiments might have a more than ordinarily exact value, they based them on the weight of the alcohol administered and the weight of the animal on which they experimented. According to their figures, fifteen ounces of ethylic alcohol will kill an ordinary man. Propylic alcohol is twice as effective; eight ounces will do the work. Butylic alcohol is more expeditious still, four ounces sufficing. As if this were not deadly enough, here is amylic alcohol with a "killing point" of three ounces—or, to put it another way, five times deadlier than the "spirit of wine"!

France is the home of good brandy and of the "spirit of wine." In 1840 her output of grape alcohol and brandy amounted to 15,730,000 gallons. The total production of the

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year 1883 was 322,916 gallons. Still there has been no lack of *good* brandy! Curious fact, is it not? Let us have some more figures. In 1875 the French manufactured 8,118,000 gallons of alcohol from the beet-root and 2,200,000 gallons from various kinds of grain. But in 1883 the production of alcohol from beet-root amounted to 13,860,000 gallons, and from grain the product was 12,364,000 gallons. That matter about the *good* brandy is somewhat more intelligible, perhaps. It is evident that the word "alcohol" has a broader meaning than it had fifty years ago. And possibly some especially keen-witted reader has already begun to question whether the word "brandy" means what it meant fifty years ago.

Potato alcohol, beet-root alcohol, and the other vicious alcohols are to-day freely manufactured in answer to the demand of a large and growing market. We may safely say that the brandies, whiskeys, rums, or gins which three-fourths of the people drink are made from these *poisonous* alcohols. The word is well chosen—poisonous—so proven, positively, virulently poisonous. A year ago, in 1887, Dr. Laborde and Dr. Magnan presented to the Paris Society of Medicine the results of a thorough analysis of these alcohols. Among the chemical constituents of the still unbaptized brandy, or whiskey, or gin these patient analysts found "pyromuric aldehyde," better known as "furfurol." This is a violent poison, a known provocative of epilepsy. Sudden deaths among drinking-men are not uncommon. In this city, within the last five years, there have been several cases of the kind. You know the "item." "Last night a man was arrested in the street for drunkenness. He was taken to the station-house. The police-surgeon pronounced the man drunk. The sergeant ordered him to be put in a cell. In the morning, when the cell was opened, there lay the man, dead." His relatives suspect that the police clubbed him. The newspapers charge the surgeon and the police with criminal neglect. The coroner declares it another case of the ever-convenient "heart disease," and there's an end of it. These sudden and inexplicable deaths of drinking-men have been frequent in Europe as well as in this country. Dr. Laborde and Dr. Magnan are the first to offer a satisfactory solution of the mystery. The action of "furfurol" is known. This terrible drug constricts the breathing apparatus, arrests respiration suddenly, chokes the victim. The unfortunate man who lies lifeless in the cell was garroted—from within. If the drinker of the bad alcohols escapes the fatal "furfurol," he is, if more slowly, no less surely poisoned. The *post-mortem* tells the story. The intestines and

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the liver become more and more congested, inflamed, and the large vessels, especially the aorta, gradually degenerate. There is a steady consumption of the elements of muscular force. These statements are not based on the passionate assumptions of the theoretic total-abstainer or political prohibitionist. They are based on scientific observation—on a cold, dispassionate, unprejudiced study of a bald, plain record of facts.

In their original state the vicious alcohols are so nauseous that the ordinary toper will not drink them. And yet they are less harmful than the stuffs he willingly swallows. The alcohols of grain, of beet-root, of potatoes are colorless, and each of them has its own characteristic flavor and odor. The chemists saw the problem and were equal to it. To turn these poisons into any one of the popular liquors or "cordials" is "as easy as winking." Here is our poisonous alcohol; shall we give it a rum flavor and odor, or would you prefer brandy or whiskey? The French chemist has provided us with various "bouquets"—"*bouquet de Cognac*," *de genièvre*, etc. These bouquets are poisonous. Add poison to poison—what chance has the drinker? Of what are these "bouquets" made? Butyric ether, acetic ether, sulphuric acid, cyanhydric acid, cyanure of phenol; and of various extracts—essence of violets, castor-oil, pulverized cashew or sassafras, Canada maiden-hair, broom-flower, iris. Color with a preparation of oak-bark or vanilla. Or, if you prefer, you may flavor with the German "essential oil of wine-lees." Through the oxidation of castor-oil, butter, cocoa, etc., the chemist obtains certain acids: caprilic acid, caproic acid, etc. Under pressure these are etherized with ethylic, amylic, and propylic alcohols. With these various ethers, and a good supply of villanous alcohol, you can crowd a bar or stock a cellar with brandies and whiskeys or whatever else you please. A few drops of the ether will flavor a large volume of the alcohol. There are qualities in "bouquets." For common folks there are ordinary stuffs; but if you are particular you can get a superior article. The fine "bouquets" are compounded out of nitro-benzine, prussic acid, essence of bitter almonds, benzonitril, lactate of methyl.

Nor has the modern trader or chemist neglected the favorite cordials or the popular "bitters." A sugared mixture and a few drops of the proper cordial "essence," and you have vermouth, or absinthe, or noyau. Dr. Magnan and Dr. Laborde analyzed these "essences." Their flavoring qualities depend on the presence of salicylate of methyl, salicylic aldehyde, benzoic aldehyde, or benzonitril. These are all frightful poisons. Sali-

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cylate of methyl causes epilepsy, convulsions, hysteria. Salicylic aldehyde, which is the ordinary flavoring used in vermouth and in "bitters," induces epilepsy; while benzoic aldehyde, the bouquet of the noyau of the day, provokes tetanic convulsions. Ah! you epicure of the Neapolitan or Parisian American *table d'hôte;* you connoisseur, *gourmet*, of the "wine-included" Bordeaux, the mocking smile forsakes your dainty lips! You are engaged suddenly with an interesting problem. Let me divine its scope. On your contracted mental blackboard you are figuring the probable potency of the customary *pousse-café* at Monsieur Bonvin's or at Signor Falsificatorelli's? Of course I was right! And you are pleased with the result! Egad! it is my turn to laugh. After this why not buy your own drugs and glucose? You doubt if the druggist would sell you the things without a physician's prescription? And why not? Have I forgotten the law against selling poisons? No, sir, I have not. And now let me ask you a question: Why should this law cover the apothecary's counter and not extend to the restaurant bar? They have a famous astronomer in Virginia, Brother Jasper, who maintains that "the sun *do* move." Do you not think that if our gifted brother were to turn his powerful optics on the earth's crust he would find large sections of it that do *not* move, and, more important still, that we are located on one of them?

The man of means, who knows good liquor from bad, and who is willing to pay for the good, can have good brandies or whiskeys or gins. But what of the mass of our population? All they can have are poisonous solutions, ruinous to health when drunk in moderation, and speedily fatal when drunk immoderately—poisons that craze before they kill. The evil is positive, patent, and of wide and lasting effect. It is an evil affecting the welfare not only of the living citizen and the existing state, but the welfare of the family, the growing children, the progeny still unborn. A remedy, immediate and adequate, is imperative in the interest of the common weal. If the law cannot protect us from the disease, the madness, and the crime that are necessary concomitants of the poisoned liquors of the day, shall we not protect ourselves by means of private association? Shall we protect the horse and the dog, and be cruel only to ourselves? Why empty the can of watered milk in the gutter, and pass by the cask of poisoned, poisoning liquor in the bar-room cellar? Society should be awakened to the fact that our alcohols are not the alcohols of the past, that liquor is not the same liquor, and that the word "drunkard" has a terribly

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changed meaning. Systems of sewage, of ventilation, of plumbing, of rapid transit, of land tenure or taxation, are of small import compared with the question of chemist's alcohol.

We cling fondly to old traditions and to old "saws." Witness the "light-wine" tradition, and the old "saw," "If you would correct the evil of intemperance, encourage the use of light wines." In the past there was wisdom in the saying. To-day there is none. Where are you to get your wine, light or heavy? Cheap, or dear, "somethings" called wines you may have—but let us try to learn more about the wine of the period.

You know what a fatal enemy of the grape the phylloxera proved to be. The French vines suffered severely. Among great and small, in the Côte d'Or as well as in the Gironde, the phylloxera blighted the grape. The crops grew less and less, and the vintner poorer and poorer. Something had to be done. M. Petiet did it in 1881. After the grapes had been pressed, and all the old-fashioned wine had been extracted from them, he gathered together the skins and treated them to a bath of sugared water. Eureka! a second vintage. The new vintage was thin, of course, but the chemists found nothing hurtful in it. In color, as compared with the wine of ante-phylloxera times, it lost about a half; in alcohol it was but slightly deficient; and as a food it was declared to be two-thirds as good as the real thing. This is light wine No. 2. Well, if grape-skins and a sugar-bath will give a pretty good light wine, why not keep bathing the skins? How bright you are! That is exactly the notion which presented itself to some of the vintners. Forthwith they proceeded to give the same mess of skins three, four, five baths. On the homœopathic principle of "high potencies," it is just possible that, intrinsically, bath No. 5 was more potent than our No. 2. But, certainly, you would not suspect this when drinking it. However, here was the raw material of a considerable quantity of "light wine." Constructively it was the juice of the grape. It was deficient in color, but this could be remedied —chemically. It was deficient in alcohol, but this could be easily remedied. There was the beet-root alcohol and the potato alcohol. Nothing could be simpler! Have a glass of "light red wine"? Oh! do. *It will warm you up!*

Then there was the "good" wine. The supply was so scanty, it seemed a pity not to put it all to good use. Happy thought! Let us draw off some of the good wine from the cask, and replace it by good water. You find it a little weak! Had we not better "vinify" it? How do you suppose wine is "vinified"? Have you forgotten the bad alcohols? Good wine,

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and good water, and a dose of potato alcohol—you see the vintage goes on bravely. Who will care for phylloxera now? So much for the French wines, red or white. The "light red wine" of our fathers has gone for ever, it is to be feared. And we must reconsider our cherished theory of "light wines" remedying intemperance. Analyzing the Bordeaux wines some years ago, M. Henninger found four grains of amylic alcohol to the quart of wine. Sixteen grains, if you remember, kill a dog. In a white Alsatian wine the same chemist found eight grains of the same poisonous alcohol to the quart.

Oh! you meant "light German wines"! They used to be very good indeed, even in our time. The phylloxera has not done much harm to the Rhine vineyards, that is true. But the demand for the Rhine wines has largely increased. Our American Germany would have the "good Rhine wine." The Continental demand grew apace. The crops were not always large enough to supply everybody. There was nothing to do but to call on the chemist. Of course everything that honest men could do had already been done. The "good Rhine wine" had been watered and vinified; the California wines had been imported, mixed, and vinified. But still it was impossible to make enough of "light wine." A doctor with the pleasing name of Gall came to the rescue. Now, when the grape has been harvested, the must of the meanest, poorest grapes along the river is gathered into great vats. A soapy-looking substance, manufactured from potatoes, is mixed with the must, and the pump is turned on. Water is not added absolutely *ad lib.*, but it is added in amount sufficient to assure much more than the normal quantity of wine. When this "broth" has sufficiently fermented it is strained off. The potato-sugar is again added, the pump works, and so on until the lees are exhausted. Natural fermentation being no longer possible, chemical ferments and artificial heat are used successfully. Compared with the ordinary brandy or whiskey of commerce, the first "brew" of Dr. Gall's Rhine wine may be commended, on account of its "lightness." But when we get down to wash No. 4 or No. 5, would they not be a little too "light," unless vinified and odorized? And, whether or no, would you recommend their use as a cure for intemperance? True, they could send us more pure wine from Germany. The grape is there. This new process of wine-making has diminished the demand for the grape. Oh! the perversity of man! Our fathers were right in their day. They knew good wine and recognized the comparative sobriety of

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wine-drinking as compared with whiskey-drinking peoples. But our fathers would not father the trash that is offered to us. Could they speak they would warn us against the wine that is not wine. Can we not recognize the change in the "thing" and protect ourselves against the chemist?

Let us hand down a proverb to our children: "Set a chemist to catch a chemist!" If science has bargained to undo us for pay, we must buy science to save us. There is really no other way.

How about the "light wines" of Spain and Italy? None are brought here. Those that are imported are "fortified," "vinified," and compounded out of all semblance to wine. In the march of civilization the chemist keeps a little ahead of the school-teacher.

The utilitarian scientific school has been busy eliminating God from the list of reasonable conceptions. The practical benefits derived, or to be derived, from the efforts of the school in this direction are not immediately apparent. If all the shoemakers stuck to their lasts, possibly we would be more indebted to the shoemakers. Will not the "Knights of Chemistry" aid us by an "international" combination, organized to eliminate bad alcohols, bad liquors, bad cordials, and bad wines from commerce? The good to be effected is immeasurably greater than all that can be hoped for from "museums of art" or of "natural history," "manual training," or the American flag on the school-house roof.

To come back to our opening dithyramb, does the toper of the period still desire to "drink it down"? Shall we, quite out of time, recklessly sing the now senseless song of our fathers? If we can compose no sweeter air or construct no more grateful rhythm, may we not at least accommodate ourselves to the facts? This is essentially the time for facts, solid facts—liquid facts—as we know. A real scientific version of our song should run thus:

"Here's to the bad new brandy punch!" "Here's to the vile new whiskey punch!" "Here's to the doctored claret punch!" "Here's to the epileptic Bourbon whiskey!" "Here's to Gall's 'light' potato-wine!" "Drink it down!" No, no, that won't do now! "Throw it out! Throw it out." Certainly, that is more sensible. In time you will find this version less strange. Truth grows on us. And the new song will be quite as exhilarating and vastly more hygienic than the old one.

John A. Mooney.

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THE ANNALS OF A VENDÉAN.

V.

(*Concluded.*)

YOUNG Monsieur Henri (for so his Vendéan liegemen chose to name La Rochejaquelein), finding himself sworn into the ranks at Aubier, gained a good victory there, captured large supplies of ammunition, and fired two hundred shots, being an expert from boyhood, as earnest of his future activity. Thence he rode by night to Bonchamp and D'Elbée, and the weary army of Anjou, bringing aid and arms, and, as a gift not least, the contagious cheer that was in him. Victories, due in the main to his restless energy, followed in swift succession. Though his growth, in all things, went steadily towards reasonableness and the golden mean, his chief early characteristic was hare-brained intrepidity. He was constantly exposing himself, pursuing too far, "combating with giants," as Burton says, "running first upon a breach, and, as another Philippus, riding into the thickest of his enemies." He was wholly without fear—as wholly, at first, without foresight; and it took many bitter denials and reverses to teach him the pardonableness of deliberation and second thought in others. But, while he lived, wherever he went he was a force. He was of the stuff of Homer's joyous men. His decisive habit of mind mastered elder and better soldiers. His troops were his, proudly and fondly, for risks such as no other general besought them to run. He was for ever winning over new admiration by some spurt of daring, some astonishing fooling with death or failure. Many a dragoon was cut down with his sabre; horses were slain under him again and again. Were a brave prisoner suffering suspense, Henri must needs take down two swords and offer to clinch matters by fighting him singly. This laughing audacity of his had no brag nor cant in it. It was the metal of which he was made, that which he lived by, the blameless outcome of himself. His companions respected it, and shook their heads, without speech. But they knew that such sowing did not promise the aftermath of gray hairs,

> "Home-keeping days and household reverences."

It is interesting to know that Henri had one of those singular

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natural antipathies no effort of will can correct. At Pontorson, while Madame de Lescure was sitting in a room, with her tame black-and-gray squirrel in her lap, Henri came in and backed against the door, pale and trembling. He said, with a laugh, that the sight of a squirrel gave him a feeling of invincible terror. His friend asked him to stroke the little creature; he did so, shaking in every limb, and avowing his weakness with great simplicity and humor. He was never much of a talker. Discussions vexed him. If called upon in council, he would, overcoming his extreme diffidence, speak his mind briefly, and, having done, withdraw or fall asleep. No one of the officers was more humane at battle's end; but nevertheless Henri's element was battle. His Paradise was like Valhalla, where he could have the combat and the chase, and the "red right hand of Odin," and he looked forward to a life where he should play soldier for ever. "When the king" (Louis XVII.) "is on the throne," he said to his cousin Lescure, whom he loved, "I shall ask a regiment of hussars." It was his whole desire of guerdon, and it was in accord with the ungrasping temper of the south.

Lescure had also the Roman spirit of "devotement"; any day he was ready to outdo Curtius and Horatius. In the rout of Moulin-aux-Chèvres he drew the hostile squadrons from the pursuit of the frantic Vendéans by calling their attention to himself and to La Rochejaquelein by name. At Thouars he forced the bridge of Vrines alone amid a shower of balls. He returned to his dispirited comrades with exhortations; one emboldened peasant followed him to the second charge. But at the instant Henri arrived, with Forêt, to join Lescure and fire the lagging troops, as the celestial armies were fabled to have fought, at need, for the old commonwealths. Here, this same day, mounted on the shoulder of a peasant named Texier, one of the most valuable men in the ranks, Henri broke the coping of the fortress wall, and through the breach hurled stones at the flying Blues. His course henceforward is to be tracked in these flashing incidents—deeds, as it were, compacted of sense and wit. At the siege of Saumur, at a wavering moment of the assault, he flung his hat into the entrenchments. "Who will fetch that for me?" he cried, certain of his response, and, with his usual *verve*, leaping towards it himself. The crowd rushed after him as one. In the same engagement he saved the life of M. de Baugé, struck from his saddle while loading Henri's pieces for him; as at Antrain, with a call for greater adroitness, he saved that of M. de La Roche St. André. The garrison at Saumur was left to

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his charge, much to his disrelish. He chafed and fretted a time for the inaction, and presently his discerning men, despite the fifteen sous a day which, as the first Vendéan bribe, were offered them to remain, discovered that there was nothing more to fear, and slipped away to their firesides. Soon but nine were left, and with them Henri departed gloomily, carrying his cannon, and at Thouars burying them in the river. At La Flèche he had to fight, half-disheartened, all but alone. At Martigné, and again at Vihiers, his name was urged constantly to encourage the soldiers when he had not yet arrived on the field.

He stood in a hollow path, giving orders, during an obstinate engagement at Erigné. A ball struck his hand, shattering his thumb and glancing to the elbow. He did not stir nor drop his pistol. "See if my elbow bleeds much," he said to his companion officer. "No, Monsieur Henri." "Then it is only a broken thumb," he said, and, with his eyes straight to the front, went on directing his troops. It proved to be an ugly and dangerous wound. Not long after, before Laval, his right arm limp and swollen in a sling, he was attacked on a lonely road by a powerful foot-soldier. He seized the fellow by the collar with his left hand, and so managed his horse with his legs that his struggling assailant was unable to draw upon him. A dozen Vendéans came up, eager to kill the man who menaced their general. Henri forbade it. "Go back to the Republicans," he said; "say that you, Goliath! were alone with the chief of the brigands, who had but one arm to use and no weapons, and that you could not harm him!"

In addition to his blue greatcoat and his wide, soft hat, he wore anything which he found available, and adopted for his distinctive mark a red handkerchief of Chollet make about his neck, and another about his waist to hold his pistols. Among the Blues at Fontenay it quickly became a universal order, "Fire at the red handkerchief!" The other leaders, unable to dissuade Henri to doff it, adorned themselves with the same insignia and saved him from the sharpshooters. Later he wore his famous white sash with its little black knot.

VI.

In the autumn of 1793 occurred the memorable passage of the Loire. It was undertaken against the urgent appeals of La Rochejaquelein and a few others, in the hope of obtaining succor and new strength from the Bretons, and of opening a northern French seaport to their expected allies from England. Four

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thousand men were detached from the army, under Falmont, and sent to St. Florent. This was the first of a series of fatal mistakes, at a time when the Vendéan forces should have held jealously together. More than eighty thousand people, their homes burning behind them, peril hanging over their heads, the coming winter bearing heavily on the very old and the very young, the Republican hosts advancing to exterminate them; Bonchamp, on whose advice the move was undertaken, on whose sagacity the others relied, dying; Lescure, wounded at Chollet in the midst of his frenzied squadrons, dying; the bewildered, groaning multitude dropping, like the pallid passengers of the Styx, into the river-boats—what a spectacle! The great tears of anger and sorrow stood thick in Henri's eyes.

Cathelineau, the first and, next to Charette, the ablest commander-in-chief of the Vendéans, having been mortally wounded before the gates of Nantes, D'Elbée, by skilful manœuvring, had himself appointed his successor. But after the passage of the Loire, D'Elbée, in the confusion, was not to be found. Lescure, besought to take matters into his own hands, immediately moved that the officer best beloved by all divisions of the army, and best known to them, Henri de La Rochejaquelein, should be nominated to the vacant generalship. "As for me, should I recover," added Lescure, "you know I cannot quarrel with Henri. I shall be his aide-de-camp." A council of war was held at Laval. Henri, never known to push himself forward, was bitterly averse to the measure. As advocate against his own claims he made his longest speech. He represented that he had neither age nor experience, that he was merely a fighter, that he had too little practical wisdom, that he was too untenacious of his own opinions, and that he should never know how to silence those who opposed him. In vain. After the ensuing vote he was found hidden in a corner, and cried like a child on Lescure's breast for the unsought honor thrust upon him. He was to have no further guardianship and support from that dearest of his friends. At Fougères, after great suffering, Lescure died. In the room where his body lay Henri said to his widow: "Could my life but restore him to you, oh! I would bid you take it."

More griefs befell. Bonchamp, too, died ("The news of these two," said Barère in the Convention, "is worth more than any victory!"); his body, like Lescure's, carried for a brief time under the colors, was buried at St. Florent. His orphan son, Hermenée, became Henri's special care, his darling and bedfellow. The child rode for months in the rear-guard of the

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army, beating his little drum, haranguing the soldiers with pretty ardor, and remembering each lovingly by name.

Pursued always by an immense force, obliged to leave at every stopping-place the wounded and the sick, the women and babes, to mark their trail and to perish by massacre, the wretched Vendéans hurried on feverishly, defeating the garrison at Château-Gontier and winning the day at Laval. Opportunities arose to retreat and to re-establish themselves in La Bocage; but Henri exhorted in vain. At Avranches the army became mutinous. Yet with every responsibility there came to him a growing prudence and calm. He learned to cover a rout, to reap the full fruit of a victory. Many of the elder sub-officers who watched him were touched and comforted, as at Château-Gontier, where he forbore his old impetuous charges, but rode close to his column, clearing up the confusion, hindering the bravest from advancing alone, and holding the disciplined musketeers together. But his light heart at last had failed him, for too truly the tide of disaster had set in.

When the insurgents started to return they found the country which they had just conquered reoccupied by their enemies; they had to contest the way back to the Loire inch by inch. At Pontorson they routed the Blues. Forêt fell there: no quarter was given nor taken. A bloody battle followed at Dol, where few of the Vendéans, dying, as they were, of homesickness, exhaustion, and hunger, had the physical strength to handle their muskets. While there was a single man to stand by him Henri fought like a lion; and then, alone and seemingly numb with despair, he turned about and faced a battery with folded arms. It was owing to the exhortations of the curé of Ste.-Marie-de-Rhé, and in part to the superb energy of the women, that the men rallied and wrested yet another victory from their foes. At Angers, again, Henri would fain have lashed up the flagging spirits of his old comrades; the batteries having made a small breach in the town walls, he, Forestier, Boispréau, and one other flung themselves into it: not a soul rallied to their defence. A miserable huddled mass, the army fell back on Baugé, and, unable to seize an advantage, ran hither and thither, ever away from the Loire. Desertions set in; famine and pestilence came upon them. At the bridge of La Flèche, Henri, with a small picked body of horsemen, overcame the garrison with an adroit move, and there was a flicker of great hope. But at Foultourte, with the utmost bravery, in his old fashion he charged once more, alone.

In the city of Mans were food, warmth, and rest. The exiles

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ate, drank, and slept; slept, drank, and ate again. Nothing surely would ever rouse them now. Marceaux and Westermann were hemming them in. Prostrate and drunken, the twenty-five thousand Vendéans remaining lay inert as stones. But M. Henri's frantic energy ("he was like a madman," says Mme. de Lescure) yet once more assembled a desperate handful of martyrs, under himself, Marigny, Forestier, and the Breton, Georges Cadoudal. An obstinate and awful fight it was; a scene of din and smoke, and of horrible confusion, by moonlight. Nearly two-thirds of the forlorn little remnant of the army laid down their lives. In the deserted town twenty thousand old men, women, and children were slaughtered amid jeers and fury and the patter of grape-shot. Exhausted, and with a heart like lead within him, the commander-in-chief spurred to the side of Mme. de Lescure, who, seated on horseback, hung at the outskirts of the forces. She took his hand solemnly. "I thought you were dead, Henri!" she said—and her sequence of speech was worthy both of him and of her—"for we are beaten." "I wish I were dead," he answered quietly. He knew that La Vendée had had its death-blow before him.

So ended the hopes of the march into Brittany. No Bourbon prince appeared to lead or comfort his believers; England's idle overtures brought no reinforcements and no cheer. The royalists were forty leagues from home, diseased, famished, betrayed, burdened with a host of women and children and dying comrades; and let it be written that in this plight they took twelve cities, won seven battles, destroyed twenty thousand Republicans, and captured one hundred cannon. It is a wonderful record—a failure such as bemeans many a conquest.

The Loire was to be recrossed at Ancenis. The Republican troops were on the farther side and all about; not so much as a raft was to be bought or hired for pawns. Two pleasure-boats were seized from adjacent ponds and carried to the river. Henri, Stofflet, and De Baugé in one, young De Langerie and eighteen men in the other, succeeded in pushing off, with the intention of capturing and towing back four hay-laden skiffs on the opposite shore. The current was rapid and strong; the patrols opened fire; a gunboat descended the river and sunk the skiffs; the mournful peasants, separated from their generals, lost the chance of following, and disbanded in universal disorder and terror. The army, Catholic and Royal, driven back on Nort, and relying on Fleuriot as its commander, saw Henri de La Rochejaquelein no more.

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VII.

The fugitives landed in safety, and wandered all day through the fields. The Republic, angered at the strategies that so long held its strength at bay from footpaths, hedges, and queer, inaccessible bush-places of La Vendée, which had afforded shelter to the rebels and pitfalls to its own baffled soldiery, had literally cleaned the place out and burned east and west down to the very grass. The houses were in ashes; the inhabitants had taken to the woods. Desolation yet more complete was to fall upon them. After twenty-four hours Henri and his companions found an uninhabited barn and threw themselves on the straw. The farmer stole in from the thicket to tell them that the Blues were coming. But they were too weary for resistance. "We may perish, but we must sleep," one of them answered. The Blues came promptly. They were also a small party, apparently greatly fatigued, and they lay down, with their guns, not two yards away, on the same heap of straw, to depart, unsuspecting, ere dawn. The Vendéans, deeply thankful for their release, awoke and roamed on for leagues. They would have perished had they not, with the strength of despair, attacked a relay of Blues and seized their bread and meat. News came of the last magnificent flash of Vendéan courage at Savenay, under Fleuriot and Marigny. Out of nearly one hundred thousand souls who crossed the Loire the year before, scarce one hundred remained.

The little party disbanded. Those who remained with Henri reached St. Aubin and passed three days of mingled grief and solace with Mlle. de La Rochejaquelein, still concealed in her solitude. Here Henri, chafing to be separated from his army, and resolving to return to Poitevin and rally the men within call, heard that while Stofflet was already bravely combating in the recesses of the Bocage, Charette was advancing towards Maulevrier. He and his comrades set out on the 28th of December, travelling on foot all night, to reach the camp. Charette was breakfasting in his tent. He received Henri coldly; nor did he ask him to the table. They had some conversation and separated, Henri going to the house of a neighbor for refreshment. Not long after the drums began to beat. Charette crossed over to the spot where Henri was standing. "You will follow me?" he asked. Henri made a foolish and haughty answer, "I am accustomed to be followed!" and turned away. This is an instance of the jealousy and disunion which had begun among the chiefs of the insurrection.

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But the peasants, flocking from the environs to join Charette, crowded about with shouts of "Monsieur Henri!" before he had so much as spoken. He was pleased, as they were; his old eager spirit revived; he left Charette to his own devices. Assembling the little battalion at Névy, he marched all night and carried a Republican post eight leagues distant. Steadily, for a week longer, he pursued his guerrilla campaign, attacking remote points to prevent surmise; dropping down on widely scattered garrisons; harassing pickets, capturing provisions, convoys, and small detachments, and intercepting rear-guards on perilous roads. He was wise in not collecting his forces as yet and hazarding a contest. Headquarters were made in the forest of Vésins. About them Henri went and came, a familiar figure, with long, blonde clustering hair; still in his great hat and peasant's blouse, the little heart decking it as of old; his neglected arm, causing him much suffering, still in a sling. His forces increasing daily, he became master of the surrounding country, and prepared, in fresh ardor and confidence, to attack the garrisons of Mortagne and Châtillon. The men were continually under exercise. Tidings came, too, to cheer them, that in the north the Chouans were aroused.

On Ash-Wednesday, the 4th of March, 1794, he attacked Trémentine-sur-Noaillé, and gained an advantage. After the enemy had been routed he saw two grenadiers stooping behind a bush. His soldiers aimed at them. Monsieur Henri, with a light gesture, bade them desist, as he wished to question them. He walked forward alone, with the Vendéan formula, "*Rendez-vous: grâce!*" But one of the Blues, recognizing him, with inconceivable celerity aimed and fired. Henri had put out his hand, with sudden recognition of danger, to seize his assailant; but at the instant he fell dead.

VIII.

The Vendéans, transported with fury, rushed forward and cut the grenadiers down. There was in the air the noise of an approaching hostile column. In utmost pain and distress the detachment, to whose command Stofflet now succeeded (seizing the late chief's horse with something like untimely exultation), buried Henri de La Rochejaquelein in a hasty grave with the miscreant who had slain him. Had the Republicans but known what this loss meant to the men who loved him they could have crushed Upper Vendée in a day.

Something of the glory and beauty of the cause vanished

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with him. The war did not end for more than a year. Fresh recruits carried it on with wonderful persistence and pluck. But towards the close, itself the disciple of a terrible experience, it became merely "a war of ruffians, carried on by treachery," by carnage and wrath.

"So quick bright things come to confusion."

Of the other Vendéan leaders—"the patriots," as Professor Hill says in his admirable history, "whose *patria* was not of this world"—Cathelineau with his many kinsmen, Bonchamp, and Lescure gloriously perished; D'Elbée in his sick-chair, laden with insults, was shot in his own garden at Noirmoutiers; Mondyon and other gallant youths "died into life" at Angers, bound in couples like dogs; Marigny was cut off in his prime by the orders of Stofflet and Charette, to the bitter sorrow, after, of the former; Charette himself, having made peace to his advantage in March of 1795, at Nantes, and renewing hostilities for what he thought to be sufficient cause, though offered a million livres and free passage to England for his good will, kept up to the last the unequal struggle, and, closing a career of singular splendor, was taken and put to death, lion-stanch, with "*Vive le roi!*" upon his lips. The wages of the others were exile and disinheritance. This is no mean martyrology.

It is the word of homage to be spoken of the Vendéan rebels and their rebellion that they fought long with honor and with pity in the face of unnamable brutality and treachery. Marigny, indeed, mild and tender towards his own men, was as a demon towards his foes; Charette, who had put a stop to the cruelties of Souchu at Machecould in the war's beginning, was the first to make reprisals the order of the day. But Bonchamp, D'Elbée, La Rochejaquelein, and Vendéan pastors innumerable stand for ever ranged on the side of Christ-like clemency and charity. Their followers, maddened at last, mocked the very splendid sufficing policy of their opponents, and drew down the holy and ridiculous anathema set forth in the memoirs of Turreau.

To a student of the French Revolution not much need be said of the liberal exchange of these grim civilities. The Blues outdid themselves. The burials alive at Clisson, the atrocities in the wood of Blanche Couronne, Carrier's thousands drowned at Nantes, Westermann's shot at Angers—these were the things which crazed La Vendée, until, in certain moods, it laid its Christian forgiveness by as a thing hollow and vile. In May of 1794 Vimeux, succeeding to the command, went to lay the south

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country waste. The imagination of no Hugo could fitly portray the results. The Convention desired report of a country without a man, without a house, without a tree; in due season they had it, true to the letter. It was Westermann's boast to the Committee of Public Safety: "I have crushed the children under the horses' hoofs; I have massacred the women, who shall bring forth no more brigands; not a prisoner can be laid to my charge—I have exterminated them. The roads are heaped like pyramids with bodies." At Rennes the little, unskilful children were made to fire upon their fathers; it was a novel, awkward, and prolonged proceeding, entirely to the minds of its originators.

At Savenay, Westermann lured hundreds of Vendéans under cover with a promise of amnesty, and, as they entered, shot them down. An adjutant was brought to La Rochejaquelein at Vesins in whose pocket was an order to repeat this brilliant joke. In January, 1794, at Barbastre, fifteen hundred insurgents capitulated and were cheated in the same way. They had been promised their lives in Haxo's name, and they knew Haxo's honor; but Turreau was actually in command, and the tune changed. What wonder if, outside Laval, a whole battalion of Mayence men, laying down their arms, were shot pitilessly by the Vendéans? But after, marching on Angers from Antrain, they sent to Rennes one hundred and fifty wounded Republicans, with the proud message that this was the sort of vengeance taken by choice for old injuries. It was due to the kindly curé of Ste.-Marie-de-Rhé. For the bitter deeds at Machecould the Vendéan army did voluntary penance. In Thouars, and in many a town like it inhabited by Republicans and revolutionists who trembled for their fate, no violence whatever was wreaked.

A truly humorous reprisal was made, at the suggestion of the Marquis de Donnissan, at Fontenay. There were four thousand prisoners, and no forts nor cells to hold them. Should they be set free they could not be trusted on parole. To solve the difficulty their heads were shaved, so that, if during the following weeks they again attempted to fight their liberators, they might be caught and punished! The Vendéans had infinite amusement out of this circumstance. The loyal Republican general Marigny, who bore, to his imminent misfortune, the name of an active rebel, was once so charmed with the spirited behavior of a peasant made captive at the seige of Angers that he sent him back under escort to his own lines. La Rochejaquelein, never to be outdone in a gallant service, instantly released two dragoons with their arms, thanking him, and offering him in the future an exchange of any ten prisoners for his one. "This was

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the only Republican general," Mme. de Lescure adds, "who had been wont to show us any humanity; he was killed that very day."

To Lescure no less than twenty thousand of the enemy owed their lives. At the crossing of the Loire, at a moment of unexampled perplexity and excitement, five thousand Blues were captive in the hands of the journeying army. There could be no question of transporting them; the proper move, said some, was to exterminate them. Not an officer could be found to give the ignoble order. The poor, frenzied Vendéans were about to begin the massacre when Bonchamp, with his last breath, commanded that they should be spared. From the house where he lay dying the echo flew along the lines: "*Grâce aux prisonniers: Bonchamp l'ordonne!*" They were set free. With the genuine French sense of the fitness of things, Bonchamp's beautiful valedictory is graven on his tomb. As to the amnesty, the Convention growled over it. "Freemen accept their lives from slaves! 'Tis against the spirit of the Revolution. . . . Consign the unfortunate affair to oblivion."

Such are the things which often the Vendéans left undone, lovelier than the deeds they did, and such the supersensual victories of which human nature may well be proud.

IX.

The romance surrounding Henri de La Rochejaquelein did not end with his life. Says the Count of C——, an emigrant (author of the graphic and semi-erratic little pamphlet entitled *Un Séjour de Dix Mois en France*): "It was in a prosperous hour, and shortly after the fortunate expedition of which I have been speaking, that I had the pleasure of joining the royalist army. Nevertheless, on all sides I saw but tears, I heard but sighs: Henri had lately perished on the field of honor." From this anonymous gentleman comes fragmentary testimony on a subject of some mystery and conjecture There had been a rumor that a woman headed the young chief's troops the instant that he fell. Le Comte de C—— confirms it, though, in all probability, from general hearsay. M. Henri's sweetheart, he said, unwilling to survive him, yet burning to avenge him, flung herself upon the advancing Blues and so perished. This is a tantalizing half-glimpse; but we know nothing further, unless to gather a parting impression of tenderness and peace from a translated passage in that cloying, impassioned eloquence which has never the Saxon shame of speaking all it feels: "And thou

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O La Rochejaquelein! thou, the Rinaldo of the new crusade; thou, the terror of infidels and the hope of Christians; thou, to whom nature had given so much worth and dowered with so much charm, look down upon the tears of thy brethren-in-arms; listen to the sorrowings of the whole army; see the glorious tomb raised to thy memory; let thy spirit hover in the cypresses about, to count the trophies which thy victorious comrades hang there day by day, the garlands which thy countrywomen, fair and sad, wreathe there for ever; hear the hymns sung for thy sake; watch the young and buoyant legion sworn to the perpetuation of thy name and the certainty of thy vengeance; read the inscriptions which passers-by grave on the trees in memory of thee; rejoice to know that thy sweet friend sleeps at thy side, wept, cherished, reverenced, less because she was lovely, good, and bright than because she was once thy heart's happiness and of thy triumphs pulse and centre—ah! behold and consider all these things at once, and let the palm which thou hast won in heaven be set about, and made fairer, if that might be, with all the bays won well of old from earth!"

The body of Henri de La Rochejaquelein was brought to the parish cemetery of St. Aubin,

"Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,"

and within calling distance of the house where he was born. At his left hand is buried his brother Louis, who, with another Charette, died at his post in June of 1815, just before Waterloo, at the head of the new Vendéan army raised to oppose Napoleon. "Accident," says Genonde very beautifully, "takes upon herself the writing of their epitaphs, and sows in abundance over their dust what is known as the Achilles-flower." "That is more touching to me," adds the noble gentlewoman, Mme. de Bonchamp, "than the legendary laurel which sprung from Virgil's grave."

X.

It is a brief and moving story, and it is over. What comment is to be made, at any time, of promise cut short, of the burning of Apollo's laurel bough? La Rochejaquelein of Baubigné, with his heroism, genius, health, breeding, and beauty—who, in the days of his living, would have measured for him the glory which seemed so imminent and wide? And the thing won first by that fine heart and brain was a wild grave in the grassy trenches, breast to breast with the slayer of his body; no right, no reward, no appeal beyond that piteous ending. He

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was a boy, rash and romantic, a boy so pyrotechnically French that we smile over him. His chivalry went to the upholding of kings; all he did has a sole value of loyalty, and we may dispute the application of it. But his spirit, disentangled from old circumstances of action, is such as helps humanity towards freedom and sets oppression aside like a dream; infinitely suggestive and generative; now, as then, a holy and durable sign of hope.

It is difficult to account for the halo which gathers about such heads, and stays, and makes of a sometime aimless young man an ideal of extreme force and charm to the youth of his own land. Surely—and it is, as Steele says, "one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature"—the type is not extinct and not too rare. In our American civil war, fought, like this of La Vendée, wholly on a moral principle, a thoughtful observer finds it repeated again and again. In the fragments of each heroic record are cheer and benediction, which "light the world with their admonishing smile," and perish not ever. It is as much to know, after all, that Henri de La Rochejaquelein once lived, as to be aware that such as he shall be born to-morrow; the ultimate result is the self-same. A star pales and is cancelled from all reckoning; but the race of astronomers below keep the long vigil, for there is a night set when it shall arise and shine again.

Among his peers there were those who would have been men of weight and of mark in any career whatever. It seems as if they should have been spared to the world's needs. But perhaps Henri, sensitive and whimsical, had no such adaptabilities to bear him out. We are all but sure that living and dying in the hurly-burly, as he did, he best fulfilled himself. He shows so in a light endlessly kind to him, endlessly soft and clear to the looker-on. He had a danger-loving temperament, like Phaëthon's; yet his story runs as if he, at least, had held the reins of the ungovernable planet-horses, and driven home, glowing and safe, to his father's bosom.

Virtually what did he amount to? What loud testimony of him is left? To the man of facts, who asks the questions, the best answers are, Nothing and None. Says George Eliot laconically in the *Spanish Gypsy*:

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero!"

Such a one makes a jest of values; he has the freedom of every city; he need pay no taxes; he can do without a charac-

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ter. Posterity will not exact faith and good works of him. This Henri was himself with his whole soul. His worth to us now, our thankfulness to him now, is that he blazed with genuine fire and played no tricks with his individuality. He stands among the serious, war-worn leaders of the insurrection like a fairy prince, with a bright, absurd glamour. He was all that children look for in a tale, and he had no moral. He was the embodiment of "*l'inexplicable Vendée.*" Careless for the making of a name, for the gain of experience, for the duty of prolonging his usefulness to men, he chose hurriedly the first work which he believed honorable and to which he could give his heart, and so stumbled on death. He reminds one of a magnificent quibble, to which all the philosophy of the cold schools gives no availing answer. Because of his shortcomings, rather than in spite of them, his arm seems laden with everlasting sheaves. May there not be, in the economy of nature, a waste which is thrift, a daring which is prudence, a folly which is wisdom ineffable?

At twenty-one, new to love and to fame, he had the dark, abrupt curtain rung down upon him. Yet, for reasons beyond his youth, it seems as if he failed to live so far as life. About his best there is scarcely enough of flesh-and-blood solidity. He had undergone no sharp discipline, no survival, such as make a man. A too sharp conscience guided him, and a sort of fine unreason. He was anxious to do the best with his strength, and to apprentice it to the first work, taking the risk that that should also be the finest. He had idled awhile; he had been already shaken in the old mental strongholds by the breath of the great Revolution; he had begun to be over-argumentative with himself; but he kept a naked honesty of habit which found its doing easy when once its seeing was made clear. The war broke out, under his feet, about his head. It was the nearest outlet for those sacred forces of his, which, being pent, had vexed him and made him grave. The cause had, besides, a thousand sanctions in his eyes. His enlisting was a matter instant but humble. If he flashed into the most unexampled comet-like activity before he had been long a leader, it was merely that he warmed with the game, that he felt sure at last of himself, and so blazoned abroad his content and comprehension of life.

Despite his white heat of energy, he was at all times modest and sensible, with his frolicsome laugh and his unapprehensive outlook into the ugliest possibilities of the venture to which he was given. He was not precisely of the stuff of Cathelineau or Lescure. He was far from being a saint or a regulation hero.

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None the less is he a type of young French manhood ere it had grown wholly modern and complex; the last of a single-minded race, soldiers by accident, helpers and servers of men by choice. In short, he was a Vendéan, behind his century in shrewdness, ahead of it in joy; or a straggler from the rear of the ancestral Crusaders, having all the thirst for justice, the simple gayety, the remote, detached, spectatorial attitude, the boyish *bel air*, of the sworded squires of the middle ages. "God hath Disdeigned the Worlde of this moste noble Spirit." Let him ride ever now in memory, a beardless knight, his white scarf around him, the nodding cockade of his foes behind; women watching his face for comfort and assurance, the gallant little orphan Hermenée prattling between his knees; beautiful indeed, even in the smoke of war, with his oval face, his wholesome and winning aspect, his terse speech and candid ways—"*Monsieur Henri, guerrier et bon enfant*," as his compatriots knew him, and as Froissart, of all chroniclers, would have loved him.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

ALONE WITH GOD.

ONCE, ere the night fell, Thou didst say to me,
"Henceforth the path is strait: I go before,
And follow thou in darkness till we be
Abreast in Paradise, the journey o'er."

Then I was glad, and confident, and proud,
And said, "At last the summons I have sighed
To hear! This night is brighter for its cloud;
Safe is the steep path up the mountain side."

But Thou art Truth. The dark is very dark!
Close-set with thorns the path where, side by side,
Two may not walk unbruised, nor any hark
To voice less near than Thine, Thou only Guide!

Me, I am weakness; where I touch, I cling.
And Thou art kind to make thy rocks too hard,
Thy thorns too sharp, for stay in anything
Except Thyself, sole Leader, sole Reward.

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WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT, the politician, is at present so much in men's minds that some of us might be tempted to forget Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the poet, if it were not that word comes to us how Mr. Balfour's prisoner, in despite of the cruelty which denied him writing materials, has not only composed a series of sonnets in prison, but has even found the wherewithal to commit them to the safe keeping of written words. Yet the one personality need in no sense banish the other, for in no man of our time, except, perhaps, the late Lord Beaconsfield, are the literary and political natures so inextricably bound up in each other. "Proteus" Mr. Blunt chose to call himself in his early controversy with the Rev. Charles Meynell, the distinguished divine and philosopher, who had been one of his professors at Oscott, and he kept his *nom de plume* in the love-sonnets on which his poetic fame chiefly rests, but protean he is not in the sense of being many-sided. Not a complex nature by any means, whether read in the light of his books, his actions, or his personality. Always a man of action first, direct, daring, unconventional, the natural man, strong in sympathy with all nature, human and animal, as untrammelled as his own, the keynote of his character he gives finely in one of those sonnets which, not being love-sonnets at all, are among the finest in his volume:

"I would not, if I could, be called a poet;
I have no natural love of the chaste muse.
If aught be worth the doing I could do it;
And others, if they will, may tell the news.
I care not for their laurels, but would choose
On the world's field to fight, or fall, or run;
My soul's ambition will not take excuse
To play the dial rather than the sun.
The faith I held I hold, as when a boy
I left my books for cricket, bat, and gun;
The tales of poets are but scholar's themes.
In my hot youth I held it that a man,
With heart to dare and stomach to enjoy,
Had better work to his hand in any plan
Or any folly, so the thing were done,
Than in the noblest dreaming of mere dreams."

For many years of his life this impetuous need of action found vent in travelling through wild and unexplored places.

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Those valuable years were the school-time of his heart and intellect for a day to come when, during the infamous bombardment of Alexandria and the events that followed, this English country-gentleman stood almost alone as a conscience amid his conscienceless fellow-countrymen; at least he stood alone to voice that conscience, so proving that he too was touched with the heroic quality which now and then, as in the case of Gordon, comes to defend the English nation from the imputation of being a race of shopkeepers.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was born in 1840.* At least one most important factor in his life was decided for him before the pain and difficulty of decision for himself could come: when he was ten years old his mother followed her friend, Cardinal Manning, into the Catholic Church, and so her boy received its tenets and was reared up within its safety. His father, who was dead before this, had been an officer in the Grenadier Guards, and had served with distinction under Sir John Moore in his Spanish campaign. After his education at Stonyhurst and Oscott Mr. Blunt entered the diplomatic service at the age of eighteen; a curious choice of profession, surely, for one whose after-life was to have a passion for truth as perhaps its strongest and most determining characteristic. Stationed first at Athens, his next post was at Frankfort, where he served with such dissimilar personages as Sir Edward Malet and Mr. Labouchere. Madrid was his next station, and here he signalized himself by attaining a good deal of proficiency as an amateur bull-fighter. At Lisbon began his friendship with Lord Lytton, which has not grown colder, though the divergence of their paths in politics becomes as wide asunder as the poles. This friend it was who encouraged him by his wise and generous judgment to his first appearance in public as a poet. At Frankfort, in 1866, during the campaign of Sadowa, he lay very ill with inflammation of the lungs, which narrowly missed carrying him off, and from the results of which he was more or less an invalid for some years; he only escaped the consumption which had killed his brother and sister by the wild, free life of travel which began after this—his first expedition being as secretary of legation to South America, crossing the Pampas in that pre-railroad era, and getting a taste of the difficulties and dangers which were to prove so fascinating to him afterwards. On his return to England in 1869 his marriage took place, the lady being Lady Anne

* I am indebted to Mr. John Oldcastle's article in *Merry England* for many of the facts of Mr. Blunt's life.

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Isabella Noel, Lord Byron's granddaughter, and with that inherited love of freedom and passion for adventure which makes her so fitting a wife for her husband.

Shortly after his marriage Mr. Blunt retired from the diplomatic service, without much regret one cannot but think; life must have moved too smoothly in those oiled grooves for that eager spirit, and even in its higher walks the game of diplomacy, exciting as it may be, would perhaps require a more wily and wary player than he was likely ever to become. Soon afterwards his time of travel began, the first considerable journey being when he and Lady Anne rode on horseback through Spain, then in even a more disturbed condition than usual; once they were arrested as Carlists and came near being shot. Next they visited Turkey and explored the mountainous districts of northwestern Asia Minor; a memorable journey. Since then began the deep interest of husband and wife in the Orient races. This journey was followed by one to Algeria, where they crossed on camels the great Halfa plateaux, south of the Atlas, and so on through unexplored desert country. Undeterred by danger or deprivation, they next, in the winter of 1876, after a sojourn in Egypt, visited Mount Sinai, and followed without guides a route beset by dangers. Twice they came near perishing: once by thirst and once by an onslaught of robber Bedouins; arriving, however, safely at Jerusalem. Two years later they descended the Euphrates, and crossed Mesopotamia and the great Syrian desert, visiting the horse-breeding tribes of the Anazeh and Shammah, from whom Mr. Blunt purchased the twenty Arab mares which made the nucleus of the celebrated Arab stud which now exists at his beautiful ancestral home, Crabbet Park, in Sussex. The story of this journey Lady Anne Blunt has told, with a graceful and accomplished pen, in her *Bedouins of the Euphrates*. She is always the chronicler of these journeyings, being an accomplished literary woman as well as the foremost of lady travellers. Only now and then will her husband produce a word-picture, stamped with all his own fiery intensity, like this on the oasis of Sidkhaled:

"How the earth burns! Each pebble under foot
Is as a living thing with power to wound.
The white sand quivers, and the footfall mute
Of the slow camels strikes but gives no sound,
As though they walked on flame, not solid ground.
'Tis noon, and the beasts' shadows even have fled
Back to their feet, and there is fire around,
And fire beneath, and the sun overhead.

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Pitiful heaven! what is this we view?
Tall trees, a river, pools where swallows fly,
Thickets of oleanders where doves coo,
Shades deep as midnight, greenness for tired eye:
Hark how the light winds in the palm-tops sigh.
Oh! this is rest. Oh! this is Paradise."

The Bedouins of the Euphrates is a book of extraordinary, even fascinating, interest, written about a fascinating race. We learn many things from it: how they do not believe in the immortality of the soul because they never think of death, their lives being so full; how they believe in God, and do not pray to him; how they are extraordinarily courageous, yet will not despise the coward—"God has not made me courageous," one will say; how they need no laws, being a virtuous race; and how, in old age, they have a look of fierceness from a long habit of contracting the eyes and the brows because of the white glare of the sun on the desert. Wilfrid Blunt grew to love this people, having, indeed, by nature a brotherhood with them in many things. In the first journey he did not come to know the Arabs; only their country. "I knew them," he says, "as tourists know them, and because I knew nothing of what they were saying I distrusted them; I thought they lied." This insular feeling, so frankly confessed, could not last long in one little enough insular. In his second journey he learned some of the language, and began to get an insight into the people. "A Bedouin youth," he says, "of the tribe of Teaha, made me the confidant of a love-affair. He dictated to me a love-letter, in which he declared that he would die if the father of the girl refused to give her for the three camels he had offered. Then I began to feel that these wild people were men with passions like ourselves." Afterwards he entrusted to his servants the task of taking his camels to Cairo for sale. Six months later he received the full price; so he began to learn that some Arabs were quite honorable and honest. His trust and sympathy earned return; he was no longer deceived when the Arabs began to realize that he gave truth and expected truth. On the title-page of his wife's *Bedouins of the Euphrates* he records his impressions in this sonnet:

"Children of Shem, first-born of Noah's race,
And still for ever children; at the door
Of Eden found, unconscious of disgrace,
And loitering on while all are gone before.
Too proud to dig, too careless to be poor;
Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,

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Not rendering aught or supplicating more,
Nor arguing with him when he hides his face.
Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
Of an old wisdom by the world forgot,
The courage of a day which knew not death.
Well may we, sons of Japhet, in dismay
Pause in our vain, mad fight for life and breath.
Beholding you, I bow and reason not."

Before the era of "the pilgrimage to Nejd," the most adventurous of their journeys, Mr. Blunt had published a small volume of poems, *Sonnets and Songs*, of which we do not find much record, and which is now scarcely to be had. The Nejd journey took place in 1878–9, and had a singularly romantic motive. Mohammed, son to the chief of Palmyra—Solomon's "Tadmor in the Wilderness"—had been their guide in the Euphrates expedition. On their return he chose as recompense only to be made Mr. Blunt's brother, according to Bedouin custom, refusing any other reward of money or precious gifts. This young Bedouin was the descendant of one of three brothers who fled during war-time, a hundred years before, from Nejd. The story is still told in a popular Arab ballad, for the three brothers were great men in their day. Mohammed's fore father settled in Palmyra, and became ultimately its chief. He then, like another Cophetua, married a woman of the townspeople, not of noble or Bedouin blood like himself. So his children and children's children lost caste. Bedouin fathers would not give them their daughters in marriage; they had ceased to be nobles. All this was a great though hidden trouble to the young Mohammed, and Mr. Blunt discovering it, offered as his brother to accompany him to Nejd and find a wife for him among his own relations, if any remained after the century, and so redeem the race. After a long journey through places the very name of them strange in European ears, they reached Nejd, with its shepherd kings as in Bible days; but a rebellion breaking out in Palmyra, the young chief hastened home only to be thrown into prison by the Turkish authorities. Mr. Blunt, however, procured his Arab brother's release.

It was a long and arduous journey. Starting from Damascus, in almost Eastern guise, the travellers went southward six hundred miles over the great sand-deserts to the central plateaux of Arabia, and were received as guests at Hail by the Wahhabite emir, Mohammed Ibn Raschid. Afterwards they travelled for upwards of a month with the Persian pilgrimage from Mecca, reaching so Bagdad, and passing through Suristan

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to the Persian Gulf and India. On this journey they were near being accompanied by Sir Edward Malet, who met them at Damascus. Mr. Blunt says, speaking of this meeting with an old friend, whose friendship was not to prove as faithful as Lord Lytton's: "I have often thought with what a different eye he would have viewed the subsequent struggle for liberty at Cairo had circumstances allowed him to see Arabian liberty with us. The sight of a free native population in the heart of the desert might have inspired him with the thought, which has ever since been mine, of aiding the Mussulman nations to learn self-government and shake off the yoke of strangers, and to regenerate their social life. Sir Edward would have been listened to, as I have not been, and England, instead of crushing, might have nursed this infant freedom." But this was not to be. The one man took the safe road to the highest honors of his profession, and to marriage with the daughter of one of England's wealthiest dukes; the other set out on yet another stage of the arduous education which was to fit him to be the one voice in the wilderness crying out a protest and a prophecy.

The next notable event in this eventful life is the publication of *The Love-Sonnets of Proteus*, in 1880. The book was a great and immediate success, and at once made the literary reputation of the writer. Its popularity received a great impetus by Lord Lytton's article, "A New Love-Poet," on his friend's work, which was published in the *Nineteenth Century;* but the critics and the public were as generous and as quick in their recognition of the most original and sincere poetry which had appeared for long. It will be seen from the specimens I have quoted that Mr. Blunt's sonnets are little enough correct in form: it is characteristic of the man that he should choose a form insisting on restraint, and then violate its laws at his will; the feeling is nearly always too vehement for restraint and overflows its narrow, fourteen-line limit, but the music and the fervor carry one beyond criticism. Here is a fine specimen in which the Shaksperean affinity is most noticeable:

"If I could live without the thought of death,
Forgetful of Time's waste, the soul's decay,
I would not ask for other joy than breath,
With light and sound of birds and the sun's ray.
I could sit on untroubled day by day,
Watching the grass grow and the wild flowers range
From blue to yellow and from red to grey,
In natural sequence as the seasons change.

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I could afford to wait but for the hurt
Of this dull tick of Time which chides my ear;
But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt
And staff unlifted, for Death stands too near.
I must be up and doing—ay, each minute:
The grave gives time for rest when we are in it."

The book is one that gives the world assurance of a man. It is the most masculine poetry possible, and one thinks the great and abiding value of it must be its entire unreserve. All other poets have reserve of one kind or another, if it be but artistic, but here is a whole inner nature laid bare, striking down the barriers which divide man from man. The book was anonymous for three editions, but to the fourth the author added this outspoken preface:

"No life is perfect that has not been lived—youth in feeling, manhood in battle, old age in meditation Again, no life is perfect that is not sincere. For these reasons I have decided to add my name to the title-page."

Happily for oppressed nations everywhere, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's life is still, and will be, please God, for many years to come, a battle-field. After the Nejd journey began the famous series of articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly*, with their passionate outcry against the Turk and their strenuous faith in the future of the Arabs. Then came the national crime and disgrace of the Egyptian war, when Mr. Gladstone's government made the fatal mistake, repeated again and again in Ireland, of taking for a mere *emeute* of a few military adventurers a great national movement. It is all fresh in men's minds how the English fleet and army stood with the khedive on one side and the whole united people on the other—all a wonderful triumph of commercial dishonesty and intriguing over a blind government, and alas! a nation fighting for its rights. The bondholders triumphed, and Arabi's life was only saved by the lavish expenditure from Mr. Blunt's private purse of five thousand pounds or more. Was it then, or later when the Mahdi's dark star rose over the horizon, that Mr. Blunt offered to take his life in his hands and alone go to make peace with the Arabs? I forget, for events are so many. But England had no use just then for a Don Quixote, though later, when things had come to a desperate pass, she let Gordon go to his martyrdom. Incessant through it all Wilfrid Blunt's protest and prophecy beat painfully at the ears of them in high places. He with the saving of Arabi, and Gordon dying with his Master's name upon

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his lips, are the two golden spots in all that blackness. Now Englishmen are glad to forget the shame and disaster of it, as those cannot forget, even here, to whom a grave at Tel-el-Kebir or Assouan is the dearest part of the world, or that larger number whose national independence was destroyed, and with the blood of whose kindred the desert was made to blossom like the rose. There were some in those days not ashamed to raise against Wilfrid Blunt the parrot-cry of want of patriotism because he could not acquiesce blindly in the acts of those who were bringing disgrace on the name of England. One sonnet, the last of the Proteus sonnets, might almost answer for him. There is no insincerity in this emotion:

"Seven weeks of sea and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water, and the calm
Of a sweet evening screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our labors are accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress, as of yore,
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill,
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
And at the summons of the rock-gun's roar
To see her red-coats marching from the hill!"

When it was all over he wrote his righteous anger and his vision of the future in a vehement poem, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," unpleasant reading for such of the ministers of that day as may happen to come upon this terribly serious poetry.

In 1884 Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt visited Arabi and his fellow-exiles at Ceylon, where the distinguished exile has such peace as can come to a leader of men when his cause is in ruins and his people scattered, and he himself chained to a life of inglorious ease. But he has his Mohammedan fatalism to still his hot impulses. Mr. Blunt is his faithful friend; we have in our minds the simple and touching letter, full of Oriental dignity and greatness of soul, which came from Arabi when his friend was sentenced last autumn.

In 1884 appeared also in the *Fortnightly* his articles, "Ideas about India," wherein he made his attempt towards righting the crying wrongs of the British ascendency and its officialdom in India. The peasant of the Deccan pays forty per cent. of his

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produce in taxes, and he estimates that at least forty per cent. of the population go through life insufficiently fed. All this while every English official is living in a style of almost unparalleled luxury. Lord Ripon was here in Dublin with us a little while ago, winning all our hearts by his gentleness and urbanity. Let us see what Mr. Blunt has to say of the viceroyalty of the "Statesman of Faith," as some one has called him. He writes:

"No viceroy, Lord Canning possibly excepted, ever enjoyed such popularity as Lord Ripon. . . . Whenever I went to India I heard the same story—from the poor peasants of the south, who for the first time, perhaps, had learned the individual name of the ruler; from the high-cast Brahmins of Madras and Bombay; from the Calcutta students; from the Mohammedan divines of Lucknow; from the noblemen of Delhi and Hyderabad; everywhere his praise was in all men's mouths, and the people were moved to surprise and gratitude, 'He is an honest man,' one said, 'and he fears God.'"

When Mr. Gladstone went Home Rule, Mr. Blunt, who had been consistently Tory despite the utter unconservatism of his beliefs, said good-by to old traditions and old friends and followed him. From the time of his return from his last expedition his work on the Home Rule platforms of Great Britain went on steadily, unless for a passing visit or two to Ireland. The story of his intervention last autumn between the octopus Clanricarde and his victims—the arrest, the trial, the imprisonment—need not be repeated here; nor how his wife was as leally his comrade in facing infuriated policemen as in enduring the dangers and hardships of the burning desert, or the jungle haunted by wild beasts. The generous blood of her grandfather has spoken richly in her.

Mr. Blunt is still, unhappily, outside Parliament, which must in the future be the arena where he will fight the battles of wronged peoples. But he will not long be denied his battle-ground. There is no sign of the evening of meditation in that superb figure—that bronzed countenance, those luminous eyes. Mr. Blunt is shaken by the rigors of his imprisonment, but a little retirement and rest will strengthen him. And the victory is all to him, and the cause for which he has, in some degree, spent himself.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Clondalkin, County Dublin, Ireland.

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JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXII.

THE NEW-COMER.

MR. VAN ALSTYNE had been standing just inside his front gate when Paul Murray drove up that evening. The long twilight was nearly over, but though it lacked a couple of hours to moonrise the sky was clear and silvery.

"You are late," said the old man; "was the train delayed?"

"No; it was a little in advance of time. But the evening was so fine that I came around by the falls."

"There is no one about to take the mare," went on Mr. Van Alstyne; "Sam drove Mrs. Van Alstyne out for an airing just after tea. I thought they would have been back by this time. Take Nell into the barn, and let her stand there in the traces and wait for him. And then come into the house for your supper; I've some news to tell you."

Mr. Van Alstyne seemed not quite like his usual self; there was a sort of suppressed excitement in his face which communicated itself in some manner to Paul, as they walked to the house together, and made him wonder what out-of-the-way thing could have happened in his absence. But Mr. Van Alstyne did not seem ready to broach the subject at once, and questions were not in his companion's line.

"Life gets to be an oddly interesting affair when one comes to my age," the old man said at last. "I begin to feel as though I were a mere spectator at a play; not much more directly concerned in the developments of every day than I should be in any other slowly unfolding panorama. Still, I do get a sudden shake up now and then. I had one this afternoon."

"A pleasant one, I hope."

"I hardly know yet. Perhaps I might say yes, on the whole. Blood is thicker than water, even when it has been considerably diluted."

Mr. Van Alstyne stopped to laugh quietly.

"Diluted is a good word," he added, "and I will use it to you, since it expresses my sentiments exactly. But I don't know what Mrs. Van Alstyne would say if she heard it, or the owner of this bit of pasteboard, either."

The two men had entered the house, and in passing through

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the wide hall to the dining-room at the back Mr. Van Alstyne took up a visiting-card from a basket standing on the table. He handed it to Paul, who read out the legend inscribed upon it:

Mr. F. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh.

"A relative?" he asked, putting it down again upon the others in the basket.

"Yes; a cousin—the youngest son of an uncle whom I have not seen since I was a boy, nor heard from in fifty years and more. I did not know whether he were dead or alive—he might have been either, for he had not much the start of me in age—nor whether he had had a family, until the advent of Mr. F. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh by the two o'clock northern train to-day." The old man chuckled again, as if the name he uttered amused him. He rang the bell and ordered Paul Murray's supper, and while awaiting it kept on walking up and down the room.

"Well," said Paul, sitting down at table and beginning to crunch a water-cracker with the appetite of a hungry man, "that ought to be pleasant. The son of one's mother's brother should be a cheerful sight on any day of the week."

Mr. Van Alstyne laughed again. "Oh! the shoe is on the other foot," he said. "My mother had no brothers. Mr. Frederick Van Alstyne-Hadleigh is my uncle Diedrich Van Alstyne's son. Looks a little like him, too, but he has been diluted, as I say—sublimated and refined, as he thinks, doubtless—and in the process changed into a Hadleigh. That's promotion, if you know it, Murray. There's a peerage in the Hadleigh family—an English peerage; think of that! And this fellow's brother stands within one of it, with only an unmarried and sickly cousin in the way. So he says," ended Mr. Van Alstyne, with a shrug.

"I don't understand."

"Naturally. Consider, Murray," he went on, sitting down opposite Paul, whose beefsteak had just been served; "I know I shouldn't make light of such very serious matters, but I have been bottling up my laugh for two or three hours—less, I will say for him, for my cousin's sake than for Mrs. Van Alstyne's. She has a lion precisely to her taste for once in her life. From the time they have been absent I fancy she must have gone over to the squire's or elsewhere to put him on exhibition without delay. Perhaps I shall have time to condense his account of himself before they arrive. You see, he didn't spring the important item I have just communicated on me all at once; perhaps it mightn't have leaked out yet but for my curiosity to get at the

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reason of the transformation which puts the cart before the horse so completely in his name. He is no man's fool, Mr. F. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh—unless, perhaps, his own," the old man added in an undertone. "He has been everywhere and seen everything, by his own account. He says he was one of a party of four London barristers who, as a result of a late supper and a sudden freak, set off from Southampton a couple of years back in an eighteen-ton yawl, and crossed the Atlantic with no better sailor on board than himself and a cabin-boy. He says he has been used to handling small craft all his life, on the Thames and in the Channel."

"A yawl?" said Paul Murray, with suddenly uplifted eyebrows.

"That is what I said. Of course I had a vision on the instant of the boat hitched up on the davits of Bill Peak's sloop, *Sally Ann*, and was ready to take all the rest of his yarn with a large pinch of salt. But it appears that is the name the English give to a peculiarly rigged yacht. They went up one of the rivers, the Plata, I think, as far as it was navigable, and then broke up the party, he and one of his friends remaining in Paraguay, and the others returning to the coast and from there by steamer to London."

"That is a curious story," commented Paul Murray, smiling. "What did two London barristers find to do in Paraguay? Has he been there ever since?"

Mr. Van Alstyne shrugged his shoulders. "He says his friend was writing an account of their travels, while he was chiefly occupied in studying the fauna and flora of the country. They doubtless present peculiar points of interest. At all events he remained there until some family news that reached him this summer decided him to return.'

"*Via* Milton Centre? Still, that is not much of a *detour* after all for a man who crosses the Atlantic in a yawl, and buries himself in Paraguay to study botany and natural history. He must be interesting."

"Yes; he is. I see you can't get the idea of a row-boat out of your mind yet. Neither can I. He says he had a curiosity to find out what there might be left of the 'American branch,' as he calls it, of his family, and what sort of a place his father originally came from. Well, that is the gist of his adventures as he communicated them this afternoon. His credentials were all right. He brought me a letter, among others, from Whipple & Sons, from whom he appears to have found out how to get here."

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"And about the name?" said Paul. "How did he account for that?"

"Oh! yes; I was forgetting. Of course I took it for granted, at first, that he must be my uncle Diedrich's grandson. He tells me that his father went from here to Holland, which, by the way, I knew already. There he found some of our relatives, got into the South Australian trade, and made a fortune. Afterwards he represented the Dutch house in London, where he increased his means still further—to a fabulous extent, I suppose," said the old man with a smile more cynical than was usual; "sufficiently, at all events, to let him marry late in life into a family for the sake of whose prestige and connections he was willing to sink his own. I told Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh that it had been a habit on our side of the house to give to women instead of taking from them, especially in the way of names."

"What did he say to that?"

"Only that it was a mere matter of convention, any way; that there was no more special reason on the face of things for a woman's taking her husband's name than for his taking hers, and that in the case on hand, as his mother was the only child of a nearly extinct family which had connections and traditions which made it desirable to keep it up, the two names had been combined in the way which on the whole seemed most desirable to the parties chiefly interested. He is a cool hand, my young cousin," went on Mr. Van Alstyne in the musing tone into which he sometimes fell of late, "plainly 'lord of himself, that heritage of woe.'" Presently he got up and went towards a bay-window at the end of the dining-room, which gave a glimpse of the road across some shrubbery.

"I thought I heard the carriage," he said. "Yes, here it comes, and with it the first creature of my own blood I have seen since I buried my son. So far as any actual knowledge of mine went, there was not a drop of it flowing in any other veins." He sighed as he ended, and went out into the porch to meet the new-comers, asking Paul Murray, whose meal was now finished and who had likewise risen, to await them in the parlor.

Mr. Hadleigh, as he was known during the period of his residence in a small American village, whose inhabitants remained for the most part hopelessly dull concerning the true significance of his double-jointed appellation, presently followed his hostess into the room, and the two young men were made

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acquainted. Mr. Hadleigh, who had some five or six years the advantage in age, was a man to look at twice: something individual and unconventional was as evident in his whole appearance as in the account he had given of himself. As they clasped hands he and Paul Murray, both above the usual height, looked into each other's eyes from the same level. Mr. Hadleigh's were long and of a reddish brown, with a concentrated expression which seemed partly due to the contraction of myopy, and partly to an habitual knitting of the too narrow brows above them. His facial lines, with the exception of this slight lack of breadth in the forehead, most noticeable in its upper half, were in the main extremely fine, the aquiline nose and firmly-rounded chin, especially, being very like those of John Van Alstyne. But his jaw was more solid, and longer before it reached the curve of the thin cheek, and the lips that closed tight under his pale moustache, when he was not speaking, were wide and overfull. When he had changed his travelling suit in the afternoon to accompany Mrs. Van Alstyne on her drive, he had explained to her that he was deferring attention to his wardrobe until he should reach his London tailor—an explanation which she had not failed to pass on to Mrs. Cadwallader and the girls, for Mr. Van Alstyne had justly divined that her anxiety to exploit the new arrival without delay would overpower every other consideration in her mind. No doubt she was glad to have so excellent an apology to offer for the appearance of his frock-coat, a long Prince Albert, a good deal creased and inclined to shininess about the seams, as well as too loose for a figure plainly built to support strong muscular development, but at present thin to even painful lankness. Mr. Hadleigh said that he had been suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia for some months, which accounted for the unhealthy pallor of a skin so brown, either by nature or from long exposure, as to look incongruous beneath his dry, straight hair, which, like his moustache, was of the color the French call *cendrée*. Something incongruous and odd, for that matter, was in his whole appearance. Paul Murray, who suddenly found himself more critical than usual, noted that he was perfectly at his ease in his ill-fitting and much-too-shabby coat and carelessly knotted necktie, but felt himself unable to determine whether the explanation of that fact should be sought in his indifference to his present company or in the absolute indifference belonging to a natural love and long practice of roughing-it in yet more unconventional apparel. Mr. Hadleigh's manner struck him as a singular combination of watchfulness and

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candor, of preoccupation and observant attention. He talked extremely well during the hour that elapsed before Paul Murray took his leave, chiefly on the subject of his voyage in the *Goshawk*, concerning which his host's curiosity was unappeasable, and with a quaint drollery, and even *naïveté*, which somehow added one more to the contrarieties which his personality suggested to both of his male listeners. Each of them placed an entire and justifiable confidence in all that he was saying, and yet each, in some remote recess of his interior, felt the need of supplementing and piecing out the story, and wondering whether it rounded so smoothly on the other side.

Perhaps it was natural that Mrs. Van Alstyne's acceptance of the stranger whose antecedents, so far as made known, were so entirely to her taste, should be more entire than that of the remainder of his audience that evening. Yet even she was feeling conscious of a grievance. The *Goshawk* was all very well, and so was Paraguay, delightfully romantic, adventurous, and all that, but what she was dying to hear more about was the social and family life in his own country, into which Mr. Hadleigh's straightforward yet not too-ready answers to John Van Alstyne's questions had given her such a tempting glimpse. She had carried her point about the drive with that end in view, and had extracted various additional items of family history, given too simply and with too great paucity of details to do much but inflame her imagination, and when she had attempted, at Squire Cadwallader's, to induce him to repeat them, or, failing that, to let her do so, she had been repressed in a quietly well-bred way which was most tantalizingly effectual. Though they had seldom found just the right conditions, Mrs. Van Alstyne's soul was full of germs capable of causing an acute form of Anglomania, and suffering just now under the tension of their last integuments. Think, then, of the agony implied in having a guest, and more than that, a family connection, under one's roof whose elder brother, besides having been already knighted in consideration of his political services, had the most excellent chance of one day being Lord Leigh of Hadleigh; who had been Press Commissioner in India under Lord Lytton, and who had sat six weeks in the House of Commons only last spring, under an ultra-Tory government which, at the end of that too-brief period, had been thrown out by a new accession of Mr. Gladstone to power, and yet being unable to dilate upon all that to the exclusion of meaner topics! Mrs. Van Alstyne knew little and cared less about the politics of any country, including her own,

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but she became an anti-Gladstonian at that precise spot on the turnpike road where her guest imparted the last item of news, with considerable warmth of expression, but, to her, an almost complete unintelligibility of details. Mr. Hadleigh was certainly more ready to talk on purely impersonal matters like politics, or on his out-of-the-way experiences by land and sea, than on any others. He was entirely willing to air his aversion to Liberalism in the abstract, and to the Grand Old Man in particular, for whom he professed a disgust only excelled by that he entertained for "Jo" Chamberlain, whose first political coat had not then begun to burst at the seams, and whose name Mrs. Van Alstyne heard that afternoon for the first time. Not for the last; her guest, who had a sense of the humorous, due to his mixed blood perhaps, presently took to interposing some very nonsensical political gabble as a sort of screen between her and himself whenever her questions began, but doing so in a way that at once charmed and bewildered her, so full was it of delightful names with handles to them, and yet so empty, when she came to reflect upon it, of any solid nourishment for healthy curiosity. As for Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh, he had very soon taken the measure of his hostess, and though there was nothing he had any desire to conceal in his family relations, and a good deal that it would have gratified her immensely to be told, her questions bored him. "*Les Américains*," he quoted to himself out of the half-forgotten French reader of his nursery days, "*sont si curieux et si questionneurs*," and then proceeded to inflate her mind in ways too speedily followed by dire collapse and craving emptiness.

During the course of the next week, however, Mr. Hadleigh developed some qualities and capabilities which made a number of people in Milton Centre and its vicinity regard his advent as one of the happiest of accidents. Zipporah Colton and the squire's daughters drove over to the village on Sunday afternoon, and after an interview with Mrs. Van Alstyne in her own room, where the birthday scheme was first unfolded to that lady, the possibility of enlisting his co-operation was brought up by the girls and eagerly discussed. Mrs. Van Alstyne took instant opportunity to sound him, and Mr. Hadleigh, whose readiness to amuse himself in almost any available way had something even boyish about it, caught at the idea with effusion. It suited him to remain where he was for the present, and yet he had been quick to foresee that time was likely to be a great drag on his hands. The girls were all sufficiently pleasant

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to look at, as well as gay in a frank, American fashion, of which he had no experience, and to assist them would be far from disagreeable. Moreover, he had had plenty of practice in amateur theatricals, and turned out to be so full of practical ideas and so fertile in expedients for making something out of almost nothing in the way of properties, that, after a consultation participated in by Paul Murray, whom Mr. Hadleigh volunteered to go in search of, he was voted master of the revels. For the rest of the week he devoted himself to the undertaking with such unflagging zeal that one would have said that, if anything more important had ever fallen to his lot to do, at least it could not have been done with greater seriousness and absorbed attention. Paul Murray, watching with amused interest such of the preparations as were necessarily made in the vicinity of the mill, noted, too, the skilful evasions, the unsurprised capability to avert or disarm suspicion, by which he guarded these innocent secrets from John Van Alstyne. True, the old man lent himself to being hoodwinked after the first day or two with a readiness which suspiciously facilitated the process. He went up to town one morning early in the week and was gone until nightfall. Then he began to superintend the excavations for the new buildings to be commenced before cold weather set in, and in other ways contrived to be absent from localities where his presence was not desirable. He found time enough in the long forenoons to prosecute his acquaintance with his new relative, to whom his heart, or, perhaps, his strong instinctive feeling with regard to family ties, was inclining him more rapidly than his judgment.

Paul Murray, too, was finding himself at once attracted and repelled by Mr. Hadleigh, and as yet uncertain which sentiment was the stronger. On the whole, they were thrown so much together, and Mr. Hadleigh was companionable in so many ways, and so free from any manner of assumption, that they fell presently into a sort of superficial comradeship new to Paul, and far enough from being unpleasant.

On Mary Anne Murray only was the effect produced by the new arrival unmixed and certain, and so adverse and uncompromising was it that it afflicted her conscience to an extent which made her do more than ordinary battle with her shyness in order to overcome it. In the usual course of things she would not have been thrown in his way at all, but as it was he had obvious occasions to call on her for trifling services, and came in with Paul once or twice before the week was over to get his tea, of which he professed to be as fond as an old woman. The law

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of contrarieties must have lain at the bottom of the fact that she awakened in him an entirely special admiration. He liked to look at her, much as he had liked to look at certain pictures in Italian churches, and had, moreover, a sense not unlike that which had sometimes pervaded him in those sanctuaries, that it would not be a bad thing to yield to the influence which seemed to him to ray out from her. But in Mary Anne he created an aversion that was even physical in its strong repulsion. She accused herself of a natural shrinking from his presence, which resembled in its effects that which had once involuntarily overcome her in the room with a pestilent cadaver, and so, the circumstance being altogether unprecedented in her experience, she tried as conscientiously to overcome it. Not as successfully, indeed, but in a measure that, her ordinary timidity and silence being taken into account, produced no such marked alteration in her demeanor as to be specially noticeable to others.

XXIII.

WHICH IS EPISTOLARY.

Zipporah Colton to her Sister Martha.

WEDNESDAY NOON, Sept. 26, 18—.

DEAR MATTIE: Lucy's note inviting you for Friday was written late on Sunday evening, but since then our plans have taken such an unexpected turn that I think you'd better come down as soon as ever you can. Bring my blue velvet peasant waist with you when you do. Saturday is the day, you know. We have concluded not to try to do much of anything with the children. One or two tableaux, perhaps; but most of them are too stupid to learn properly in the short time we have; besides, we have hit upon something a good deal better in every way. A cousin of Mr. Van Alstyne's, of whom nobody ever heard before, has arrived from South America on his way to England. He is the most amusing person I ever met, and knows ten times more than any of us about getting up charades and all that sort of thing. He says he was brought up with a houseful of sisters and cousins, and learned how when he was a boy. That must have been some time ago, I should say, for though he don't act old, he don't look very young.

He came last Saturday while I was at home. When I reached Lucy's he was calling there with Mrs. Van Alstyne, but I didn't meet him that night because I felt too tired to go into the par-

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lor. He is a wonderful person in Mrs. Van's eyes; if she has told me once that he is "own first cousin" to a lord she has told me so a dozen times. He *is* rather wonderful, I think, myself, but only because he is so full of inventions and ideas for our performance. We are making them all up—the charades, I mean—ourselves; that is, Mr. Hadleigh generally hits on the word and the scenes for it, and then we all help plan out the details. Lucy is the best about that. We have got a lovely one about Mr. Van Alstyne's horse, Nelly. We are going to do the death of Cock Robin, to bring in the syllables. That is what we need you for; you are to be the fish with your little dish. And that reminds me. You must go to Stevenson's and buy a lot of stamped gold and silver paper to make your skin of; a dozen large sheets wouldn't be too many, I should think. Mr. Hadleigh proposed to have Bella take that part at first, but she is so dumpy that when she put on the case that he cut out of brown wrapping-paper as a pattern, she looked like no fish in the sea, unless it might be a whale. I suspect he did it on purpose, for I happened to be standing near a table where he and Mr. Murray were painting a bull's head for Dr. Sawyer—he is to ring the knell—when Bella came into the parlor with it on, and I overheard him say that she would do capitally, and then we might have a tableau of Jonah afterwards. Then they both smiled, and I imagine Bella saw them in the pier-glass, as well as herself, for she wouldn't take the part. You are so nice and slim that you will do it first rate. I didn't think it very excellent taste in either of the gentlemen, I must say. Bella is as good as gold, and as nice to them as ever she can be, and it isn't her fault that she weighs pounds and pounds more than any girl ever ought to. In her place, though, I do believe I'd bant.

I'm going to be the fly—a dragon-fly, if you please, with splendid gauze wings—that's what I want the blue velvet waist for. I've taken that gold-colored farmer's satin for the skirt. We are constructing it over a set of hoops that the girls invented—the biggest up near the waist, you know, and then tapering down so as just to give room enough for me to walk in. Then it has two little black tails at the end that we borrowed from an old fur boa of Mrs. Cadwallader's. One pair of wings is to be held out with whalebones, and the others I manage with my arms. I'm sure I don't know whether the gold color is what it should be. I never can remember how "bugs," as Mrs. Cadwallader calls all sorts of insects, look, and we hunted it up in *Webster* for the shape. But my mind was made

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up what to use for the skirt in any case, so I don't care much whether they are blue or yellow or brown or black—the flies, I mean. Somebody remarked that I couldn't look the character in any case, because it would be absurd for me to talk about "my little eye." So I said I would make an effort to draw them close together and look as if there were too much light in the room, as Mr. Hadleigh does whenever his eyeglasses drop off his nose. And then somebody else said I'd better not spoil the effect by trying to be too realistic.

Little Davie Murray is to be the sparrow and Mr. Hadleigh Cock Robin. I wish you could see him in Mrs. Cadwallader's long sable circular, with a bib of Turkey red stuffed out in the absurdest way—but you will, of course. When he is shot he jumps a yard in the air, more or less, and draws his long legs all up under the fur cape in the funniest way. Then he comes flop down on the floor and dies. I suppose things must be done better in real theatres and by professional actors, but I don't see how. The second scene is going to be awfully good, too—*lie* is the word, you know, and you and I are to be brought up as conflicting witnesses against the sparrow. Mr. Murray, in an owl's head, will be judge, and Dr. Sawyer and Mr. Hadleigh, in white wool wigs, the counsel. Bella and Lucy are the jurors. I suppose it all sounds very much mixed as I write it down, but you'll see; it is going to be perfectly splendid, and too funny for anything.

I walk over to the squire's as soon as school is out every afternoon and stay until next morning, when I go back with Miss Murray. The gentlemen, and sometimes Mrs. Van Alstyne, drive over every evening for consultation and rehearsal, and we have great fun. Mrs. Cadwallader and the squire are as interested as anybody, and make things very pleasant. It would be lovely if Nat could come, for the sake of the singing—nobody has such a voice as his. But that would entail Fanny, and as I don't want her I shall not say another word about it to him. Come by the earliest train you can to-morrow, and don't forget the paper and my blue waist. Yours, ZIP.

P.S.—Love to mother. She won't have any reason to complain that I haven't mentioned every one I know down here *this* time—even to the very last stranger within the gates. Z.

Van Alstyne-Hadleigh to his Brother, Sir Rodney.

MILTON CENTRE, New York, Sept. 28, 18—.

DEAR BROTHER: Your cablegram, announcing my father's death in July, found me tied hand and foot with articular rheu-

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matism, as I got Jardine to inform you at the time by letter. My experiences on the *Goshawk*, with those three land-lubbers, who either could not or would not learn to do a stroke their laziness could crawl out of, has laid up a stock of pains and aches for me that bids fair to last for the rest of my natural life. No speed I could have made would have got me home in time for the dear old governor's funeral in any case, so I lay still, tied up in flannels, and with a dozen leeches sucking the blood out of me, and thought about what I supposed to be the situation. I reached New York a week ago yesterday, intending, then, to take the steamer for Liverpool on the following Saturday; but your letter, enclosing a copy of the will, which I found awaiting me at Whipple & Sons, combined with certain information the bankers volunteered when they found out who I was, changed my plans.

Of course, you do not expect me to consider the situation, as it actually is, in just the same light that you do. That father should have changed all his dispositions about his property in consequence of Leigh's sudden taking-off, and the temporary succession of little Dick, must be extremely pleasant for you; had it been done even five years ago, when he was quite himself, I should find it natural enough. Probably I would have done the same thing in his place. But when I saw him last I know he had no intention of making an eldest son of you in any such thorough-going fashion. Son for son, I have always had reason to believe that I had the softest spot in his affections, and what you say of his feeling about my "mad voyage," as well as your unnecessary hints about some of its circumstances, would carry more weight if I felt more certain that such a feeling was wholly spontaneous on his part. I let him know my whereabouts with the greatest regularity. Naturally, you will say, since it was chiefly to acknowledge the receipt of drafts. Well, not altogether. Agnes has been his scribe for the last half-year, and on her writing me that his mind and memory were failing, I would have made for home without delay but for ill-health and one or two other hindrances not now necessary to specify. That he would make a new will never entered my calculations, and the purport of the first, which equalized things more nearly as between you and me, I had from his own lips. Of course, none of us could have anticipated Leigh's death, and, as I say, I could have understood his motive had he planned things that way earlier. But the date of the document you send me I observe to be considerably nearer the end than the letter of Agnes to which I refer.

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However, there is no use crying over spilled milk, and I have no more tears to shed over my own collapsed condition than over the tale you unfold concerning your election expenses and the pitiful result they brought about. I wouldn't try it again if I were you. By what you say of Dick he can't well hold out much longer, and then you go into the Lords without more ado. As for me, the only people likely to bemoan the situation very deeply are my creditors. As for them, I propose for the present to "let Mr. Smith do the walking," as they say over here. If they have been deluded, so have I. Your suggestion about returning and taking up the practice of my profession is well-meant but not enticing. That would simply add one more to the pedestrians.

Now as to my present whereabouts. I had promised the governor to look up his old homestead and see what might be left of his family, but on getting news of his death concluded it was not worth while. But for your letter I should be half-seas over by this time. That put a new face on things and showed me that there was no great hurry. I made inquiries through the bankers, and the news they were able to give me concerning the only remaining American representative of the family was eminently reassuring to a man in my circumstances. Our cousin, with whom I have been staying for nearly a week now, and who is not far off the governor's age, could cap him, dollar for dollar, and come out far ahead. I don't flatter myself that I have got at what these Yankees call his "true inwardness" as yet, but I can see that his family feelings are strong and that the mere fact of my existence stirs him up after a fashion. He is not simply a wealthy manufacturer, but a capitalist in United States bonds and stocks to an extent that would make your mouth water. He has been sounding me already as to whether I would not like a partnership in his mill—his mills, perhaps I should say, for he has planned to increase his works to a much greater extent than at present. But such a partnership, as he has been careful to make me understand, would be very different to ownership. He has a philanthropic bee in his bonnet. He lives in Spartan simplicity, and would like his successor to do the same; the reason being that he has dreams about lifting up "the masses"—meaning his operatives—so as to make them in point of fact, as represented by emolument, perpetuity, and all that, the real owners. Do I want such a partnership? No, I do not. Sparta is all very well for a season, and, as you know, I have an erratic taste for its black broth as a tonic. But I don't

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choose to turn my back on Capri altogether; not to say that I was never cut out for a benefactor of my species: Still, I think it worth my while to stay here until I find out how the land really lies. The old gentleman may follow the governor's example and drop out at a moment's warning, and then, supposing no will to have been made yet, which seems likely from some things I have heard, you and I, and the girls, would be the heirs-at-law. What I would prefer to that would be a will in my favor. Who knows? I have told him in what a box my father's, which puts you in a position to keep up the title when it falls in, has left me, and I observe that he has his considering-cap on, and wants to do me as good a turn as he can without upsetting his own plans. So there you have the present situation.

Best regards to your wife, and Agnes and the rest of the girls. Sorry to hear that Edith is likely to marry such a howling Rad. as Symonds. She might as well have gone in for a Home-Ruler while she was about it. They are at once more respectable and more consistent. Odd that she should have drained out all the democratic blood there was in the governor, and got it so double-distilled.

Yours and theirs fraternally,

F. V. H.

Mrs. Van Alstyne to Mrs. Gardner Willetts.

MILTON CENTRE, Sept. 28, 18–.

DEAR ELSIE: Of course, I can only be glad about your change of plans so far as I am concerned. I expect to go down to New York about the holidays, and it will be pleasanter staying with you than going to a hotel. But it would be so selfish to think first and chiefly about my own comfort, that I can't help telling you that I consider that you are beginning in just the wrong way. If you encourage your husband already in whiffling about, and upsetting all the arrangements he made, merely to gratify his own whims, you may just settle it in your own mind that you are going to be a slave for life—for your married life, at all events, and well for you if it ends there. Mr. Willetts promised you a year abroad, and here, after six weeks at Trouville, you are to have a month in Paris only, and then back to New York for the winter, merely because he thinks there is going to be a tightness in the money market and says he wants to look after things himself! I tell you, my dear, that is only a pretext. What is to hinder his cabling to his agents

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whenever he pleases? But men are men, I guess, even the best of them, though probably some are more so than others. Those I have had to deal with all my life are, I am sure; and that is why I did not limit myself to your married life when I spoke of your being a slave. You are too much like me. I have always envied the selfish, grasping kind of women. They are not so pleasant, of course, to live with, but I notice they have a good deal better time than soft creatures like you and me. So I am not going to scold you for what you said to your husband. You only showed a proper spirit. If you had held out longer I expect you would have gained your point in the end.

What you say about his unwillingness to let you bring me the lace unless you declare it, is simple folly. Everybody does it. Don't you remember, when we came back last year, that Connecticut lawyer, Mr. Cox, who used to bore us at table by talking about the tariff, and the necessity of protecting our manufactures, and then had to pay duty on fifty or sixty pairs of ladies' gloves when we got in? If anybody was going to be strict about it you would have supposed he was, but you see he wasn't. I wouldn't pay any attention to Mr. Willetts on that point, if I were you. It isn't he that will have to pay the duty if you declare; it is I, and I don't want to do it. You can fetch it just exactly as we did a year ago this fall, and there is not the least occasion of letting Mr. Willetts know anything about it.

When you are in London see what you can learn about some newly-discovered relatives of Father Van Alstyne's. One of them has been here for several days now, and I hope will remain for some time longer. I don't see why he should not stay for good and take the property. There is no one else, for, do what *I* can to please the old gentleman, I begin to feel sure you were right, and that he thinks he has discharged all his obligations to me already. What I am most afraid of is that he will fritter it all away on his work-people, or else leave it to charities. I thought once that I might contest the will in that case, but I have consulted a lawyer and find it would be out of the question. He says I have no rights, being only poor William's widow, which is most unreasonable.

Besides, it would be just like Father Van Alstyne not to make any will, but dispose of it all before his death. So I was quite glad to see any relative appear on the carpet, and much more so such a perfect gentleman as Mr. Frederick Van Alstyne-Hadleigh. His brother is Sir Rodney Van Alstyne-Hadleigh. They have a place called Hadleigh Towers, in Arundel, near

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the Duke of Norfolk's. Sir Rodney was in the House of Commons for six weeks this spring. His brother says that but for that dreadful person, Mr. Gladstone, he would be there still. He is a very peculiar man (this Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh, I mean). I never quite know whether he is in earnest when he talks to me. But he is a better listener, I will say for him, than most other gentlemen I have met. I have told him all I know about the property and my fears about it, and how glad I should be to have him get it. Of course he would sell out at once, and probably return to England, but it would be some satisfaction to see it go where it would do some real good. I told him this very morning what I have said to you time and again, that Father Van Alstyne is so very eccentric and opinionated as he grows older, and so disposed to fling his money into the mud, as you might say, that there would be ample ground for any one who had a natural claim to apply for a writ against him, as the sons did, you remember, when old Masters married the widow Lord a couple of years ago. I didn't tell him I had thought of doing it myself, for since I find it would be of no manner of use, I suppose it is just as well to say nothing.

As usual, I have written you a long letter, but it was important—about the lace, especially; and besides, I had nothing else to do. To-morrow Father Van Alstyne will be seventy-one, and we are going to have a great time about it. Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh has been very kind in showing the Cadwallader girls and the school-teacher who is here this summer, and who has been staying at our house through some whim of the old gentleman's, how to arrange what will be, I think, a really pretty entertainment. It is to take place in the picnic ground below the factory—though, come to think of it, I don't suppose you ever saw the place.

If the weather should turn out rainy, it will either be postponed or else the charades will be given in the hall where the hands have their dances in the winter-time. There is to be a feast, besides, for the hands, and everybody in the village is coming to see the tableaux and hear the music. I really must stop now, for there goes the dinner-bell.

Always your affectionate aunt,

SARAH PORTER VAN ALSTYNE.

P.S.—I forgot to say that it is rather lucky for you, after all, that you are to be in New York this winter. If Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh stays over here, as I am pretty sure he means to, he will, of course, want to get away from this village for

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some part of the winter at any rate, and he will be an acquisition. Of course, you would naturally see a great deal of him, being my niece, and so a sort of connection. His brother will be a peer so soon as a sickly little cousin dies. Those sickly people, though, generally last a good while I have always noticed, especially if they have money.

Mattie Colton to her Mother.

MILTON CENTRE, Sept. 30, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER: I promised you to write at the first quiet minute I had and tell you how the affair went off, and what I think about the people down here. But so much has happened that I hardly know where to begin.

I am quiet enough just at present, a great deal quieter than I wish I was, for I am sitting alone in the room with Mr. Van Alstyne, and I suppose every one else in the house is like enough to be asleep. They must all be pretty tired. It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and Zip came and called me to take her place here about half an hour ago. Mr. Van Alstyne had a stroke yesterday afternoon, while he was making a speech, after the last charade was over. I had no part to take in that one, and I was sitting close beside him when he fell. He had been telling me, just before he got up, how pleased he was with the attention shown him, and how sure he felt that Zip had had a great deal to do in originating the idea. He seems to have liked her very much, considering the little time she has been down here, and as for her, I had no idea she could go on so about anybody's trouble. It appears to me that she could hardly feel worse if it were father who was lying here. But I suppose he *has* been very kind to her. Even I, who know him so little, find the tears coming up to my eyes whenever I look over at the bed.

I don't know whether he is conscious or not. His face is rather red, and he lies very quiet, with his head on one side; and his eyes are somehow queer—they are both looking straight at me whenever I turn round, so that I see a good deal of the white of one of them. They do not follow me when I move, but keep in one position, and yet it seems to me as if he knows me. He cannot speak, though, nor move at all, except one leg and his eyelids, and I can see that almost everybody thinks that he is going to die. But Zip says that Dr. Cadwallader told her this afternoon that he began to have hopes of him. He stayed with him nearly all night, and when he came in again this afternoon he said a rather curious thing to Zip, I think. He was just telling

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her that he began to have hopes when Mrs. Van Alstyne came in and inquired what he thought. She spoke right out, Zip says, in an unfeeling sort of way, as if she took it for granted Mr. Van Alstyne must be unconscious, and the squire answered her that the case was very grave indeed, and might probably take an unfavorable turn at any moment. But when she left the room again, Zip says he called her over to the bedside and repeated to her, very slowly and distinctly, as if he thought likely Mr. Van Alstyne might hear, just what he had told her before—that he had a good chance to recover, and that Zip would better keep her own counsel as to what he might say to her. "You are his friend, I know," he said, "and I am much mistaken if John Van Alstyne ever stood in greater need of one." I don't know what he meant, but I know it seemed to me yesterday that almost everybody seemed broken-hearted—they all thought he was dead, at first, for it took a long while to bring him around—except the very two you would think would care the most.

Of course you won't expect me to tell you much about the doings yesterday under present circumstances. That will keep until I go home. I don't quite know when that will be. The doctor seems anxious to have just such nurses and watchers in the room; he says all depends upon perfect quiet and paying strict attention to his directions. I believe Mr. Murray stays to-night, and the doctor, who knows Zip has to keep on at school, told her that he would be glad if I remained until he could get a perfectly trustworthy person whom he knows. Miss Murray is to help also until then. She is very nice. I believe you would like her.

As to yesterday, I will only say that it was splendid. Even Fanny's coming down with Nat, which Zip wanted to prevent, turned out very well, for Bella was attacked with a dreadful headache, and couldn't take one of her parts. So Fan dressed up as the "fair Imogen," don't you know, in *Alonzo the Brave*, and carried it off even better than Bella, who had been practising for a week. She made great eyes at the Englishman, though. Still, that was in the part, I suppose, for he was "Alonzo." But I don't believe Nat liked it, nor him either—Mr. Hadleigh, I mean. So now good-by, mother dear, and write to say what you think about my staying for a few days longer. The nurse Squire Cadwallader wants won't be disengaged until near the end of this week. Yours affectionately, MATTIE.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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JOHN R. G. HASSARD.

THIS name has too often appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and its owner was too much esteemed by us, to permit us to pass by the news of his death without a tribute in our pages. At less than fifty-two years of age, Mr. Hassard has been called into eternity, to be rewarded, we trust, with that beatific vision which, through the merits of Christ, his true faith and ardent charity deserve.

The career of a journalist is consistent with religious principles and conduct, but it is beset with difficulties. Mr. Hassard knew how to meet these difficulties and to overcome them. The intellectual labors of that perplexing profession, that of a literary man of the nineteenth century, he was able to perform with fidelity to conscience, and at the same time with the applause of the public.

He was engaged in the editorial department of this magazine early in its career, and at a time when not many Catholics were connected with the press; and although he soon passed into the field of the daily newspaper, he was one of our contributors up to a very recent date, his last article being a brilliant musical critique upon the works of Liszt, sent to us shortly after that composer's death.

He published some volumes of critical notices, both literary and musical, and of foreign travel, very rich in all the excellences of style appropriate to these departments of literature, and his pen was ever at work upon the daily press as long as his fading bodily strength would obey the vigorous energy of his spirit. But we think that politics was by no means his dominant attrait. We knew him well, and that in the meridian of his power, and so little did he develop his leanings in politics in our intercourse together that he never aroused our interest in them. We always considered that literature, pursued as a profession and for Catholic ends, was the aim of his life.

And his greatest work was his *Life of Archbishop Hughes*. This book will transmit the writer's name to coming generations in company with that of the prelate whom God raised up among us to give tone to the Catholic American community. In this biography Mr. Hassard did his work honestly. It took no small amount of courage to plainly state the faults of the archbishop, the hero of the whole church in America, within

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two years of his decease. But he could affirm that he possessed and that he expressed an adequate appreciation of his noble qualities. Yet we think that he left incomplete his estimate of the archbishop's character. He did not sufficiently develop to the public what was the peculiar tendency in his career, namely his standpoint of American citizenship in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. At first sight one would think that such a study of the effect of the archbishop's career on the church had never occurred to Mr. Hassard. But there are parts of the life in which the author indicates his appreciation of this view, especially his quoting at the very end of the book a striking passage from the funeral sermon of Archbishop McCloskey. Perhaps the biographer did not consider the time opportune; for as a matter of fact, this drift of Archbishop Hughes has not, in the providence of God, been explicitly followed by the Catholic community to any great degree, even by its prelates, until in recent times Cardinal Gibbons has distinctly announced the principles of Catholic public life in the American Republic.

Mr. Hassard tells us in the *Life* that Archbishop Hughes' career "was essentially a public one, and his polemical discussions were for long periods almost the whole sum of his daily occupation." Now, it is evident enough to those who knew him well, that whenever the archbishop appeared before the public he wished to be an exponent not simply of an ecclesiastical organization, to uphold its rights and advance its interests; but he furthermore wished to do so upon grounds of American justice and political freedom; he wished to be an exponent of American thought. He never was so happy as when looked upon in that light. Whether Mr. Hassard understood this or not, his *Life* is not calculated to make it understood by others. Had he written the biography the last year of his life, or rewritten it then, it might have contained another chapter, perhaps the most important one in the book.

All the notices of Mr. Hassard which have appeared in the press are in accord in affirming that he was a man of dignity and culture, a good critic and a vigorous editorial writer. When Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, uses the following words, you may be sure that they are deserved:

"John Hassard, so long known in this town as a distinguished writer in the *Tribune* upon literature, music, and a wide range of social and practical subjects, is to be buried to-morrow morning from St. Ann's Church, in Twelfth street, and we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a tribute of esteem and affection for his memory. Intimately and officially

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associated with him during a considerable portion of the civil war, as we had previously been in the preparation of the *American Cyclopædia*, and as we were afterward in journalism, we knew him as a man of uncommon ability, extensive accomplishments, manly and faithful, high-minded and true. He has departed from this world at far too early an age, and we bid him farewell with sincere sorrow. May his soul have peace, and may the Divine Providence send more such laborers into the harvest field of life!"

With regard to his private religious life, what can we say more than Father Campbell said of him in his funeral sermon? Our personal acquaintance with him was long enough and intimate enough. We know that he was a Christian and a Catholic, and never did anything inconsistent with that character. A man of culture, he was ever writing what many thousands of every creed would read. Yet he knew how to keep his delicate position as a journalist with honor, and never be so much as charged with violating any article of his always openly-professed religion.

Although a sincere adherent of a political party, to which until very recent years nearly all of his co-religionists were opposed; although a prominent member of the editorial staff of its foremost political journal, yet in all religious matters he was perfectly at one with the Catholic people, and no less at one with his party in politics. And this is no small praise. This teaches us a great deal. Happy is the Catholic in public life who will learn a lesson from this. To very many of us it should be the great significance of our departed friend's life. He found it quite possible to be a political and critical journalist, and at the same time be true to his Catholic conscience. He could and did stand firmly upon the principles of Catholic morality, and win for himself as a newspaper writer the applause of men of all shades of religious and political opinion. The following words of the *Tribune* editorial are full of deep feeling, and honestly express the sentiment referred to:

"Mr. Hassard, whose beautiful life and untimely death are elsewhere recorded in touching words by one of his closest associates on the staff of the *Tribune*, fully deserved all the praise Mr. Winter bestows. In the variety and uniform excellence of his work, as a general editorial writer, and as a musical and literary critic, he has scarcely left a superior on the American press. Trained first under the fastidious eye of Dr. Ripley, he brought to literary criticism all that master's soundness of judgment and elegance of taste, with a wider and more youthful range of sympathies. In musical criticism he came to have much the same sort of authority with the late John S. Dwight, but his work had better literary form, and was far more attractive to the general public. He wrote editorially on a great variety of topics with admirable readiness, precision, and force. Though not specially drawn to politics, he often threw himself into political discussion with zest

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and power. The mystery of the cipher despatches haunted him till he had unriddled it—an achievement as remarkable as any in American journalism. His personal character won him the regard of everybody that knew him, and more affection than falls to the lot of most men; and throughout a nine years' illness, borne with splendid courage and without a murmur, he ripened steadily, so that intellectually and in all ways his last years were his best."

In conclusion, we have but to ask the prayers of all our brethren for his happy repose. I. T. HECKER.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES.

A MAN from Maine went West some years ago and, after prospecting for a while, purchased and settled upon a tract of land. He felt sure, from indications, that it contained gold, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. He worked with the greatest energy; he used every known appliance for mining; but no paying quantity of the precious metal appeared. Disgusted, he was about to abandon the place, when some one suggested that the land might be very good for *corn*. He took the suggestion; he planted the corn. In a few years he was the owner of as much gold as though he had really found a mine.

This story illustrates very completely the history and the character of Catholic Young Men's Societies. Almost forty years have elapsed since the idea was broached, in this country, of establishing for our Catholic youth associations which would combine social and literary with religious advantages. To many, at the time, it seemed the discovery of a spiritual gold-mine, of a new power for the evangelization of the world. The bishops and the priests were still to be the leaders, but the work was to be done by those who had hitherto aided religion but little. An army of devoted, sturdy, educated Catholic laymen was to be organized by means of these associations. Then, bravely and effectively as the Crusaders, they were to fight the battle of the Lord. The weapons of the enemy were to be turned against himself. The pleasures of youth, which lead very often to corruption of heart; and learning, which so many wrest, as they wrest even the Scriptures, to their own destruction, were to be made incentives and means for accomplishing

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the best results. The young men were to be offered every legitimate form of enjoyment, and thus saved from even the desire of what might do them harm. Once thoroughly banded together, they could easily be educated so as to tower intellectually above their fellows. They could be thoroughly grounded in the principles and the proofs of their faith, and imbued with an enthusiastic Catholic spirit. Thus would a solid phalanx form, far-reaching and widespread. There would be a sentinel at every post, a sharp-shooter at every redoubt, a soldier ready to face and down the enemy at every point.

The societies were organized in various localities. With what result? They did not, in many cases, realize the roseate expectations that had been formed of them. Sometimes they did not succeed at all. Again, they flourished for a while, and then, through causes that will be alluded to later, they wilted like flowers lacking moisture and sunshine, and died. These failures caused a revulsion of feeling in many quarters. More than a few of those who had carried the banner in the movement lost heart. They concluded that the project was a mere dream—a beautiful dream, indeed, but, like all visions, intangible and incapable of realization.

Is it a dream? In the sense of being an easy panacea, it is a wild, an impossible dream. But if we understand by it a means which can accomplish very much for the glory of God, the honor of the church, and the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of the people, provided considerable labor and judgment be expended upon it, then is it a great and a beautiful reality. In a word, it is a garden, not a gold-mine. The measure of success depends partly upon the greater or less fertility of the soil, and partly upon the ability, the energy, and the patience of the cultivators.

If any proof of this be required we need only look around us. While some societies have failed, others—many others—have succeeded and flourish still, justifying all reasonable expectations. We find them in every one of our large cities, increasing in number and in efficiency every year. Were it not for the danger of making invidious distinctions, and of omitting some, perhaps, most worthy of mention, one could name by the score associations of this kind that deserve all possible honor. Through the good work they have done they are among the strongest supports of the church, not only in the parish, but also in the diocese to which they belong. And they aid materially in making Catholicity and Catholics respected throughout

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the land. So patent, indeed, are the advantages that can accrue from this movement, and so satisfactory, on the whole, have been the results thus far, that the bishops of the country are pronounced in encouraging it, and the last Plenary Council of Baltimore has not hesitated to sanction it with most emphatic and official approval. These are the words of the Council, expressed in its Pastoral Letter:

"We consider as worthy of particular encouragement associations for the promotion of healthful social union among Catholics, and especially those whose aim is to guard our Catholic young men against dangerous influences, and to supply them with the means of innocent amusement and mental culture. It is obvious that our young men are exposed to the greatest dangers, and therefore need the most abundant helps. Hence, in the spirit of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., we desire to see the number of thoroughly Catholic and well-organized associations for their benefit greatly increased, especially in our large cities; we exhort pastors to consider the formation and the careful direction of such societies as one of their most important duties; and we appeal to our young men to put to profit the best years of their lives, by banding together, under the direction of their pastors, for mutual improvement and encouragement in the paths of faith and virtue.

"And in order to acknowledge the great amount of good that 'The Catholic Young Men's National Union' has already accomplished, to promote the growth of the Union, and to stimulate its members to greater efforts in the future, we cordially bless their aims and endeavors, and we recommend the Union to all our Catholic young men."

Approbation so emphatic from this august Council, embodying, as it does, the approval of the Holy Father himself, is enough to settle in every Catholic mind all question as to the utility of these societies. It is sufficient, also, to make every pastor anxious for their establishment and care; to make parents desirous that their sons seek membership in them; to render our young men ready to reap their advantages; to impress upon our prominent laymen the value of helping them by verbal encouragement, and, sometimes, even with financial aid.

Nevertheless, it is proposed to recount here some of their advantages, to mention certain difficulties, and to suggest some preventives and remedies.

ADVANTAGES.

1st. These young men's associations are capable of completing, and in some cases of supplying, the Catholic education of our youth. There is no need to dilate here on the importance of Catholic education. Every one knows that the sun-

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shine and the rain are not more necessary in the spring-time for covering the earth with verdure, than are the Christian schools for preserving and disseminating the faith of Christ in this country. Sometimes, however, our young people are unable to enjoy these advantages. Very often, too, our boys are obliged to leave school at a tender age. Even those who complete the course of studies have still much to learn. We need some means to continue the good work. The society steps in. Its library, stocked with only what is pure and true; its lectures, which can so easily and so frequently be turned on the great points of controversy and the most important facts in church history; its Catholic newspapers, its Catholic spirit—all these combine to supply the need and to thoroughly imbue the minds of the members with the principles, the beauties, and the proofs of their holy religion.

2d. These organizations can strengthen the attachment of our young men to the church, to their pastors, and to one another at the period of their lives when these ties are in great danger of being severed. One cause of this danger is the false notion, very prevalent and hard to eradicate, that a good life means a dull life. The consequence is that when our young men begin to indulge even the legitimate, not to speak at all of the unlawful tendencies of their youth, they drift away gradually from both church and priest as from those who would curb all their natural inclinations. Besides, those outside the church are always ready to proffer them the means for recreation. We have the Young Men's Christian Association in every large city, with its gymnasiums, its lectures, and its popular entertainments. Now, how can we better correct false impressions, and stop the inroads of the enemy upon our ranks, than by placing before our young men the means for innocent, but at the same time real, amusement? Thus we will teach them practically that a virtuous life precludes nothing conducive to real happiness here, while it secures eternal glory hereafter.

This point is of more importance than would at first appear. Too long has the "good boy" been a synonym for a simpleton, and the "Sunday-school teacher" for a sentimental, milk-and-water goody-goody, while the fact is, that when either is what the name implies, he is the very type of true boyhood or manhood, as the case may be. The means proposed here will be a great help towards making the world recognize the fact.

Social temptations also cause this danger of estrangement. There is in this country so much of what people call "respecta-

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bility" and "refinement" outside the church, and so much that is termed "lack of culture" within it, that young folks often learn to despise those of their own race and faith, and sometimes grow to be ashamed of the faith itself. This is a fruitful source of mixed marriage, a frequent cause for neglect of religious duties, and now and then an incentive to apostasy. Again these organizations come to the rescue. They bind the young men together, teaching them to respect, to love, and to aid one another. If many of our people have not yet reached the highest scale of education or of wealth in the United States, the reason therefor is plain. The ancestors of most of us were ground down in poverty by iniquitous laws as a punishment for their adherence to the truth of Christ. Education and refinement they could have had, were they willing to sell their birthright. Moore tells the story of the persecution of the Irish Catholic Church in words that are as true as they are beautiful:

> "Thy rival was honored, whilst thou wert wronged and scorned;
> Thy crown was of briars, whilst gold her brows adorned.
> She wooed me to temples, whilst thou laidst hid in caves;
> Her friends were all masters, whilst thine, alas! were slaves."

But this condition of things exists not here in our glorious country. And all we need to make us equal to any body of people in this temporal point of view, is that the Catholic youth of the country, without the least ill-will to any one, stand shoulder to shoulder in well-organized bodies, imbued with mutual good-feeling and with a firm determination to use every legitimate means for aiding and elevating one another.

3d. These associations cannot but be a great preservative against the temptations of large cities. We know well what those dangers are—the street-corner, the saloon, the dive. There are formed the thieves, the roughs, the tramps, the drunkards. Every young man who leaves his house at night for recreation is exposed to their allurements. What a work it is, then, to provide a haven where safety is assured for all, at least, who wish it; where those on whom depends so much of our hope for the future can meet and converse, play their games, read their papers and books, improve their minds, and return to their homes without having contracted any contamination!

Such are the principal advantages of our unions. It is within the range of their possibility to produce in time a body of men thoroughly grounded in the knowledge and the love of their faith, to multiply O'Connells, Windthorsts, Ozanams,

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Brownsons, and Hassards. They are capable of making the rising generation fond and proud of the church, as well as useful to their pastors and to one another. They can lessen the number of blighted lives, and broken hearts, and souls lost for ever. Experience has seen these capabilities realized in many instances. Surely nothing more can be required to make us believe in these organizations, and aid them by word and work.

DIFFICULTIES.

As was said in the beginning, these unions of young men are not a gold-mine. They are a garden in which the soil must be fertilized, the seed planted, and the trees and flowers and shrubs guarded with exquisite care. Sometimes, it must be confessed, despite all the care of the gardener, the soil has proven unproductive; or else weeds have sprung up, choking the flowers as they bloomed, and foul insects have crawled over the trees and the shrubs, destroying all their fruit. Many a zealous laborer, both priest and layman, has become disheartened at difficulties, and has abandoned the work in despair. But lack of success in some instances is no reason why any one should lose heart. Where so much good is to be accomplished, it is well worth while to learn, by patient industry, the means which will bring it about. If failure comes on the first attempt, we can well afford to study the causes thereof and to prevent their recurrence when we try again. Experience is of the greatest importance in society work, not only our own but also that which has been gleaned by others. In its light the difficulties can be enumerated thus:

In the first place, the young men have often been found very apathetic. Perfectly willing to take all the enjoyment that can be offered them, they show a distaste for either intellectual improvement or religious exercises. It has happened, also, that after a society had flourished for some time the older members became engrossed with business and family cares. They gradually retired. The younger members had been unused to management. They lacked both enthusiasm and self-confidence, and so the organization dwindled away to nothing. Again, politics and dissipation, in some instances, have obtruded themselves, and played havoc with the good work. In other cases the spirit of rebellion has asserted itself. The young men undertook to transgress regulations which the pastor deemed it his duty to enforce for the good of the society, or for the edification of the

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parish. The result was rupture with the ecclesiastical authority; and then, either the dissolution of the organization or its diversion from the main object for which it was established.

These difficulties, no doubt, may sometimes be so grave as to be practically insurmountable. But the same experience which shows us where the danger lies points out to us also a number of

PREVENTIVES AND REMEDIES,

which have caused success in the past and seem to guarantee it for the future. These can be enumerated as follows:

1st. Reception of the Sacraments.—It is hard to see what right any organization has to be called Catholic unless it possess a fundamental rule on this subject. There should be at least two public Communions in each year, one on the day appointed by the National Union and another about Easter time.

2d. The authority of the Pastor.—His veto of any measure or of any individual should be final, and as such should always be accepted with hearty good-will. Without this the society is exposed to great danger from the impetuosity and the inexperience of youth, as well as from the machinations of schemers who may manage to obtain an entrance.

3d. The personal influence of the Spiritual Director, whether he be the Pastor himself or an Assistant Priest deputed for the work.—He can be among the young men at their gatherings; study their strong and their weak points; aid them by his learning and experience; gain their confidence; assist them in their difficulties; prevent disputes; be to them a friend in the truest sense of the word, and, at the same time, a constant example of Catholic virtue and Christian manhood.

4th. Great care in the Admission of Members.—These Unions are of no use as reformatories. No person should ever be received who cannot prove his claim to respectability and to practical Catholicity. The story of Vert-Vert repeats itself every day. "Evil communications corrupt good morals." Many a flourishing society has been ruined by the admission of one or two dissolute members, received either with a view to their reform or because they were known to be "good fellows." Nor need any one fear that a reasonably high standard of character for membership will simply gather together a number of naturally virtuous people who would be just as good without any society. On the contrary, such a standard will serve to make vice and dissipation disreputable. And members going astray will amend their lives

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when they find it necessary to do so, in order to have the companionship and the respect of their fellows.

5th. Literary Exercises.—These are an almost indispensable adjunct. Certain evenings, reasonably frequent, devoted to original addresses, essays, debates, and declamations, serve to develop the minds of the young men, refine their taste, improve their education, and entirely prevent the great danger of the rooms of the association becoming a place for mere idle lounging. But all the members should partake by turns in these exercises. Otherwise a few will be benefited, and the great majority will remain unimproved. It might be mentioned here, in passing, that it is wise also for the older members to insist on the younger men taking office sometimes. This gives the latter more of an interest, and it prevents decay when the former are obliged to retire.

6th. Membership in the National and the Diocesan Union.—These Unions, of which the latter is the local assembly of the former, were established some fourteen years ago. They have done very much to aid the cause. Their object is not to legislate for the individual societies, but to form a sort of clearing-house, where experiences can be interchanged, dangers made known, remedies suggested. They develop enthusiasm, report the progress made throughout the country, spur on flagging energies, and make the young men a unit for concerted action should it ever be required.

The last National Convention was held in New York on May 25 and 26, 1887, in the hall of the new De La Salle Institute. It was a sight to make any Catholic proud. Seventy-seven societies were represented by the flower of our youth. The proceedings were both enthusiastic and orderly. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. And when the Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan came to bestow his encouragement and his benediction on the assembly, the cheer of welcome which rent the air and made the echoes ring was ample proof that every man there, and all he represented, were devoted, loyal Catholics in heart and soul. The next general assembly will be held in Cincinnati on the sixth and seventh of June. The West has been chosen this year with a view to encouraging and propagating the cause in that section. Why cannot every Catholic Young Men's Association in the country be there represented? Some have always held aloof, it is hard to see why. If your society is young, and struggling with difficulties, you can there learn the road to success. If it is well established and prosperous, others

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want the benefit of your experience. In either case you will help to swell the enthusiasm of the occasion, and to give the cause the prominence it deserves before the public.

There seems to be a bright future before these associations. As our schools increase in number and perfect their system, the material for membership will grow every year better and more plentiful. Enlarged experience will the better teach both members and directors how to prevent weeds from growing in the garden, and how to save the fruits of their labors from blight and decay. Augmented resources will increase their efficiency for charitable and educational purposes. They will not bring about the millennium, but they will be a potent factor for good. They deserve the encouragement and the good-will of every zealous Catholic heart.

M. J. LAVELLE.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

Place aux dames! They take up by far the larger share of space on our book-table this month. And first Mrs. Oliphant, if for no better reason, then surely because of her age and long experience, and the pleasant debt of gratitude which two generations of novel-readers owe her. How far back they seem, the days when one was sowing a crop of bad marks and just rebukes in order to spend one's study hours with the too-delightful *Katie Stewart!* How many novels has Mrs. Oliphant written since then? Fifty at the least computation, one would guess, and hazard, too, the prediction that, like Tennyson's Brook, she might "go on for ever" in just such a gurgling, unexciting, pleasant, sunny flow to the very brink of the ocean of eternity. People say, who pretend to know, that novel-writing has been, not the amusement but the serious, necessary work of her long lifetime; that she has been not merely the "helpmeet" of an incapable and indolent companion, but the wise and provident mother of sons who owe to her charming gift for story-telling and her unflagging industry their education and their start in life. Both they and she, supposing the gossip well founded, must have pleasure in remembering at how little expense to conscience labor so incessant, so full of snares and temptations to stray into by and forbidden paths, has been accomplished.

Perhaps it would be saying too much to affirm that *Joyce*

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(Harper & Brothers, New York) is as good as any of its predecessors. *Valentine and his Brother* is better, and so is *Katie Stewart*, and so, on the whole, is *Miss Marjoribanks*. Nevertheless, full as it is of padding—how could one turn out nearly or quite two hundred pages of fine type so often without padding?—it is quite good enough to recommend to confirmed novel-readers of the sort its author must certainly prefer: people, that is, who do not want to gallop through a book at a sitting; who like to lay their novel in the basket with their knitting or mending, or who find the right sort of one act as a cheerful and innocuous opiate after over-exciting and laborious days.

If we should say that the next story on our list is less harmless and more exciting than *Joyce*, it would be necessary but invidious to designate the only class of readers to whom it is likely to be more than stupid. It has become Mrs. A. L. Wister's recognized *métier* to translate novels of the cheaply sentimental and flashy type from a variety of German sources. Perhaps the German flashiness is not over-brilliant, and its sentiment is perilously near the point of sentimentality at its best. Still, one wonders why a gentlewoman should select H. Schobert's *Picked Up in the Streets* (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) for translation. Of course, there is one obvious reason—it will be likely to have a sale. There is a plenty of readers who will find it entertaining in default of something new from Ouida or Rhoda Broughton, and the Mercantile Libraries will probably keep copies of it standing on their counters for months before they are finally relegated to seldom-disturbed shelves. It is not technically immoral. The little golden-haired, green-eyed Ferra, who is picked up in the streets of Paris by a Russian *roué* at the age of eight, and sent by him to a Convent of the Sacred Heart to be educated and then returned to him, never goes to the bad. She is saved from that abyss in the first place by marriage with her protector's father, who, coming on from Russia to prevent his son from contracting such a *mésalliance*, finds that the surest and most agreeable way of accomplishing his purpose will be to marry her himself. Presently he leaves her a widow. Then her troubles begin anew in a little German court, where she is persecuted by the prince and hated by the jealous princess. But though she is again rescued from sin and slander by an honest marriage, yet the reader is kept from the first page to the last in a vicious atmosphere. The precipices are always close at hand, the bogs are always slimy and shaky, and the escapes always by the skin of the teeth. And that is why we find the

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translation of such tales unfit occupation for gentlewomen, and the reading of them worse than unprofitable for anybody.

Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is a very pretty, interesting, and well-written story. It is well illustrated, also, by Reginald B. Birch. Sara is an imaginative child of twelve; "there was almost more imagination than there was Sara" in her, says her creator. She lives in a London boarding-school, where she is petted and made much of until the death of her only parent leaves her in poverty. Then she is kept on as a drudge, permitted to study when she can, because her talent is obvious, and the day will probably come when she can work out her debt for food and shelter by teaching languages for nothing. Meantime she becomes an ill-used, neglected little one, with no friend but her wax doll Emily, and no solace but a love of reading and a wonderful capacity for "supposing things."

"Her whole forlorn, uncared-for child-life was made up of imaginings. She imagined and pretended things until she almost believed them, and she would scarcely have been surprised at any remarkable thing that could have happened. So she insisted to herself that Emily understood all about her troubles and was really her friend.

"'As to answering,' she used to say, 'I don't answer very often. I never answer when I can help it. When people are insulting you, there is nothing so good for them as not to say a word—just to look at them and *think*. Miss Minchin turns pale with rage when I do it; Miss Amelia looks frightened, so do the girls. They know you are stronger than they are, because you are strong enough to hold in your rage, and they are not, and they say stupid things they wish they hadn't said afterwards. There's nothing so strong as rage, except what makes you hold it in—that's stronger. It's a good thing not to answer your enemies. I scarcely ever do. Perhaps Emily is more like me than I am like myself. Perhaps she would rather not answer her friends, even. She keeps it all in her heart.'"

But "supposing" comes very hard even for Sara now and then. When she is wet and cold and hungry after doing long errands through London fog and slush, for instance, and yet must go supperless to bed. At such times even her most comforting resort, that of imagining herself a princess in disguise, sure some day to arrive at sovereignty and the ability to put her enemies to shame, gets to wear a desperately shabby and beggarly air. Her childish mind she feeds, in default of better food, on weekly penny papers and such other trash as she can borrow from a sentimental housemaid who subscribes to a circulating library, and whom she helps about her work in order to get a sight of the "greasy volumes containing stories of mar-

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quises and dukes who invariably fell in love with orange-girls and gypsies and servant-maids, and made them the proud brides of coronets," but her poor little body grows thin on drier sustenance. Of course it all comes right in the end. Sara lives for a while in what seems a fairy tale made real, finding her cold, ugly attic transformed in some magical way into a nest of elegant comfort, new clothes supplied by unknown hands, dainty suppers lying ready for her when she climbs the garret stairs tired-out at night. Then her real, flesh-and-blood benefactor comes to light, and Sara leaves Miss Minchin's for kindness and luxury in a home of her own.

As we have said, Mrs. Burnett's story is charmingly written. Her little heroine, too, is a suggestive figure in many ways. To us she is so chiefly because she emphasizes so sharply the emptiness of souls to which the Christian ideal seems to be wholly lacking. In one way or another, all who succeed in making this life more than merely endurable when its external conditions are painful, must do so by conforming it to some ideal. If we are materialists, and conclude to live in the sty with Epicurus, at least we do our best, as Bishop Blougram puts it, to make our sty "rustle with sufficient straw." If even straw is lacking, or is foul and musty, life becomes impossible unless we can find some interior refuge. Poor little Sara Crewe, finding hers in dime novels, in "supposing" good suppers and warm clothes, and playing at being a princess in order to harden herself against insults, finally rewarded with hot meals, velvet gowns, and some romantic equivalent for Mrs. Burnett's own stories, which probably do not circulate in fairy-land, what a pitiful little figure she is when one puts her beside the twelve-year-old Agnes, despising comfort, wealth, and honor, and bending gladly her beautiful head beneath the executioner's axe, that so she may go the more quickly to the Master "whom, not having seen, she loved"! How mean her desires are, how tawdry and vulgar her imagination, how empty her final attainment, when measured by those of the little Catherine of Siena, made like herself into a drudge, forbidden even her one solace of long hours of prayer, yet building within her own heart a temple wherein the living God abode; where she offered him as incense every meanest duty performed to others in love for him; where she dwelt with him in a fulness and repose which made her, like the Apostle, "count all things but as dung" that she might please him by the loving acceptance of all that was in the order of his Providence!

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When Mrs. Burnett wrote *Through One Administration* we heard it remarked, by an acute and clever woman, that whenever her heroines turned out well and "behaved themselves," she was sure to reward them with the most becoming and well-fitting gowns she could imagine. She is busy still in the manufacture of millinery for dainty souls, impatient alike of vulgar immorality and commonplace surroundings. And such souls are many, sunk deep in well-washed, well-fed, carefully adorned and perfumed flesh. What better can one honestly say for them than that cleanliness, good food, and inoffensive adornment are, in themselves, better than nastiness, open poison, and noisome odors?

Love and Theology (Ticknor & Co., Boston) is a clever but not particularly interesting novel, by Celia Parker Woolley. We hear that it has been the subject of a good deal of more or less admiring comment, and can readily believe it to have been an event in those upper, brahminical circles of "cultured" people who like to fancy themselves not utterly given up to frivolity, but capable of serious thought and talk on serious subjects. Love, at all events, is a subject serious enough in any of its phases. "Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it," else the floods of wishy-washy rhetoric poured over it by the male and female novelists of many generations would long since have melted it out of sight and mind. But as it is the staple of human existence, and as human existence has many forms, and exceeding many degrees of force and intensity, there is "ample room and verge enough" for all manner of discourse about it. Speaking for ourselves, we find nothing specially elemental or suggestive in Miss—or Mrs.?—Woolley's handling of this part of her theme. That there should be still less in her presentation of theology was, of course, to be expected. Theology too, among the priesthood of culture, is conceived of as having many forms, each of them native to its substance, each adapting it in varying degrees to different grades of intelligence. People "catch it," like whooping-cough or measles, and have it hard or easy according to their temperaments; and may even, when particularly healthy or happy in their "environment," escape it altogether. What is of real importance about it in any case, is the effect it is likely to have upon them in their more natural and less-easily evaded relations with their fellows. How, to put at once the finest point upon it, is it going to act and react when confronted with love as it exists between the sexes?

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Now, that is a problem which has given occasion to many novels, and to many tragedies, as well, in actual life, and will doubtless continue to do so. In the novel it is comparatively easy to handle, more especially by novelists to whom theology is not the science of God, but any and every class of opinions which may be held concerning him and his relations to his creatures, including the opinion that he does not exist, and that, therefore, there are no relations of the sort. But it is a still less serious problem in real life for people burdened, to whatever extent one pleases, with opinions, yet unsteadied by any positive conviction. Love in its mildest variety, so long as it is real, is pretty sure to drive opinion, when it asserts itself in opposition, off the field with lowered colors. So Celia Parker Woolley evidently thinks, and we agree with her. There are two pairs of lovers in her story, one of which is composed of an orthodox, evangelical and rather prim young woman and a professor and preacher of "Liberal Theology," of the type once held and taught by Theodore Parker. The other pair is made up of an Episcopalian clergyman and a girl whose "views" are not very decided, though they lean strongly to liberalism, and are tinctured with a propensity to assert the rights of women. They are all "in love" after their various fashions, and after going through struggles enough to fill a novel, the solution comes to each couple in the most natural and commendable of fashions. The girls give in. Virginia gets herself confirmed by her husband's bishop, though "the service would have pleased her better if it had been her husband's hands that thus rested in momentary blessing on her head." Rachel, after holding out a good deal longer, succumbs when her lover falls ill and she thinks she is likely to lose him altogether. But she never quite succeeds in throwing off her old shackles. "To the end of her life her morbid and exacting conscience stood ready to impose some new check on every new process of mental and spiritual growth." She never, that is, was able to rid herself altogether of a desire for a real, close and personal relation with a divine Person, or to comfort herself entirely with the assurance that unvarying Law, which always manages to get itself obeyed, is just as good a thing.

"As she stood in the dim aisles of some cathedral and watched the poor, toiling worshippers come and go, kneeling at the altar to catch a moment's benediction and refreshment from the burden of the day, she always felt the impulse to place herself beside them, *that she might not seem to shame their credulous faith by standing apart*, and in the hope, too, that some ray of real blessing might come down to her."

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There are some bright remarks and happy characterizations scattered throughout the pages of this novel. This, for instance, which indicates Judge Hunt's type of free thought:

"He was a great admirer of Confucius and similar writers, and belonged to that class of liberals who hold the story of the flood, as related in Genesis, in open contempt until, finding record of the same in the Chinese or other Scriptures, they incline to modify this opinion and think there may be something in it."

There are many Judge Hunts in the circle of almost any one's acquaintance. Ordinarily, though, one hardly credits them with a first-hand knowledge of either "Chinese or other Scriptures," including King James's version of that of the Hebrews. Their daily paper, or "the science man" as he appears in the *Fortnightly*, the *Forum*, or even in the club-house, is generally authority enough for accepting or rejecting any theological opinion whatever—except, perhaps, the opinion that there can be any real authority capable of formulating one which is universally true.

Loyalty George, by Mrs. Parr (Henry Holt & Co., New York), is much more interesting reading. Mrs. Parr has made an advance in her art since the days when she wrote *Hero Carthew*. Loyalty is a very real, very intense figure, and so is her lover, Roger. The book is full of vivid strokes and quick with a living passion which takes strong hold on the imagination. If it has a moral, it is, perhaps, that our sins are sure to find us out, and are apt to strike us vicariously when they do so—poisoning other lives more surely than our own, and inflicting on the innocent bitterer pangs than those we yet have suffered from them.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll stands sponsor for a story called *For Her Daily Bread*, by Litere (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago). It has not too much merit to make one wish, for the author's sake, that he should have declined to do so. It is a feebly written, rather colorless story of a young woman's pitiful struggles to earn honest bread by honest labor. The reason why "Bob" should have endorsed it in a preface failed to become plain to us until we had nearly reached its close. We divulge it to our readers willingly, assuring them that the game of finding it was not worth the candle. Norma Southstone, the heroine, is engaged in trying to comfort a poor, heart-broken German Catholic woman for the death of her daughter after a brief period of shameful sin. She assures her that "whatever happiness beyond the grave is accorded to any one had been accorded to Amy."

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"'There is no such place as hell?' she whispered in a trembling voice.

"'There is no such place. . . .

"'You speak so kind and cheerful, it is so different from the priest's words. I was afraid to go to church any longer. I had Masses said for Amy, but it cost so much to get peace for her soul, and I had nothing to eat for my living children, so I had to let it go. I wish you would tell me something else that would help me to think of Amy as a bright, beautiful angel, and not a lost, helpless soul!'"

Thus appealed to, Norma quotes the words of "a great and good man"—Colonel Ingersoll is his other name—on the subject. He says:

"I am satisfied there is no world of eternal pain. If there is a world of joy, so much the better."

And then the poor, misguided Catholic finds a crumb of comfort.

"How kind and good he must be!" she exclaims. "Do you know anything else he says? It seems better than the prayer-books, for I cannot open one but the word hell seems to be in a dozen places on every page."

It is dignifying it too much to call such trash as this wicked or profane. It is both, to be sure, but the natural man rises up in his own place and finds it absurdly funny first of all. Our Lord Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light by his incarnation, death, and resurrection. He taught eternal retribution. Apostles preached it; martyrs died and are still dying for it; the universal church testifies to it in every land beneath the skies. And then comes along a fourth-rate, half-educated lawyer, and gets up on a stump and says he "is satisfied there is no world of eternal pain," and, as the slang of the day has it, "That settles it!" It settles something, we are very sure, but it might not be too polite to say just what it is.

Queen Money, by the author of *The Story of Margaret Kent* (Ticknor & Co., Boston), must also, we suppose, be numbered among the women's novels. Her previous stories we know nothing about, save that they have been greatly praised, and, contrary to the usual fate of American novels, have not stopped short with a first edition. The one before us is in its fifth. The assumption we make as to the sex of its author is based upon a remark made by Mr. Howells, who perhaps speaks of what he knows, concerning the male characters in *Margaret Kent*. They are, he says, "figures such as women draw." Of our own motion we doubt whether we should have attributed *Queen Money* to a woman. Not that we are unaware that women dabble in

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stocks, and have learned the language of Wall Street, and can moralize on the dangers of buying and selling on a margin. It is not that kind of knowledge, of which this book is full enough and to spare, which seemed to us of doubtful femininity, but the speeches put now and then into the mouths of men, as, for example, some of those uttered by the host at Kendal's dinner-party. However, the women writers learn to skate over thin ice by long practice without shrieking or hysterics. The book is very cleverly written, the conversations bright and natural, though not specially edifying, and Lucy Florian is extremely well done. There is a detestable girl-child in the book, who, now that we consider it, is most probably of feminine origin. We doubt little Ethel White's attractiveness to any creature but a "clever" female writer.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is, we are very glad to say, most distinctly not "clever." She is something we like much better—earnest, that is; sincere in her religious convictions, Protestant though they be; a careful student of human nature in the range she knows best, and a successful delineator of it. The interior life, its motives and its rewards, is not such a *terra incognita* to her as it seems to be to most of her female co-laborers in the field of fiction. Her latest story, *Master of His Fate* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is doubtless not her best, but it leaves a pleasant memory behind it in the reader's mind. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, and the characters often talk the broad dialect of that district. It has very little plot and no incident to speak of, its interest lying chiefly in the development of character under the influence of purely interior motives. But it is very well done—very unpretentiously and simply done, moreover.

The Case of Mohammed Benani: A Story of To-day (D. Appleton & Co., New York), bears no author's name. It is one of the books which make one wonder what strings may have been pulled to secure a publisher's favorable verdict on them. It is not well written, although the writer evidently knows and appreciates good work, has listened to and doubtless shared in brilliant talk, and has seen a good deal of the world. He remarks, in a preface, that "the attempt to utilize mesmeric phenomena in the interest of the hero, Benani, will doubtless appear especially adventurous; but the novelty is at least justified by facts which have come under the writer's personal observation"; which causes one to believe that Mr. Rider Haggard's novels, and Mr. Walter Besant's, and the "Proceedings of the London

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Psychical Society" cannot be among those facts. He would hardly think his own mild attempt a "novelty" if they had been. His book has, however, a serious object, which is "to attract public attention to the evil adjustment of a mechanism which grinds, not grain, but human creatures between the upper and nether stone of Jewish and Moorish oppression—awful mills to which the placid breeze of Consular support imparts continuous motion." With so admirable an object in view, it is sad that the execution of the story should be so hopelessly dull. It would have been better had its author not weighted himself with fiction, but given his facts the straightforward setting of names, dates, and figures. Then they might have been impressive.

An Original Belle, and *Found, Yet Lost* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), are from the untiring pen of Mr. Edward P. Roe. Mr. Roe has such excellent intentions, his industry should be such a tonic to the idly disposed among his brethren of the pen, his aims are so innocent, and his gentle satisfaction with himself so unfeigned, that it goes to one's heart not to be able to admire him as much as such a very good man ought to be admired. But we observe that he gives his own new novel, now running in the *Cosmopolitan*, the following send-off in a letter to the editor of that magazine:

"I can truly say that I think I never wrote a story with more life, spirit, originality, and dramatic interest than the one you have secured."

And when a good man can conscientiously, and without too much confusion of face, sound his own trumpet in such a key, he comforts the rest of us, to whom the instrument seems to require a greater volume of breath than our weak lungs, tired out with praise, perhaps, or else too long unused to giving it unstinted, can command. We sincerely hope that what Mr. Roe says of *Miss Lou* may be far within the limits of allowable self-laudation. We hope too, may we say, that as far as originality goes, it may outstrip *Found, Yet Lost*, in which the note struck by Hugh Conway in his first notable success, *Called Back*, and repeated since by Miss McLelland in *Oblivion*, is but faintly re-echoed?

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION

I had just left school when a great event, to me, happened in our family. My second brother, an officer in the United States navy, was about to marry. His *affiancée* was a young lady of Baltimore and a Roman Catholic. Great was the distress of my mother, who had brought us up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with the strictest regard to truth, honor, and morality, but with a strong prejudice against the Catholic Church. The less she understood of its doctrines the more she was opposed to them, and I thoroughly sympathized with her, and with the Protestant teachings of the young ladies' school from which I had just been graduated at fifteen. I had never come in contact with Catholics except as servants. Believing sincerely that this poor sister-in-law could not be saved if not converted from what I considered a cruel, superstitious, bigoted faith, unworthy of the enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century, I thought that a plain duty lay before me—that of redeeming and saving this otherwise lost soul who had entered our holier and better-instructed circle.

In the furtherance, however, of this duty, which at first, in the fervor of the moment, seemed so easy, I found a great obstacle at the very outset. How combat theories of which I was uninformed? How contest the dogmas of a religion of which I was totally ignorant? Evidently the first step was to inform myself thoroughly in regard to the beliefs and practices of this religion before I could hope successfully to confute them.

Not having any works at hand on the subject, it occurred to me that, notwithstanding this, I might betray at once the ignorance and blind superstition inculcated by the Catholic Church by questioning the Catholic servants in our house. Filled with the importance of my mission, and with great confidence in my superior education acquired in an aristocratic Protestant school, and fresh from my Protestant histories, I confess I felt rather as Goliath may have felt when he attacked little David, and I feel bound to record that the result was not very different from the termination of that memorable battle. Seeking one of these handmaids, therefore, I determined to attack what I considered one of the most outrageous of Catholic practices and beliefs, so far as I understood it upon Protestant authority, and diving into the midst of things, I asked her, "What is an indulgence?"

"An indulgence?" said she, looking up from her work. "Why, miss, an indulgence is a remission of punishment due for our sins in this world."

"How much do you have to pay for one?"

"Pay for one?" she queried, looking at me in astonishment. "Why, miss, you cannot pay for an indulgence."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you cannot go to a priest and pay him to let you commit sin, and that, if you pay him enough, he will not give you permission to do so?"

I shall never forget the expression on that poor girl's face as she turned to look at me; it was a mingling of pity, astonishment, and disgust. But she only answered: "Certainly not, miss. To gain an indulgence you must first go to confession and confess all the sins you have been guilty of, and then, if the priest thinks you sincerely repentant, he absolves you; then you have to perform the

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conditions of the indulgence, which are the repeating of certain prayers or litanies required to obtain it, and to receive holy Communion."

I was astonished at this clear and concise answer. Where was the terrible sin in all this? I felt considerably abashed, but nevertheless went on questioning.

"Why do you worship the Virgin Mary and her pictures and statues?"

"We never do."

"Don't worship the Virgin Mary? Why you make her equal to the Saviour, do you not?"

"No; we only ask her to join her prayers to ours because, having been His mother in this world and the holiest of all women, we believe her prayers to have great influence."

"And the saints?"

"And the saints also, as they are in the presence of God and see him always."

This was all so intelligent, and so different from the confused answers I had expected, that I turned away with far greater respect for this poor servant than an hour before I had thought ever possible, and with a feeling of shame that she had answered these and many other questions that I put to her far more clearly than I could have done had she asked me some questions concerning my own belief; for in our single congregation I knew there were different opinions upon some vital points, and I had even heard young men who attended the same church declare that they had no religious belief whatever. I knew, also, that what were called "High-Church" and "Low-Church" persuasions were widely different on essential points, though entertained by persons sitting under the same preacher and worshipping together in the same edifice. This was very disturbing, yet did not convince me that Protestantism was wrong or Catholicism right. I still considered it my duty to attack the Roman Catholic faith, and for this purpose set to work at once to read up the most celebrated works on both sides of the question. And I read with such intensity of purpose, and remembered the arguments on both sides so well, that I frequently amused myself by taking opposite sides of the question according to whatever might be the views of my opponent, for later on I became acquainted with some very learned Catholics, and on the other hand I argued with my Protestant friends for mere argument's sake.

Notwithstanding all this, the replies I had received from the poor Catholic servant of whom I have spoken made me chary, at first, of attacking my sister-in-law when she arrived at our home, together with a sense of want of breeding in such a course.

One afternoon, as I was sitting in the drawing-room playing on the piano, the door opened and a visitor was announced. I had not heard the ring at the door, and was a little startled at seeing an entire stranger enter the room, in the dress of a Roman Catholic priest. His presence was explained, however, when he asked for my sister-in-law. He was one of the most majestic and elegant of men, certainly the handsomest man I ever saw either before or since. The expression of his face was that of great dignity and sweetness, with a tinge of sadness that awakened at once a sympathetic feeling, and drew one towards him with an unquestioning confidence and assurance that they were in the presence of a noble nature. A terrific thunder-storm coming up almost immediately after his entrance, and no one else being at home, I enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* with my distinguished-looking guest for nearly an hour. I asked him many questions about his religion, and above all, why priests did not marry, which amused him very

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much, this being another mystery of the Catholic faith to me which I thought highly unchristian. After his explanation, however, I regarded priests more as martyrs than as the mysterious propagators of a mysterious religion.

The storm being ended and a brilliant sun illumining the horizon, my visitor rose to take leave, promising to renew his visit at an early opportunity. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon became a strong friendship, ending only with death.

Probably most persons would think that here was the cause of my conversion, but so far is that from the truth that my very admiration of this noblest of men prevented me from becoming a Catholic for years, lest I should be influenced in so important a decision by the exalted friendship I could not help entertaining for one of the purest and loveliest natures it has ever been my privilege through a long life to meet. And again, he never endeavored to convert me to his faith, saying that, although he would answer any question I put to him, yet that my parents, having received him in all good faith, he would consider it a breach of that faith should he do so without their knowledge and permission. His death occurred while I was abroad, and so much was he beloved by our late Cardinal that he desired that he alone should preach his funeral sermon, and a glowing tribute it was to that most holy and admirable life. A kind hand sent the panegyric to me in my then island home, more than six thousand miles away.

To return, however, to my sister-in-law. On her learning of the visit she had missed, she said she should return it very shortly, and offered to take me with her—an offer which I readily accepted.

It was at the house of this admirable man that I met for the first time Mother Jerome, very soon afterwards Superior of Mount St. Vincent. She, more than any one, attracted me towards the Catholic faith, because a plain, simple woman in appearance, humble in station, and doubtless of humble origin, I saw that the gentleness of manner, the sweetness of character, the overflowing charity which characterized and shone in her face, and lent to it at times a halo that elevated its expression beyond all mundane beauty, could come only from the deep and beautiful faith that animated the soul within; and while I looked with wonder on this marvellous effect I acknowledged that in the devotees of no other religion had I seen the same transformation. I became sincerely attached to Sister Jerome, and thought I should like to become a sister with her. She laughed at the idea of my leading such a life, and told me I could never endure its privations and exactions, but that persons in the world and in society could do as much good in other ways by acts of charity, leading exemplary lives, and repressing evil tendencies in the thoughtless around them as they could in devoting themselves to the life of a religieuse. I begged, however, to go with her sometimes on her errands of mercy, and this she did not object to, and I accompanied her on several occasions, to my great delight. But coming one afternoon to visit her I found the sisters all in tears and much moved. I was astonished, and entreated to know the cause of their commotion. Alas! their beloved Mother Jerome had been appointed to a new field of action. She was to be the Superior of Mount St. Vincent, and there, after the successful labor of years, having brought the institution to a standard far beyond its original scope, she died shortly before the Cardinal, who had for her the sincerest friendship.

After her removal to Mount St. Vincent I never saw her again. My entrance into society drew me for a time away from all such thoughts, though at certain moments an unsatisfied longing after the infinite would take possession of me, which even the blandishments of society could not stifle. Questioning my

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revered friend very earnestly one day in regard to the Catholic belief of transubstantiation, he referred me to the sixth chapter of St. John and to the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians, verses 27, 28, and 29. It was strange, as often as I had read and heard read these words before, their real meaning had never occurred to me. I felt that seeing, I had not seen, and hearing, I had not heard. A new light dawned upon my soul, and I said, only the church which recognizes these words as St. John evidently understood them (and who better than the beloved disciple, who leaned on Jesus' breast at the last supper, could understand them?) can be the true church, that church of which Christ said, "I will be with you always."

Oh! all other beliefs seemed trivial in comparison with this, and the hitherto perplexed feeling with which I had asked myself, why the Son of God was called upon to undergo such cruel sufferings merely to be as one of the prophets, teaching and predicting only as they did, vanished. Now I understood the great and glorious benefits of that ineffable sacrifice. Only the eternal God could institute such a sacrifice to unite our *mortality* to his *immortality*. And should I throw away this great boon which had at last been placed before me so clearly, with testimony so indubitable? Should I also say, "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" No, never. I, too, will taste of this bread of eternal life—and live!

I was determined to let doubt and the distraction of contending polemics influence me no longer.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, who was then a convert to Catholicity, having been of my own church, I was recommended to him as most apt to understand the difficulties I might find in my way. Accordingly, I called upon him and discussed with him many different points of belief, such as confession, penance, etc. After a long debate he said he thought the best thing I could do would be to make a general confession to him. This proposition surprised me very much, but I told him I did not object, and at once knelt down and made a confession of all the sins of my life that I could remember. His exclamation when I finished, to my great surprise, was: "Would to God every life were so blameless!" He requested me to call again, but I was not favorably impressed, and did not do so. I afterwards learned that his proceeding was very irregular. I decided now to go at once to Archbishop Hughes, then Archbishop of New York. He received me with the utmost courtesy, and undertook the task of my instruction himself. He made appointments to receive me, and went with me through the whole catechism, stopping with gentle patience at whatever was a stumbling-block to me, and reasoning and explaining away with his clear brain all doubts and misunderstanding.

Those were very happy hours spent with this illustrious man, who did not disdain a witticism on either side, or a little gaiety when the lesson was over. I remember on one occasion he asked me if I had ever seen his pictures, and, upon my answering in the negative, led the way into his large drawing-room. We passed picture after picture, none, I am constrained to say (though of pretentious size), having particularly attracted my admiration; he at last stopped before "The Flight into Egypt," which he informed me was said to be a Murillo. After looking a little at the picture I turned to him with an incredulous smile. "What," he said, "you do not think it a Murillo?"

"I do not think," I replied, "Murillo ever saw it."

He laughed and said: "Likely. It was given me by an officer in the navy, however, who believed it to be by that distinguished Spaniard."

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I inquired who the marble busts in the hall represented, and learned they were those of St. Peter and the Holy Father.

He then asked me if I would like to see a bust taken lately of himself, and took me into the rear drawing-room, where the bay-window had been draped entirely in red in order better to display what the sculptor doubtless considered his *chef d'œuvre.* I did not like to say it was not a good likeness, so only remarked, "I see your grace has left St. Peter and His Holiness in the hall, while you occupy a canopied space in the drawing-room." "Oh!" said the quick-witted prelate, "I keep them there to keep out evil spirits."

"I see, however," I replied, "they have been ineffectual in my case."

"That," said he, "is because all evil spirits left you when you entered."

These studies were twice interrupted, however—once by the death of my noble father, and a few months afterwards by my marriage. All doubts in my mind having been removed, the Archbishop sent me to Father Deluynes, of St. Francis Xavier's, for my confessor, and here I found a true comforter and adviser, with whom I held intimate correspondence during many travels in foreign lands, and at last, after eleven years' absence, returned in time to receive his blessing once more before he left us for ever.

Returning from a walk one morning, I was accosted by a gentleman, shortly after my conversion, who said: "I wish to speak to you; here is my house close by. You see I have moved." I looked up and beheld the Rev. Dr. Forbes. In great amazement I went with him. Entering the house, which was a handsome one, more comfortably furnished than the one he had left, he said: "Do you remember the afternoon you called upon me and our conversation?".

"Perfectly."

"Well, do you know your arguments had a great effect upon me?"

I felt horrified. That a man of his age, supposed solid education, and superior mind could become a convert to any religion upon convictions so unstable as afterwards to doubt them, and that I should be in any way mixed up with such vacillation, even in the remotest degree, shocked me beyond expression. I regarded him with sorrow and astonishment.

"I have left the church," said he.

"And *I*," I replied, "have joined it. I wish you good-morning." And I immediately left the house.

STATES OF PERFECTION.*

There are many minds to whom the question, How shall I serve God in greater perfection? is the most important in life. We do not say that Father Rossetti in the little book here mentioned answers in detail that question for others besides the members of his own Society; but the knowledge of the spirit of any order or state of Christians is of much use in studying the question of Christian perfection in general. We are free to confess that his broadness of view is so much in contrast with some other writers, that we are glad to give his book a conspicuous note of commendation.

The spirit of an order is dependent on the end of that order, and on the means by which that end is to be attained. Every order has therefore its own spirit. To seize upon this spirit is a matter of great difficulty and involves something more than a knowledge of the letter of the rules. It can only be done by one who is familiar and in sympathy with the institution and with its practical

* *De Spiritu Societatis Jesu.* Auctore Julio Costa Rossetti, S.J. Friburgi Brisgoviæ: Herder. 1888.

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workings. Outsiders can only hope to attain an imperfect idea of the spirit of the Society of Jesus. For one who has the time, the Institute of the society (comprising the constitutions, decrees of general congregations, and letters of generals) affords the best means. This, however, would be an arduous study. Father Rossetti's little work of some 300 pages (16mo), based upon the Institute and written for the scholastics and for those making their tertianship in the society, and for all, indeed, who wish to learn about the constitution of the society, affords the best means with which we are acquainted. It is at once a pious and a scholarly work, giving references to the constitutions in verification of its statements. A very valuable part of the work is the appendix, which shows how the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius and the constitutions of the society agree, and how the one springs from the other. We have always thought that the great success of the society was in a large degree due not only to the wisdom of its constitutions, but also to the fact that by means of the *Exercises* every member of the society has implanted in him the germs from which will spring, so far as he makes those *Exercises* his own, a life of which the constitutions will be the natural expression. As a consequence, the keeping of his rule is not a bondage to an external yoke, but the natural expression of his own interior spirit.

We notice with pleasure that Father Rossetti does not look upon the taking of vows as essential to a man's being in a *state* of religious perfection (*status perfectionis altioris acquirendæ*), and that consequently the fathers of the Oratory and other congregations which, like them, do not take vows, are in this state. We translate the author's sentences on this topic, because they embody a doctrine of wide application in the spiritual life. It may be well to state that Father Rossetti is the author of a work on natural morality and ethical philosophy.

"A *state* of perfection is a fixed condition of life in which a person is devoted to perfection. The state of perfection is twofold: 1st. That of Christians in general who, by virtue of the condition of their life, endeavor to keep the precepts of the Christian religion. 2d. The state of those who, in addition to the precepts, make profession of their resolution to practise the counsels of Christ—that is to say, the counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience—in which a greater perfection is in part contained, and by which it is in part promoted. This state of perfection is likewise twofold: 1st. That state of greater perfection in which perfection has already been acquired and which is to be imparted to others; this is the state of the pastors of the church, especially of the bishops, since their office of guiding the sheep of Christ in the perfection which they are to acquire, can only be performed satisfactorily by those who have already attained a certain higher degree of perfection themselves.

"2d. The state of greater perfection which has not yet been, but which is to be acquired; this is that fixed condition of life which in itself does not exact that the greater perfection should have been already acquired, but only demands a constant and serious pursuit of greater perfection.

"The state of that greater perfection which is to be acquired is compatible with both the solitary or eremetical life and the social life. 1st. That society the members of which devote themselves to the constant pursuit of this greater perfection (with either the positive or the negative approbation of the church) is called a congregation, or a religious society, or even a religion, and this is the case even if religious vows are not taken at all, as, *e. g.*, in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and if they are taken only for a few years, and, also, if the vows are perpetual but not solemn. 2d. A religious order in the strict sense is a fixed re-

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ligious society, positively approved by the church, the end of which is this greater perfection, which perfection is to be acquired by means of the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; these vows, too, are so to be taken that for all, or at all events for a part, of the members of the order they must be solemn" (pp. 1, 2).

"TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR."

Apropos of the article, "Why Am I a Moslem?" by Ibn Abbas, recently published in the *North American Review*, we would like to know if some intelligent Fijian cannot tell us through its pages, "Why Am I a Cannibal?" The latter is a foreign religion, it is true, but hardly less so than Mohammedanism. "Why Am I a Heathen?" by Wong Chin Foo, gives the favorable side of the religion of our American Chinese; and perhaps "Why Am I a Voodoo?" by some able writer, might incline us to favor a peculiar form of religion among negro Americans. Not to be too exclusive, Mormonism might have its claims set forth, perhaps by some talented mind among the numerous progeny of its original light. It occurred to me, furthermore, that some one in Sing Sing might furnish an interesting answer to the question, "Why Am I a Burglar?" but, on after-thought, I conclude that Burglary cannot be classed under the head of religion.

We admire the *North American* as one of the organs of the greatest writers in America, but it should, we think, even when discussing religion, draw the line *somewhere.*

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

The art critics of the daily press seem to be nearly unanimous in the verdict that the sixty-third annual exhibition of the Academy of Design surpasses its predecessors in point of general excellence. Perhaps it does; and perhaps, also, "general excellence" is not in itself so exhilarating a thing in pictures, or in art of any sort, as the rare and special excellences which stand head and shoulders above the crowd. There are not many works in the galleries on Twenty-third Street this spring which do that. Two of those which have been most highly praised, George Inness's "September Afternoon" and Winslow Homer's "Eight Bells," are singularly unfortunate in having been placed under glass, a precaution necessary in the case of water-colors, but incomprehensible in that of oil-paintings. Mr. Inness's landscape is well composed and strongly painted, but the blue of the sky near the horizon and the greens throughout are too deep to be either true or wholly pleasing. A reflection from the heater opposite which the picture hangs is caught by the glass in front of it, and kept dancing in a tantalizing way through the middle of the flowers in the foreground.

Mr. Homer's picture, whenever we have tried to look at it, suffers in much the same way from reflections. One recognizes, nevertheless, its characteristic strength. But this painter's "Undertow," of last season, had both strength and beauty to recommend it. And Mr. Homer's work, when it can lay claim to beauty, owes it almost wholly to its subject, his handling being as rude as it is strong. The two tars taking a mid-day sounding do not supply that always welcome element.

Edward Gay has a large and interesting landscape in the West Gallery, which he calls "Waving Grain." The grayness of the stalks, bent by the wind, is well rendered, and so is the silvery expanse of sky. In the same gallery hangs a very pleasing picture by Burr H. Nicholls, "Pigeons from St. Mark's, Venice," which

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represents a young girl, with a child in her arms, leaning against a wall which would be white if it were not transfused with a light which brings out the thousand subtle touches of color which make it luminous. She is looking at some doves.

A small landscape called "Grays and Yellows," by Ed. Stratton Holloway, is in this gallery also, and worth looking at. Charles C. Curran's "Alcove at the Student's League" hangs not far distant—good, but not nearly so good as his "Breezy Day" in the South Gallery, in which two girls are shown in the act of spreading refractory sheets to bleach in a grassy field. Homer D. Martin also has a gray but luminous "Study of a Breezy Day" on the same wall, but his breeze is ruffling the sea which washes the Normandy coast, and blowing back the smoke from the pipe of a steamer near the jetty of Honfleur. Here also is his large picture, "Westchester Hills," which is held to divide the honors of the exhibition with George Inness's "September Afternoon." It has a tranquil, daylight beauty which continually grows upon the beholder.

R. D. Sawyer has a fine, large landscape, which he calls "A Souvenir of Normandy," in the South Gallery. The cattle are rather spotty and frequent, but the picture is full of light and of good drawing, and the pool with its reflections in the foreground is pleasant to look at. His "Still Life," which represents a Normandy earthen jug standing on a kitchen table, with a roll and a blue china bowl for companions, seems to us the best thing of the still-life kind on the walls.

J. Francis Murphy has, as usual, some very taking small landscapes. His "Yellow Hour," though, is a trifle too metallic in the glow of its sky and the reflection thereof in the foreground water. His "Rain," in the East Gallery, is more agreeable. In this gallery hangs Miss Brewster's portrait of Mrs. Wheeler, which secured one of the prizes. It is full of character and vigor. John S. Sargent, whose reputation as a portrait painter is wide, also shows here the likeness of a woman which is not pleasing. But the flesh-tints of the arms, especially the right one, are most luminous and beautiful. We like better his two Venetian sketches in the North Gallery; colorless as they are, all blacks and creamy whites, and ill drawn as they seem in parts—the hands, for example—the faces are full of character and expression. In the North room also hangs a small landscape, a wood interior, by Miss à Becket, well drawn, sunny, and solid.

Wyatt Eaton has a fine portrait, "Miss Martha"; Mr. Eakins a strong full-length of Prof. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania; Mr. Dewing a "Lady in Yellow," with a delicate face and the arms of a butcher, and Alden Weir a speaking portrait of Mr. John Gilbert. But in portraiture we prefer Emil Renouf's three-quarter length of W. H. Phillips, in the North Gallery, to anything else. It is extremely lifelike, and seems to have met difficulties instead of evading them. J. B. Flagg's portrait of W. J. Flagg is excellent also.

Frank M. Boggs shows two characteristic views—one of the pier at Whitby, with men leaning over the railing under a gray sky; the other, "A January Tow," in New York Harbor, with that ugly thing, the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, pointing inanely upward in the middle background.

One of the pleasantest landscapes in the exhibition is M. De Forest Bolmer's "Low Tide on the Marshes." Charles A. Platt shows two or three which seem to promise him as good a repute as a painter as he has already won as an etcher. Mr. Twachtmann's work is, as usual, graceful, poetic, and full of light and air; but, like that of some other excellent painters, it is hardly "loud" enough to appeal to the crowd. His "View near Dieppe," in the West Gallery, is very beautiful.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ, A. ADJ.-GEN., U.S.A. By his Son. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

Colonel Garesché graduated in the class of 1841 with high rank at West Point, and was assigned to the Fourth Artillery. Professor Kendrick says of him:

"His class, that of 1841, was a distinguished one, numbering among its members Generals Tower, Wright, Whipple, Lyon, Love, Hamilton, Reynolds, Buell, the two Joneses, and the two Garnetts, names which, with his, are now well known in military annals. With these I have often met since those West Point days, and with one accord they give him a central place in their warmest remembrances, and as one whose after-life fully justified their early and kind predictions. He was a hard student, and by the display of the highest military virtues won an enviable military reputation."

From 1841 to 1855 Mr. Garesché served with his company at various military posts, and at the latter date was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, filling this office until 1862, when he was made chief of staff to General Rosecrans. At the battle of Murfreesboro, the only engagement in which he ever took part, he was killed by a cannon-shot, riding by the side of General Rosecrans, after very gallant behavior during the most critical part of the battle.

As a warrior Colonel Garesché had the briefest possible career. He had but one opportunity of proving himself a hero in battle. That virtue and valor which was always ready for heroic acts, was always a permanent quality and habit in his character, was in him and always growing as he advanced in age from his boyhood. As an officer he always manifested it by the perfect fulfilment of his duty, even when it involved the most imminent risk of his life. When yellow fever or cholera broke out at the military posts where he was stationed, the most devoted priests and physicians could not surpass him in unremitting service of the sick and dying, by which he was himself brought to death's door. His virtue was founded on Christian faith and piety. Colonel Garesché was a thorough and devout Catholic from his childhood to his death. Not only while a boy at Georgetown College, but as a cadet at West Point, where he entered when only sixteen and graduated at twenty, the only Catholic in the whole corps, he was bold and consistent in the profession and practice of his religion. During his subsequent life he was always advancing in the fervor of piety and in Christian perfection.

Although very few Americans can claim a pedigree and connections equal in worldly rank and distinction to his own, while he was, personally, a most accomplished gentleman, he had none of that pride and exclusiveness, which are really vulgar and ignoble, that one often sees, and most conspicuously in some whose pretensions are of the most recent origin. His sympathies were given to the poor and humble, and especially to the private soldiers under his command. He associated himself heartily with the humble labors of priests among the soldiers and the more lowly classes in civil life. On one occasion the majority of the men in his company died of an epidemic, every one personally attended and assisted to receive

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the last sacraments by himself. No wonder that he was idolized by the soldiers, and that he won the admiration and love of all his superiors and comrades in the army.

The private and domestic character and life of Colonel Garesché are full of charms. The biographer, Mr. Louis Garesché, has fulfilled his filial task in the most affectionate manner and with scrupulous care and truthfulness. A large part of the book is made up of family letters, so that it is in a considerable measure an autobiography of Colonel Garesché and his lovely wife, the worthy companion with whom he was so well and happily mated. The title-page announces that the life is printed for private circulation, and we are informed that the edition is limited to five hundred copies. We trust that a larger edition will be called for. We especially recommend to all who are connected with the army—above all, to those who are Catholics—this life of a man who was an ornament to his profession and his religion. He has left a bright example of the noble virtues of a soldier and a Christian.

A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY; or, Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time. Vol. III. By Joseph Gillow. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The long time which has elapsed since the publication of the second volume of this valuable work makes us welcome the more heartily the appearance of this volume, and this the more because the delay has been due to the efforts which Mr. Gillow has been making to still further improve his work. The excellence of his former volumes has led to more material being placed at his disposal, and more time has been required for analyzing and indexing this new matter. We do not wonder that Mr. Gillow's labors should have elicited the spontaneous assistance of English Catholics, for it is a work of which they have every reason to be proud, both for its subject-matter and for the way in which that subject-matter has been treated. It will foster the reverence and veneration due to those into whose heritage they have entered, and who, during the dark period of the last three hundred years, have with so much sacrifice maintained the faith.

It may be well to mention the principal features of this work. That which entitles a person to a record in it is, that he should have been an author, however obscure his book, or he himself, may otherwise have been. An exact transcript is given of the title-page of each work and a list of the different editions. When it is of interest an account is given of the occasion which called forth the work, and what it itself called forth. Consequently we have here a *Bibliographical Dictionary* (complete so far as the diligence and research of one man can make it) of all the books which have been written by English Catholics during the last three hundred and fifty years—of those, that is, whose authors are dead. But although authorship is sufficient to entitle a person to a place in this work, it is not a necessary condition. All who have died as Catholics, and have done anything worthy of remembrance, find their record here; not merely those who have directly served the cause of the church or suffered for the faith, but all who have been distinguished in any sphere—politics, literature or art, the bar or the stage. In this volume (which extends from Graham to

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Kemble) the lives which will be of most general interest are those of Inigo Jones, Mrs. Inchbald, Habington the poet, Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and in our own days of Dr. Husenbeth, Mr. Hope-Scott, and Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan. The most important article in the volume is that on the character and policy of James II. Mr. Gillow's researches place the last Catholic sovereign of England in a different light from that in which he has been viewed by the current Protestant historian, and by some excessively complacent Catholic publicists.

We may say, in conclusion, that this work will be absolutely indispensable for every one who is interested in the history of the Catholic Church in England, in the record of its long struggles with persecution, and in the gradual appearance of its "second spring." The student of the religious controversies of this period will find in the bibliographical notes vast stores of information; while the general reader will meet with much to interest him, for the lives, far from being dry compilations, are well and brightly written, and abound in striking incident. We must mention, too, the great pains which have been taken with the genealogy of the subjects of the lives. The record of the fortunes of the colleges and schools of the past and of the present is of great interest. This work has been for Mr. Gillow a labor of love, and as their result we hope that his labors will meet with the grateful recognition they deserve.

PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST. By Edmond Stapfer, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. Third edition. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Although Dr. Stapfer is a Protestant and a professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris, he is singularly free from prejudice and manifests (so far as we have discovered) no anti-Catholic spirit. On the question of the Holy Sites, for example, he says: "M. Bovet, in his *Voyage en Terre Sainte*, affirms and demonstrates that the traditional sites of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary are authentic. We have already said that this opinion is being more and more widely received" (p. 115). In this he affords a favorable contrast to the flippant dogmatism of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant in his recent work on the Holy Land. The main tendency of the work is in every way commendable, and it will form a valuable addition to a literature in which all Catholics should take great interest, especially those who practice meditation on our Lord's life and words. The object of the author is to describe accurately and in detail the social and religious state of Palestine in the time of our Lord, the dress, the home life, the dwellings, clothing, and habits of the people; the religious schools, the feasts, the Sabbath observances, and in general all that made up the social and religious life of the time. Our author has not aimed at being brilliant, and has not presented his reader with a series of word-paintings. His work is the result of diligent research and is full of information, vouched for by the best authorities. These authorities are, in the main, the New Testament, the writings of Josephus, and the Talmud, as well as the classical authors, so far as they could afford assistance. The style is in keeping with the character of the work, simple and clear, and Mrs. Holmden has done the work of translation exceedingly well. We think that this work will gain a permanent place among works on this subject. We

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feel obliged, however, to point out that while, as we have said, the general tendency of the work is commendable, clear indications occur from time to time that the author is very far from holding the true Catholic doctrine on several important points. For example, on page 490, and still more clearly on page 494, he writes as if he did not believe in the divinity of our Lord, or, at all events, as if he had a most inadequate apprehension of what that belief involves. With these perhaps inevitable drawbacks (inevitable, because we cannot reasonably expect that any Protestant should maintain the whole truth) the work is one which will delight every student of Scripture, and be of great service to religion and to its defenders.

A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This is the itinerary of a trip to the old country made by three priests of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee—Rev. Thos. Fagan, of Bay View, Rev. Jos. Keenan, of Fond-du-Lac, and the author, Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. Father Fairbanks gives an interesting account of what his party saw, as he says, from the standpoint of "a Catholic American."

Father Fairbanks tells the story of his travels in a pleasing and interesting way, and, what is of special moment, the book is free from the taint of that prejudice and dishonesty which too often mars similar works written by non-Catholics.

Many a man has made a fortune without learning how to spend it. He pays perhaps a couple of thousand for a fast and dangerous horse—a sum of money that would carry him to the tomb of Christ, and enable him to refresh his faith with the spiritual pilgrimage and prolong his life with needed rest and rational recreation, about the cradle of the human race and the seats of the ancient peoples of the world. A book like Father Fairbanks' serves as an admirable stimulus to such an undertaking, and in the hands of the pilgrim could well take the place of a guide-book.

TYPES OF ETHICAL THEORY. By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D. Second Edition revised. Two vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co.

Although it is somewhat late to notice here a work which appeared three years ago, and of which the second edition was published in 1886, yet the influence which we believe Dr. Martineau's work is destined to exert upon the course of thought, and the assistance which it is adapted to give to many whose minds are perplexed by current speculations, make it a duty for us to call attention to it. Two months ago we noticed the publication of the *Study of Religion* by the same author. These two works mutually supplement each other. The "averments of the moral consciousness"—to use the words of Dr. Martineau—which were accepted as postulates in the former work, were in the *Study of Religion* subjected to rigorous examination. In the *Types of Ethical Theory* the author devoted himself to the investigation of what are the springs of moral conduct, and what are its effects. His standpoint is indicated in the preface to the *Types of Ethical Theory*. When he entered upon the study of moral and metaphysical questions he carried into it, from previous training for the profession of civil engineer, a store of exclusively scientific conceptions

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which, as he says, necessarily dictated the only rules of judgment which he could apply. The maxims and postulates of physical knowledge shut him up in the habit of interpreting the human phenomena by the analogy of external nature. He belonged, in fact, to the same school as James and John Stuart Mill, and had for some time the absolute confidence that he was right, which is said to be a distinctive characteristic of the Experiential School of Philosophy. But the duties of his profession in life forced him to a more profound examination of the problems, and made him see that the solutions previously accepted by him were not satisfactory.

"I seemed," he says, "to discover a hitherto unnoticed factor in all the products which I had taken as explained; to recognize, after resolving all knowledge into relations, the presence of an invisible condition of relation itself; and the more I scrutinized the physical science assumptions which I had carried as axioms into philosophy, the less could I look upon them as ultimate and valid for all thought. . . . Visiting me first as mere suspicions, these ideas insensibly loosened the set attitude of my convictions. . . . It was the irresistible pleading of the moral consciousness which first drove me to rebel against the limits of the merely scientific conception. . . . The naturalistic uniformity could no longer escape some breach in its closed barrier to make room for the ethical alternative. The secret misgivings which I had always felt at either discarding or perverting the terms which constitute the vocabulary of character—'responsibility,' 'guilt,' 'merit,' 'duty'—came to a head and insisted upon speaking out and being heard; and to their reiterated question, 'Is there, then, *no ought to be* other than *what is*?' I found the negative answer of Diderot intolerable, and all other answer impossible. This involved a surrender of determinism and a revision of the doctrine of causation; or rather, I should say, a recall of the outlawed causes from their banishment and degradation to the rank of antecedents; and constituted, therefore, a retrograde movement on the line of Comte's law, back from physics to metaphysics. . . . During a fifteen months' furlough, . . passed through a kind of second education in Germany, mainly under the admirable guidance of the late Professor Trendelenberg. . . . I gave myself chiefly to Greek studies, and only read more largely authors of whom I had supposed myself to know something before. The effect I cannot describe but as a new intellectual birth; after a temporary struggle out of the English into the Greek moulds of conception, I seemed to pierce through what had been words before, into contact with living thought, and the black grammatical text was aglow with living philosophy. . . . [This] experience was the gift of fresh conceptions, the unsealing of hidden openings of self-consciousness, with unmeasured corridors and sacred halls behind. It was impossible to resist or distrust this gradual widening of apprehension; it was as much a fact as the sight of the Alps I had never visited before. I thus came into the same plight, in respect of the cognitive and æsthetic side of life, that had already befallen me in regard to the moral. The metaphysic of the world had come home to me, and never again could I say that phenomena in their clusters and chains were all, or find myself in a universe with no categories but the like and unlike, the synchronous and successive."

This long extract from the preface shows that Dr. Martineau is not the advocate of views which he has inherited, but that his work is the result of mental struggle and of personal conviction. It illustrates also the beauty of a style which lends a charm to the dryest of discussions. This work, together with the recently published *Study of Religion*, is the outcome of more than fifty years' study of the most important of questions, and although the statement that the *Types of Ethical Theory* is the most important work on the subject which has appeared in the English language for one hundred and fifty years may be somewhat premature, this, at all events, is certain: that all students of Moral Philosophy will have to take this work into account; the friends of religion and morals in order to derive the most valuable assistance from it, their enemies in order, if possible, to refute it.

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THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF PLANTS. By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Any scientific treatise from the pen of Sir Wm. Dawson commands the respectful attention of all who take an interest in physical science, for he occupies an advanced position among the leading scientists of the English-speaking world, and in his own special department—Geology—he has no superior. His geological works are the most popular in our language to-day, for his knowledge of the subject is not only vast and accurate, but he has also a most agreeable method of imparting it. His *Story of the Earth and Man* reads like a romance while it is most rigidly scientific, and his *History of Plants*, though of course not so interesting, is a most readable book, and conveys the most thorough information on the plant life in the different geological periods of the earth's history.

ROBERT EMMET: A Tragedy of Irish History. By Joseph I. C. Clarke. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Irish history is nothing if not dramatic, and Robert Emmet is one of the most dramatic characters that has appeared on its tragic stage. We have often wondered that the stirring episode of his young life, and love, and patriotism was not fittingly dramatized. It surely supplies all the elements for dramatic composition. There is youth and beauty, eloquence and heroism, love and war, in their most striking aspects. The materials were all ready to the hand that had skill to throw them into shape.

Mr. Clarke has made excellent use of them, and has produced a classic work. The conception is lofty; the narrative natural; the language very pure, and the taste faultless.

We cannot help thinking that the composition lacks power, however; it is too smooth and flowing to be really powerful. A little more of the abruptness of passion and the rugged eloquence of nature are needed to make a powerful drama, and while we have nothing but praise to bestow upon it as a piece of pure English composition, we doubt of its success as a popular presentation of a most popular subject.

PERCY'S REVENGE: A Story for Boys. By Clara Mulholland. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1887. Hearth and Home Library.

The various moods of a bright, impulsive boy are well delineated in this story. He forms plans of his own to frighten his Aunt Lydia and endeavors to throw the blame on others. Under wise parental direction he is prudently admonished, and compelled to acknowledge his fault by a humble apology.

Excellent printing and attractive binding give the book a fine appearance.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A Story of Boy Life; and KENSINGTON, JUNIOR. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Not the Catholic St. George but a boy by that name conquers the dragon in this book. Finding his progress in life obstructed by idleness, selfishness, and impatience, he makes war on them. He was led to this determination by discovering among the articles left by his deceased mother the well-known engraving of St. George slaying the dragon, on which was written these words of advice: "Thus, my boy, ought you to slay your dragons."

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The story is well written, and shows careful observation of boy life. Of *Kensington, Junior*, the second story of the volume, the same may be said. Illustrations adorn many of the pages.

We recommend the get-up of this book to Catholic publishers of juvenile literature.

SIX SERMONS ON DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. Ewald Bierbaum, D.D. Translated by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

These sermons, excellently adapted to arousing devotion to our Lord's humanity as the divine exponent of God's mercy, have come to hand too late to give them the notice they deserve. This word we say that the public may know that there is a new and good book to be had, not too large nor too expensive, for the devotions of the month of June.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE ROMAN HYMNAL: A Complete Manual of English Hymns and Latin Chants, for the use of Congregations, Schools, Colleges, and Choirs. Compiled and arranged by Rev. J. B. Young, S.J., Choir-master of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York. Fourth Edition. $1. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH. Translated from the Italian of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A DAUGHTER OF ST. DOMINIC: Amelie Lautard. By Kathleen O'Meara. American edition, edited by Margaret E. Jordan. Introduction by Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co.

THE ANOINTED SERAPH: "The Last made First." By G. H. Pollock. Vol. I. Washington: John F. Shiery. 1888.

THE FIELD-INGERSOLL DISCUSSION: Faith or Agnosticism? A Series of Articles from the *North American Review*. New York: *The North American Review*.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INSPECTORS OF THE STATE PENITENTIARY for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By Marcus Dods, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE ANCIENT WORLD AND CHRISTIANITY. By E. de Pressensé, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THREE KINGDOMS: A Handbook of the Agassiz Association. By Harlan P. Ballard. New York: The Writers' Publishing Co.

SYNOPSIS CANONICO-LITURGICA EX CORPORE JURIS, Concilio Tridentino, Romanorum Pontificum, Congregationibus, S.R.E. Congregationum Decretis, Ecclesiæ Mediolanensis actibus. Ab Aloysio Adone rationali methodo concinnata. Neapoli: apud Auctorem. [For sale by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.]

THE SYSTEM OF THEOLOGY CONTAINED IN THE WESTMINSTER SHORTER CATECHISM. Part I. Belief concerning God. By Rev. A. A. Hodge, D.D. Part II. Duty required of Man. By Rev. I. Aspinwall Hodge, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

A THOUGHT FROM ST. VINCENT DE PAUL for each day of the Year. Translated from the French by Frances M. Kemp. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE BIBLE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION EXPLAINED AND VINDICATED. By Basil Manly, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1888.

NERVE WASTE: Practical Information concerning Nervous Impairment and Nervous Exhaustion in Modern Life. By H. C. Sawyer, M.D. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1888.

ETHICS OF BOXING AND MANLY SPORT. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

SACRED HISTORY, from the Creation to the Giving of the Law. By Edward P. Humphrey, D.D., LL.D., some time professor in the Danville Theological Seminary. New York: A. C Armstrong & Son.

MARIA MAGNIFICATA: Short Meditations for a Month on Our Lady's Life. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

MARY'S FIRST SHRINE IN THE WILDERNESS. By Rev. A. A. Lambing. With Memorial Sermon by Rev. M. M. Sheedy. Pittsburgh: McMahon Bros. & Adams.

ANDIATOROCTÈ; or, the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George, and other Poems, Hymns, and Meditations in Verse. By Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (The review of this book will appear in the next number.)

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THE

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A CATHOLIC ASPECT OF HOME RULE.

I.

A CATHOLIC aspect of Home Rule for Ireland is one which can be obtained only after other views have been proposed, discussed and mastered. It is by no means a simple and self-contained view. Rather, it is a view which presupposes and is based upon others, be they historical, or political, or social, filling up the measure of their completeness, and presenting for adoption an homogeneous and consistent whole. In a like manner, but not to the same extent, it is comparable to the relative position of Catholic theology towards Protestant religious opinion. The theology of the church includes all that may be true in the various discordant systems of the sects, whether they be contradictory with others, superfluous in themselves, or imperfect in regard to truth. Her faith assimilates their oppositions, corrects their excesses, supplies their defects, and exhibits, upon divine authority, a true and perfect belief. Not far otherwise is it with the Catholic aspect of Irish self-government. From the social view, many important facts may be learnt. From the political view, a clue may be found to unravel a complex and complicated tangle. From history, unanswerable arguments may be employed in support of the claims of Ireland for autonomy. But, the Catholic aspect includes all these views, and supplements them. It offers to the world a systematic, harmonious solution of the great problem of Irish nationality. And it offers this solution under the divine influence of the Catholic religion.

An initial difficulty awaits the English, and still more the Catholic, inquirer on the threshold of investigation into the rights of Irish Home Rule and the wrongs of England's alien

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government. This difficulty is not the one which generally has to be faced in most inquiries of a similar nature, namely, that a choice must be made between two main theories, distinctly and definitely opposed to each other. But, rather, it is this: That, in the Anglo-Irish controversy there exists many alternatives to be weighed, with various approximations towards truth and error respectively, on most of the points which are capable of exciting a hotly contentious difference of opinion. Nor does this statement, although wide, exhaust the position. On the contrary, it expresses but a portion of the confusion. The differences in asserted fact and view are nearly endless. They are those of kind, not only of degree; they arise in principle, not only in detail; they involve absolutely incompatible and irreconcilable contradictions; not all of these views and alleged facts, (and possibly none of them,) can be accepted as pure unadulterated truth. And these exaggerations, inaccuracies and impossibilities are usually propounded by their patrons as indisputable verities, with an assumed air of authority wholly unwarranted by historical facts, or with a personal assurance of knowledge which does not stand the test of independent examination. It may be well, then, to place on record a few of the more extravagant of these paradoxes, on the unhappy relations which exist between the two sister kingdoms, and on the still more unhappy results which have ensued from the rule of the one by the other, before such paradoxes become traditional. It may be better, to compare them, or to contrast them, with soberer, calmer statements, or even with extreme statements of an opposite character which, to whatsoever extent they may be questioned, are not less but more worthy of credit, and to conduct the inquiry whilst the evidence for judging between both is still not yet mythical. And this inquiry and balancing of probabilities may conveniently be made under the threefold division of the subject already given—historical, political, social.

For instance, and to take each division in order: Is it the historical aspect of England's misrule in Ireland which is in dispute? It is affirmed, on the one hand, that Catholic Ireland has never lived in peace and tranquillity, whether actual or comparative, saving under the strong arm of an iron despotism, such as that from which she suffered under the tyrant Cromwell; and on the other, that at no period of her tragic story has she progressed so rapidly and over so wide an area, in material development, as when, for a few short years at the close of the last century, she enjoyed even a very imperfect form of self-govern-

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ment, at the hands of a Protestant minority. Again: is the political aspect of the case under review? It is confidently said, by those who have the means to ascertain the truth, that Ireland, at the present day, really and at heart is profoundly indifferent to the yielding of Home Rule by England; but, that she is passionately absorbed by a wild, immoral craving only for the acquisition of the land. It is more confidently said, on the testimony of the history of our own age, that the desire and the almost unanimous cry for the repeal of the Act of Union has, in one form or in another, been raised and repeated in every successive year of the present century: O'Connell's first public speech was made on this topic. But more than this may be truthfully said. When, for the first time in her sad political life, the bulk of the people of Ireland have been permitted freely to return representatives to the British Parliament, then, upwards of three-quarters of the Irish members were elected, and perhaps five-sixths of the Irish votes were cast, apart from all relation to a land bill, solidly in favor of obtaining self-government. Is it, once more, the social question which is argued? It is recklessly asserted, from insufficient or fallacious data, or even from facts not pertinent to the argument, *e.g.*, from the diminished population of the country, or from the large amount of capitalized savings deposited in local banks, or from the long prices sometimes paid for tenant-right, that the small Irish tenant-farmer has never, practically, been so well off as in the near past, though not, of course, in the immediately past years. And it is replied, from a wider field of evidence and from more trustworthy sources, that never has he, as one of a large class of agriculturists, from the combined effects of the act of God and the greed of man, been so perilously near to a measurable distance from bankruptcy and ruin. The climate and seasons, the fall of prices, and the raising of rents, together with the unsettled condition of the country, which is kept in a seething chronic state of discontent by the Dublin Castle rule—these causes have resulted in the destruction of almost every element of national prosperity in relation to land in Ireland.

The same law of paradox and contradiction runs throughout the whole length and breadth of the inquiry. For example, to take but a few more noteworthy cases: Ireland is said to be honeycombed with crime, agrarian, political and legal, as apart from moral crime. She is said, also, comparatively with her condition in former years and in relation to English criminal statistics, and much more, to the debased and brutal character

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of English crime—to be crimeless. The Irish people, again, are said to desiderate imperial separation from England; and again, that such a measure of Home Rule as Ireland now demands, and England may at any time accord, will never satisfy, and ought never to satisfy the legitimate desire of the Irish people for self-government. They are said (and more truly), also, as a nation, to be much too keenly alive to their own interests to wish for anything beyond the amount of autonomy which they are on the point of acquiring; and that without answering for the will of posterity, which none can foresee, on the question of separation, the Irish of the present time are at least able to judge for themselves how much or how little of self-government will meet their national requirements and the popular need. Again, says the enemy: there is not now and never has been a tangible entity which can be, or could be, called the Irish nation—and this is a favorite fallacy with some superior people, and even with certain liberal papers of a philosophic kind in the English press. But, that the Irish own and always have owned a history, can trace a descent, have borne marked characteristics, speak in a tongue, worship in a faith, and possess all the elements of a genuine nationality apart and distinct from the not more and perhaps less genuine nationality of the Anglo-Saxon race, is a commonplace in ethnology to ordinary persons. And, once more, to condense many misstatements into one charge: that the natives of Ireland are a dishonest, idle, irreligious, cruel, cowardly, savage, or at any rate half-civilized peasantry, is declared by many who consider themselves competent to form and express an opinion worthy of publication. By many, also, who are perhaps not less competent to formulate an opinion, the Irish people are declared to deserve almost exactly the opposites of all these epithets, if they be truthfully described. The natives of Ireland are historically known to have been far earlier and far more highly civilized than their fiercer English oppressors; and at this moment the Irish nation can be proved to be far more moral than England, as it is obviously a more spiritually-minded nation. Rebellious, no doubt, the Irish have been, and it may be added, ought to have been, to both the betrayers of their country and to those who have systematically acted the part of conquerors towards Ireland, without ever having actually conquered it. For centuries they have been noted for their love of justice, as the great Lord Chief-Justice Coke has borne witness; and they would certainly be a law-abiding race if only they were enabled to live under a rule which they believed to be just and

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which they knew to be deserving of respect. As has lately been well said: Ireland has ever been loyal to England when England has been loyal to justice. Again: they are a brave and courageous people, as evidenced on battle-fields the wide world over, and as testified by the greatest of British and other commanders, amongst them, by the Duke of Wellington. Those who know them best, declare that the Irish are as tender-hearted a race as the women of a less spiritual people. They have been confessors and martyrs for their divine faith under a continuous persecution, which may be aptly compared with that of early Christianity under the Cæsars, of upwards of three centuries of corporate life, at the hands of a people who apostatized from and have not returned to the old religion of their respective ancestors in the faith. Perhaps they are the most industrious and most successful modern cultivators of the soil, if due account be taken of their poverty, their powers, their opportunities, and still more their many difficulties, social and legal and political and climatic. And, as to the last characteristic of the Irishman which is characteristically distorted by his English censor, honesty—it may be truly said that, for debts which they can acknowledge as debts and not as legalized extortions, nor yet as extortions which English law even has condemned as unjustifiable, the Irish are almost proverbially honest.

Thus rages the conflict of words, and what is worse, thus rages the conflict of events, indicated by the contradiction of language, of might against right. But the fight is not fairly fought on either side. Attack is always more facile than defence. A line or a sentence may contain a charge or a sophism, which a chapter or a speech full of argument cannot disprove. Detraction, innuendo and misrepresentation, which are not less and perhaps are more indefensible when levelled at a whole nation than at a unit of the nation, usually leave behind them their sting. Even if inexactitude and exaggeration be exposed, the adversary is silenced without being convinced; and the neutral, or the indifferent, who sees the assertion, fails to see the denial. Under such conditions, the friends of Ireland can best serve her sacred, but unpopular, cause by reiterating over and over and over again to all willing listeners, and indeed to listeners against their will, what they believe to be the broad facts, the just reasons, the earnest hopes, (may it be said?) the devout aspirations of Ireland's claim from England of self-government. This done, they must, of necessity, leave the arguments for her rights to the God of nations who, in the future and in his own appointed time,

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will infallibly fulfil the unmistakable destiny of the Catholic people of Ireland.

Although the statements on behalf of Ireland, and on matters of fact which have been above made may be literally exact, it is possible that the arguments advanced on questions touching Ireland's claim to autonomy, historical, political and social, may lie somewhere between the extremes assumed by partisans on either side. It cannot, of course, be maintained, in the face of present evidence and past records, that Ireland is not a nation, and that her people are not now, and have not been for centuries, possessed of certain well-defined characteristics, which in their entirety cannot be predicated of any other people on God's earth. But short of this position, after all that can be said, for or against him, this fact is either forgotten or ignored by English political speakers, or writers in the press, *viz.*, that an Irishman is a human being, and is neither angel nor devil, nor still less the gorilla-like being of the satirical papers, nor even the "Hottentot" of the Conservative leader. He has his good qualities and his bad; is a compound mixture of both bad and good; and, speaking generally, is very much akin to all the world beside. If you are stronger than he, an Irishman cannot resist you successfully, even though the possession of hearth and home tremble in the balance of physical force. If he cannot obtain his own way, as in the matter of rents adjudicated upon, for or against his interests in what to him is a foreign capital, an Irishman must take your way. If you tyrannize over him legally and politically, by party votes in an English parliament and by packed juries in an Irish court of law, and if you despise and ill-treat him socially in the press, on the platform, in places of public resort, in the privacy of friendly intercourse, an Irishman will not love you. If he perceives that he gets nothing at all, or as little as may be possible, from your sense of justice, and not much more from your generosity, whether in making his laws, or in administering his laws, or in obstructing all improvement in his laws, an Irishman will indisputably work upon your self-interest, convenience and fears—and thus acting, he will prove himself a far cleverer man than yourself. If he knows that he is "ground to powder," as Lord Chancellor Clare said, by rental exactions upon his own part-inheritance or upon his own entire creation—whether of clearing, draining, fencing, manuring, building, or what-not—exactions which he has no real moral or physical choice but to accept, though miscalled in England "a free contract" on his side, an Irishman will en-

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deavor, by all means in his power, to lighten the load from himself and to lessen his obligations to you. If he sees that you are touched with a certain amount of pity, and are not unwilling to restore to him some of his rights, as a human being, a tenant, a citizen, an Irishman not unnaturally strives to gain, or to regain, more and other rights which you unreasonably continue to withhold. If he feels that you understand his position, enter into his struggle for existence, desire to mitigate his hard lot, wish to sympathize with him in his sufferings, an Irishman almost instinctively meets you more than half way, and generously forgives and forgets (so far as personal wrong is concerned) the past. And, if he realizes that your sympathy extends from wish to deed, that you are actually thinking, speaking, writing, working on his behalf, an Irishman develops enthusiasm in your favor; he is grateful beyond the power of words to express himself; he practically responds to his gratitude, and becomes friendly, appreciative, more than docile, rationally obedient. Indeed, in this aspect, there is perhaps no historical parallel to the striking, extraordinary change which has recently ensued in the relations between England and Ireland, and is in course of being enacted before our eyes. No two countries, in the respective positions of conquered and conqueror, have ever so quickly and heartily fraternized, as the democracy of England and the people of Ireland. They have thus fraternized only since one of the two great political parties in the one country, headed by its distinguished and venerable leader, though basely deserted by able supporters and old friends, has accepted the Irish question as a government measure, has submitted to a party schism of serious import rather than abandon the question, and has pledged itself unreservedly and irreformably to a policy of right and justice towards the other country.

It may not, however, be wise to press this point, which still looms in the distance, though, in all human probability, it will develop in the near future. Neither does it really affect the main issue of the right of Ireland to Home Rule, and the call of justice to England to grant it. But, a point which does indirectly affect the question of yielding autonomy to the sister kingdom is contained in an estimate of the characteristics—it may be affirmed, of the national characteristics—of the natives of that kingdom, and of their natural leaders. The admission may be made on either side, without prejudice to the argument, that an average Irishman and an average Englishman may not, at the present day, widely differ in personal essentials. Indeed, in

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many cases, it would be hard to distinguish, by their qualities alone, the respective nationalities of different members of society. Yet, there are qualities in the Celtic character which stand much higher in the mental, moral and intellectual scale than those which create the Anglo-Saxon character. The Irishman may be less persevering, less practical; more emotional, more changeful; more eager to please at whatsoever cost; less thorough and exact in his business arrangements, manual labor, or technical knowledge; perhaps, in matters which fall short of positive duty, less worthy of trust—than the Englishman. In short, an Irishman is gifted with those very personal qualifications which most harshly grate upon the sensibilities of an ordinary, business-like, indefatigable Protestant and—may it be whispered?—Philistinish John Bull. And the consequence is, that between the two countries, through the social contact of numberless individuals of each race, the friction is great, almost insurmountable.

For, on the other side of the balance of character, an Irishman is a quicker, brighter, keener, more intelligent, more logical being, and a being endowed with a larger measure of mother wit, than a common Englishman. He is far more spiritual, far more moral, far more generous, far more devout, conscientious and practically influenced by his religion, and though he may be, as men of all nationalities are prone to be, inconsistent, and may fall from his high principles, yet he is never ashamed of his faith, is never ashamed of fulfilling its duties, and even if he lives a bad Catholic, he dies a good one. In his ordinary relations of life, again, he is less sensual, less coarse, less animal, more refined, and, in the true sense of the word, more gentlemanlike. An Irishman, whether of the highest or lowest orders (of which it is easy to speak, if one has put foot the other side of St. George's Channel), is the impersonation of hospitality and kindly friendliness in his own abode, even to representatives of political enmity—domestic virtues which have somewhat faded out of sight in England. Without wishing to malign the character of Englishmen of the middle and lower classes, it must be confessed that, in two relations of our many-sided life, Irishmen have the advantage. One of the worst sides of English commercial life—the life which dominates the great central portion of English existence—is, to be frank, dishonesty in trade. It is beyond the province of this paper to particularize in what directions such dishonesty prevails; but the directions are many. One of the most pitiable sides, again, of English poverty which

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cries aloud for remedy, if not for vengeance, in the wealthiest country in the world, are the sights and the sounds which meet both eye and ear of those who frequent the slums of our great cities—the degraded and hardly man-like or woman-like specimens of humanity, the abodes in which they herd, the language they use, the lives they lead. From both these classes Ireland is comparatively free. In mercantile transactions, it may be affirmed that the Irish tradesman, manufacturer and man of business is fair-dealing. In the cabin of the poorest and most wretched in Ireland—with a mud floor, without a window, with scarcely bed or chair, with bare feet and limbs, with brother-beasts (as St. Francis would say) for companions, with these as adjuncts to the home scene—the Catholic Irish peasantry are virtuous, chaste, generous, kind and honest.

As an emigrant, again—and this view of an Irishman must be taken; for, under English misrule, every Irishman is a possible emigrant, and the majority of the entire nation have been forced to become actual emigrants—what are his characteristics? In brief it may be said, that an Irishman's character is metamorphosed for the better when he adopts the *rôle* of emigrant from his native shores. He is the same, but improved; himself, but an idealized Celt. As a rule, if a fair start be given him in the country of his adoption, an Irishman is always a successful, prosperous, saving, happy man, when once he has turned his back at the same time upon the hated rule of England and the idolized land in which he was born. This is a well-known fact, too much overlooked as an item in the argument between the two nations, which is, perhaps, one of the most conclusive against England's misgovernment of Ireland. It mainly affects the middle and lower classes. Of the higher class of Irish refugees, on the continent of Europe, it is historically true that, whether in the profession of arms or of diplomacy, the English-made exile fills, or has filled, places of the highest trust and posts of the highest honor in many foreign camps and courts of Christendom. Moreover, there is one further characteristic which it would be unjust to ignore only because the English character falls short of the stature of the national Celt.

An Irishman, whether at home or abroad, is possessed of a quality which almost rises to the dignity of a virtue, and of which an average Englishman hardly understands the meaning as applied to himself. It is true, that in others he respects and even applauds this civic virtue, saving only when it fulfils the breast of a Celt in relation to a Saxon; and the more distant is the

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scene of its exercise, the more attractive usually does the virtue appear in his sight. But, for himself, and as a rule, of course modified by exceptions, an Englishman is not patriotic, as an Irishman understands the term. Not that an Englishman does not think haughtily and speak boastfully and act braggardly by his native land—a common form of selfishness; but he has not, and does not pretend to have the pure, unselfish love of country in his heart—to live for it, to die for it, and, more difficult still, patiently and uncomplainingly to suffer for it, from birth through life to death. No; this is a gift not bestowed on the English people. But it is a grace which can scarcely be uprooted from the heart of an Irishman. In this aspect, the disinterested, noble and courageous conduct of the Nationalist leaders of to-day—the so-called "Irish agitators" of a low-toned, low-souled English press—may safely be compared with the patriot heroes of any race or age. It is true, that their modes and methods are not the same with those of former times and other countries. But then, the conditions on both sides are different: and Ireland is neither Poland nor Greece, and England is neither the Russias nor the Porte. Putting aside, however, comparisons which are inexact, it may be fairly said that the public lives of men upon whom every virulent and abusive and dishonorable epithet is showered by venal writers who carefully conceal their probably unknown names, stand in marked contrast to the party-spirited, place-hunting and highly salaried politicians of England, who pharisaically contemn the more humbly born but more highly bred representatives of down-trodden Ireland.

These are some national characteristics of a people whom England has held in bondage, bitterer, more degrading and longer, than that of Israel in Egypt, which was but for four hundred years. These are some characteristics of the leaders, and *prophets*, and *guides* of public opinion at the present day in Ireland. These, in the abstract, are the men whom English statesmen and English politicians—but not, it is believed, the English democracy—or one section of them, presume to despise, pretend to discredit, and actually refuse to entrust with the present rule and future destinies of their own countrymen. One line of argument alone is sufficient to brand this decision of the legislative survivors of past injustice, incompetence and imbecility with the contempt and ridicule to which it is obviously liable. The argument can be concentrated into the answers given to two plain questions, which may be framed in the following terms: Firstly: What may be the actual and present result in Ireland

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itself and to the people of Ireland of these long, sad centuries of English misrule and maladministration? And secondly: If the result be in any degree commensurate to what we know of our own personal inquiry and is testified to by intelligent foreigners and other unprejudiced and independent witnesses, is it an altogether unreasonable or unreasoning demand to make, namely, that henceforth Ireland should be allowed by England to govern herself?

An attempt will be made in the next article to estimate some results of the Saxon's rule of the Celt. ORBY SHIPLEY.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THESE little children play about my knees,
And, with deep wonder glowing in their eyes,
They ask me questions strange and grave and wise
As were the answers of that other Child
Within the Temple, down the centuries.
Ah! help me, Lord, in what I do with these!
They to my charge were given undefiled:
Though for time's fleeting spaces here exiled,
True heirs are they of all Thine earth and skies,
Secured by Thy Belovèd's promises.
If heirs be changed to outlaws 'neath my hand,
Ere Thou requir'st of me my heavy trust,
In what name, Lord, dare I Thy wrath withstand?
Oh! ere they change may I be cold in dust!

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

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ELECTRIC MOTORS.

THE electro-motor, or electric motor as it is commonly called, is a dynamo reversed or worked backward. What is a dynamo?

The life of the telegraph depends on the principle that a current of electricity passing along a wire coiled about a soft iron bar produces magnetism in the bar during the passage of the current. The bar becomes a temporary magnet. This temporary magnet is also called an electro-magnet. When the current ceases, the bar discharges its magnetism and is no longer a magnet.

Faraday discovered, in 1831, that a permanent magnet can induce electricity in a coil of wire. When the pole of the magnet is inserted in the coil an electric current is induced therein at the instant of insertion. The existence of this current is but momentary, and as long as the magnet remains stationary in the coil there is no more evidence of electrical excitement. But when the magnet is withdrawn another current is induced in the coil in a direction opposite to the first. If an electro-magnet of the shape of a horseshoe be rapidly revolved on an axis in front of the poles of a steel horseshoe magnet, a series of induced currents will be generated in the coil of the electro-magnet; for, when the poles of the electro-magnet come just opposite those of the steel magnet, the electro-magnet will be magnetized, and induce a current in its coil or helix. When the poles are separated by the whirl of the electro-magnet the magnetism is discharged, and a current, in a direction opposite to the previous one, is thereby induced in the helix. Thus in every turn of the electro-magnet there are four induced currents, two in one direction and two in the opposite.

By constructing a machine in such a way that an electro-magnet may be speedily revolved in the vicinity of the poles of a fixed steel magnet, with the addition to the axis of the electro-magnet of a commutator, or a break-piece composed of alternate ribs of copper and ivory or boxwood, continuous currents of electricity in a single direction may be obtained. An instrument of this kind is called a magneto-electric, or dynamo-electric machine, or simply a dynamo. Dynamo is from the Greek *δύναμις*, power, and is applied to electricity in motion to distinguish it from that in the static or bound condition. Electro-

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magnets are usually provided with an armature, a piece of very soft iron laid across the poles to complete the circuit and receive the magnetic force. The electro-magnet of a dynamo is sometimes called its armature.

Saxton, Wilde, Siemens, Wheatstone, Ferranti-Thomson, Ball, Gramme, and other physicists have given their names to dynamos. There are many varieties of the dynamo, but all are governed by the one principle of magneto-electric induction.

If two dynamos are so combined that the current from the armature of one may pass into the armature of the other, the current generated by the motion of one will move the other. A combination of this kind is an electro-motor. The reversed dynamo is then an electric motor, and as such is widely used as a motive force.

The electric motor is now employed as the motive-power in one hundred and twenty industries, and there are ten thousand of the motors in operation. Electricians have recently been untiring in their efforts to make the motor available for street-car propulsion. The first experiment in electric railroading was conducted by Werner Siemens, at the Berlin Exhibition of 1879. His electric line was nine hundred yards long and of two feet gauge. A dynamo placed upon the car imparted motion to the wheels. A stationary dynamo furnished the current, which was conveyed to the moving car through a central rail supported upon insulating blocks of wood, the track-rails serving the purpose of returning the current. The success of this experiment led to the laying of the Lichterfelde line. Here both rails were laid on insulating sleepers, so that one served to conduct the current from the power-house to the car, and the other to complete the circuit. This line was twenty-five hundred yards long, and was run by two dynamos having together a force the equivalent of twelve horse-power.

The electric railroad in the north of Ireland between Portrush and Bush Mills is six miles long. The rails are three feet apart and are not insulated from the ground, but are joined by copper staples and form the return circuit, the current being conveyed to the cars through a T-iron placed upon short insulated standards.

The Richmond, Va., electric line is twelve miles long, and the current reaches the car through a conductor overheard. At Woonsocket, R. I., the overhead system of conduction is in use, and wires connected with the dynamos are extended eighteen feet above ground, and joined to the cars by wires which slide

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on the upper wires by means of rolling trolleys. The Fulton Street electric railroad, in New York City, has the conduit system, by which the current is conveyed from the power-house along a wire conductor placed in a conduit underground. The conduit system is also used in the Detroit electric line. There are fifty-eight electric railways in operation or under construction in the United States. Most of these lines are operated by the system of overhead wires.

There are two methods of furnishing the current to the motor in the car. One is where the electricity is conveyed to the car along a conductor from a stationary dynamo. By the other method the electricity is carried with the car in storage or secondary batteries. The conductor by the first method may be hung some distance above the car, or it may be placed in a conduit underground, or the rails themselves may be used as conductors in conjunction with an auxiliary parallel rail.

There is one vital objection to the employment of the conductor in any way. It can never be perfectly insulated, and so there is a constant ebbing away of the current's strength. And the longer the conductor and stronger the current, the greater this ebb. It is like a stream of water flowing over a porous bed. The stream is continually losing its substance until it is finally exhausted. Moreover, each of the systems of conduction has its individual faults. The overhead conductor cannot be used in cities on account of the inconvenience it offers to general street traffic. The conduit system, besides its enormous expense, is almost worthless in wintry weather, and the current leakage is very great. Again, the underground as well as the overhead system is open to the same objection as that raised against the cable: the derangement of the generating system means the stoppage of the entire line. In overhead and underground systems a high-tension current cannot be used on account of its danger, and a low-tension current must have a conductor of great size. The rails cannot be used as conductors of the current until horses are shod with rubber. If the electric motor ever succeeds as the propeller of the street-car, it must be through the medium of storage, and unaided by any outside mechanism.

By the storage of electricity is meant the accumulation of a quantity of electric energy to be used at our convenience. The storage of electricity is not the actual gathering-up of the fluid itself after the manner of the prime conductor. The fluid can never be stored in this way for the benefit of commerce. When

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the spring of a clock is wound up, the energy required to wind it is stored away to be afterward used in moving the hands of the clock. So when, by the force of the electric current, we separate substances that have a great chemical affinity, the force being removed, these substances combine again, regenerating the same amount of electricity that was required to part them.

In an ordinary galvanic battery zinc is eaten away and copper deposited. By forcing an electric current back through the cell the copper will be eaten away and zinc deposited. In this deposition of zinc energy is stored; for, when the pressure is removed, the affinity of the oxygen for the zinc being free to declare itself, will cause their reunion, and so will generate the same quantity of electricity that was required for the deposition. The chemical affinity of the zinc for the oxygen is called its polarization. The force that separates the zinc from combination is called the electro-motive force; and the tendency of the zinc to resist this force, or its polarization, is called its counter-electro-motive force. Electric storage is the overcoming of the polarization, or counter-electro-motive force.

Gaston Planté made the first storage battery in 1859. It consisted of two sheets of lead, about three and a quarter feet square, rolled in a cylinder with felt between the sheets, and placed in a jar filled with dilute sulphuric acid. He prepared his battery for use by driving strong currents of electricity through it several times in opposite directions. He did this to make the leaden sheets porous and capable of holding a quantity of peroxide of lead. When the electric current is driven through this combination it decomposes the water, sending oxygen to one plate and hydrogen to the other. The oxygen combines with the lead, forming peroxide of lead; and the hydrogen, reaching the other plate, decomposes any salt of lead it may find there, precipitates pure lead, or escapes in the form of gas. After the battery has been charged, if the lead plates be joined by wire, the oxygen that had been forcibly driven from its combination in the liquid, seeks to recombine, just as a stone lifted from the ground seeks to return, and the result of this tendency of the oxygen is to generate an electric current in a direction opposite to the primary one. This is the current that has been stored.

Faure improved Planté's battery by the addition of a new process that greatly reduced the time required in the charging. He coated the lead plates with a mixture of red-lead and sulphuric acid. The labors of Sellon, Volckmar, Brush, Sutton,

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and others rendered the storage battery still more available for practical purposes. We have storage batteries of many varieties, but in all electricity is transformed into chemical energy and chemical energy reconverted into electricity.

The storage system, though improving constantly, has still many grave imperfections. The chemical charge in the battery deteriorates quite rapidly. It is hoped, however, that this defect can be remedied. The storage battery, besides, is expensive, on account of the number of transformations required in conveying the energy from the coal to the car-wheels. There are five of these transformations: the mechanical energy developed by the steam-engine from burning coal; the conversion of mechanical into electrical energy in the dynamo; the conversion of electrical into chemical energy in the storage battery; the reconversion of chemical into electrical energy; and the final transformation of electrical into mechanical work by the electric motor. Omitting the loss of the production of steam from coal, only thirty-five per cent. of the energy invested in the steam-engine is available through storage in revolving the wheels. It must be said, however, that invention in this regard is making progress daily.

The weight of the batteries or accumulators is another item that must be placed on the debtor side of storage. Cars of the size of the usual two-horse cars are provided with 80 storage cells weighing about forty pounds apiece. These cells are placed under the seats, one-half on each side of the car. Each car must also carry an additional 800 pounds for two electric motors of five horse-power each, and 200 pounds must be allowed for apparatus to regulate the current and control the car This is a total weight of 4,200 pounds to be borne by each car. The hardship arising from this burden may, however, in a great measure be obviated by the use of eight wheels on two swinging trucks, which will distribute the weight upon the track.

William Wharton, Jr., gives a table showing the relative cost of operating a street railroad by horse traction and electric propulsion. He assumes that three electric-cars, because of the greater speed, will perform the duty of four horse-cars.

He then makes the following comparison:

"Running expenses of four two-horse cars for one year, to wit:

Conductors, 365 days, at $3 each car, per day of 16 hours....	$4,380 00
Drivers, 365 days, at $2.50 each car, per day of 16 hours....	3,650 00
Thirty-six horses, 365 days, at 50 cents each per day.....	6,570 00
	14,600 00

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One year's deterioration and repair of four cars, at $200 each	$800 00
One year's deterioration of thirty-six horses, at $40 each....	1,440 00
Total.....	16,840 00

Running expenses of three storage-battery cars for one year, to wit:

Conductors, 365 days, at $3 each car, per day of 16 hours....	3,285 00
Drivers, 365 days, at $2.50 each car, per day of 16 hours.....	2,737 50
Electricity, 365 days, at $2 each car, per day of 16 hours.....	2,190 00
Total.....	8,212 50
One year's deterioration and repairs of three cars, including dynamo, storage batteries, and motors, $1,600 each.....	4,800 00
Total.....	13,012 50
This leaves a balance to the credit of the storage-battery cars of.....	3,827 50."

Mr. Wharton states that the percentage of the steam-engine's mechanical energy recovered in actual work in electric motors is 40 with the storage battery and 50 by direct conduction. "In cable traction," he says, "not more than 25 per cent. is recovered of the invested energy."

A popular complaint against storage-battery cars still to be mentioned is the magnetizing of the timepieces of the passengers. This, doubtless, will be remedied.

With all its present faults electricians strongly hope that the storage battery will yet furnish the motive force for the propulsion of the future street-car. A good system of storage would indeed be invaluable in street railroading, and electricians everywhere are strenuously endeavoring to make the accumulator less heavy, less costly, and less wasteful of the primary current.

MARTIN S. BRENNAN.

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MEXICAN JOURNALISM.*

IN considering the Mexican press it will be sufficient to notice the journals of the City of Mexico; for though every town of any importance has its paper or papers, the contents, as a rule, have none but a local interest, the text of new laws, matters of local import, and, to fill up their columns, selections from the periodicals of the capital.

Perhaps the leading daily paper in Mexico is the *Monitor Republicano*, now in its thirty-eighth year. It always has an editorial, and latterly it has warmly espoused the cause of liberty of the press. The most interesting of its columns are those given to its foreign correspondents; in fact, an American gentleman long resident in Mexico lately said to me: "The *Monitor* is the best of the Mexican papers; it often has a letter from Castelar." The whole Mexican press has of late devoted much space to colonization in Lower California, and an interesting series of papers on this subject appears in the *Monitor*. In a copy now before me the writer combats the position of those who allege that foreign colonization is to be deprecated as tending to secession, instancing the case of Texas. The writer of the paper undertakes to show, alleging facts to support his contention, that *bona-fide*, industrious emigrants proved useful, law-abiding citizens there, the danger having resulted from filibusters, outlaws,

* The writer of this interesting series of articles on Mexico begs the insertion of the following in explanation of a previous article:

"One of the handsomest buildings in Monterey is the bank of Patricio Milmo, who besides banking has various important interests in this portion of Mexico. The coal employed on the railway is from his mines. During the last year he successfully raised a large crop of cotton—almost a new industry hereabouts—and his handsome property near Lampazos, 'La Mesa de los Cartujanos,' or The Tableland of the Carthusians, we alluded to in a former paper; its name to the contrary, it seems that this place never was church property. The American author of a book on Mexico published some years ago speaks of it as formerly a possession of the Carmelites, but neither Carmelites nor Carthusians ever held it; so whence it obtained its monastic designation is a mystery. The connection of the Milmo family with Mexico is highly interesting, and commenced over a hundred years ago by the arrival in the country of some of their relatives, who were members of the glorious family of St. Ignatius Loyola. An uncle of the present Mr. Milmo came to Mexico seventy years ago, and, after thirty years of active commercial life in the country, died and was buried at Monterey. Mr. Patricio Milmo forty years ago joined his uncle and elder brother, and after two years spent in the house of Davis & Co. at San Luis Potosi, to perfect his Spanish, returned to Monterey, where, since the death of his brother in 1853, he has been sole representative of the house. Eight other members of the family have made their mark in Mexico as merchants and bankers, and these highly interesting facts, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of a member of the family, may, of course, be relied on as possessing higher accuracy than the current gossip of the frontier by which we amongst others have been somewhat misled."

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buccaneers, *et omne hoc genus*, who by far outnumbered the former class. Then follow a few telegrams from European capitals, items of news from the United States and the various Central American republics, and gleanings from Mexican provincial towns. The subject of fibrous plants is one just now occupying much space in Mexican papers. These magueys, lechuguillas, and other varieties of the aloe family flourish marvellously in the driest parts of the land, requiring little or no attention; no particular skill or capital either is needed in the collection or preparation of the fibre, which is of remarkable toughness and of excellent quality. So it would seem to be one of the chief natural sources of wealth of the Republic.

El Sieglo Diez y Nueve—the *Nineteenth Century*—has perhaps an importance equal to that of *El Monitor Republicano;* it is ten years older, and of the same size, a four-page sheet. We take up a number at random; the editorial is on the re-election of governors, which has lately been legalized. The writer contends that to re-elect good governors is a duty, but to refuse the suffrage to bad ones is also a necessity. Specimens of either class are instanced, and the country urged to do its duty. All well enough this, but somewhat elementary teaching. A frivolous story is then told of a certain Sir William Draggs. He hired a cab, drove down to the Brighton beach, and told the driver to wait for him there. The baronet then stepped into his boat, which put him aboard his yacht, and went around the world in her. The voyage of many months at length concluded, Sir William stepped on shore, and the first person he met was the cabman. "All right," said he; "what do I owe you?" "£600," was the reply; on which a pocketbook was produced and the crackling notes duly handed to the driver. "Now drive me to the hotel," said Draggs, stepping into the fly. Arrived at the hostelry, he was entering when the driver stopped him. "How now?" "I want my fare." "Right!" said Sir William, and he handed the man two shillings. So by the aid of similar trivialities, telegrams, foreign letters, and clippings from contemporaries, they manage to fill up a sheet a day. In the next number we take up the editorial itself is borrowed, so that day the editor evidently enjoyed a holiday.

To *El Correo de las Doce*—or the *Noonday Courier*, as it styles itself at the head of the column which it gives in English—the same remarks apply as those made on the journals already mentioned. It is especially vigorous in ventilating clerical scandals; "A Mormon Badly Defended" and "A Mussulman Catholic"

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are the headings of two accounts of Puebla clergy which we will leave unnoticed. But there is a most fabulous sketch of Ramon Ibarra, cura of the cathedral at Puebla, who died more than five years ago. He is described as a virtuous and philanthropic man, a great student of religious history, a phrenologist, and probably a spiritualist; an enemy of confession, "denying to that immoral act the title of sacrament"; he considered the Bible "a badly-constructed set of writings"; "he believed in the infallibility of nature, and never in the infallibility of those idiots who oppose reason and battle with common sense." The fable declares that Father Ibarra was a bosom friend of his bishop, and was made inspector of the clergy at Puebla, whom he restrained from exacting excessive dues from their parishioners. The clergy then accused the bishop and inspector of being "impious, heretics, Masons, and Protestants," but discipline was restored after the expulsion from the diocese of several canons, curas, and vicars as corrupters of society. "As cura of the cathedral he always dissuaded silly people from seeking confessors in the temple or from calling them to the bedsides of dying persons. He told them to confess to God and not to men." He was finally attacked with a sudden illness which he recognized as mortal; he secured himself in his room with locks and bars, and the clergy were unable to get at him. Then fifteen priests with two smiths broke into his room, to the scandal of the city; "but when they got in to devour their victim they met with a corpse, which could not confess, and which seemed to smile sarcastically at a life embittered to him by religious mummers." The vicars and sacristans reported through the city that Ibarra had died unshriven and impenitent, and "was already below, dancing with devils over the flames." Next week the old women gossipped that "the soul of Ibarra had appeared at midnight, darting fire from the eyes and seeking confession," the result being to bring several rich old men to confession, who obtained absolution in consideration of an eighth of their property given to the Holy Church, which had to sustain . . ., but here we will pause. Be it known that *El Correo* has perhaps as wide a circulation as any journal in the country.

El Pabellon Nacional—the *National Flag*—is another anti-Catholic paper. *El Diario del Hogar*, on the Byron centenary celebration, has the following: "It occurs to us that on the night of the said 22d one of Lord Byron's plays should be placed on the stage at one of our largest theatres, and that our

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poets and writers should chant the literary glories of *the admirable author of 'Hamlet.'"* *El Partido Liberal* attacks the clergy for opposing the laws of reform and embarrassing the government.

Several Protestant papers are published in the City of Mexico by the various American missions there established; they are the only illustrated journals to be found in the country, and, as regards type, paper, and general get-up, far surpass all the rest. The best of them is *El Abogado Christiano*, or the *Christian Advocate*, a bi-monthly, costing six cents a number or a dollar a year. It consists of eight pages of large size, and only one of these is devoted to notices and advertisements. That for the 15th of December last has naturally a Christmas character, and contains two well-executed engravings, one of the Adoration of the Shepherds, and another of the Magi on their camels, journeying through a sandy waste star-guided to Bethlehem. Three Nativity hymns, and short articles on "The Birth of a King" and "The Adoration of the Magi," accompany and explain the engravings, and not without cause. We were lately showing some photographs collected during European travel to a Mexican lady of good family, when we came to one of Rome. "Ah!" said she, "that is where Christ was born, is it not?" Under the head of correspondence we find a letter from a Protestant missionary, called William H. Gulick, written at San Sebastian, in Spain; it relates to the North American Missionary Society in the Caroline Islands. The correspondence section is followed by a couple of columns concluding a series of papers translated from the English and dealing with Hebrew literature; brief notices are given of ancient Spanish Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament, and of the earliest printed editions which appeared in Italy in the fifteenth century. After this comes the conclusion of a tale of Mexican Protestant missions, notices of the examination exercises at the Protestant Theological College at Puebla, and various pious fragments. Then an account is given of the arrival by train in the City of Mexico of twenty-five poor, forlorn-looking Indians of Southern Mexico who, some months ago, put to death certain Protestants at Aguacatitlan; the writer urges that an effort should be made to obtain the pardon of these peons and bring to justice rather the priest who, he alleges, excited their zeal, and the judge who took no measures to restrain it. But the magazine must not be permitted to die of dulness; a little spice must be introduced; moreover Protestantism in Mexico must be aggressive or nothing. So the editor treats us to sundry gibes at Catholics and their practices,

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real or supposed. Thus his indignation waxes hot on hearing that a million dollars will be presented to the Pope at his Jubilee, and he pities the poverty-stricken flock fleeced to so enormous an extent. Let us see: a million dollars amongst two hundred million Catholics—half a cent per head; and where would *El Abogado Christiano*, its editor, and the Protestant missionaries be if their friends in the United States were not "fleeced"? Not in Mexico, we imagine. *El Faro*, or the *Beacon*, the Mexican Presbyterian bi-monthly, is similar to *El Abogado*, of the same size and price, and beautifully illustrated. In the issue of December 15 there is a charming scene of country-life in winter, with a well-written column of descriptive matter; three pleasing engravings illustrate a paper on the water-supply of Paris, and a picture of the Scriptorium of a monastery forms a text for a dissertation on ancient illuminated manuscripts. The editorial is suggested by some remarks in October's *North American Review* by Cardinal Gibbons in which he deals severely with those who neglect the due observance of the Lord's Day, stigmatizing them as men who seek the complete extirpation of Christianity; and the writer asks why the Mexican priesthood do not express similar sentiments, and why, after three hundred years of their domination (?), Sunday labor is the rule in the country. By the way, in a land where Saturday is "Sabado," the Presbyterians cannot follow their custom of calling Sunday "the Sabbath," so they must needs speak of it as "Domingo," or the Lord's Day, like other people. Great part of each of these Mexican Protestant papers is occupied with insistence on the duty of observing the day of rest, and a good thing it is that some one is found to call attention to the matter. Bull-fighting is also a giant that they continually assault, and in this they will find more sympathizers abroad than in Mexico. We also see a very silly article on the Keys of Peter. Then comes one of a series of papers on Juarez, the Mexican President; for part of the *rôle* of the Mexican Protestant papers is to pose as Mexican patriotic organs, albeit they are purely exotics. There is a summary of foreign news, a children's section, and notes of Protestant missions in various countries. The Methodists have a paper similar to, but less pretentious than, *El Faro* and *El Abogado;* it is conducted on the same lines and does not call for any especial notice; it is styled *El Evangelista Mexicano.*

The leading anti-church organ is *El Combate*, a weekly of one sheet, and the title is certainly pugnacious enough. The editing of this journal cannot be a very arduous undertaking; in the

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number now before me great part of the very limited space, seven columns, is devoted to an account of a dinner given to a certain general, and we are treated to a list of all the guests, occupying nearly a full column, and a complete catalogue of the viands and wines on which they regaled themselves; besides his own account of the feast our editor gives us no less than four other full and particular notices of the event borrowed from other journals—so part of the furniture of *El Combate* office must be a huge pair of scissors and a large pot of paste. The strong point of the general appears to be that he is a priest "off duty," and that liberty is his religion. Let us hope that his example may produce results; Mexico would survive an accession of devotion to duty, and of liberty also. There is a dolorous wail over the accession to power of the clerical party in the United States of Colombia, and a forcible criticism of the action of the Papacy in the middle ages in respect of crusades, jubilees, and indulgences. Beyond these we find little to notice in *El Combate.*

La Cruz Templaria is the leading Masonic organ. It consists of a huge sheet, but the simple announcement that Citizen Porfirio Diaz is this paper's candidate for the Presidency of the Republic at the next election occupies the whole of the first page, and the major part of the remaining space is occupied with politics and political clubs, two whole columns being devoted to a list of names; so there is little room left for anything of interest. Some verses on charity occupy two columns. There is a paper on the reconquest of Jerusalem by the soldiers of the Temple. Saladin and the Moslem power, with its simple alternative of the prophet or death, is no longer the foe. Now the Jerusalem of progress and liberty is defended and held against the Templars (*i.e.*, Freemasons)—other ammunition having been expended—by bulls, encyclicals, pastorals, excommunications, and other such, which, the editor affirms, for ages have mouldered in the pontifical vaults, and which, on contact with the upper air of the present century, like Egyptian mummies, crumble into dust. This paper is high-flown, unreal, "aims at nothing —and hits it." Another article defends the Templars' countersign or secret pledge by quoting from the Apocalypse: "To him that overcomes I will give a white stone with a new name on it which no one but he who receives it can read"; and concludes by an exhortation to hold fast the symbol of the glorious emancipation which has slain tyrannies over body and soul in the person of Christ.

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La Defensa Católica is a bi-weekly of a religious character devoted to the interests of the Latin race in America. It consists of the usual single sheet, the last page being filled with notices, leaving twelve columns for news; of this the editor supplies one-fourth part—and exchanges the rest. What a nice quiet post that of a Mexican editor would be—that is, in a general way; but he must exercise judgment in wielding his scissors. Of late one of the fraternity published something from the New Orleans *Picayune* held to be uncomplimentary to Mexico, and he was forthwith provided with board and lodging at government expense. However, *La Defensa Católica* gives us plenty of readable extracts from European papers, the latest telegrams, and letters from foreign correspondents. We have read the editorial on the old year, 1887, in the number of 29th December. Not one single event of the departing year is referred to; the article is nothing but a thoroughly spiteful invective against society, its aspirations and its efforts. There is also a notice of the death of a bishop and a long account of a bull-fight. When the editor fills all his twelve disposable columns, instead of only nine, with extracts from his contemporaries, he will perhaps succeed in presenting us with a readable journal.

La Voz de Mexico, which appears daily, is of a different character from the journal we have just considered. The editorials are written by a man who, having some argument and erudition at command, has no need for waspish invective. The leaders on Catholicism and Authority, which appeared respectively on the 27th and 28th of December last, are temperate, able, and well worthy of perusal. There is a news-letter in one of these issues, from a Roman correspondent, telling of the Papal Jubilee, pilgrimages and offerings, with other noteworthy matters at Rome; and one from London, on the state of religious thought in England, in the other. A clergyman contributes a series of papers on the apparition of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe, the national patroness, at Tepeyacatl to the poor Indian. The cablegrams from foreign countries are ample; there is plenty of news from various parts of Mexico, also scientific and commercial information and a sufficiency of instructive matter. Altogether it is a creditable paper, with something to say for itself.

El Tiempo is another Catholic daily, inferior to *La Voz* but possessed of good store of "zeal." These religious journals have a grand work before them if they could only rise to the occasion, but they seem to us Catholics of higher latitudes to prefer to sempiternally chant the somewhat wearisome pæan of

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joy, "The people of the Lord are we." When an individual, a nation, or a church folds its hands complacently and sits down entirely satisfied with its present position and its past achievements, it is in a bad way. As to their opponents, Protestant, Liberal, or Masonic, we fear that they would gladly call down fire from heaven to consume them, as Elias did the captains and their fifties, or draw the sword to cut off their ears, unmindful of our Lord's admonition to the apostle. Fortunately their power for good is much greater than their power for mischief, which is limited to the usual resources of pugnacious journalism—making grimaces and hurling adjectives; we have yet to learn that converts are likely to be made by these means. Meantime they leave the Protestant press to enforce the teaching of the Council of Baltimore and of Cardinal Gibbons on the Sunday question. The people after Mass on Sundays and festivals often enough resort to the bull-ring to see noble animals tortured by darts and lances, and blindfolded horses disembowelled. There is a knightly sport called gander-pulling (known also, we believe, in parts of the United States). A live goose is suspended head downwards, tied by its feet, and mounted men ride by it at full gallop, trying as they pass to tear the neck from the body. Here are some out of many giants for an editor to tilt at, if not in an apostolic spirit, at least in that of Charles Dickens. He could readily fill the whole of his columns and do a work in his generation.

The *Mexican Financier* and *El Economista Mexicano* are well-conducted weekly commercial publications, type, paper, and reading matter all first-rate. The former is well supplied with illustrated advertisements in Spanish, but the rest of the paper gives all the articles and information in both English and Spanish, in parallel columns. It runs to about forty pages weekly, is very complete, and is essential to every one having business in or with Mexico.

The *Economista*, though not so ambitious in some respects as the latter, being content with the language of the country and having no advertising columns, is an ably-managed publication. We noticed lately a carefully written series of papers on the mortality of Mexico, which is far higher than it would be were sanitary laws properly observed. In the capital nearly half the total death-rate is of children below five years of age, and the annual mortality in the city is about five per cent., or more than four times what it should be. However, after being long under discussion, it seems that the drainage of the place is soon to be com-

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menced; it will be a costly operation, but to banish such appalling figures no price can be judged too great.

La Convencion Radical is an extreme journal, as its name expresses; *La Tribuna* is a weekly recently established; *Las Noticias*, *El Municipio Libre*, *La Patria de Mexico*, and some others, call for no particular remarks. *Le Trait d'Union* is a French paper, and naturally is *chic* and readable. *La Voz de España* and *La Nueva Iberia* represent Spain. *The Two Republics*, edited by a Mr. Clarke, gives daily a list of the chief sights in the City of Mexico and neighborhood for the benefit of visitors, for whom it is evidently, in great part, issued. There is also a German paper, no doubt well conducted, but which I blush to say I have not the scholarship to peruse.

In the foregoing notice of the Mexican press I have thought it best to follow the example of that press itself and avail myself of the wisdom (or otherwise) of journals of every class, so that my readers (if any one has possessed the perseverance to plod through this dreary desert of extract), may draw their own conclusions. It will be observed that, with the exception of the Protestant papers, there are no illustrated periodicals and no *Pucks* or *Punches*—for how could so sedate a people evolve a perennial flow of humor?—that the papers are of scant dimensions and for the most part of still scantier interest. There are over thirty in the capital, and, by the wholesale system of borrowing which prevails, it would be as easy to produce three hundred, provided they could find supporters; but a dozen would surely meet every requirement. As railway extension and the consequent development of trade and production advance, editors will probably find more matter to record and to comment upon.

CHARLES E. HODSON.

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ALÁNO.

TADEO opened the door of his *adobe* cabin, went to the middle of the road, shaded his eyes with one hand, and looked down the valley. At a long distance was to be seen a cluster of adobe buildings, their whitewashed walls gleaming purely in the sunlight; the *acequia* wound, a liquid yellow line, from the hills, now hidden by a group of piñons, now like a sheet of glass in the sun as it followed the road to the cluster of houses called La Junta. A *burro* loaded with firewood went slowly down the road, its master, on another *burro*, following behind.

Tadeo looked for some moments in the direction of La Junta, then blinked at the sky, heaved a sigh of resignation, and went back to his cabin, closing the door tightly after him. It was a cold day in December, and Tadeo had a heap of pine-wood crackling merrily in the fire-place, as they shot up their forked flames.

The cabin had a clean-swept earthen floor, hard as a rock, yellow earthen walls, and the unhewn beams above were of a rich amber brown. In one corner was Tadeo's bed, scrupulously neat and white; in another a deal table with plates, knives, and bowls on it, two of each. There were two wooden chairs before the fire-place, and above the table was an open cupboard. A tawdry picture of our Lady of Sorrows hung over the bed against the wall. At the foot of the bed was a door leading to the one other room of the cabin.

Having filled the coffee-pot from the earthen water-jar on the floor, Tadeo raked some hot embers to the front of the fire-place, and set the pot on to boil. Satisfying himself that it rested steadily on its bottom, he sat down on the floor, leaned against the wall, and rolled himself a *cigarito*.

No one ever liked a smoke better than Tadeo, but somehow, to-day, he did not enjoy his *cigarito*. With an extravagance he had never before been guilty of, the *cigarito*, half-smoked, was thrown into the fire. Wondering what time it could be, he went outside to look—Tadeo's time-piece being hung in the sky; its greatest merit, in his eyes, that it never went wrong like the padre's clocks, or the gold watch of Don Domingo. Instead of looking up for the time, Tadeo went, as before, to the middle of the road to look down the valley, this time to see what he had been expecting: A wagon, drawn by a pair of mules, emerging from the piñon-trees just outside La Junta, in that rare atmos-

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phere, though far off, appeared to be near. Tadeo clapped together his hands, and uttered a shout of joy.

Now, the road gave a sudden twist by Tadeo's house, and as he clapped his hands and shouted, a horse turning the angle shied, and would have thrown its rider had his seat not been firm, his wits collected—a little man with a kind, gentle face, the setting for a pair of cheery black eyes; his cassock, to leave his legs free, tied up about his waist.

The look of joy on Tadeo's face left it for a sullen gloom. Tadeo muttered a good day and moved aside to let the horseman pass; but instead of going on, the rider called out cheerily, "*Buenos dios, Don.*"

Tadeo liked to be called Don, and this greeting brought something like a smile to his face.

Encouraged, the horseman continued, "*Hace mucho frio*"—it is very cold. Not much of a speech, and not well received by Tadeo.

"Pardon, *padre*," he said, pride and triumph in the tone of his voice, "Aláno comes to-day; see"—he pointed down the road to the approaching mules—"he is near; I go to prepare." And his old limbs bore him strutting into his cabin.

The padre sighed, shook his horse's bridle, and ambled on through the flickering shadows of the piñon-boughs.

For five years Tadeo had not been friends with Padre Tomás. Even Tadeo's wife, the Señora Aná, said Tadeo was to blame. The couple had a son on whom they doted. A handsome, intelligent young fellow was Aláno. The padre promised to send him to the college at Las Vegas, and Tadeo was overjoyed. He was very anxious for Aláno to be a learned man. Tadeo himself had pretensions to be learned. Had he not by heart that astonishing work of Vasquez, *The Erudition of the Blue*, in which a complete knowledge of the sciences is given in a course of six days: poetry and rhetoric—poetry twenty pages, rhetoric one—on Tuesday; ancient and modern philosophy in four pages, for Wednesday, and so on! A sort of high-school veneer which the Spaniards, a behind-handed people, did not take to. Ah! if Vasquez had come a hundred years later, not to Spain, but to Columbia!

"I have my ranch," said Tadeo to the padre, "and my sheep, that bring something; I can help to pay, and I can save for Aláno, that the people say Don to him in truth, not as to me, in mockery."

Señora Aná had another wish for Aláno, a wish she told to

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no one but God and our Blessed Mother, not even to Padre Tomás. She would have people call Aláno padre.

About this time there came to La Junta, a-hunting, one Robert Greyson and a friend of his, who, as Ruskin puts it, had been taught that his father was an ape and his mother a winkle; what is more, he said he believed it, and, being a professor in a progressive college, taught his belief to others. He was a very learned man.

They were liberal of their money—rather with Greyson's money—and would have won the hearts of the hospitable people could they have kept their tongues clean from insulting God's Church.

Aláno was hired to be their guide. Greyson soon discovering the youth's intelligence, won Tadeo's heart by the praise he gave his son. Tadeo told with pride how Aláno was going to the great college at Las Vegas. Greyson laughed at the "one-horse affair in Vegas," and, after consulting with his friend, offered to take Tadeo to the college where the professor taught.

Up to this time Las Vegas College, in Tadeo's eyes, had been one of the seven wonders. Now, without at first consenting to Greyson's proposition, he himself spoke contemptuously to Aná of the place to which the padre would send Aláno. Aná listened, and then went to consult with *Madrina* Pabla as to whether or not Tadeo was out of his mind.

Aláno, when Greyson spoke to him of the college in the Eastern city, was eager to see it. His father must let him go, and, indeed, his father was nothing loath. Aná was dead against it, almost estranging her son on that account. The padre told Tadeo very plainly that he was endangering his son's faith and his own soul. "Are you mad, Tadeo?" he exclaimed when Tadeo persisted that Aláno should go. The padre pleaded and Aná pleaded. "Tadeo mio," she sobbed, "the others are all gone to Paradise; leave this our son to go as well."

"The padre's notions; enough of them," commanded Tadeo, angrily. Nevertheless he stipulated with the professor that Aláno's faith was not to be meddled with, and was greatly consoled by the professor assuring him, truthfully, that religion was not taught in his college. Soon after Aláno went away with the two hunters.

From that time Tadeo was the padre's bitter foe for five long years.

Occasionally letters came from Aláno, always telling of his success. One letter came, after three years, in which he ridi-

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culed the padre, and spoke slightingly of holy things. Because of this letter Tadeo was really angry. But he forgot his anger when he heard Aláno had won a golden medal. Aná did not forget. Seven months passed by before further news came of Aláno—a letter asking for money. It was sent—fifty dollars, about which Tadeo said nothing, though he thought much, and he was not the happier for the thinking. More than a year after this Aláno wrote that he was coming home. He did not write that he had been expelled from the college. His expulsion was unjust; he had but brought his learning to a logical conclusion. If his father was an ape and his mother a winkle, he no better than an animated molecule, without any past to speak of, and certainly no future, why should he not be the gambler and tippler he was? There is this to be said, however: Aláno had no business to be found out.

The days of Aláno's coming were counted and timed, and when word came that he was at Fort Union, Aná went with the mule-team to bring the boy home in triumph. Why the father did not go he said not. He feared before strangers his son would be ashamed of him.

The water was boiling when Tadeo returned to the cabin, and, having made the coffee, he cleared the table, covering it with a piece of fine linen, which he took from the cupboard. Then he quickly set out the dinner of Aná's preparing, *chili verdé*, cold mutton, *tortillas*, and *dulces*, with a bottle of wine. A cup bearing the legend, "For a good child," in gilt letters, circled by impossible roses, was placed where Aláno was to sit.

All this done in great haste, Tadeo viewed the result with beaming eyes. One thing alone did not please him—the ugly cup. He had bought it over at Tipton to grace Aláno's feast. The pottery bowls and dishes were graceful and artistic in their simple lines, the vase that held the salad even exquisite. The cup was vile, and Tadeo's trained eye saw its ugliness.

Meditating whether he had not better remove it, he heard the beating of hoofs on the road. He did not rush to the door, as he had pictured to himself he would. He went haltingly. It was only when he heard the wagon stop before the house that he opened the door.

The first to get down from the wagon was a woman, whose face was almost hidden in the soft folds of the black shawl she wore Mexican-wise, as a head-covering. This was Señora Aná. She brushed by Tadeo, entering the hut without a word, Tadeo

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too intent on watching the young man, now climbing down from the wagon, to notice his wife's strange behavior.

No doubt a handsome young fellow, foppishly arrayed. Tadeo, standing at the door, eyed him reverently. Is this his son? If the padre were but here to witness Tadeo's triumph!

All this time Aláno had not noticed his father. The neighbor, Pabla's husband, who drove the mules, handed him a little leather satchel, and he turned about.

"*Hijo mio, hijo mio,*" faltered Tadeo, opening wide his old arms.

"My son" showed no inclination to be embraced, and, uttering a cold greeting, held out a hand which Tadeo took. Not knowing what to do with it, he let it fall, and with it two big tears.

Aláno entered the cabin, and, having looked on what was so familiar to him, shuddered.

Not attributing the shudder to its right cause, Tadeo said, apologetically, "*El fuego esta malo*"—The fire is bad—and piled on the resinous pine.

Aná had gone to the one other room of the cabin. Perceiving her absence, Aláno turned to his father and said: "The fire is good. You look as always, father; you have not changed."

He spoke with a heartiness he did not at all feel, but poor Tadeo did not perceive this; he was only too glad of any morsel of comfort this vulgarly elegant young man chose to offer him.

He laughed, and, rubbing his hands together, said: "You have changed, my Aláno; you are grand in the highest."

Aláno muttered something in English about "hog-wash," and asked in Spanish if there was something to eat; he was starved.

With much pride in his arrangement, Tadeo pointed to the table; then called aloud for Aná. She came from the inner room, and now her head was undraped, the shawl fallen about her shoulders, Tadeo saw what he had never seen before—no, not even when the little ones had been put into their beds in the Campo Santo—a dolorous look of despair gazing out of a pair of eyes holding that look subject to another of settled, stern resolve.

"You are ill, Aná?" stammered Tadeo.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Our son—you will not sit at table—what is it, Aná?" cried Tadeo, angry that his wife should be so dolorous, and con-

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firm the misery he felt in his heart, when they should be so glad.

Aláno was eating and drinking, not minding this conflict—for it was a conflict—between his parents.

Aná advanced towards the door, paused before Aláno, saying clearly in English, "Little sir, if to eat there be wanting, tell to him." She pointed to her husband, drew her shawl about her head, and left the house, unmindful of Aláno, with livid face, springing to his feet and staring at her in confusion.

"What is it, Aláno? what is it?" cried Tadeo, who understood not a word of what he called American.

"Where did she learn English?" demanded Aláno.

"Is that to frighten you, my Aláno?" said Tadeo, with an uneasy laugh. "For a long time she studied it, the Madrina Pabla to instruct her, so that when you came to her, if, as might have been, your sweet tongue were forgotten, the mother might speak with her son. But your mother, what is it, Aláno? She is troubled."

Aláno said that he did not know—perhaps she was not well; he would eat now. She would return and they would ask.

Whilst Aláno continued with his meal Tadeo plied him with questions about the great city he had come from; about his friend Greyson; often interrupting himself to utter little exclamations of delight that his son was once more with him. To all Tadeo's questions Aláno gave short answers; to the one about Greyson he muttered an oath.

Now and again Tadeo would run to the door to look for Aná, always returning with a puzzled face and a muttered exclamation as to what could have become of the woman.

It was late in the afternoon, and the cabin darkening, Tadeo lit a pine-torch, sticking it in an iron socket under an opening in the rafters made for the smoke to escape. The torch illuminated the cabin with a spectral light, rising and falling, blanching and crimsoning, by fits, the faces of the two men now seated before the fire-place.

Outside was mournful blowing among the piñon-trees, shaking their plumy tops under the faint light of the stars, just appearing in the cloudless sky.

Tadeo's cabin boasted no windows, only some panes of glass built into the adobe walls. Aná was at one of these panes of glass, careless of the cold, watching the father and the son within.

Tadeo was ill at ease. He was worried about Aná. Why

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was she acting so strangely on this the day of her son's return? He was worried because he felt that he no longer had a son. Would it ever be possible for him again to be on familiar terms with Aláno? He saw his castles blown every which way, falling about him, and oh! that he could be buried in their ruins! He had to stifle a groan of despair that rose to his lips.

Strange to say, all the while these gloomy thoughts were overcoming Tadeo, Aláno was freer, even to fondness, in his behavior than he had been at any time since reaching home.

They were talking of Aláno's future. "You will want to live in the grand city," suggested Tadeo.

"Not I," returned Aláno; "I would be a great *hacendado* (landowner), as some Americans are."

"In truth?" asked Tadeo; he had detected the false ring in his son's voice.

"You want me to go away from here?" Aláno asserted, rather than asked.

Tadeo did not answer this; he was thinking. "Aláno," he said at last—it was no longer Aláno mio—"do you remember how, when you went away, I showed to you that I had saved, and the mother too"—here he sighed—"four hundred silver dollars?"

Tadeo, gazing at the fire, did not see the greedy desire in Aláno's eyes. "Yes, father," he said; "you had them in a box hidden under the corn-crib, and you said they were good corn for the horse."

Aláno laughed, but his father proceeded gravely: "They are no longer four hundred; it is nine hundred now." He paused, and, still dreamily gazing at the fire, thought of the toiling and self-denial of Aná and himself to put by so much.

Aláno kept a discreet silence; but his father did not speak, so, after awhile, he interrogated, "Well, my father?"

Tadeo started in his chair. He was nervous. Never before had he felt his age. To-day it was as though old Time had come to claim his own.

"Yes, yes," he repeated, "nine hundred—for you, Aláno, when you repose yourself in your father's house and marry."

Poor old man! In his eyes his nine hundred dollars was a great fortune, and he thought to buy his son with it, never doubting that it was magnificent enough for the purpose.

"Do you keep all that money in the corn-crib?" asked Aláno, almost angrily. "Are you not afraid of robbers?"

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Tadeo looked about him and smiled sadly. "Who would come here to rob?" he asked.

"It is a hole of a place," muttered Aláno in English.

"What is it you say, Aláno" questioned his father.

"That there are no robbers here, my father," returned Aláno.

Aláno, as well as his father, was thoughtful now—Tadeo staring at the fire with moody eyes, his son with eyes sparkling with excitement he would suppress. Suddenly Tadeo asked, "Why is it, Aláno, the mother is not with us?"

Aláno protested that he did not know. It was very strange; he did not understand.

To these protestations Tadeo made no answer. He would not judge his son till he had spoken with Aná—if she would but return. He did not fear for her safety; he knew she must have gone to Pabla, she who had given her the lessons in English. Ah, that English! How Aná had toiled at it, and to what end if she were always to fly her son as if he were the pest.

"My father," Aláno interrupted these musings to say, "the mother does not return, and I am tired—" He stopped; his father was paying no attention to him.

By fits the pine-knot was blanching and crimsoning Tadeo's face, and in the fitful light Aláno saw his father weeping.

He touched the old man gently on the arm. "Father," he said, "I am tired; where am I to sleep?"

"Yes, yes!" returned Tadeo, quickly. Going to the table, he took from its drawer a candle, lighting it from the torch's flame. Then he led the way to the inner room, Aláno following.

Aná had expended much time in the adornment of this room for Aláno, and it was beautiful in Tadeo's eyes. He now waited for some expression of astonishment or delight, but Aláno said not a word. It is true he looked about him, taking in at a glance the print of our Lady of Guadalupe; a vase holding paper roses hung beneath it; the basin and ewer on the table draped with pink calico; the square of looking-glass framed with a piece of the same calico. Yes, he looked at these things, beautiful in Tadeo's eyes, and, though Tadeo's eyes were old and the candle dim, he saw the sneer on Aláno's face.

"Good-night, my father," said Aláno.

Tadeo did not say good-night, but crept away, closing the door after him. Crouched in his accustomed place on the floor beside the fire, his face hidden in his hands, he wept bitterly though silently.

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The cabin-door opened and Aná entered, her footstep light. Kneeling beside her husband, she put an arm about his neck and rested his grey head on her bosom.

He had not looked up, but he knew it was Aná. "You were right, my Aná," he whispered; "it is as you did say—we have no son." Then after a little, "Why is it, my Aná, that you keep yourself from him?"

She hesitated before telling him, and when she did speak, it was with an attempt to palliate her son's guilt. She had found Aláno on the piazza of a tavern near Fort Union, engaged with some men in card-playing. He had received her coldly and, unaware of his mother's knowledge of English, had spoken of her to his companions as a servant of the doña his mother. "He denied me," said Aná.

Tadeo held Aná's hands tight within his own. He said nothing of Aláno; he did not utter one of the self-reproaches torturing his heart. He only spoke of the neighbor Pabla's husband, who had taken Aná to Fort Union and back. "I did not as much as ask him in to feel the fire, and it is cold," he said sadly. "I go to him now, Aná," he continued; "I will not be long."

"You go to speak of Aláno; he will not remain with us?" queried Aná.

"Yes," said Tadeo, and the two embraced; Tadeo kissing Aná on either of her wrinkled cheeks—wrinkles that were not ugly to him.

It was a picture of the sorrowful Mother that hung above their bed. And Aná, kneeling by the bed, did plead for her son's soul. Her sorrow was great, but she knew our Mother's sorrow to have been incomparably greater; how fit to pity hers! She prayed with emotion all the stronger for its being subdued, mingling with the holy names the name of Aláno her beloved, who had so wounded her heart.

The door of the inner room slowly opened, and in the glimmer of the expiring torch could be seen Aláno, still dressed, hatted, his shoes held in his hand, his satchel strapped across his shoulder hanging at his side. He looked at his mother, then at the cabin door, his eye measuring the distance, his brain reckoning his chances of reaching it without attracting the kneeling woman's attention.

He waited, not patiently, in fear of his father's return. After what seemed to him a long while his mother became very still. Perhaps she had fallen asleep; at any rate he must risk it; Tadeo

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might come in at any moment. His stocking feet were noiseless on the earthen floor, and he would have gotten away unperceived by Aná had he not stumbled against a water-jar unaccountably out of its place. The jar gave a lurch, the water flowing over the ground, Aláno standing in the puddle.

Aná slowly raised her head and turned about, still kneeling. In a moment she took in the meaning of Aláno's being there. "My son, you leave thy father thus?" she cried; then, swaying to and fro, fell lengthwise on the ground. She was very old, had worked hard for him, her son, and under how many shocks she had borne up bravely that day!

With difficulty, and cursing his mishap, Aláno got on his shoes. He hoped his mother would not recover from her swoon—if swoon it was, not death—till he was safely away. When once outside the hut, he looked down the road, then up the road around the corner. No one was in sight. It was very quiet, for the wind was stilled, the bright and frosty starlight seen tremulous above the dark ramage of the piñons.

Aláno unhasped the gate of the corral, making his way hastily to what served for a stable and barn. The entrance was without a door, only a bar across to shut out intruding cattle, or to keep Tadeo's mustang within. Creeping under the bar, Aláno whispered softly, "Sook, sook, sook," addressing the mustang as many a time in the years before he had called the cattle and the horse. There came an answering whinny, and when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the interior, Aláno went to where the saddle and bridle were wont to be. When found, and the mustang fitted out, Aláno's next proceeding, according to his plans, was to help himself from the box in the corn-crib.

The corn-crib was in a dark corner; so, in order the more easily to find it, Aláno took a fusee from a box he carried and struck a light. It flashed and flared, and as it did so the corral gate, which Aláno had closed after him, was thrown open, and some one came running towards the stable.

Grinding out an oath, Aláno threw down the fusee, believing he crushed out the fire. Keeping perfectly still where he was hidden in the dark, he saw a man, carrying a knotted walking-stick, standing at the barred entrance.

It was Tadeo. Coming home he had witnessed the blaze of light in the stable, and straightway the thought of robbers, put there by Aláno, livened in his brain.

He peered into the darkness, his old eyes failing to distinguish anything. Aláno scarcely breathed.

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"Who is there?" called Tadeo.

Aláno did not speak; all would have been well had not the fusee, not entirely out, fired a piece of straw, and Tadeo saw the outline of a man.

In a trice he was under the bar, swinging aloft his knotted stick. "Ah!" he cried, "you would rob my son!"

"It is I, Aláno!"

Too late he had spoken. Tadeo's arm was strong, he was striking blindly. Down crashed the stick on Aláno's head, silencing him for ever.

There was light for Tadeo to see his work, had not the cry of Aláno informed him. The fired straw had lit another, and that another, and now the stable was in a blaze, the frightened mustang plunging and pulling at its halter.

"Ay! ay! ay!" moaned the wretched Tadeo, falling on his knees beside his son, kissing the pale lips, the face lit up with the flash of the flames.

Who is this, having let down the bar, is pulling at Tadeo, unmindful of the roaring fire, the blinding, suffocating smoke, the crackling of the timbers! An old woman, her few white locks of hair about her face, her body shook with a palsy.

"Aná," said Tadeo, in a smothered voice, "I killed his soul, I killed his body. Is this hell? You should not be here; you wanted him for Paradise."

Only God and his Mother, to whom she prayed without ceasing, know how she got them out of the stable. They were barely out when the stable roof fell in with a crash.

There is a poor old man in La Junta whose wits have wandered far, never to return. The people say gently, "The hand of God is on him." He is content and happy to pass his days in counting a collection of brass buttons. "Pesos," he will tell you, "for Aláno in the grand college in the East." Sometimes he is troubled, and will ask: "There is no God in the grand college, and, compadre, without God, can he find the way to his father's house?"

On fine afternoons he goes to the Campo Santo, but he does not know that the graves a subtile instinct leads him to are the graves of Aná and Aláno.

In every city and town of this great country are Tadeos and Anás with their Aláno, whose Father's house has been lost because Tadeo or Aná, or both, would have Aláno reared in that place where God is not.

HAROLD DIJON.

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THE CHURCH AND THE CLASSES.

THE *Independent* of March 1 has an article, by Rev. Alexander Jackson, which is very interesting. The writer has taken the pains to find out the number of persons who belong to the different denominations or profess no religion at all in the cities of Pittsburgh and Alleghany, and in the county of Alleghany, Pennsylvania; and as Pittsburgh is a large manufacturing town —a small New York, in fact, resembling it in many respects— we believe that the different figures given by Mr. Jackson will apply, proportionately, equally well to the larger place. He gives the following table of membership:

	PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHANY.	ALLEGHANY COUNTY.	TOTAL.
Evangelical (*sic*) Protestants.	47,838	25,445	73,283
Non-Evangelical	199	.....	199
Hebrews	2,863	900	3,763
Confucians	150	23	173
Catholics	65,000	22,000	87,000
Total population	300,000	170,000	470,000

The Rev. Mr. Jackson says that in the above reckoning the number of Catholics, or, as he nicknames them (no doubt innocently), Romanists, in the two cities is estimated by themselves at 90,000, including young and old, but this he considers an exaggeration, though he gives no reason for his suspicion except the fact that they were not actually counted. The number of Evangelical Protestants who are actual church-members is about 48,000; of these, 40,500 are over 21 years old, and if this number be multiplied by four it will give, he thinks, the total Protestant population of Pittsburgh and Alleghany, making it 162,000—more than twice the number of Catholics.

We have our doubts about this reckoning. In the first place, does Mr. Jackson know that it is customary in Catholic churches to have two, three, and even five morning services, at each of which an entirely *new* congregation attends? whereas in Protestant churches there is generally only one morning and one evening service, attended mainly by the same persons. Moreover, Catholics attend church much more sedulously than Protestants, and so, whereas full seats mean full churches with the latter, with us things are not regarded as quite up to the mark unless there is also "a standing army" of some one-third

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more. The *Independent*, in editorial comment on Mr. Jackson's figures, considers that the Catholic estimate of 90,000 probably includes "a large fringe of semi-attached people sliding off into irreligion." It may indeed include some such, but is it not notorious that "the semi-attached fringe" of our non-Catholic friends is much wider and much less attached? If the regular members, whose names are on the books and who are easily kept in memory by their pastor, are so remiss in attending church, notwithstanding all the inducements of comfortable seats, proper temperature, nice people, and nice minister, what sort of attachment must there be between the Protestant church and the three-fourths who are not regular members? The truth probably is that less than 48,000 can be claimed as Protestants, unless, indeed, you take Protestant in its true negative meaning of protesters against the Catholic Church authority.

This leads us to what we are mainly interested in, in Mr. Jackson's article, which is the relation of the *classes* to Protestantism and to Catholicity. Mr. Jackson, pursuing his statistical calculations, tells us that fully *sixty per cent.* of the Protestant church-membership is made up of capitalists, professional men, lawyers, physicians, teachers, salaried men, clerks, etc., while only forty per cent. are workers at manual labor, as mechanics and laborers, the last being only seventeen and a half per cent. Of the many thousands of wage-earners in Pittsburgh, but one in ten is a Protestant church-member. On the other hand, *nearly all* the members of the Catholic Church are of the manual-labor class. So the *Independent* remarks: "Either the Protestant denominations should have the credit of training their members to be thrifty, intelligent, and influential or they attract this class to them."

Now, the Catholic Church is broad enough to hold all classes, and there is nothing in Protestantism of a *positive* character which is not in Catholicity. Catholicity, for instance, is just as much opposed to ignorance, prodigality, idleness, intemperance, impurity, etc., as Protestantism can be, and much more, if we are to judge by the fact that in the Catholic churches the sermons are nearly always of a character denunciatory of vice general or local, and it is handled without gloves, without the least thought of what offence may be taken by worldly people. Moreover, the preaching is but a small part of the work of the priest; and this will account partially for the fact that his sermons are sometimes wanting in the elegance and polish of those of the minister. He spends hours and hours weekly in the con-

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fessional—or, to make it more intelligible to Protestants, let us call it *the inquiry room*—where he talks, and talks in the frankest possible manner, to high and low equally, as they also frankly state their real condition to him. The Catholics have also other means, divinely instituted, of reaching and correcting vice, and so have the advantage of the Protestants in this matter. It is as if each one individually had a physician to visit him, feel his pulse, question him, and prescribe; whereas our Protestant friends only attend the medical professor's public lectures. The late Cardinal McCloskey used to tell a story of how a Protestant lawyer became a Catholic, his conversion being caused by a circumstance which, it would appear, ought to have had the precisely opposite effect. He and a friend of his happened to drop into a Catholic church one Sunday morning, out of curiosity merely. The pastor of the church was a rough diamond of a school which is now fast disappearing, and he was holding forth to a crowded congregation, mainly of working people, in no very choice language either, on their failings in the matter of undue familiarity between the sexes, vanity and immodesty in dress, etc. At one time he became so positively abusive that the lawyer and his friend, although much amused and interested, expected to see some signs of resentment on the part of the people; but they saw not the least. The congregation appeared to take it all as a matter of course, and some of them seemed to hang their heads with shame, very much as a child does when scolded for his faults by his parent. When the Mass was over the lawyers followed the people in the direction of their homes and overheard their comments on the sermon. They were all of a laudatory nature. "Father N—— gave us a good talking to this morning. God bless him! More power to him!" etc., etc. It was evident that they accepted him for their father in God—they understood that he had a mission. The quiet conviction of the people, and their readiness to accept correction at the hands of their pastor, thus, in principle at least, putting their vices under their feet and condemning them—a great advance toward giving them up—was a new revelation to the Protestant gentlemen, who had been accustomed to a different relation between people and pastor. The one of whom the cardinal spoke, being of a thoughtful and unselfish disposition, followed the light he had seen, and finally became a member of that very congregation. He wanted real religion. He told afterwards another little story about himself, acknowledging that the old leaven was not entirely out of him, even after his baptism and reception by

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Father N——. When on his way to church the Sunday following his baptism, his mind was full of the thought of the honor which he was about to confer on the congregation by his joining it; he half-expected that Father N—— would be so elated that he would come a block or so to meet him. Not so, indeed! When he reached the church-door, in the midst of a crowd of laborers and servant-girls, the priest happened to be there, just then giving orders to the ushers. When he saw the convert he walked up to him and, giving him a warm shake of the hand, he said: "Let me congratulate you, sir. Come in, sir! come in, sir!" And then he let him shift for himself, like anybody else. This was eye-opener number two, which advanced the convert immensely in his progress to real religion. The idea of Father N—— congratulating *him*, not the Church of the Poor! We were once told by a priest that a neighboring Protestant clergyman said to him one day: "I envy you the freedom that you enjoy to tell your people the truth." The same thing is seen in the excitement which was lately caused at Trinity by Dr. Dix's honest and apostolic denunciation of worldly women. From the way he has been scolded for his frankness one would suppose that he was in that pulpit for the purpose of tickling their ears with well-rounded periods, or delighting their eyes with a handsome face and imposing presence.

All this helps us to see that if two-thirds of the Protestants of Pittsburgh and Alleghany are of the wealthier or higher class, it is not because the Protestant Church has made them any better than their neighbors. The possession of great wealth does not mean that, and often means the opposite. We must choose rather the other part of the dilemma of the *Independent*, and say that Protestantism attracts the worldly and holds others who are not worldly on account of local circumstances of a temporary nature. The first find Protestantism decidedly more convenient than Catholicity. As Luther's wife said: "Protestantism is a good religion to live in, but Catholicity is the one to die in." Our Lord said: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xix. 24). And the kingdom of heaven in the Gospel means also the church of Christ on earth. The commentary which, we believe, is now in most favor and gives a better chance to the rich, tells them that "the needle's eye" was a name given in Jerusalem to a small gate intended for use by pedestrians who should arrive at the city after the great gates were closed. To get a camel through it

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was extremely difficult, and impossible without removing his load. The load is the surplus wealth of our Protestant friends.

Whatever way it is translated, it is clear that the *respectability* which is named from a plethoric purse did not count for much with our Lord—the gate is too small for the loaded camel. How many will put off the goods? In order to be saved one must have his heart detached from worldly things and must hold virtue in more honor than these. The road to heaven is easier for him who has them not. The idle dude, the glutton, the proud and disdainful, the uncharitable, if not born in the Catholic Church, will not join it. Why should they? To be liars and hypocrites also? The man who is too lazy to rise on Sunday to go to church, too proud to confess his sins; the woman who is too cultured and refined to be told hers, who has no feeling of sisterhood with the poorer, but, at most, a condescending pity; whose good works, if she performs any, get their reward here in the praise of flatterers—there is no reason why she should try to become a bad Catholic; for a good one she could not become without a complete change of character. The camel cannot go through this gate. On the other hand, what is there to prevent him going through the broad gate of Protestantism? All that people need is to pass muster with Mrs. Grundy; if she pronounces them respectable, they may go to church when they like, and there is no danger of inconvenience of any kind; they will be sure to meet no one there who is not eminently respectable in the worldly sense. In fact, it will be a pleasure for them to go there, while for the Catholics it is a duty often disagreeable. The mere fact of any religion being altogether agreeable is enough to condemn it, since the essence of religion is sacrifice.

It is, then, natural that the bulk of the Catholics should be in the humbler walks of life; it was so in the Lord's time, who had nothing at all in common with the proud rich, but denounced them—that is, those whose hearts are in their money and honors. But the day will come when these will change their religion without changing their hearts—that is, after most of the rest are gathered in—and it will be fashionable to be a Catholic. We once in conversation with the late learned Bishop of Charleston, in speaking of a magnificent edifice that had just been finished, made this remark:

"That church is a sign of the progress of Catholicity, and the completion of such works means the ending of some of our difficulties, the want of material buildings, etc. But it means also that we are approaching the

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time when the world will notice us and worldly people will insist on joining us, and the usual result will follow; they will want to interfere with the liberty of the pope, of the bishops, and of the priests; they will commence the old-time intriguing for ecclesiastical positions, and history will repeat itself; the rot will go on till a new upheaval will throw us back again to begin over again in poverty." "You never said a truer word in your life," said Bishop Lynch.

Remember France at the time of St. Vincent de Paul. Let us pray that the spirit of the world be kept out of the church.

The bark of Peter must be tossed and pitched about; it may not sail tranquilly for any length of time—indeed we may say that it is really least prosperous when least in trouble, for then the true test of its happy state, the number of saints and martyrs, is less numerous. Now let us consider the case of those who continue humble and good in Protestantism in spite of prosperity. There are in this country many plausible reasons why they do not join the church. There is prejudice of race, for instance. Many of the Catholics here are of Irish nationality, and these, being a conquered people, are of course at a great disadvantage with the descendants of their conquerors, the Anglo-Saxon Americans. This trouble began on the other side of the ocean. The English became Protestant, not to improve their spiritual condition, but to save their temporal, as everybody knows; and the Irish, by sacrificing the temporal, gained and kept what every Christian must think "the better part." The man who has a sufficiency of food and clothing, and where to lay his head, and real religion, has no reason at all to envy his rich neighbor who needs the last great element of happiness; and when, as it often happens in this country, the Irish become rich, those who understand and love them, sometimes do not rejoice in it, for they soon miss the frank good nature, the deep religious feeling, and the sublime philosophy that puts honor and virtue before pelf. Far be it from us to say that there are not descendants of English Protestants who are charitable and brotherly to their poorer fellow-beings. These are not Protestants from any choice of theirs. They were carried out of the church by their once Catholic ancestors, and being born outside of her pale do not know her. Others are prevented from recognizing her by the fact of the church appearing to them foreign and contemptible on account of most of her members here being of the less prosperous and newly immigrated class. No doubt when the church first made her appearance in imperial Rome many well-intentioned and naturally good pagans were hindered from learning her real character, and much more

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from joining her, by the same causes. Imagine St. Peter and St. Paul and the other Hebrew converts, how much they must have resembled poor Paddy on his arrival here from the old land! Noble spirits among the Romans there were who overcame all these prejudices, but they were few, as such are here now. If any one had asked at that time why the wealthy and refined classes of Rome were pagans and remained so, St. Peter could have answered easily enough. But who would not have laughed him to scorn if he had prophesied that in a short time all this would be changed through the divinity of the church and her divine aptitude for drawing "men of good will" to herself?

Apropos of this, we heard of an excellent Protestant gentleman, a real truth-seeker, who, not satisfied with reading the history of the church as given by her enemies, read also Catholic histories and magazines. The result was that many of his opinions were changed and he was often in controversy with his old friends, so that the rumor was spread that he had become a Catholic. One of them met him and thus accosted him: "Is it true, Mr. L——, that you have turned Irishman?" The fact is, they knew nothing of the church except that some of those who belonged to her paraded the streets on some occasions with their national and religious emblems. Indeed it may be said that as yet the bulk of Protestants know only those Catholics who bring discredit on their church by crime, or by some noisy demonstration which is not likely to conciliate their respect or even good will. The best exhibition of Catholicity that they have witnessed has probably been from those who are in domestic service, who may naturally sometimes give a false impression of it through their need of instruction in its tenets. As a rule we believe that their honesty and morality give edification. The following is a specimen case which really happened, with untoward results. A servant in a family told the children many wonderful tales of miracles worked by priests in her own country, and finally thought she might as well erect it into a dogma "that a priest could in virtue of his orders, independent of his personal sanctity, work a miracle when desirable." She proclaimed this to the family. One of the older boys, being of a sceptical and daring character, met the Catholic pastor soon after and challenged him to transform him into a dog on the spot. When he found that he retained human form he lost all respect for the Catholic Church. Another told her mistress that she always gave the priest money in payment for absolution, etc., etc. We once heard of a town one-quarter of the inhabitants of which

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were Catholics, and yet it may be said that only one of them was well known to the other three-fourths as such. He was not a bad man by any means; he was charitable, honest, industrious, clever, having even a good deal of book-learning; especially was he well versed in old-time controversies; but he had a weakness of a kind that made him renowned in that place. Sober every other day of the year, at New Year's he became uproariously drunk. He was of a nature that never could do anything except thoroughly; so, taking off his coat, he issued into the streets, and marched along proclaiming in a loud voice: "I am a Roman Catholic!" He would vociferate in this style for half an hour in front of some Protestant clergyman's door, and challenge him to come out and settle all religious controversy with him on the sidewalk "by apostolic knocks and thumps." You may imagine that he was the foremost man in the minds of every Protestant when anything was said about Catholicity. The other Catholics being for the most part quiet and practical Christians, although esteemed for their morality, sobriety, honesty, and kindness of heart, were not known particularly as "Catholics." Besides most of them were seldom or never met *socially* by Protestants.

Another cause why Protestants otherwise well intentioned are kept out of the church, and even Catholics driven out of it, is said by themselves to be the despotic manners and ways of individual clergymen here and there. We hope and believe these are not numerous, but we heard of one of them who scarcely knew what he was bound to believe and what was optional; and so taking the safe side on every question, he would tolerate no difference of opinion in his parish. All must agree with *him*. The Roman Pontiff is infallible in matters of faith and morals when teaching the universal church; this man was infallible at all times and in everything, and when teaching anybody. The great deference shown to priests by the Irish people was evidently too much for some natures among them. They regarded what is meant for their sacred office as a tribute to their personal worth and lorded it accordingly.

A Protestant professor passing through a certain town of —— called on such a priest to say that he proposed delivering a lecture in the town hall in defence of the first chapter of Genesis against so-called scientific objections, and he would be happy to have him attend. The priest took out his watch and replied in an excited tone: "Who gave you authority to explain the Bible? I give you five minutes to leave the town, sir!" Only one-fifth of the

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population of that town was Catholic. The priest was a foreigner, while the minister was an American of several generations. It is only fair to explain that the railway station was not far and could be gained in five minutes without running *very* fast. Behold you! The intelligent American, and even the son of a foreign peasant who is educated here, cannot be expected to believe everything in a wholesale manner upon a single man's word; he must know the why and the wherefore of things, and will insist upon enjoying his liberty, where the church allows him liberty. No man should identify his own personality with the Church of God, so that any one who differs with him in anything is set down as a heretic or a rebel against authority.

How often are Protestants set down as bigots when they are bigoted only against the vices and ignorance of those who misrepresent the church? Good Catholics, well instructed, are equally bigoted against such folks. When the church is well represented, you will find very little bigotry in Americans. There are localities in which it is no wonder that intelligent Protestants do not come in; the wonder is rather that more intelligent Catholics do not go out. They do fall away in some places, no doubt. They say nothing; but they are missed at the church and at the confessional. Our present venerated Pontiff has done much to advance the standard of study everywhere in the church. Following the lead of the Holy Father, the bishops everywhere are deeply convinced of the necessity of a learned clergy, and it will not be long before the results of their efforts will be seen. Meantime, it is only fair to say that, considering the fact that the clergy of this country have hitherto been so much occupied in the preliminary work of the building of the material edifice, and the raising of money necessary for the material side of religion, that they have done as well as could be reasonably expected in their real calling—the building up of the spiritual church. They would not be human if their character were entirely unaffected by their chief occupation. Take them all in all they are an excellent body of men, and for hard workers we believe they would take the prize in a contest of nations.

Another cause of the church not being recognized by some intelligent, well-meaning people is, that they never see a good Catholic newspaper. When they do happen to stumble across one they become in some cases disgusted with the womanish twaddle, the gushing flattery, and pious falsehood which sometimes disfigure its columns. The petty, prejudiced, and narrow-minded way in which every effort of Protestants to extirpate

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vice or to reform abuses is often met by Catholic journalists is certainly amazing. If they endeavor to destroy obscene literature and punish the authors of it, they are held up to ridicule because they try to do the work of the church, which they do not know, without consulting her. If, actuated by motives of good neighborhood and justice, they make friendly advances to meet the objections of Catholics on various public questions, they are denounced as proselytizers. Liberalism is no doubt a bad thing, but so is unchristian Illiberalism and calumny, were it even directed against Satan himself. The golden mean is what is wanted. These drawbacks and others will, of course, be gradually remedied, and then it will be seen that the true mother of all, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, who want *real* religion is the original church founded by Christ, "the one fold under one Shepherd."

It is no discredit to her that she is not in favor with the proud class, from which her Lord himself found no welcome. There are many of these, no doubt, *in* the church, in countries where obstacles like ours do not exist, having been overcome in past ages; but they are in great part not of her. She, as a loving mother, tries to humor them by yielding, where she can, to their foibles and fancies, always with the hope that, by keeping them at least nominally and theoretically within her pale, they may the more easily be reconciled to her spirit, or their children at least may be saved; but it is clear to her that their membership is of no benefit to any one but themselves. Even these, when ready for repentance, must put on the spirit if not the garb of poverty and sincerity. Madame de Pompadour may enjoy the polished conversation of some worldly clergyman, whose heart is more in her drawing-room than in his church; but when death approaches or some visitation of God makes her serious, she will seek some humble and pious priest, whose usual work is among the poor and lowly, and look to him for comfort and religion, knowing well that Christ is more likely to be found in the tenements than in the palaces. The poor must always be the nearest to Christ. By the poor we do not mean those who are in a state of pauperism, but those who either possess only what is necessary, or who, possessing more, live modestly and put not their hearts in worldly goods. It would indeed be well for the church if the State could lawfully diminish pauperism. There is no danger of her entirely abolishing it as long as men will be weak or sinful. There would still be plenty of room for charity and patience, too.

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To be so poor that one has not enough to sustain life and health is not favorable to the salvation of the soul any more than immense riches. Of course we speak of involuntary pauperism. There have been and will be saints who, as an evangelical counsel, or to do penance for sin, chastise their bodies and feed them on bread and water, and often on nothing at all. Saint Benedict Joseph Labré was a mere beggar and Saint Louis was king of France. A man may be a saint in any walk of life, but as a general rule, and where a high vocation is not in question, it is as idle to talk to a hungry man about his soul, and perhaps more so, as to a glutton just risen from his table. We knew a priest who had spent forty years on the Chinese mission, and he gave us this piece of advice as the result of his experience: "Never speak to a man about his soul till you are sure that his stomach is not entirely empty." Holy Writ itself has it:

"Give me neither beggary, nor riches: give me only the necessaries of life: lest perhaps being filled I should be tempted to deny, and say: Who is the Lord? or being compelled by poverty, I should steal and forswear the name of my God" (Proverbs xxx. 7–9).

As the Venerable Bede says (lib. iv. c. 54):

"There is no precept forbidding the saints to save a little money for their own or for their neighbors' needs, since even the Lord himself, to whom angels ministered, had a little treasury; it is only forbidden to serve God [that is, to join a church] for the sake of temporal interest, and to abandon justice for fear of want."

With Cardinal Manning and every priest who has worked among the humbler (the highest and best) class of Catholics, we are not objecting to poverty but to pauperism, not to *paupertatem* but to *egestatem*. He cannot properly be called poor who has health to labor with head or hand, and work sufficient to supply his necessities and those of his family, and lay up a little for the future.

The great mass of people in every nation must always belong to this class. Our Lord himself and all his apostles belonged to it. The working class, we may say, is the nation. Even the aristocracy so-called must be recruited from it continually or they die out of enervation. The church, which these masses of men find suitable and in which they feel at home, must be the church of the nation sooner or later. The Catholic Church is the one broad enough to hold them. She gains or loses ground in proportion as her clergy keep or lose the affectionate attachment of the people, and no favor of the rich and great will ever sup-

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ply its place. God has left the progress of his church greatly dependent on the sanctity, ability, and zeal of the clergy. This, of course, is a variable quantity, while their authority and their spiritual power of orders is always the same. The more they conform to Christ in word and act, the more generally will they be recognized as his representatives and successors by high and low, and the sooner will his church contain all the people of this fair land.

PATRICK F. MCSWEENY.

THE SPHINX.

UPON the hill of Calvary
Mine eyes beheld a mystery:
Of Life and Death the self-same Tree,
  Bearing both Joy and Pain:
Death gave it Root,
Life gave it Fruit;
And from its sap
For all mishap
  Men drew their balm and bane.

Lo! then I saw a wondrous sight:
Death fought with Life a bitter fight;
  One weapon served the twain.
At last Life found a woful death;
But, yielding up his latest breath,
  Through death found life again.

Love thus the strange enigma wrote:
"Behold, the Smiter is the Smote,
  The Slayer is the Slain.
Whoso shall die upon that Tree
Finds life; when vanquished, liberty;
  His loss transformed to gain.
Who of its Fruit of life doth eat
Shall never die. Death comes to meet
  The Conqu'ror of his reign."

ALFRED YOUNG.

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THE BEER-DRINKERS' "TRUST."

THE tyrannous "Trust," the crushing "Trust," the monopolistic "Trust." Away with the "Trust"! Are you opposed to all greedy, rapacious "Trusts"? Why, then, remain a member of the Beer "Trust"? You are not a brewer! Dear, simple soul! well we know it. The brewer's only "trust" is a chattel-mortgage. But, if you are not a member of that all-powerful corporation, the "Beer-Drinkers' Trust," you are one of a mighty small minority. And if you are a member, you show a larger share of confiding, innocent "trust" in beer than is ordinarily placed in a merciful Providence.

Let us instruct ourselves with facts and figures. In the debased, intemperate days of 1850 the quantity of malt liquors consumed throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country was sadly, distressfully small. Imagine, if you can, a nation so retrogressive that if every man, woman, and child received an equal share of beer from the common vat there would have been but a miserable gallon and a half to assuage each temperate thirst! Ten years later, in 1860, we had lifted ourselves well out of the Slough of Despond—our allowance per head was three gallons and a quarter. The ground was firmer now; we started off joyously. By 1870 we had nearly quadrupled our beer ration; we sobered ourselves at the rate of five and a half gallons per head. Excelsior! more beer! Now made the welkin ring. Ten years more of patient, toilsome, gratifying effort; then 1880, and the gladdening word went round: Eight gallons and a quarter! The present decade promises to be no laggard in the cause of beer. Our average allowance grows seemingly proportionate to the nutritious foam that fills the diminishing glass. In 1886—it was a proud year for the sons of temperance—we had doubled our quantum of 1870. Counting even those who drink milk, whether they will or no, we took our eleven gallons apiece, and there was a fractional overplus for the bartender. Can the Prohibition Party show effective results like unto these? Shall we halt here and now? Rather, let us not rest until every mother's son of us is filled with the temperate beer!—until we have a land flowing with beer, a beer-pipe line distributing the blessings of stimulated sobriety in every family!

The Egyptians seem to have filed the first claim to the making of beer. Some wise men think that the great pyramids

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were built for star-gazing; others imagine that they merely served the purpose of a combination vault and tombstone. After the archæologists and astronomers and mathematicians and Bible students have said all they have to say, why not give the brewers a chance to solve the problem? Where did the Egyptians cool their beer? There may be nothing in this suggestion, but there was something good in Egyptian beer. The Greeks called it barley wine. To the Greeks we are personally indebted for our philosophy, our drama and art. Our fathers owed them still another debt of gratitude. From the Greeks Europe learned the art of brewing barley beer. The Europeans took kindly to the beverage, especially where the vine was chary of its juices; and, among many of the Northern nations, beer has long been held in high esteem as a valuable condensed food —an agreeable compound of meat and drink. In our fathers' time the terms "Ale," "Porter," "Beer," "Stout," or "Lager" meant neither more nor less than "Beer" fermented at varying temperatures, and clarified naturally by a shorter or longer after-fermentation. The terms our fathers used we still use—*possibly without reason!* M. Pasteur should know what a beer ought to be. Here is his definition, taken from that very interesting book, *Studies on Fermentation:* "Beer is an infusion of germinated barley and hops, which has been caused to ferment after having been cooled, and which, by means of 'settling' and racking, has ultimately been brought to a high state of clarification. It is an alcoholic beverage, vegetable in its origin—a barley wine, as it is sometimes rightly termed." The first requisite of a good beer is good barley. The next requisite is that the good barley be properly malted. The process of malting consists in steeping the barley in water, and then in heating the steeped barley to such a temperature that it will germinate. When the barley has sufficiently germinated, it is dried at a temperature determined by the color of the liquid the brewer wants. The higher the temperature the darker the beer. Poor malt means poor beer. Whatever good there may be in beer is due above all to the barley-malt. The process of malting has effected a chemical change in the barley. Now a second change is effected by means of hot water—mashing. We have the "infusion" of M. Pasteur's definition. The character of this "infusion"—the wort—depends largely on the water. Bad water means bad beer. At the right moment the wort is drawn off and hops are added. Boiled with the wort, hops give the beer its aroma and its bitter flavor, and they help to clarify and to

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preserve the beer. Good malt without good hops makes a poor beer. The wort must now be cooled rapidly. At the proper temperature yeast is added. Surface fermentation follows; alcohol and carbonic acid are formed. The beer is now laid away to cool still further, and to undergo an after-fermentation, a sedimentary fermentation, which is especially important. Good barley malt, good water, good hops, a good wort, a proper surface-fermentation, will not give a good beer, unless the after-fermentation be thorough. According to the methods employed in the previous processes, the period of after-fermentation is necessarily of longer or shorter duration. Lager-beer, as its name implies, requires a long period of after-fermentation. Is it clear to the reader that it is possibly quite as difficult to get a glass of good beer as it is to get a glass of good brandy, or wine, or whiskey? Supposing the brewer to have average honesty, do you not see how much depends on his intelligence and care? He must have good barley properly malted, good water, good hops, good yeast, and at every step of every process temperature is the great agent. Certainly it is easier to make bad than good beer!

Did you catch the full import of the closing sentence of M. Pasteur's definition? Beer "is an *alcoholic* beverage, vegetable in its origin—a barley *wine*, as it is sometimes called." Remember that we are still speaking of *good* beer, the beer our fathers loved. "An alcoholic beverage" means an intoxicating drink. That is plain enough. Still there are many people who assume that beer is not intoxicating. There is a martyr band of men and women who swell their heads and their paunches to a dropsical size in the vain, if honest, attempt to prove that beer will not intoxicate. Have you, perchance, been in the neighborhood of a city factory? You saw the procession of men and boys and tin cans coming, going, hour after hour? The simple workingman devotes a great deal of time and money testing the intoxicating point of beer. If you will spend a day in any middle-class neighborhood you will have reason to be proud of the comfortable mothers who keep the can in motion, fortifying themselves against care and disease with the hourly quart of "unintoxicating" beer. In the poorer quarters, the honest laborer and the luxurious loafer strive in vigorous contention to master their legs and hold up their heads for pure shame at being vanquished by a "temperance" drink.

Our fathers knew that beer was intoxicating, and they owned up to it like men. Everybody is acquainted with Pliny, and

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thinks well of him, and quotes from him—out of the Cyclopædia. He was a first-century man. In his natural history, having told about the beers of Western Europe, he tags on this knowing remark: "So exquisite is the cunning of mankind in gratifying their vicious appetites, that they have thus invented a method to make water itself produce intoxication." There was no cant about Mr. Pliny, no palaver about beer-food, or temperance beverage, or the therapeutic qualities of barley malt. He had lived long enough to know that the ordinary man drinks alcoholic beverages because they are alcoholic, stimulating; some because they are intoxicating. Read over again Pliny's comment. Is it not capital? "Exquisitely cunning mankind," "cunning in gratifying vicious appetites"—P. had us down fine, didn't he? "They invented a method to make water itself intoxicating." "Cunning mankind," sure enough! We have had some hard-headed men in this century, and the name of at least one of them began with P. This one, Dr. Pereira, was born and died in London (1804–58). He was Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica at the College of Physicians, and Medical Director of the London Hospital. In his day he was an acknowledged authority on hygiene. Pasteur gave us a scientific definition of beer, Pliny a philosophical definition, Pereira will give us a practical definition. Here it is: "Beer is a thirst-quenching, refreshing, intoxicating, *slightly* nutritious beverage." Pereira does not say "a nutritious, slightly intoxicating beverage," but an "intoxicating," positively "intoxicating" beverage, "*slightly* nutritious." Pereira, like Pasteur, speaks of "good" beer. The latest published analyses of English beers show that their percentage of alcohol varies between 4 and 10. On February 26, 1886, Francis E. Engelhardt, Ph.D., of Syracuse, the well-known analytical chemist, who had been appointed by the State Board of Health to examine the beers manufactured in the State of New York, made a detailed "Report," which was transmitted to the Legislature on March 19, 1886. Attached to this "Report" is a table giving the results of an analysis of 476 samples of ale, porter, and lager. About 25 per cent. of these samples contained five per cent. and over of alcohol. A number contained as high as six per cent., and some seven, eight, nine per cent. An unfortified, ordinary claret will average only from seven to ten per cent. of alcohol. Would the twenty-glasses-of-beer-a-day man, the five-bottle man, expect immunity from an equal consumption of claret wine? Why not? Chemistry shows that it is a beverage no more intoxicating than barley wine.

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Do we drink good beer—barley wine? Mr. Frederick Carman, Assistant Secretary of the State Board of Health, summarizing Dr. Engelhardt's "Report" in 1886, says that "a gentleman, who evidently takes a somewhat liberal view, defines normal lager to be 'a fermented beverage, not less than six months old, made from any starchy grain, and rendered bitter to suit the consumer's palate.'" How does the beer-drinker like the new definition? Does it suit him as well as Pasteur's? The United States Department of Agriculture has been making a study of the manufacture and adulteration of beer. In Bulletin No. 13, Part 3, recently issued, Mr. C. A. Crampton, Assistant Chemist of the Department, states that "it is a well-known fact that very few beers are made in this country without more or less malt substitution." Our people have been growing so beer-ishly temperate that they have taxed the brewer beyond reason. We drank 643 millions of gallons of domestic and imported malt liquors in 1886. Our brewers have been enthusiastic workers in the cause of beer-temperance. But we have taken them too much at their word; we have insisted upon having some stuff, any stuff, called beer. You remember what the chemists have done for the vintners and the distillers. Well, the chemists came to the rescue of the brewer, also. Nowadays beers are made from rice, corn, bran, oats, potatoes, turnips, beet-root, parsnips, pea-shells, carrots. These take the place of barley. The barley-malt is not wholly omitted, but only a small percentage of it is used. But the brewer's chemist has the advantage of the people's chemist. At this late day, Mr. Crampton says: "Nothing can settle this point and enable the analyst to decide positively whether malt substitutes have been used until a standard is established by the analysis of a large number of samples known to be brewed from pure malt alone." Mr. Beer-Drinker, there is only one thing you can be sure of when you are drinking beer, and that one thing is—that you don't know what you are drinking. Would you know "glucose" beer from any other? It is well known that glucose and cane-sugar are used as substitutes for malt. The State Board of Health, discussing Dr. Engelhardt's Report, gives some facts about glucose. This substance is made from the starch of corn by boiling it with dilute sulphuric acid. The Massachusetts Board of Health considers it a dangerous article to be taken into the system when carelessly prepared. If the Board of Health had not warned us, we should not have been likely to risk much on glucose. We may not know what sulphuric acid

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is, but there are very few of us who would care to make of it a steady drink. Here is what the Massachusetts Board of Health has to say: "Should all of the acid not be removed, or should the calcic sulphate be in any amount retained, it is evident that the product would not be entirely harmless, since disturbances of the digestion might follow its use." Possibly you have a friend who is drinking "glucose beer"—to cure his dyspepsia! How would it do to turn him off on "potato beer"? Mr. Crampton says: "There is no way of determining directly or absolutely that a beer has been brewed partially from glucose." You see what an advantage the brewer's chemist has! Laboulaye makes the whole matter clear: Glucose is *economical* but *not* beneficial.

Do you remember Pereira's definition of beer: "A thirst-quenching, refreshing, intoxicating, slightly nutritious beverage"? Our beer does not seem to be much of a thirst-quencher, does it? One glass just about makes the drinker thirsty enough for another. Dr. Engelhardt may help us to explain this little problem. It has long been a custom to add some salt to the beer. The brewers found many reasons for the addition. "The salt gave taste to the beer; it clarified the beer; it gave the beer a head." But Dr. Engelhardt found a good many of our State beers oversalted; and the learned doctor happily suggests a reason not suggested by the brewers. To quote him textually: "That salt creates thirst is well known, and hence we may conclude that it is often added for this purpose." Poor Dr. Pereira! He died only in 1858, you recall. And here in 1888, a short thirty years, we must remodel his practical definition of beer. The revised version will read: Beer is a thirst-producing, unrefreshing, intoxicating, very slightly nutritious, and at times very harmful beverage. Poor Dr. Pereira! Poor beer-drinker!

Speaking of the processes of beer-brewing, we said that after the first fermentation the beer was laid away to cool and to undergo an after-fermentation; and that lager-beer, as its name implies, requires a long period of after-fermentation. The liberal gentleman quoted by the State Board of Health defined lager as "a fermented beverage, not less than six months old." Now comes Mr. Crampton to declare that lager is a thing of the past—there is no more lager; in other words, no fermented beverage not less than six months old. Dr. Engelhardt states in his "Report": "A considerable number of beer samples were young beers—perhaps, in most instances, not over fourteen days old." Is it any wonder that of the 476 samples tested by the learned

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doctor he found 219, or about 46 per cent., inferior, 81 slightly sour, and 58 decidedly sour. Here, again, we see the fine hand of the modern brewer's chemist. Dr. Bartley, Chief Chemist of the Brooklyn Board of Health, speaking of the custom brewers have of sending out to the market beers only fourteen days old, called attention to the fact that these beers were artificially clarified, and that large doses of bicarbonate of soda were added to them. Besides giving the beer a good head, the bicarbonate arrests the souring process. He found that the habitual beer-drinker, who drinks say thirty glasses a day—think of that living, breathing hogshead!—may take into the system from 180 to 200 grains a day of the bicarbonate, *with necessarily deleterious effect*. These facts are confirmed by Otto Grothe, Ph.D., in a paper read before the American Society of Analyists in 1885, giving the following facts: In a keg of beer there are one hundred glasses. A glass of the sophisticated beer contains as much as three-fourths of a gramme of bicarbonate of soda; twenty glasses give 15 grammes, equal to 252 grains. But let us come back to Dr. Engelhardt, who devotes considerable space to this subject: "The brewer, when the first fermentation (the main one) is finished in the fermenting tubs, clarifies, though often in an insufficient manner, the beer by artificial means, and fills it in the casks intended for the retail trade. To give to the beer a certain amount of carbonic acid, above that which is remaining naturally in the beer, he adds a piece of compressed bicarbonate of soda (from one to two ounces, or more, according to the capacity of the cask); and if the beer contains an insufficient amount of lactic acid, etc., some tartaric acid, cream tartar, etc., is added. Thus this brewer is enabled to turn his capital over at least twelve times a year, while the honest brewer, who allows his beer to attain an age of from eight to twelve weeks, can do it only four times or five times. But, apart from the money consideration, beer made in the manner just described, and sent to the consumer when only two weeks old, *injures the latter's constitution*, not only by the presence of soda in the beer, but also by the presence of the yeast, since, according to investigations made under the supervision of Professor von Pettenkofer, beer roily from yeast-cells, though respective small quantities of such beer are taken, acts on the digestive organs in such a manner as to produce catarrh of the stomach and intestines." O health-giving beer! Good, old-fashioned, barley-malt beer, properly handled, would stand exposure for hours without becoming flat or insipid. The modern mixed-malt beers have not

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the same property, evidently. Beers made from corn are difficult to control, because the germination of the grain during the course of malting is so rapid. Hence the greater risk of bad beers, sour beers, even if the later processes were intelligently managed. As to new beers, physicians and chemists agree that they are injurious to health.

Good beer is a term easily misunderstood. A beer made according to the right standard is good as a beer, but it may be bad as a beverage. As "one man's meat is another man's poison," so everybody's drink may be most men's poison. Notwithstanding all the temperance lectures, few of us have any true conception of the active part that drink plays in disease. Sir Andrew Clark, the famous English physician, stated in 1884 that seven out of ten of his hospital patients' diseases were caused by drink, and it is worthy of special note *that he had quite as many cases of drink disease among women as among men.* The death-rate among keepers of grog-shops, or saloons, if you please, in England is higher than that of men engaged in any other trade. Dr. B. W. Richardson reports in the *Lancet* of February 24, 1883, that from his experience the most common form of disease among the intemperate is that terrible, terrifying heart-disease. This statement of Dr. Richardson becomes the more striking when considered side by side with the address of Dr. Bollinger, at a meeting of the Medical Society of Munich, during the year 1884. Bavaria is the natal place of lager, and the Bavarian would rather suffer a bread famine than a beer famine. No Bavarian ministry that suffered the beer to deteriorate could last a week. The law watches the brewer closely, and defines what materials he shall use, and in what proportions he shall use them, and what he shall not use. Munich, the capital, is as proud of its breweries as of the Pinakothek or the Hof-Theater, and is famed for its beer. This is a question of "good beer," you see. Dr. Bollinger,* then, addressing the Munich physicians, called their attention to the part played by beer-drinking in the causation of certain forms of heart-disease. He stated that simple enlargement of the heart was more common in Munich than elsewhere, and that a careful personal examination proved that the greater number of cases of this disease (particularly among suicides) were explicable by habitual excesses in beer-drinking. The enlargement of the heart *is due to the direct action of alcohol* upon that organ, and *to the enormous amount of fluid* introduced into the body. The average weight

* See Braithwaite, vol. xc., p. 179.

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of the normal heart is greater in Munich than elsewhere. Dr. Bollinger stated that the disease was insidious, and that the greater number of those who die from it are carried away suddenly. There's good beer! A big head, a big paunch, and a big —diseased heart, and sudden death! You couldn't do worse than that—on water! And how about beer being a temperance drink? Evidently there is alcohol enough in "good beer" to kill a man, *at the heart.* Are there men so unreasonable as to want more?

Do you see clearly what a delicate, exacting series of processes both malt and hops pass through in the making of good beer? You do. Very well; and do you feel, from what you know of human heads and hands, how likely it is that there is many a brew of bad beer every day in the week? In old times a bad brew went to waste; and sometimes ruined the brewer. But this happens no longer. The bad brew is barreled or bottled, and the brewer allows us to ruin ourselves with it. How does he manage the business? You have forgotten the modern alchemist, who turns all things into gold—the brewer's chemist. Remember the chemist, whatever liquor you drink! Mr. Crampton will help to enlighten us. I quote from his "Report" * to the United States Department of Agriculture: "We come now to what I consider to be the most important sophistication of beer at the present day, and the most reprehensible and most deserving of repressive legislation. The use of artificial preserving agents not only introduces foreign matters into the beer which are more or less injurious, according to the nature of the material used, but also serve to cover up and hide the results of *unskilled brewing or unfit materials;* giving to the public for consumption *a liquor that, if left to itself under natural conditions, would have become offensive to the senses and putrid with corruption* long before it is offered for sale." Mr. Crampton then goes on to say that among the "preservative agents extensively employed at the present day are salicylic acid, bisulphite of lime, and boracic acid." These "preservatives" are used to arrest natural fermentation in new beers, or "to cover up and hide the results of unskilled brewing or unfit materials" in beers of any age. Salicylic acid has been used for some years not only in beers, but in wines and foods as a "preservative." It is prepared from carbolic acid, a virulent poison. Foreign governments have prohibited the use of salicylic acid as being dangerous to health.

* This part of the "Report" was published by Dr. H. Lassing, in the *American Analyst*, March 15, 1888, p. 113.

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The French government considered the question of the noxiousness of this "preservative" in 1881, 1883, and 1886. In 1881 and again in 1883 its use was forbidden. A new inquiry having been demanded, the matter was referred to a special committee of the French Academy of Medicine, which recommended that the addition of salicylic acid or its compounds, *even in small quantities*, to articles of food or drink should be absolutely forbidden by law. Carbolic acid, from which salicylic is chemically obtained, is so powerful in its effects that when used medically the dose is limited to one or two drops. Taken internally it acts as an irritant narcotic poison. Even when applied externally its absorption may lead to fatal results. Death has occurred from it in two or three minutes. Dr. Bartley, chief chemist of the Brooklyn Board of Health, in a report to the Health Commissioner, in 1887, said: "The salicylic acid of the market is prepared from carbolic acid, and is frequently contaminated with a small proportion of this very poisonous agent." What are the effects of salicylic acid on the human body? Let us quote, with Mr. Crampton, from the *United States Dispensatory* (15th ed., p. 101): "When salicylic acid is given to man in doses just sufficient to manifest its presence, symptoms closely resembling those of cinchonism result. These are fulness of the head, with roaring and buzzing in the ears. After larger doses, to these symptoms are added distress in the head or positive headache, disturbances of hearing or vision (deafness, amblyopia, partial blindness), and excessive sweating. . . . The action upon the system of the acid *and of its sodium salts* * appears to be identical, and, as several cases of poisoning with one or other of these agents have occurred, we are able to trace the toxic manifestations. Along with an intensification of the symptoms already mentioned there are ptosis, deafness, strabismus, mydriasis, disturbance of respiration, excessive restlessness passing into delirium, slow, laboring pulse, etc. . . . *It is stated that upon drunkards the acid acts very unfavorably, violent delirium being an early symptom of its influence.*" The English physicians, who have given considerable attention to the action of this drug, accuse it of causing heart complications, prostration of the vital powers, syncope, and even death. The French Academy of Medicine pronounced its use especially injurious to those suffering from renal disease, in

* Salicylate of sodium is used for the same purposes as salicylic acid. It is said that there are those who, using one of these "preservatives," readily deny that they use the other. Salicylate of sodium has caused delirium, maniacal fury, disorders of vision, strabismus. (See *National Dispensatory*, 1879.)

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whom the drug quickly produces toxic symptoms. Its effect is equally bad on the digestive organs, the liver and the kidneys. Its elimination from the system is slow, and even when it has gone the tissues bathed by it are injured. They say that the tramp and the low sot regale themselves on stale beer. It sounds disgusting, doesn't it? Are you convinced that it is any more disgusting or noxious than salicylated beer?

Are we fighting a windmill? How can you ask the question after reading Professor Crampton's statement? However, here are more facts: Dr. Cyrus W. Edson, of the New York Health Board, read a paper before the New York Society of Medical Jurisprudence on November 12, 1886, in which he stated that "salicylic acid is added to beer in from a grain to three grains to the pint." Reporting to the Health Commissioner of Brooklyn, 1887, Dr. Bartley, chief chemist, says that "the brewers add salicylic acid to preserve bottled beer." Mr. Crampton analyzed only thirty-two samples, of which nearly one-fourth (all bottled beers, and one an imported—Kaiser—beer) were salicylated. "These included the product of some of the largest breweries in the country, beers that are used to a very large extent all over the United States." Mr. Crampton cannot tell whether the acid is added in the breweries or at the bottlers'. Whoever adds this destructive drug, there it is. According to the *United States Dispensatory*, "the dose of salicylic acid to be employed in cases of acute rheumatism is given as one dram (3.9 grains) in twenty-four hours." Put this prescription alongside of the statement of Dr. Cyrus W. Edson, that "salicylic acid is added to beer in from a grain to three grains to the pint"! So that in a pint you may get almost the whole quantity prescribed in a case of violent illness. Imagine the condition of the twenty-glass-a-day drinker, of the four or five-bottle man! An irritant, cumulative poison, constantly supplied to the body, with the certainty that the stomach, heart, kidneys, and liver are being daily forced into a condition of disease. If a physician were to tell you of the effects of this drug, and to ask you to favor him by taking it in quantities, *even with beer*, every day of the week, you would either laugh in his face or discharge him. Were we not right in glorifying the rash simplicity of the "Beer-Drinkers' Trust"? Let me give one more quotation from Dr. Bartley's "Report": "In its elimination the kidneys not rarely become acutely congested, or even inflamed, giving rise to acute Bright's disease." Possibly you are thin, you drink beer to gain flesh; or you are a nursing-mother, you drink beer

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for your own and the baby's sake; or you are anæmic, and you drink beer to strengthen you; or you drink beer for the sake of sociability, or—because you want to drink beer; how would it do to engage Dr. Engelhardt, or Dr. Crampton, or Dr. Bartley, or Dr. Edson to analyze your beer before you drink it? You think your beer allowance would be much lessened, do you? Well, that looks certain, doesn't it? And your allowance of years would probably be increased, but—of course you don't care about that!

Some folks are so careful about their beer that they will use none but imported brands. Now, they say that in order to carry imported beers across the water it is necessary to "fortify" them, that is, to add to them an extra amount of alcohol. Potato alcohol gives a fine body to wine. Could it be possible that any of the same villanous stuff gets into the beer? Still, we must not be too suspicious. However, one is inclined to doubt a little, after reading the following statement of facts: Watchful of the health and comfort of its citizens, Germany prohibits the use of salicylic acid in beer—*except when the beer is intended for export to other countries!* There's comity for you; they refuse to take our mighty surplus of honest hogs, and insist on refreshing us with "preserved" beer!

Mr. Crampton says that none of his samples showed the presence of boracic acid. But the foreign chemists say that it is used as a "preservative" of beer as well as of wines. Boracic acid is a product of borax and sulphuric acid. As a drug the physicians have not as yet experimented with it to any great extent. Inasmuch as they have, the verdict is not favorable. The *Lancet* of August 13, 1887, says: "What evidence there is is decidedly against the drug." It has an injurious effect on the digestive organs, and a tendency to cause diarrhœa. In this connection it may not be useless to note that in his paper read before the American Society of Analysts, in 1885, Dr. Otto Grothe stated that the Brooklyn beers had a peculiar cathartic effect. It was an old fashion here to relieve the system of its "humors" occasionally by taking a compound cathartic pill. But the man who swallows a box a day in his beer pays more than his five cents a glass for it. When the brewers' chemists really get to work at beer, we can close up the drug-stores at any rate.

You know all the other bad things that have, from time to time, been put into beer. Dr. Engelhardt gives a long list of them in a "Report" which he made to the State Board of

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Health in 1882. Here are some of them: Cocculus indicus, a strong narcotic poison, very bitter, causing giddiness, intoxication, convulsions, even death; Picric acid, a relative of our old friend, carbolic acid; sulphuric acid, another convulsative; quassia, guinea-pepper, opium, and even tobacco. We don't name a tenth of them. In England and on the Continent it has been charged again and again that all these poisons are, from time to time, added to beer, and laws have been passed forbidding their use. The authorities on adulterations of foods and drinks uniformly charge the use of these drugs, either as hop substitutes or as intoxicants. The poor man runs the greater risk of imbibing them, if we judge from English testimony. There, it is said, that if the beer is free from any of them when it comes to the publican's hands, he sees that it is made fuddle-proof, especially on Saturday nights.

You have met the man who is always gathering curious facts out of the newspapers, and asking such questions as, How much hay do you suppose we raise here in a year? or, Can you guess how many pounds of cheese we export in a year? or, Have you got any fair idea of the amount of capital there is invested in the tomato-canning business? You do know him. Let me play his part for a moment, and ask you if you can guess how much we spend yearly on beer? Now guess! No, sir! you are not anywhere near it. We spent three hundred and five millions of dollars on beer in 1886. The President is very much exercised about the surplus; indeed, we are all very much worried about it. Yet it is only about a hundred millions a year. We spend three surpluses—probably four now—on a year's beer. and no one seems to feel worried over the matter Curious, isn't it? Spend three hundred millions a year on a confounded lot of slops, that has hardly got a single constituent of the "beer of our fathers"! And there, every day in the week, thousands of cute men lift the glass of beer in the sunlight, to admire the fine bicarbonate of soda "bead," and the beautiful color of the "glucose beer," or the "rice beer." Three hundred millions to slake our thirst with salted beer; to "preserve" our health with salicylated beer; to regale ourselves, possibly, with "a liquor that, if left to itself under natural conditions, would have become offensive to the senses and putrid with corruption long before it is offered for sale."

What shall we do to be saved? Stop your beer!

JOHN A. MOONEY.

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THE SHRINE OF ST. MARTIN.

IT once happened in our experience as instructor of Young America that we put the question on an examination paper in French history, Who was Saint Martin?

Very few of the answers were both direct and comprehensive; but one, at least, was notable for its extreme conciseness: "Bishop of Tours; gave half his cloak to a beggar."

Unfortunately there are many people nowadays who know not even the first and the more important of these two facts recorded of the valiant Pannonian apostle; and still worse, not over-many people care at all to learn about the lives of early Christian pioneers.

Yet what would France be to-day—to consider the fortunes of that country in particular—what would all her great cities have contributed to the progress of even secular civilization, had not Hilary and Martin, the two Germains, Remigius or Saint Remi of Reims, and Gregory of Tours, made straight the paths for the march of justice and order in the barbarous days of old? We specify these individual names, but the same truth holds of all the Christian saints and martyrs in every land; had not the Christian leaven spread, society had surely perished in the fall of imperial Rome. That society lived, however, and moved upward and onward, was a very part of those divine decrees whereby the grandeur of imperial Rome should culminate in the fulness of time to subserve the still grander domination of the church of Christ.

Such thoughts most pertinently suggest themselves in connection with even the briefest review of the career of Saint Martin of Tours.

Born in Pannonia of pagan parents, his father being military tribune, Martin was forcibly enrolled in the Roman cavalry; and not till he had fought in twenty campaigns did he secure his release and retire to devote himself wholly to spiritual duties. Like Jeremias the rebellious among prophets, Martin first served the Lord in a manner against his personal choice; for, without rashly constructing historical evidence, we may rest perfectly assured, from analogous laws which universally govern the development of human character, that the chastening and the discipline effected by training in that score of campaigns in the Roman army would lay the foundation for the subsequent

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strength of soul which distinguished the barbarian cavalryman in his ecclesiastical office in Gaul. As a soldier, too, he traversed the broad highways of the empire, those magnificent military roads designed for facilitating the rapid movement of Roman troops, but also and providentially instrumental in hastening the missionary triumphs of the struggling new faith.

So Martin, again, during one of his military expeditions, encountered the renowned eastern confessor Athanasius, exiled from the Nile to Treves on the Moselle. How unconsciously potent were these political measures of exiling Christian leaders, from end to end of the imperial domain, to accomplish that identical result which they were intended to defeat! As if Christianity could be *arrested* by transporting Hilary from Poitiers to the depths of Asia Minor; Athanasius from Egypt to Treves.

But Martin's professional or official activity in the church begins with a visit to Hilary of Poitiers, of whom he received admission to minor orders. By Hilary's counsel he returned to Pannonia to convert his mother; and on thence coming back to Gaul, he founded, near Poitiers, the monastery of Ligugé. But a "pious ruse" promptly drew him forth from the cloister, and raised him to the dignity of metropolitan bishop of Tours. There he vigorously suppressed surviving relics of paganism, the Druid monuments, the statues and temples of Roman gods, etc.; but it appears that his preference was ever for the cloister, rather than for episcopal charges—a predilection quite natural and intelligible when we remember his turbulent early life. Accordingly he gave expression to his desires by founding the monastery of Marmoutier, near Tours (*moutier* in old French, *monasterium* being the popular synonym of the later learned derivation *monastère*); and of this long-famous abbey, with which only the great monasteries like Fulda, St. Gall, Cluny, and Monte Cassino were comparable for wealth and wide influence, the site is marked to this present day by the modern convent of the same name, a portal only of the ancient pile being still preserved.

Martin's contemporary biographer, to whom later historians down to Milman and Montalembert are indebted for these few central facts which are positively known of his life, was his enthusiastic disciple, the rich Aquitanian advocate, Sulpicius Severus.

But Saint Martin's real life has lasted centuries longer than his mortal and earthly existence comprised between the years

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316–397 of our era. Not only was all mediæval Europe fired by the glory of his shrine at Tours, insomuch that the ungodly Saracens were tempted by the fame of the riches thereof to press northward to the plains of Touraine, but happily to be for ever crushed in Gaul by the redoubtable Charles Martel; not only was Tours in mediæval times called a second Jerusalem on account of the pilgrimages of which remnants even yet return to honor the saint about the date of his calendar festival; but in the everyday worldly life of this busy modern age, living and speaking testimonials abound of Saint Martin's vast and widespread renown. There is much significance in the endurance of names; and when in commemoration of one and the same man we find the French kings entitling themselves canons of Saint Martin; when in the heart of the city of London we run across the street Saint Martin's-le-Grand, where the huge post-office building now replaces a Norman church once founded by the Conqueror himself; or when in almost heathen Paris we may still read among surviving ecclesiastical names, *Rue, Faubourg, Porte, Marché, Canal* St. Martin, we may reasonably conclude that the man whose name was thus variously perpetuated must assuredly have been a force in his day and generation.

We may even dubiously wonder whether certain irreligiously minded French statesmen, who bestir themselves to efface the names of saints from public buildings and thoroughfares, will exert even the baseless influence of mere "traditional" memories on the world of fifteen centuries hence.

We have already implied, however, that Saint Martin's *living* influence, as well as his name, endures to-day. Tours, the city of his adoption, the comely capital of *la grasse Touraine*, still fondly and warmly cherishes the souvenirs of the greatest of all her honored prelates. True, the arch-episcopal cathedral is dedicated to another saint, *Gatien* or Gatianus, first apostle and bishop of the *Oppidum Turonum;* but Saint Martin's basilica, destroyed and again restored eight times, in all, shall yet again be rebuilt, when the offerings thereto devoted shall have reached the required amount of means necessitated for so considerable and so difficult a work; difficult, because France, alas! among the nations of to-day, seems wofully apathetic towards the living God, whose temples lie waste in her borders. Of the ancient basilica two lonely towers remain, separated, besides, by an intervening street. They are plain and sober of adornment, in striking divergence, in this respect, from the brilliant florid Gothic and the rich Renaissance of the cathedral struc-

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ture; for the *tour de l'Horloge* and the *tour Charlemagne* date back to the graver style of the French Romanesque.

The *tour Charlemagne* is open to visitors; and by chance we sojourned in Tours during the French "Indian summer," there called the *été de la Saint Martin*, because Martinmas falls the eleventh of November, when, just as in our North American climate, a balmy season is popularly supposed to occur.

But in seeking entrance to the tower one must look sharply about him, since its dingy *rez-de-chaussée* much resembles any other ground-floor in that ancient quarter of the city. The *concierge* exacts an admission fee, the moderate sum of twenty centimes, and then we climb laboriously and almost perpendicularly upward, *en route pour le ciel*. The stone stairway would squeeze a corpulent figure; and it is exceeding musty withal and sometimes completely dark. An intermediate rest may be enjoyed in a large old belfry chamber, where amid the dust of ages we discern the worm-eaten framework of a ponderous contrivance once used for swinging the bells. One instinctively listens for the owl and the bittern as appropriate tenants of such haunts; but as for our own experience, we found only a crowd of noisy urchins, wrestling and rolling in the dust. Another arduous climb brought us high to the top, where it was a welcome relief to stand free on the leaden roof and breathe a generous quaff of daylight and pure air. The transition from choking darkness to broad sunshine was delectably refreshing, and moreover the city of Tours lay beaming placidly below. The streets were unwontedly crowded, and indeed since All Saints' and All Souls' many strangers had come to town, from Brittany, Berri, Poitou, and other neighboring provinces, to do homage at Saint Martin's shrine, then stationed in the crypt of a temporary chapel erected on part of the site of his former basilica.

To the north rose the line of bluffs which back the shifting Loire; at the south were spread the Dutch-looking meadows of the Cher. St. Gatien's towers, those *beaux bijoux* which excited the impulsive admiration of Henry IV.; the donjon *tour de Guise;* the solid mass of the abbey church of St. Julian; and immediately beneath a maze of antique gabled houses, both roofed and *mailed* with narrow pointed slates—all combined to form a most original and beautiful panorama; though the picture would have been more inspiring and more graciously noble had Saint Martin's restored basilica been actually a part of the scene.

We speak unadvisedly, no doubt, for we are not within the

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pale of the Church of Rome; but in all faith and sincerity we could wish to see so great a figure as Martin the soldier, monk, and prelate honored at least in his adopted city by the presence of a monument equally worthy of his greatness and of the glory not only of a lovely province, but of that whole great nation which once upon a time was thankful and proud to call Martin of Tours its *patron* saint. WILLIAM PRICE.

TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

WHEN I was travelling with my guardian and his daughter I became much interested in one of our fellow-passengers on a slow, noisy, railway train in Italy. He was an elderly gentleman of very attractive appearance and noble bearing. His head and face were the finest I have ever seen, and reminded me at once and strongly of pictures of the American poet, Longfellow. At length, to my delight, an opportune incident caused him to become known to us. At a point in our journey some difficulty arose in regard to our baggage; from my guardian's not understanding the language of the gesticulating official, and from his not having, at the best of times, a large amount of patience, affairs were getting into a state of absurd confusion, when the elderly gentleman came forward and straightened them out most quickly and courteously. This led to an exchange of cards, to a presentation to Clara and myself, and, finally, as his route lay in line with ours, to my interesting elderly gentleman's joining our party.

Our acquaintance developed very pleasantly. Without seeming to be intentionally reticent, he yet told us very little regarding his personal history—very little, considering the exhaustive accounts of himself and his family furnished by my guardian, and to which our new friend listened with unfeigned interest. Indeed, the two appeared to take a great liking to each other, easily accounted for by the similarity of their tastes and the dissimilarity of their dispositions; socially, politically, intellectually, they agreed in a marvellous manner, while the bluff heartiness of the one and the quiet dignity of the other showed how unlike they were in nature.

Following the knowledge of his name came the two facts that Lennox Sayward Whiting was an American, and that he had held the rank of colonel in the great civil war. Although it was

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evident that he cared little for his military title, my guardian persisted in addressing him as "Colonel" with great punctiliousness, and Clara and I fell into the habit of adding it as a natural indication, I suppose, of our respect. We also learned that Colonel Whiting was a widower, with one son, and that he had spent the last twenty years—with occasional short visits to America—abroad, travelling here and there as the mood seized him, sometimes staying a year or two in one place if it chanced to suit his fancy, but never settling in a home, always a wanderer.

His son, Philip, had been educated in America, having lately been graduated from Harvard University. He was now seeing Europe for the first time, and his father expected to meet him at Milan, toward which point we were all tending.

I think no one could have been long in Colonel Whiting's presence, even the least sensitive, without receiving from him a singular impression. To me it was one of deep, restrained, *reconciled* melancholy, if I may so express it. After a day or two Clara pronounced him "mysterious"; even my guardian confessed that he could not "fully understand" him. At the same time it was impossible to connect any idea of evil with the man—with his gentle, high-bred face, his deep, serious, gray eyes, his sincere, courteous manner.

He was so lovely to Clara and myself, so fatherly, chivalrous, almost deferential, that I fancied his relations with his son must be unusually charming—ideal in confidence, perfect in expression—and I looked forward with pleasure to seeing them together. I also looked forward, with perfect confidence, to seeing the younger Mr. Whiting yield himself captive to the charms of my guardian's daughter. I had great admiration for Clara; her independence, vivacity, good humor, her exquisite taste in dress, and her rich beauty, all delighted me.

For myself, I was very quiet, given to observation and introspection, natural tendencies which my mode of life had fostered. I was American, too, on my father's side, but my mother was French; and in her native country, very dear to me, I had lived nearly all my life. I was an orphan, and had been brought up, with the greatest tenderness, by the dear sisters of a convent, until, according to my father's will, I had been transferred, at the age of eighteen, to the care of my guardian. I was now, for the first time, "out in the world."

"If he would only give us some idea of what we may expect his son to be!" grumbled Clara, as we brushed our hair, one night, at a little Italian inn, to whose shelter a slight disaster on

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the railway had driven us. "I never saw such a singular father; I have been unable to get from him a single detail regarding his son, although I have tried my best—of course in the most cautious and delicate manner."

"I should like to see a reproduction of your 'cautious manner'" said I, laughing; "I fear it would rest upon you with a foreign air. But remain tranquil, my dear; you will know in a day or two whether Mr. Philip Whiting is a hunchback or an Apollo, a fop or a savant. We are all going to the same hotel where the meeting is to take place."

When I spoke I had no premonition that I was the one of our party selected by fate to receive the first impression of this much-wondered-about young man.

Two days later we reached Milan. As I was passing that afternoon, on my way to our own apartments, the open door of his sitting-room, Colonel Whiting advanced and requested me to enter, saying that he would like to show me a fine engraving which he had just unpacked.

"My son has not arrived," he remarked; and his tone had such an odd sound of cheerfulness and relief that I thought it must be a trick of fancy.

I stepped within, and at the same time I heard footsteps coming along the corridor. In another moment a servant appeared in the doorway, who announced, apparently in one explosive syllable, a young man, tall, dark, and handsome. One glance was sufficient to prove that this was the expected son; in form and carriage, as well as in feature, he was strikingly like the colonel, with the exception of his darker skin, and his large, rather almond-shaped brown eyes.

Was it the shock of the surprise that turned Colonel Whiting's face so pale? for I saw him white, hesitating, tremulous, as he stepped forward to greet his son. And the latter? He also was deeply and strangely moved: over his face passed a curious expression, an expression of mingled aversion and fear, so strong that it seemed as if, had he followed his impulse, he would have turned and fled.

It was over in an instant. It was a mere glimpse behind well-borne masks. The colonel immediately regained his habitual self-possession, and presented Philip Whiting to me, with a few pleasant words explaining our acquaintance. When I moved to withdraw, as I did at once, he begged that we would all meet and dine with him that evening in his own apartments.

Clara was full of curiosity when I told her whom I had seen,

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but in the prolonged cross-questioning which followed I reserved my strange impressions to be dwelt upon, wonderingly, in the solitude of my own thoughts.

We dined that night with Colonel Whiting and his son, and during the following days we saw a great deal of them. My guardian desired to stay a week in Milan, for my benefit, before going on to Florence and Rome. This coincided with Philip Whiting's plan, so that his arrival, instead of threatening to break up our little party, bade fair to keep us longer together. We all liked him: he was frank, companionable, intelligent; he talked in a very amusing way about his college experiences; showed excellent taste in literature, and was altogether very pleasant and interesting. His manners were elegant, having the perfect finish which comes alone from goodness of heart.

The painful suggestions of a mystery between father and son, which their first meeting had chanced to disclose to me, were strengthened as I continued to see them together; that is, they assumed, by being always present to me, the force of facts, though neither again lost a guarded self-control. The spectre of some strange, unnatural feeling, of some sad, dark secret, perhaps, was never absent: on the father's part were embarrassment, constraint, heavy oppression, deep sorrow; on the son's, coldness, repugnance, dislike, which it was evident he regretted, and with which I saw him daily struggle. I was anxious to see if this state of affairs, that had become so plain to me, was apparent also to my guardian and his daughter. The former, the most unsuspicious of mortals, I believe saw nothing; the latter, after a few days, said to me abruptly:

"Have you noticed anything a little—a little peculiar between Colonel Whiting and his son?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, thinking rapidly what it would be best for me to say.

"I hardly know how to express it; they are not so familiar and affectionate as I expected them to be."

"Perhaps the son is not all we have painted him," I said, "and the father knows it."

"Perhaps the father is not all we have painted him, and the son knows it," retorted Clara. Then she added, coloring:

"But that is all nonsense, Adrienne. We must not talk so. I believe they are both honorable men, and far above suspicion."

"Oh! I hope so; I hope so!" I cried, with a fervor that made Clara laugh. And yet I could not divest myself of a gruesome feeling.

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We went to Florence; then to Rome; and we young people were thrown much together. Philip avoided his father, and I perceived that the stronger feeling, by far, was on his side. Clara said nothing more. It was with a singular mixture of pleasure and consternation that I saw the acquaintance between them growing rapidly into an intimacy to which there could be but one natural ending. What ought I to do? Should I speak plainly to Clara? or should I go with my foolish suspicions and fears (as he would regard them) to my guardian? While I was debating which course to follow the announcement of the engagement completed my dismay. Instead of adding my congratulations, properly, to those of my guardian and Colonel Whiting (who appeared much gratified), I disgraced myself before them all by bursting into tears and hurrying away. They were naturally amazed. Clara followed, beseeching an explanation; but I could not give it. Indeed, what business was it of mine? What right had I to be watching and prying, and suspecting people of mysteries? I was disgusted with my own miserable self. *Espionne!*

If a father and son chose to be indifferent to each other, averse to each other's companionship, what was there in that? *Sotte!* And yet that strange, white look of fear on Philip's face! —his father's gloomy manner, his stern self-control!

By the morrow I think that my emotion was forgotten by all in the high-tide of present happiness. No, I am wrong; not by all: Colonel Whiting remembered, and from that day held me under his watchful guard. He marked my look, manner, and words; nothing escaped him. In my presence he spoke more frequently to Philip, and seemed to be noting the effect upon me. All this was done not with angry suspicion, but deliberately, seriously, very earnestly. I wondered what it could mean. Could he suspect me of being myself in love with Philip? No; there were no grounds for such a conjecture. There must, then, be a deeper meaning; perhaps he had divined something of what had so long been wearying my mind. The surveillance became intolerable. An excursion was planned to a half-ruined castle where a famous artist lived; at the last moment I resolved not to go. A headache—not feigned—was a sufficient excuse.

My friends had not been gone more than half an hour when a servant-maid brought me a note. It was from Colonel Whiting, urgently begging an interview. Trembling with excitement and dread, I considered. Clara's welfare was very dear to me, and for her sake I longed to have my doubts either con-

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firmed or for ever laid at rest. Here was an opportunity which perhaps Providence had placed in my way; here was a step for my shrinking feet to take.

I arose from the bed, bathed my eyes, arranged my dress, and, with flaming cheeks and hands ice-cold, went down to the parlor where Colonel Whiting awaited me. His manner, so gravely dignified, so gracefully courteous, calmed me at once. He took my hand and led me to a seat, and apologized for his intrusion, when he knew that I was indisposed, by the statement that he was about to leave Rome, and felt that he could not do so without saying to me what he had long designed to say.

"You are sincerely attached to your guardian's daughter? You have her happiness close at heart?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I have seen it, and I have seen, also, since she became engaged to my son, much doubt and anxiety in your mind. Pardon me for asking you directly (and entreating a sincere reply) if you fear that her future will be clouded by this union. Do you contemplate it, for any reason, with foreboding?"

The tears gathered in my eyes, and it was with a little struggle that the answer came:

"Yes, yes."

"I am sorry to see you weep, my dear young lady, for you need not fear for the happiness of your friend, as far as it lies in the hands of my son. She may rest upon his love and fidelity, and trust him with entire confidence. He is a noble man, a son of whom any father might be proud—generous, loyal, sincere, devoted to the highest purposes. You look surprised. You thought I did not value him, was not fond of him, or had some dark reason to distrust and dislike him. God knows how I love him, how gladly at this moment I would take my boy in my arms and cherish him with a tenderness that his mother in heaven could not transcend. Do you believe me?"

I did, and I said so.

"Then are all your doubts now removed? Is your mind entirely clear?"

I hesitated, desiring to again say yes, yet confronted still by mystery; if the father loved his son so dearly, why were they estranged? I hesitated.

"Ah, no! I see, and I do not wonder. If you have strength to listen to me, the hour has come when, for the first time, I must tell to another human being the tragedy of my life. I do this because I am going away for a long time, and, in the mean-

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while, it may become necessary, for her perfect peace of mind, that your friend and my son's wife should know it. When to give her the full explanation—if you give it at all—I leave to your judgment; only let it be given under a promise of faithful secrecy.

"If the feat of putting all the alcohol in the world in a cave and rolling a planet to the door, which one of Boston's earnest, eccentric men desired to do, could have been performed years ago, I should not have this painful, humiliating story to tell you.

"My father was one of the merchant princes of New York. He was what is called 'a self-made man,' rising to his enormous wealth from the humblest beginnings, although of good lineage, as our name indicates. I was his only child, whom he was anxious to spare all knowledge of struggle and hardship, whom he was anxious to see enjoying every advantage and luxury which he himself had been denied, whom he wished to behold among the first and best of the land. He supplied me with unlimited means, and educated me in the most expensive manner. All went well until I was sent to college; there I acquired, among a circle of idle and wealthy young men, the habit which wrought my ruin: I became a slave to the greatest power for evil the world has ever known, the relentless demon of strong drink. My father, in spite of his desire to keep abreast with the times, was an old-fashioned 'teetotaler.' If he had dreamed where a large part of the money went which he gave me so generously, he would have cut it off without a moment's hesitation.

"My nervous organization is delicate and sensitive. Wine had upon me the worst effect possible: it made me morose, irritable, and awakened the latent forces of a passionate temper; a very little wine put me into a condition to be easily enraged. My passion knew no bounds. It became understood among my fellow-students that, beyond a certain point, it was better to keep out of my way. However, I succeeded in getting through college without open disgrace. As my tastes were really intellectual, I was graduated with some honor.

"My father was desirous that I should marry early, and I did so at the age of twenty-two. My wife belonged to one of the most aristocratic of New York families. There were advantages in the union on each side, but they had no influence over us. It was a love-match in the truest sense, and we would have married if the conditions had been exactly the reverse. She was a beautiful woman. There was a subtle quality of attraction in her sweet nature which impressed one even more powerfully

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than her unusual beauty. She was *petite* and delicately formed, like yourself, and your voice and smile remind me of her.

"After our marriage we were very happy, although I did not succeed in keeping the evil habit I had formed from my wife's knowledge. She saw that a little wine excited me, that it was dangerous for me to take much. Occasionally she saw me when my temper was enraged, when I was blind with passion and scarcely knew what I did; but she was young and loving and forgiving, and, thank God! I was never violent to her.

"In the course of time—four years, I think—I took into my employment a new butler, an elderly man, well-meaning and competent, but conceited and officious. One day my appetite, which had been gradually gaining a more dominant hold upon me, became uncontrollable. After my wife had left me, unsuspectingly, at dinner, I drank glass after glass of the wine which was maddening me. Decanters and bottles were emptied, and I sent my butler for more. The foolish man's evil genius impelled him: he dared to remonstrate. The first word was like challenging a wild beast to spring upon its prey. I struck him, felled him to the floor, and while he lay at my feet, begging for mercy, I bent over him and struck him again and again until his gray head and writhing form were covered with blood. I don't wonder that you shrink and tremble. Bear with me a few moments longer. My wife, alarmed by the noise, came, running down the stairs, upon this terrible scene. The sight of her brought me partly to my senses. I made a movement toward her, casting from me the heavy decanter I had used as a weapon. I had no evil intent, as God is my witness, but it seemed different to her. Throwing out her arms to keep me off, she fell, with a frightful shriek, to the floor in a deathlike swoon. For hours she lay unconscious, awaking only to encounter the suffering and danger of a premature childbirth.

"She lived, and, wonderful blessedness! she took me back to her faithful heart, and loved and cherished me as before. The life of the man I had almost murdered was spared, also, though he was disabled for any active occupation. He is still living in the comfortable independence which it was my privilege, my small reparation, to assure him. I can feel that I did not wholly ruin his life and that I have his full forgiveness.

"A few months passed in such love and confidence and union as I had never before dreamed of, while my blessed wife, with infinite tenderness, encouraged and upheld me and strengthened me in my daily struggle upward toward better things. Then

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she was suddenly, almost without warning, snatched from me. I cannot dwell upon that dark time. But, child, remember: 'no one is lost to thee who dies loving thee.'

"I must hasten on. God saw that I needed a lesson of deeper meaning than I had yet received. With her dying breath my wife whispered: 'Our child will comfort you.' She might have said: 'Our child will be your retribution.' As soon as impressions of the outer world began to penetrate the night of my sorrow, and memory began to quicken, I recalled my wife's words, and sought my little son for comfort. Heretofore, not attracted by very young children and being absorbed in the companionship of my wife, I had paid him but little attention. I knew simply that he was a large, healthy, handsome boy, and I was glad to be his father. Now I went to him and opened my arms, with unutterable yearning, to take him to my aching heart, but he screamed and hid his face on his nurse's shoulder. All attempts to pacify him were useless until I had left the room. I was annoyed and disappointed. They told me it was natural, that I was like a stranger to the little fellow, that I must be patient. I was patient, yet day after day witnessed the same result. My child seemed possessed with an agony of fear if I approached him. If I persisted, and touched his pink fist, or stroked his chubby cheek, or took him in my arms, his shrieks and struggles were so violent that I was obliged to desist in prudence. At last, wearied and mortified, I gave up, and for some months scarcely noticed him. But time and growth made no difference: if he saw me coming, he would turn and run away as fast as his toddling footsteps could carry him. I began again, and tried to entice him with all the little pleasures and toys dear to childhood, but without avail. The older he grew, the more pronounced, because the more reasoning and controlled, became his aversion. It was useless to fight longer against the dreaded truth of the conviction that my only child, my bright and beautiful boy, was the victim of a pre-natal impression of terror so strong that I could never hope to see it overcome, could never hope to win his confidence and love. You now know the tragedy of my life. When Philip was seven years old I could bear it no longer. I placed him in the care of a relative who had no children, a wise, good woman whom I had always loved. I went abroad. Seven years later I returned, on news of her death, to put Philip in school. There was no change. His dread was still as strong, though it was apparent that he struggled against it, conscious that it was in-

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consistent, unnatural, wrong, from every standpoint of duty. I perceived that our intercourse, if prolonged, would have an injurious effect upon him; he was growing pale and thin and losing self-command. (This has invariably been the result of our being together, and it is this which forces me to go away now.) The embarrassment, constraint, vain regret, dread of curious comment were painful enough on my own part, and I cut it short; went again my lonely way.

"At intervals I returned to America to see after Philip's welfare, to change his school, perhaps, to direct his course in whatever way was needful. The best reports were given me of his conduct, character, and ability. My observation convinced me that it was all true. How proud his mother would have been of such a son. And yet it was my consolation that she could not, secure, I trust, from earthly knowledge, share our wretchedness. This is all. Philip is now twenty-eight. I have lived more than half a century; I am getting to be an old man; yet an inexorable fate, whose justice I acknowledge, separates me from my only child."

"But Philip himself?" I cried eagerly. "May he not change? He must change! Have you talked with him?—explained? Does he understand?"

"He knows nothing. You must remember that his nature bears a birth-mark that no power of will can overcome, a prejudice which is stamped upon his being by the retributive hand of God. His knowing would only complicate the matter. My way, believe me, is the safest: to keep out of his sight and to keep my secret."

After a few more words Colonel Whiting left me, and I never saw him again.

Philip spoke of his father's sudden departure with surprise and regret, but at heart he was relieved; the perplexed, careworn look that had been slowly creeping over his face vanished; his spirits became buoyant. He returned with us to America, and in a few months the marriage took place.

After a time—my guardian having purchased property in England conjointly with Philip—they settled in Dorsetshire, while I continued to live with my guardian in America. True to my promise to Colonel Whiting, I told Clara, when I thought it had become necessary, his sad story. She, as well as I, had been much attached to him, and she heard me with sincere sorrow, grateful, at the same time, for the explanation which threw light upon many things that had puzzled her.

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A few months ago I received a letter from Clara, announcing the death of Colonel Whiting. Information had been sent to his son that he was lying very ill at a small village in Provence. Philip hastened to him, and, after an absence of several weeks, had just returned with his lifeless body.

"And now, dear Adrienne," wrote Clara, "I have something very wonderful to tell you. The moment my eyes rested upon Philip's face I saw that some great change had come to him. As soon as he could see me alone he said:

"'O Clara! I could hardly wait to tell you. I know you have noticed that between my father and myself an inexplicable barrier existed. I admired my father; I desired to be like him; I longed to love him, but—and why I cannot tell you—I could never be happy in his presence. Without reason I feared him; an unaccountable feeling of repulsion seized me when he came near. I suffered terribly from dread of him as a child, and when I grew older and could reason with and strive against a feeling so unnatural and horrible, I found that it was impossible to conquer it. A month ago it was as strong with me as ever. I never dreaded to meet my father more than when I was called to his sick-bed.

"'At the inn where he was lying I was shown to his room by the good curé of the village, who had been untiring in his kindness. The instant my eyes met my father's as he lay in his bed by the open lattice—met those eyes filled with eager, solemn questioning—the burden of my life rolled from my soul. I ran to the side of the bed, and, kneeling down, took him in my arms and kissed him. I caressed his beautiful forehead, and smoothed his long, soft, gray locks of hair. I cried:

"'"Father, now I love you! At last, at last I love you. Do you love me, father?"'

"'The look, almost of adoration, in his eyes answered me. His lips moved, and he murmured:

"'"O my beloved! now I can meet thee in peace. The mercy of God is limitless."

"'I knew he meant my mother, and I thought he was dying, but he lived some days longer—wonderful, beautiful days! a precious heritage for me for ever.

"'And now, with all my sorrow, I am happy; I remember that "Life is lord of Death," and I can love my father still. But what a strange awakening! What can it mean? I am overwhelmed by its solemn mystery?'

"And then, dear Adrienne, I told him all."

FLORENCE E. WELD.

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THE WAGE-EARNER AND HIS RECREATION.

WE must provide for the poor, whether their inability to maintain themselves decently arise from moral, mental, or physical defect, whether they be not clever enough, or vicious, or lazy, or crippled, or in ill health. If we do not they will spoil us by the very corruption resulting from their disproportionate numbers; and order will be overturned or the public health affected unless we take care to prevent the increase of immoral and vicious members by proper education and due restraint, unless we see to it that those left behind in the race for bread be not entirely deprived of it, unless we support and encourage every necessary measure and useful institution that has for its object the help of needy humanity.

At the present day we seem to understand all this pretty well. Hence our police, prisons, and reformatories; hence our almshouses, hospitals, foundling asylums and numberless similar foundations; hence our church societies and mission Sunday-schools, and the acknowledgment paid by the state to religion in its refusing to tax churches, and its contribution toward institutions gotten up by ecclesiastical bodies for the care of those poor waifs of society who are worn away to too delicate a texture to be managed by the business-like hands of civil officials.

Yet despite all our endeavors, and these increase with the public need; despite the immense religiousness of our people, and the incredible number of our churches; although there are schools at convenient distance from every child in the land; although our national treasury is bursting with wealth, still the poverty of the weaker portion of humanity is not kept down; our brothers and sisters still suffer from injustice and lack of brotherly love.

Now, "we are all members of one body," not only in the mystic sense intended by Saint Paul, but in a literal, real sense. Suppose our physique as a people runs down, doesn't anybody see that we cannot keep our place among the nations, that we will be likely to suffer defeat in war and lose our liberties, after losing our health and our riches? Have we a right to preserve the national health and vigor? Who will deny this? Then we have a right to so legislate that our citizens shall be enabled to decently feed and clothe themselves; that our women

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shall not be ill-used or our boys and girls overworked or ill-paid. Capitalists owe the order and peace which enables them to carry on business to the protection thrown around them by society; hence society has a right not only to tax them, but to command that they conduct their affairs in such manner as to do her no injury, but rather to benefit her. She can refuse them license, therefore, to trade or manufacture, unless they pay their employees such wages as she thinks necessary for their decent support; forbid their running over-hours, insist on proper ventilation, cleanliness, and even morality, about their premises; in short, she can have the business run to suit her own best interests, which must hold precedence over those of any individual. Society has the duty of self-preservation, and the right to reasonable progress.

It follows from all this that the first charge on all property, real or personal, is *to provide for the decent support of the producers.* This is whence the money must come, and not only landed estates but business properly so called, railways, ships, any department that uses labor, must bear the support of the laborer. Hence, as a writer in the *Dublin Review* (Oct., 1886) puts it: "Rent nor interest, profit, dividend, nor any kind of income is fair, unless it leaves enough to the dependants from whom it is drawn to lead a decent life *according to their station*"; a *decent life*, according to the grade of civilization and standard of comfort in the community to which they belong, and *according to their station* in that community. "Therefore," as the same writer says, "the state can assess just rents and declare fair wages; or can make the capitalist legally responsible for the care of his employees, and tax him for their support when broken down, etc. And in order that the capitalist should take this interest in his dependants (on whose labor he also depends), he should live amongst them, or at least visit them often."

Now, although this seems logical and just, and was the ideal, frequently or even commonly realized, too, in times past, yet it implies certain conditions on the part of the laborer. In Italy, for instance, there was a custom, we know not if it were a law, that any employee or servant, after thirty years' faithful duty in any capacity, whether as a professor of sciences or a cook, should be pensioned for the rest of his life on full or half wages. But, then, see the necessary accompaniments of such an understanding. The wages were much lower, for one, as the necessity on the part of the employee of providing for old age was to a certain extent cut off. In our country everything is so

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recent, and the spirit of change so rampant, that employees and employers can hardly be expected to be thus related to each other.

But is there no other way of arranging matters so that the laborer shall not be helpless in sickness or old age? Yes. There is the one of giving him such wages as may enable him to lay by in banks, or lands, or life insurance, or benefit societies as much as will tide him over hard times and keep him when he is finally disabled. Is this way as good as the other? We will not discuss this question. The other way is not practicable in this country, nor, indeed, perhaps anywhere in this age.

But a man has a right to a *decent support according to his station.* It is absurd to say that he has a right to the same degree or kind of support that any other man may possess. There is no such thing as social equality except ("I speak as one foolish") in a few limited, straight-laced, tight bound, systematically regulated companies of celibates; and these sacrifice home, liberty, and wealth for that social equality and feeling of being free from care and want. The son of the rich man has a right to support such as is found in his father's mansion; the hod-carrier's son has a right to his father's table. Neither can claim the other's place, because each is a second edition, a reproduction, continuation, and representative of his own progenitor.

The *decent* support means a becoming support, such as is enjoyed by other citizens of the republic in their various occupations. For instance, what is decent (becoming) for a hod-carrier may not be so for a mechanic; what suits a tradesman won't do for a professional man, and so on. This support he must get from his labor. Therefore he has a right to such profit from his labor, in the shape of wages, as will provide it. The state, then, has a right to see that he receives such wages, and may legislate to this effect. But is it expedient that the state should do so? This is a question that is generally answered in the negative. Why? A sufficient reason is, perhaps, because we haven't enough respect for the state to entrust it with the determining what wages should be considered just. "The state," after all, at least as a governing body, is composed almost exclusively of self-interested politicians. Money rules where love or hate does not. The rich can control legislation. The poor man must appeal to honor, to Christian sentiment, to charity—that is, to brotherly love; and failing in these, he must fight if he would gain his rights; that is, he must attack the interests of his employer and—alas, the necessity!—*strike* when and where the latter

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is exposed to his blows. We deplore this manner of regulating labor troubles, just as we deplore war between nations; but we cannot call it morally wrong, however much we may be convinced of its uselessness, and of its disastrous reaction on those who resort to it. Can you condemn strikes because, according to the conspiracy laws, they are combinations? You might but for the fact that you allow combinations of capitalists. Listen to Cardinal Gibbons's statement in his Report on the Knights of Labor:

"Without entering into the painful details of these wrongs, it will suffice to mention the fact that monopolies, not only by individuals, but by corporations also, have already excited complaints from the workingmen, and opposition from public men and national legislatures as well; that the efforts of those monopolies, not always unsuccessful, to control legislation for their own profit, cause a great deal of anxiety to the disinterested friends of liberty; that their heartless avarice, which, to increase their revenues, ruthlessly crushes not only the workingmen, representing the various trades, but even the homes and the young children in their employ—makes it plain to all who love humanity and justice that not only the workingman has a right to organize for his own protection, but that it is the duty of the public at large to aid in finding a remedy against the dangers with which civilization and social order are menaced by avarice, oppression, and corruption."

The policy of our government has been to "let them fight it out," and we are afraid of paternalism. We are not the children of the state, but the state is our functionary; and if there is perfect freedom of association we think that things will settle themselves. Will they? Is it possible for brawn to overcome brain? Can muscle conquer money? Many are beginning to doubt it, and to come to the conclusion that we must, more than we have hitherto done, make over to the state a closer oversight of the relations between the classes.

The object of this paper being to insist that all men have a right to a decent living, we will say a word of the use of the state's public domain. It is our conviction, that although private property in land be expedient, lawful, and therefore just, yet those features and elements which of their nature are intended for common use should be kept common. Take for example the banks of streams, large ones at least, and of rivers. These are intended by God for highways, for refreshment, for cleanliness. All men need them, but especially the "have-nots." The "haves" can bring rivers, if necessary, to play as fountains in their private parks. Now is it not absurd and injurious, as well as tyrannical, that one cannot bathe in the Hud-

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son River nor on the sea-shore without leave of the riparians? Is it not unjust that a man should have to travel three, four, or six miles along the Albany coach-road before he can get a public way leading to the river, the music of whose waters he can almost hear as he goes? Is it just to shut that foot-sore, hot, and tired man from God's appointed refreshment? We think it is not just, and that the state should take back the privileges she granted or allowed to be taken, and restore the bank of the Hudson and the shore of the sea to the public. Of course compensation must be made, because society ratified these acquisitions of property which were made in good faith under the law. The people of New Rochelle, N. Y., furnished a striking example in this connection about a year ago. Some wealthy parties, well-deserving of their neighbors too, wished to buy a beautiful grove and headland facing Echo Bay and the Sound, intending to extend their already long and magnificent but private sea-front, thus practically shutting out the villagers from a view, or at least a visit, to the sea. They offered a splendid equivalent as a free gift to the public for their lost pleasure-ground, but an election was held and after a hot contest the people decided to add to their corporate debt enough to buy the contested park, and rejected the one that was offered them for nothing; for this reason also, because it had not such command of the sea—that sea which every one desires to behold, which Xenophon and his Greeks, returning from their weary campaign, saluted with that cry that resounds through the ages, "Thalassee! thalassee!"

The same proportionately is to be said of our city river-fronts. These are open promenades in almost all the cities of Europe, and are of course the most valued and interesting place of public recreation. The present monarch of England takes more credit from the opening of Thames Embankment to the people than from almost any other improvement of her long reign; and she does well, for it is such works that attach loyalty and perpetuate dynasties. Yet there are miles of certain river-front we know of inaccessible to the citizens except at the ferries. How long will we stand such injustice? We notice similar grasping practices connived at, nay, positively allowed by special legislation, in various parts of the country, where railroad corporations are permitted not only to seize the fair banks of the rivers, but to exclude the public under penalty of misdemeanor, and even to build up their erections on the strand down to low-water mark, which should be left for the people's

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evening stroll or morning walk. It is astonishing at first thought how we permit what the Europeans generally would not stand for a day. It is doubtless because we have or have had so much room and so many political liberties that we have neglected our social rights. But with pressure of population we are beginning to find out our mistake. The Riverside and Morningside parks in New York are indications of this, and the passage of a bill appropriating one million dollars a year for parks in the crowded tenement districts of the city, a measure which is doubtless owing to the labor agitations, is a sign of awakening wisdom. We call attention to the manner in which the French settlers of this continent originally laid out their holdings; on the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence it was the same, no matter how far back a man's farm ran, a piece of the water-front was always given to him, and it was the attempt of the English to change this custom in Manitoba that chiefly caused the rebellion already twice broken out in that remote country. For our part our sympathies lie with the *habitants*.

The people want the river-bank. Its form is the artist's line of beauty endlessly repeated; its atmosphere gives new life to the dust-choked, oil-sodden lungs of the mason's helper, the stage-driver or the factory-hand; its limpid waters are replete with refreshment, cleanliness, and enjoyment. But you will say: "Why can't they go to Coney Island or Rockaway Beach?" This is more innocent than if you asked: "Why don't they go to Central Park instead of sitting or playing on the sidewalks?" Don't you know that multitudes of them can't afford the car-fare? That if they had the means to take their families to such resorts, they can't spare the time used in going and coming? And here we are talking of the hundreds of thousands, just as in London it is the "million" that is thus straitened.

Did you ever wander along the docks of New York of a summer evening and see the men and boys taking their vesper bath "after sun-down"? (the legal limit). If you didn't you needn't talk. If you did then you have come very near to the ways of the common people, and gotten some idea of their luxuries, and if your heart is natural and beats healthily in your bosom, I am sure you will have enjoyed the experience as much or even more than ever you did the artificial pleasure-taking of Newport or Nahant. Let the people to the water, then, that their thirsty souls may imbibe refreshment. But the needs of trade! All right. Provide for the needs of trade, but don't give it all it craves or will try to seize. It is a Moloch or a Jugger-

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naut that pitilessly tramples and devours the people, the sons of God, the brethren of Christ. Men are worth more than trade!

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Still I hear some one sneeringly cry "theory," "impracticable"; "let things remain as they are"; "we don't want any reformers," etc. Dear friends, St. Vincent de Paul was a reformer, so was Howard, so was Father Mathew—but why should I go on with a litany of the greatest men the earth has ever seen, leading the list, if I wanted it complete, by the Name that is above all names? Reformers will ever rise up so long as there remains something to reform, and God speed them! Why? Pride and lust and avarice would make short work of the Lord's poor in this world were it not for those whom you would stigmatize as reformers. Admit the proposition once, and you must if you are a philosopher, that all of us Christians are sons of God and brethren of Christ, and then, if you dare, ridicule any effort, even the most foolhardy and desperate, to help to cheer and brighten the "short and simple annals of the poor."

While we insist on these things as matters of justice, we do not forget that a democratic spirit, or humanity, taste, and consideration for the feelings of others, often induce the rich both in Europe and here at home to admit the general public into a participation in the blessings flowing from the woods and fields and waters. And we dare to say that if the rich show themselves generous and brotherly in this regard, they need have little dread of Communism and Socialism. Workingmen generally, in our opinion, have little jealousy of the wealthy members of society when they themselves have health, decent house-room, employment at fair wages, and recreation.

Now, two pictures arise at once in our memory, offering strong contrasts in this connection. We recall the high and massive walls that in some towns in Europe lined the narrow street or road with its fifteen to thirty inches of sidewalk, and kept all the hot, white dust whirling and driving into the faces of the passers, who not only had to suffer this, but were selfishly shut out from even a glance at the delightful gardens that smiled on the other side of these insurmountable barriers. How often did we feel the bitter uncharitableness of those who owned these favored spots, and had such lack of consideration for their brethren! How delightful in comparison are those fences

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one meets with in countries unoppressed by the relics of that state of barbarism and terrorism, when the policeman of civilization was not abroad, but every man's house was literally his castle! Walk along the lanes of Irvington or the lovely streets of Poughkeepsie, Rochester, St. Paul, or almost any of our cities, and think with satisfaction of the higher state of peace and fraternity we in this country enjoy; for though we are behind Europe in some things we are ahead in others.

We recall, on the other hand, the lovely gardens of the Villa Pamfili, and the walks and fields and woods of the Villa Borghese outside the walls of Rome. What Roman student that ever roamed at will, or played ball, or lay at his blessed ease on the sward, with no intimation in any direction that he was to "keep off the grass," but thinks with kindness of those truly noble Romans? Ye majestic pines, and shady elm-groves; ye flowery meads and woody nooks; ye celestial flower-beds and cool, delightful fountains, grateful indeed are our hearts as we think of you! We bless their memory now, as we thanked without envy then, the truly Christian men that shared these blessings with us. If all rich men were such as they showed themselves in this there would be slight audience for the apostles of anarchy.

A case to some extent parallel to this splendid hospitality of Roman princes is furnished by the cliff-dwellers (not of Arizona, reader, but) of Newport. A beautiful path runs all along the edge of the precipitous rocks that line that romantic coast, and skirts the green, trim sward that lies between the cottages and the sea. A turn-stile at every fence-line marks the bounds of each one's grounds without interfering with the liberty of the stranger who may desire to stroll along this charming, God-given headland, and enjoy the sight of the waves, or inhale the life-giving breezes of old ocean, or listen to the "Voice of the great Creator, that dwells in that mighty tone."

We are not able to say if this freedom of walk on the cliffs be due to the generosity of the owners, or rest as a prescriptive or original right of the people; in practice it matters not so long as it remains free; but while we acknowledge the humanity and Christianity of those who grant it, if gift it be, we hold that the public should never have parted with such rights anywhere, should endeavor to re-acquire them as soon as practicable with fair compensation, and with injustice to no individual, and that in the cities of the future the government should prevent any private party's taking possession of or holding as exclusive pro-

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perty such natural features of landscape and water-front as are evidently adapted for the general use of the people at large. So close is the relation between innocent recreation and morality, that we maintain that in the monopolizing of these natural objects of which we have been treating by the rich, "morality, justice, man's dignity, and the domestic life of the workingman" are more or less "menaced or jeopardized," and, as Leo XIII. said on the 17th of October last to the French workingmen: "The state, by right measure of intervention, will be working for the common weal, for it is its duty to protect and watch over the true interests of its subjects."

EDWARD PRIESTLEY.

THE PRIEST AND THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

"Hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam."—*From the Canon of the Mass.*
"My flesh I will give for the life of the world."—*St. John vi.* 52.
"O amoris Victima!"—*Antiphon to the Blessed Sacrament.*

O SACRED Body, Blood Divine!
Behold! I live a life like Thine.
Pure, holy, stainless Host! like Thee,
Love's gift and victim, let me be.

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JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXIV.

THE SQUIRE FLIES INTO A TEMPER.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S birthday—his jubilee, as the thought of it had been shaping itself in his mind and in that of some few other persons since the occasion when he spoke of it in the Murray household—was an event which has probably made a permanent mark in the history of his native village. Some eighteen months ago, at all events, when the present chronicler of certain incidents that immediately preceded and followed it made a first visit to Milton Centre, on an errand partly of friendship and partly of business, people were still dating back to it in a half-conscious sort of way, much as the earliest of the "true believers" may have done to the Hegira.

For there was a time, following directly upon the calamity briefly sketched for the reader in the letter written by Martha Colton while sitting near the old man's bedside, when it seemed to everybody that Milton Centre was to be, if not a case of wholly arrested development, yet of a growth altogether different from that contemplated by him. It was not his daughter-in-law alone who had feared that he was likely to make some unusual disposition of his immense fortune; and of those who, for entirely selfish reasons, felt that they had a stake of unknown value contingent on his life, several were present on that occasion. John Van Alstyne had seemed to be in the very act of giving their surmises confirmation, elating a majority of his listeners as much as he disappointed a very few, when he was stricken down. How fully he might have unveiled his purposes had time and strength been granted him it is now impossible to say. As the case actually stood, there was but one of his audience who held any real clue to his precise intent.

He had begun talking even before the close of an entirely impromptu charade, given in response to repeated calls for "more," just after a picnicky sort of feast had been gotten through with. The spectators were still sitting about in groups or lying on the grass; cloths were spread here and there, covered with dishes and remnants of the entertainment, around which the children lingered; and pale wreaths of smoke rose still from dying fires where the tea-kettles had been boiled.

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The stage on which the performances had been given was afforded by a low bank that rose at one side of the road running through the picnic ground. It was only partially cleared, and many a wide-girthed tree and convenient thicket of hazel and blackberry bushes afforded the necessary *coulisses* for the actors. It was the appearance of the grounds from this bank which suggested the word hastily chosen, and its dramatization involved the appearance of the versatile Mr. Hadleigh, whose presence of mind and quick wit seemed never at a loss, in the character of Fagin, giving a lesson in pocket-picking to the Artful Dodger and a number of his fellow-pupils. His aquiline nose, bestrid with glasses, a black skull-cap, and a long beard of gray lichen hastily stripped from a neighboring tree, converted him into a sufficiently realistic Jew, and he contrived to give a like air to an effigy of Fagin, the same beard depending from under a white cap drawn over the face, which was found hanging from a gibbet when the curtain was drawn aside for the last time. In this scene Mr. Hadleigh made a final appearance in a get-up whose purport was made evident by horns and hoofs, and an ox-tail dragging the ground from beneath a flame-colored tunic hastily adapted from a curtain which had done duty as a background earlier in the afternoon. He had just made a downward plunge out of sight, the dead Fagin across his stooping shoulders, and a malodorous smoke circling round them from a hidden saucer of burning sulphur, when Mr. Van Alstyne rose to his feet. That he was less composed and calm than usual was evident in his whole manner to those near him, and he hardly waited for the applause and laughter to subside before he began to speak.

Behind the scenes, too, the effect produced by Mr. Hadleigh in the act of carrying off his own soul—which, by an odd coincidence, was the way in which the thing struck several of those who witnessed it—had not yet subsided. Nor had he begun to divest himself of his too suggestive costume when his attention was arrested by a word or two that Mr. Van Alstyne was saying. He came back at once within convenient ear-shot, and, standing out of sight behind a great oak, listened attentively to the words in which his cousin elaborated, with considerable detail, certain measures which he proposed carrying into immediate effect for the benefit of his operatives. There is no present occasion to enumerate them all, but as they included not merely a bonus on profits, graduated on a scale determined by wages, but also offered his hands of both sexes an opportunity to acquire

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homes of their own on easy terms of purchase, and to hold them, if not absolutely in fee-simple, yet by one limited by the single condition that they could be resold only to those actually engaged upon the Van Alstyne works, present and prospective, it is not difficult to understand that the somewhat frequent pauses in his speech should have been filled by energetic applause from those whose interests he plainly had so much at heart.

It was after the prolonged cheering which followed his explanation of this latter detail of his scheme that Mr. Van Alstyne seemed about to disclose with equal fulness the arrangements he proposed for the consolidation of his efforts for the common good.

"I have been calling you my 'hands,' you notice," were the words in which he took up his talk again, "though I know that to some ears the word seems to carry a contemptuous meaning. But I have a greater reluctance to say 'my men' to you, for the reason that of late I shrink from assuming any title of ownership even to myself. Why not my 'hands'? To most of you, at all events, and to me, with whom you have worked together for a good while, it should be, I think, a good enough word. We entertain, I believe, a mutual hope and intention that only physical incapacity shall make us useless to each other, and only persistent moral maladies put us forcibly asunder. We are parts of the same body, you and I, working toward the same end, and indispensably necessary to each other. True, I have a power of option, of substitution where the units are concerned, which you do not share in equal measure with me. But with every day I live it becomes more plain to me that this power does not in any wise inhere in me. It is a gift from Him who made us all of one blood. It is superadded to the manhood which is equal in each one of us, and it carries with it as rigid a condition of accountability for its use as your own powers do. I don't like, for my own sake, to think it carries one more stringent still. Perhaps it may, and that is why I have bound myself, and desire to bind those who shall succeed me, in ways that shall give you a guarantee that the disadvantage on your side shall be compensated for as far as may be. For, whether or not I shall have more to answer for than the man who has his brain and muscle only—feeble both of them, perhaps—to make his way through the world with, my load, like yours, was laid on my shoulders, and I don't feel called to flinch under it and play the coward. I have not always seen my way to accomplish all I

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had it in my heart to do, but I think I can say with a clear conscience that I have never ultimately held back from any move toward it which became plain and obvious. But I am an old man now."

Then he paused again, and in the interval before he took up the thread of his speech some of those near him noted the swelling arteries in his throat and temples, and the unusual flush which began to suffuse his sallow cheeks.

"Fifty years ago to-day," he resumed, "the germ of all that has been, and will yet, I hope, be still farther developed here, was given me to unfold. Though I had not anticipated anything so pleasant as this occasion has been to all of us, yet I have had it in my mind for some time to call you together to-day and tell you on what plans I have settled as the best by which I can hope to carry out my wishes. I had hoped that all my arrangements would have been completed by this time, but, by an inadvertence, the final step yet remains to be taken. Still, I can tell you what it is, since, if I am spared until Monday—" Then he stopped again, and, though he tried to go on, his voice was so curiously thickened that the words he attempted to utter were lost. And then, as Squire Cadwallader, who had been sitting at some distance, made a sudden move to go to his assistance, John Van Alstyne fell heavily forward and spoke no more.

Paul Murray, who was standing on the bank at the other side of the road, sprang down at once to go to the old man, and Mr. Hadleigh followed. They had lifted him from the grass before the squire came up to loosen his neckwear and take other necessary means for his relief. For some reason the doctor got a most unpleasant impression from Mr. Hadleigh's countenance, to which a blackened cork had imparted an exaggerated leer. His judgment inclined to scoff at the suggestion when it persisted in recurring during the vigil he kept that night beside his friend, but, do what he would, he could not entirely shake off the feeling that there had been a cold exultation in the young man's eyes which matched better with the suggestion of his costume and the expression painted on his face than with the sympathetic tone and words that issued from his lips.

Squire Cadwallader had been favorably impressed with Mr. Hadleigh at first, as well as pleased, for various reasons, at what he thought his opportune arrival; but from that moment he remained unpleasantly sub-conscious of a distrust of him which, more than anything else, had prompted the caution he instinctive-

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ly resorted to himself and had recommended to Zipporah Colton. He felt half-ashamed as soon as he had given her that warning, for it proceeded from one of those apparently irrational yieldings to sudden impulse which he was sure to characterize as womanish in other people. Occurring in himself, he straightway felt the need of justifying it, though to do so shifted the chief load of blame to his own shoulders. What could be more natural, he asked himself as he was driving back home, than that a man so certain in the ordinary course of things to be immensely benefited by the sudden death of an almost utter stranger should feel relief, and be unable to hide the feeling? It would be absurd to suppose that any real affection could have yet sprung up between them, and nearly impossible to dissemble entirely a sudden joy. Once more the squire acquitted Mr. Hadleigh at the bar of his common sense, explicitly admitted that he had been unreasonably displeased with him, and then as resolutely shut his eyes to the fact that instead of discharging the culprit he had but immured him in some deeper dungeon, where he might for the present keep him out of sight and mind. He began to occupy himself instead with the consideration of Mrs. Van Alstyne's offences against natural decorum. He was sure he had simpler grounds there for his disgust. The poorly-disguised gratification she had shown, and her eagerness to impart her conviction that her father-in-law's last words showed plainly that he had made no will as yet, as well as her certainty that he would have no further opportunity to do so, irritated the squire not a little. It was Sunday, but he was all alone, and his single ejaculation when she came up before his thoughts would hardly have suited a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

The fact was that Squire Cadwallader felt himself in sore need of a good, solid reason on which to base an active displeasure against somebody or other. He wanted it that it might serve as a screen between his own conscience and his underground consciousness that the situation appealed in him also to a double set of motives. John Van Alstyne's death, should it occur before he could effect the realization of the schemes he had been developing when he was stricken—and certainly his words seemed to imply that they yet lacked their necessary sanction—would be advantageous to him, too, in his character as capitalist and manufacturer. He knew that, and felt honestly ashamed of adverting to the knowledge. The friend in him, as well as the physician, came manfully to his aid against

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the trader, and did a battle against his meaner self none the less sturdy for being as far as possible confined to pinning it under-foot and resolutely trying to ignore it.

Before he reached his own place Squire Cadwallader was obliged to pass that of one of his fellow-proprietors in the Harmonia cotton-mill, as yet the largest of the factories on the Milton Kill, in which the doctor had been for years a sleeping partner. Seth Lamson, a man in the first half of his sixties, with a high, narrow head set on top of a long neck from the possession of which he had derived considerable internal gratification since witnessing John Van Alstyne's fall the day before, was sitting in an arm-chair beneath one of the big elms on his lawn, as was his habit on sunny Sunday afternoons after church-time between June and mid-October. He was an elder of the Presbyterian church at the Corners—a fact which was sometimes held to color his views concerning the future welfare of his neighbors more deeply than it affected his action in bettering their present condition.

"Hullo!" he sung out, and then, rising, came out of his gate and stood beside the carriage, with one foot resting on the step. "You have been out to see Van Alstyne again, I suppose. How is he?"

"Hard to say," returned the squire. "Better, on the whole, than I expected."

"Conscious?"

"To a certain degree. I don't know how far. His eyes are sensitive to light and he can close them. Yesterday he couldn't."

"There is no chance of his recovery, I suppose?—with his build, you know, and at his age?"

"His build has nothing on earth to do with it. That is an exploded notion. But his age is against him."

"Well," said Mr. Lamson, shifting to the other foot, and gazing into space with a piously meditative air, "he has had a long life in which to consider the end he is approaching. 'All the ways of a man are right in his own eyes, but the end thereof is death,' the Scripture says—or words to that effect," added the elder, whose memory was untrustworthy, and who liked to hedge on serious matters. "I don't want to say a word against the dead or the dying, but it must be admitted that his example has been notoriously unchristian throughout his life, and what he was saying yesterday was rank socialism to my mind. I was even then thinking that his allusions to Providence were, in a

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manner, blasphemous on his lips, when Providence cast him down, as if in instant confirmation of the thought. If his designs have been frustrated, which is what I am led to conclude from his last words, the best thing we can do is to secure without delay the upper site on his creek. Don't you think?"

The squire also was a member of the church, and occasionally passed the plate, though he had resolutely declined all nominations to the office of elder. But for the second time he broke the Sunday stillness with an objurgation, not very profane indeed, but calculated to suddenly stiffen, as it did, Seth Lamson's spine.

"Damn it, Lamson!" he said testily, "your talk about Providence sickens me! John Van Alstyne isn't dead yet, and isn't going to die if I can put a spoke in the wheel of all the people that would like to get him out of their way. It's Providence you are relying on, is it? If Providence is half as wise as I am, I wouldn't bet on your chances, or mine either, against John Van Alstyne's when we come up for judgment before Him."

"This is very singular language for a Christian man, Cadwallader," said Mr. Lamson, standing erect and turning even paler than his wont.

"I mean every word of it," returned the squire, taking out the whip to touch his horse's flanks. "If you'll put it in your pipe and smoke it, I'll do the same. Good day! I've a patient waiting and can't stop to talk. Get along, Dandy!"

XXV.

SLIGHTLY RETROSPECTIVE.

BETWEEN four and five o'clock that Sunday afternoon it occurred to Zipporah Colton that a walk might refresh her more than the vain effort she had been making to fall asleep on the lounge in her own room. Excepting the servants, no one was stirring about the house. Mr. Hadleigh, who had been sitting with his cousin all the morning, had left him when Zipporah came to take his place, and gone at once to bed with a severe attack of the congestive neuralgia to which he said he had been liable after excitement ever since his long illness. Mattie was still with Mr. Van Alstyne, and would not be relieved by Mary Anne Murray until supper-time. As for Mrs. Van Alstyne, she was taking her usual siesta undisturbed. She said her nerves

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would not permit her to take any nursing duty. She had even been obliged, she told Zipporah, to leave her poor William to strangers at the very last, because when her heart was torn by grief in that way she became utterly incapable; she couldn't bear even to *look* at suffering, she felt it so! She did envy those rugged people who could steel themselves against it—they escaped *so* much!

"Lucky for her, and for me too!" ejaculated Squire Cadwallader when Mrs. Van Alstyne left the sick-room at the close of this explanation. "It saves me the trouble of forbidding her to come near him. If her blessed nerves will only keep that purring voice of hers outside of this door altogether for the next ten days, I'll decorate her with a leather medal for services rendered. Now you go and lie down, my dear, or else take a run in the air. I can't have you breaking down on my hands when I am counting on you."

Zipporah had been up a good deal the night before, sometimes with the doctor in Mr. Van Alstyne's room, where there was, perhaps, no real need of her, although the squire now and then good-naturedly contrived to put her to apparent use, but more often prowling softly up and down the corridor outside, or crouched upon a hassock near the door, her heart full not only of an unaffected sorrow on her own account, but heavy with a compassionate yearning over the pathetic loneliness of the sick man's condition. There Paul Murray found her when he came, two hours after midnight, to relieve Squire Cadwallader's vigil. She was looking very white and tired then, and when Paul gently urged her to go away and rest, she had done so with a quiet docility which pleased him, and pleased him all the more because it was so distinctly unlike the attitude she had been maintaining toward him for several days.

They had been thrown together a good deal throughout the week, in consequence of the affair they had projected in common, and Paul Murray, at first, had found the situation both pleasantly unavoidable and unavoidably pleasant. But, as has been remarked of him before, he had a conscience. His conscience, moreover, was of that aggressive order which does not wait to be interrogated at set periods, but has an inveterate habit of bringing its possessor to book at all seasons—a little late sometimes, perhaps, or rather, to speak more truly, in a tone so quiet as to be easily drowned for the moment by the tumult of ruder voices. But it was so insistent and pervasive that Paul had presently found himself under the necessity of excogitating a

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scheme which should satisfy his interior monitor while leaving him free to carry out what he had begun and could not at once escape from. It was only for a little while at most.

His scheme, about which we may have more to say hereafter, he soon found to be a perfect success. In fact, it worked to such a charm that the first fault he detected in it was that it effected the end it was aimed at so easily and completely that he was ready, after a day or two's trial, to deny its necessity and relax its rigors. Moreover, what was the use of it in any case? Did he not know now, through a conversation into which he had been drawn, rather against his inclination, that Miss Colton's ideas concerning mixed marriages—or, rather, concerning any changes in religious belief apparently brought about with marriage in view as a motive—were as fixed and unalterable as his own?

The talk in question had taken place one evening at Squire Cadwallader's, where it was started by a story Lucy told concerning one of the maids in the house, a seamstress, who had lived with them since her childhood and always attended the same church as the family. She was now about to leave them in order to marry Tom Murrough, the village blacksmith, and one of Father Seetin's congregation. The squire's daughters knew Father Seetin so well that Annie Pratt's account of her conversion greatly amused them. The girl had just left the back-parlor, where the costumes for the coming entertainment were in course of preparation, and where her needle and her taste had both been put in requisition.

"Annie is going to be married to-morrow night," Lucy began when she went out. "She is going to marry Tom Murrough, after they have been courting and breaking off these seven years. Think of that, Mr. Hadleigh!"

"Is it that he was as constant as Jacob, or she more fickle than Rachel?" Mr. Hadleigh responded, without looking up from the mask that he was painting.

"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, I guess," said Lucy with a laugh. "Though I never heard before that Rachel was fickle."

"They were both pretty constant," put in Bella. "He carried the day at last, and I always thought he would. He did the breaking-off the first time, and when she tried making-up again I told her just how it would end."

"What was it all about?" asked Dr. Sawyer.

"Religion," whispered Bella, who sat next him; "don't go

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on talking about it, because of Mr. Murray. I'll tell you afterwards."

But Zipporah had just put the same question, and Lucy, whose tongue was more apt to run away with her than was her sister's, and who wanted to tell the story for its own sake, was beginning it already.

"Oh! it was just a matter of religion," she said. "Annie was almost brought up in our house and always went to the Presbyterian church, of course. And Tom Murrough is a shining light in Father Seetin's, isn't he, Mr. Murray?"

"Tom's pretty fair, I guess," answered Paul, who would rather not have been appealed to. "It certainly wouldn't be just to call him a 'hickory Catholic.'"

"A hickory Catholic? What is that?" asked Lucy, and then went on without waiting for an answer. "At all events, he wouldn't marry her unless she'd turn, and she wouldn't marry him unless he would. And so it has gone on until now, when she suddenly changed her mind a fortnight ago and went to call on Father Seetin. She told me about it this afternoon, and it is much too funny to keep. I declare, I'm half-ashamed to own she was brought up here when what she says could really be true."

"Why?" asked Paul Murray, on whom her eyes rested as she stopped speaking.

"Because it sounds so ridiculously ignorant that it throws too much discredit on us," returned Lucy. "Fancy! This is the idea she had, and of Father Seetin of all the men in the world! And as often as she has seen him come here to dinner, too! I said to her: 'So you've done it, Annie, after all the times you said you wouldn't. What made you?' 'Well, it was this way, Miss Lucy,' says she. 'I'd got Tom round to the point that he said he'd go with me to Mr. Parsons and get married, and we were going to do it this very week. But the day I went up to Riverside to get my wedding-bonnet I met in the cars an old German Catholic woman that used to know mother when I was little, and I told her all about it. And she says, "Now, you mind my words: As sure as you take a Catholic man to a minister to marry you, you'll have an unhappy home as long as you live. You'd better give it up altogether than do that. I've seen it time and time again, and I never knew it fail." So I thought an' thought. *I* don't want an unhappy home, I says to myself. I always thought Tom was just stubborn about it, but maybe it was just this that ailed him all the time. I

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always heard tell that Mother Schneider was one of the wise women—my mother used to run to her at every turn. So after a good while I just said to myself: 'Well, there's none o' your folks to fret about you, Annie Pratt, and there's his all dead set against it, and you know he don't like it himself. I guess you'd better go and see his priest.' So I went, and, if you'll believe me, Miss Lucy, I just managed to crawl along, as if I had a chain and ball on. And when I got down to his house, and stood on the stoop, I do declare I think you might have heard my heart beating 'way out to the front gate. I was that afraid I wonder I didn't faint. I had to stand there and quiet down before I could ring his bell.'"

"Nonsense!" broke in Zipporah. "What was she afraid of?"

"That is what I wanted to know," returned Lucy. ''What in the world were you afraid of?' said I. 'Did you think he'd eat you?'"

"'No'm,' said she, 'but they do tell such awful things about priests an' sisters and all that kind o' folks. I had to wait awhile in his parlor, because his man said he was engaged, and while I was waiting I heard somebody beginning to sharpen a knife on the grindstone. Lord preserve us! thinks I, they're getting ready to kill me an' bury me out in the backyard, and not a soul will ever know what has become of me! I hadn't even told Tom what I was going to do—I was that ashamed of giving in—and I hadn't told any one here. And with that I jumped up and was going to rush out in the hall and escape when Father Seetin opened the door and came in!'"

"Well?" queried Zip.

"Well, that's about all. I didn't ask anything further. Of course it was a foregone conclusion as to what she would do after taking that step. She is converted to Father Seetin, anyway, and laughs at her own folly, the little goose! She says she would have been willing at any time to go to him for the ceremony, but he kept egging Tom on to hold out until she would give in altogether."

"Well, I should think she *would* be ashamed!" said Zip in an aside intended for Lucy's ear only. They were sitting with no one between them, and quite near each other, but the girl's voice, for which one pair of not distant ears were always on the watch, carried the words too distinctly. "I'd like to see myself marry anybody that could be 'egged on' by any one else to make me change my mind for such a reason as that! I don't

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know Father Seetin to speak to, but I must say I didn't think he looked like a man who would act in that way."

"What does it all mean, anyway, Mr. Murray?" asked the squire, who was lying back in an arm-chair near the table around which the young people were busy. "In Father Downey's time marriages of that kind between his folks and ours were going on every now and then without any active opposition on his part. Do you think it right to bring such a pressure to bear in these cases?"

Paul flushed and cast a quick look at Zipporah, but she had her eyes bent steadily on her work and did not catch it.

"Father Seetin has no option that I can see," he answered after a brief hesitation. "He is bound to do his duty as he understands it. If the case had been reversed he would have counselled the woman precisely as he did the man."

"Oh! I understand his view of it tolerably well, I fancy," returned the squire. "He naturally regards it from the professional standpoint. I was asking for your own opinion, if you don't object to giving it. Do you think it right for the authorities of your church to prohibit or discourage such marriages between couples willing to sink their religious differences and go each their own way in peace?" The squire, too, had caught Zipporah's comment, low-spoken though it was, and he went on without waiting for Paul Murray to reply. "I confess I was a little mad about Annie myself. If she chose to go with her husband afterward I wouldn't have blamed her an atom. That would be all right. 'Let women be subject to their husbands in the Lord,' is one of the texts where I don't disagree with Paul as often as Mrs. Cadwallader does."

"Indeed you don't," interposed his wife good-naturedly.

"But if there is any time and place where a woman should have things all her own way—mind, I don't positively affirm that there is, Miss Zipporah"—looking at her over his glasses in a way that brought a smile to her lips, and the blood to the roots of her hair as well—"but *if* there is, it is when the question of how and when and where she is willing to be married is concerned. What man, except the man she is good enough to condescend to, has any right to meddle? I am sure you must in your heart agree with me, Murray, prejudices aside."

"If I had only prejudices to put aside," Paul Murray answered, after another slight hesitation, during which he could have wished himself almost anywhere else in the world, "I should agree with you, of course."

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"But, as it is, you can't," returned the squire, whose tact was sufficient to let him catch in Murray's tone the effort he was making. "Well, I understand that, too. Prejudice itself is enough, for that matter. I walk softly around my own, I notice, ready as I am to go rough-shod over anybody else's."

Then the current of conversation turned. It was after this that Paul Murray's scheme for the conduct of his intercourse with Miss Colton began to seem to him to have been devised with needless haste. There had been no day since they drove to Henderson's Falls together on which they had not met. Now, to dissemble well a strong natural emotion, either a selfish heart and scheming brain, or else an iron will and a sensitive conscience, both arrayed against it, are imperatively necessary. Until now Paul Murray had never felt the need of dissembling where his feelings were concerned. Nor, to speak truly, was he at all sure that he might not yet gain all he desired without forfeiting his integrity. So he looked the pleasure that he felt, and the tones of his voice told it as plainly to the girl's ears as if his words had been full of protestations, instead of being, as they were, not much different from the commonplaces addressed her by the others.

Zipporah was one of the girls who never develop into the sort of woman of whom novelists, of their own sex and the other, have so much to say—the women, that is, in whom the instinct to shelter and protect and cherish—the maternal instinct, that is—is so strong that they love the men they marry all the better for their weaknesses, shelter them under the wings of their brooding compassion, consider them almost as their first-born, and are glad to put their own strength of heart and will in the forefront of all the battles of life. There is a plenty of such women, fortunately, for, as the late Mrs. Poyser remarked, "God A'mighty made 'em to match the men," and in that point of view they afford a clear bit of confirmatory evidence to the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. But Zipporah could not be included in that class. There was a defiant, virginal pride in her which would not yield too readily, nor ever to a mere internal traitor, nor completely and finally until overcome in legitimate warfare. Such strength as she possessed would find its only satisfactory exercise in resistance until she could make willingly a full surrender, not to be taken back unless love were taken with it.

And so it happened, whether well or ill for Paul Murray's final success with her it is perhaps premature to say, that the

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slightly bantering tone which he fell into by pure instinct almost from the first did not hurt him with her in the least. It "teased her out of thought," to misquote Keats; not, of course, into abstract consideration of important subjects, but into recalling his tones of voice, which, consciously to herself, took something of their natural self-assertion out of her own, and the expression of his eyes, which she could meet well enough but not endure without blenching. But when, presently, something of his interior trouble got into greater prominence with him, and the consciousness of disadvantage which pursued him blent with his increasing passion to make him less master of himself, he began also to lose his incipient mastery over her. He pleased her best when he seemed least anxious to do so. But that was a fact in feminine psychology of which he had no direct knowledge—and it was direct knowledge, or what he mistakenly took to be its equivalent, pure reason, on which he determined to base that scheme of his conduct toward her to which previous reference has been made. He hoped for her conversion, but for the life of him he could not see his way to broaching the subject with her. His instinct spoke there, and warned him against a pitched battle before all his forces should have been put on the field. But, being a man, his reason was always getting the better of his instincts. He concluded to interest Father Seetin in her. It was evident that she had a bright mind, and no very formidable religious convictions opposed to his own. Her conversion ought not to be difficult through the ordinary means; and unless, and until, it was accomplished he must dissemble. What she had said in response to Lucy Cadwallader's story was so exactly what he had expected that the evidence it afforded of his accurate knowledge of her ought, perhaps, to have given him more pleasure than it did. But by that time he was too deep in the consideration of his own experiences, and too bent on not making any false steps, to be a competent judge where she was concerned.

He went back, therefore, through what he felt to be a rational impulse, to the attitude into which he had often dropped at first for a much simpler reason. As he mistook it in perfectly good faith for subtlety, it ought, doubtless, to be accounted to him as such; certainly it served his real purpose indefinitely better than the weakness he felt conscious of would have done if yielded to. Everything about the girl was beginning to wear an air of absolute perfection to him; his critical judgment was

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in abeyance and all her words were as wisdom; even as the slight down that shades the lips of some of her sex is reckoned unto them as a beauty by their purblind adorers. So, when he took the bit resolutely between his teeth and determined to be rational, he forced himself back into a more independent attitude. When a difference of opinion came up, he took anybody's else against hers, though it was also his. He was even a little brusque with her now and again, besides being so inattentive to what was going on under his eyes as to irritate Dr. Sawyer a good deal by being rather marked in his politeness toward Bella, who was a very good girl in her way, but so utterly unlike anything that Paul Murray admired that it never occurred to him that this special practice of heroic virtue could have unpleasant consequences to anybody.

Still, as he could not always command either his eyes or his voice, he occasionally betrayed himself to Zipporah, not as fully as he might if she had understood his motive, or had been willing to acknowledge to herself either the nature or the degree of the attraction which each had for the other, but quite enough to keep her thoughts busy with him. And, after the talk which has been recorded, she got a certain enlightenment, true as far as it went, upon both his difficulties, and it nettled her not a little. "Does he think I am going to—like him, and be another Annie Pratt," she said to herself wrathfully, "that he begins to be unmannerly to me already?" And thereupon she began to second his efforts at detachment with such zeal, and, being much cooler than he, with so much better success, that, as has been observed already, he came to the unpleasant conclusion that he might have spared himself the trouble of making them. His own feeble efforts to cultivate Bella, who had a counter-attraction to oppose to them, were quite thrown away in comparison with Zipporah's amiability to Mr. Hadleigh. If the latter had continued long, Paul Murray's conscience might perhaps have had many a sop thrown to it to quiet its remonstrances. But in the midst of his perplexities of all sorts came that blow to Mr. Van Alstyne, which, to him, would mean so much more than any one but him suspected, and, coming, it threw him so completely back upon himself that he became entirely natural once more, or, at all events, as nearly so as any man can be who is as thoroughly supernaturalized in his will as was Paul Murray.

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XXVI.

WHICH ALSO DOES NOT ADVANCE MATTERS.

ZIPPORAH slipped quietly down the stairs and came out on the broad piazza which ran round three sides of the house. It was a warm, bright, soft September day, whose Sunday stillness at that moment was unbroken to her sense by any sight or sound indicative of life, save the occasional note of a bird and the hum of insects on the wing. For it was Brother Meeker's appointed season for divine worship at East Milton, and hence the shed around the little church close by stood empty of the stamping horses, whisking their tails in impatient chase of tormenting flies, in front of the clumsy vehicles which brought the more distant members of his congregation to attend his ministrations. Otherwise the Old Hundredth would have been filling the air with its solemn melody at about this time, or Brother Meeker's strident nasality of tone would have made itself heard through the open windows as he pronounced the benediction.

The girl stood still for a little to consider. If she had followed her most interior impulse it would have led her at once in search of Mary Anne Murray, for she was not only suffering a very real sorrow, but one which brought with it a sense of helplessness which was new to her. Over and over again during the hours that had erected themselves like a wall between the painful present and a past which for her had contained nothing sharper than the pin-pricks of annoyance or petty vexation, she had been trying to pray in earnest, and, to her own apprehension at least, she had not succeeded. Where was He, that Author of life and death, to whom since her babyhood she had said her prayers at night and morning in what now seemed a perfunctory and idle repetition? Perhaps it was not altogether the girl's fault that they did seem so, for it had been a part of the teaching given her that they could be of little or no avail until she should have undergone the mysterious conversion known to her as a change of heart. Empty, at all events, they seemed at present; and in that sense of isolation and weakness which the near approach of death forces home upon the soul which beholds it for the first time, especially in that shape in which it seemed impending over John Van Alstyne, she felt a longing to get nearer to the person who, of all others, had most impressed her with a conviction of the reality of the unseen world and of her own personal nearness to God.

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That impulse, nevertheless, was one she concluded not to follow. Miss Murray would be coming up in the evening, which would be better than going to seek her at her own house—a thing Zipporah had not done since making acquaintance with Paul Murray. She had a broad-leafed straw hat dangling by its ribbons from her hand, and after deciding against a promenade around the piazza, whose longest side lay still in a broad glow of sunshine, she tied it under her chin, let herself out at the front gate, and strolled leisurely in the direction of the pine woods, meeting not a soul as she went onward.

Two bridges crossed the mill-stream within half a dozen rods from John Van Alstyne's house, one of which made a part of the highway, and was used by teams and foot-passengers alike. The other was got at by a scramble down a steepish bank shaded by alders and a tangle of blackberry and wild-rose bushes. It was only a couple of planks, with a single hand-rail, leading to a pasture in which a few cows were grazing; across it a footpath stretched like a narrow gray-green ribbon to the woods. While she stood hesitating for a moment which of these two to take, Zipporah's white frock, relieved against the blue of the eastern sky—she was just at the crest of the road before it began to slope toward the water—made her plainly visible to a pair of keen, far-sighted eyes belonging to a person, as yet a good stretch behind her, who was on his way to make a visit to the sick-chamber. Seeing her, he changed his mind, quickened his pace, and concluded to make his inquiries out of doors.

Having a long stride, as became his height, and a definite purpose in view, which the girl in front of him had not, Paul Murray was at the bridge by the time she was half-across the pasture. There was but one tree left in the field, a magnificent oak, solid and long-armed, which stood nearly in the centre. As she stopped under it for a moment's protection against the sun that was beating on her back, Zipporah heard his footsteps on the plank, and turned. The sun was full in her eyes then, and she gave no sign of recognition, but, casting a hasty glance in every other direction, went on along the footpath at an accelerated pace. But by the time she had reached the stile and was ready to ascend the steps if she really meant to cross the fence which kept the cows from straying out of bounds—which seemed doubtful by the pause she made—Paul Murray was pretty close upon her track. When he spoke she turned rather quickly, and, though she gave him only a faint and serious smile, her face, under the shadow of her large hat, wore a look of relief so un-

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mistakable that he involuntarily answered it instead of resorting to the ordinary commonplaces.

"Were you afraid?" he said. "Did you think it might be somebody else?"

"I didn't know. Strangers are not in the habit of crossing this field. I never saw any one in it before but myself and the milkers."

"But you turned and looked at me when you were under the tree?"

"I looked toward you, but the sun shone in my eyes. You are not the only tall man in the village, Mr. Murray."

"Except Hadleigh, I am the only one at all likely to be here," thought Paul. "Is she afraid of him?" But he said nothing.

"Shall we go back?" Zipporah went on with hardly a pause. "Everybody in the house seemed to be asleep, except my sister, who is with Mr. Van Alstyne. I couldn't rest indoors, so I came out for a walk." And as she spoke she began to move in the direction toward home.

"O no!" said Paul, coming back from his reflections; "you don't call this a walk, surely. Come over into the shade and tell me about Mr. Van Alstyne. I was on my way there to inquire when I saw you as you started down toward the bridge."

Any deep feeling shared in common creates sympathy, forms, indeed, the most vital bond of union. In certain ways it may be true, as one of our authorized teachers affirmed but lately, that there is an element of illusion in all feeling, and that passion is non-rational. But no such affirmation can be absolutely true of the rational creature man, whose Creator himself seeks first his heart, and is honored by no faith, however firm, unless it works by charity. Between the two who presently found themselves pacing up and down upon the brown and soundless carpet of pine-needles deposited by countless seasons, that preliminary tie speedily became evident to each. There was a strong personal affection, in the first place, for the kind old man now lying so helplessly alone; alive, but apparently responsive to no other life; shut away from sympathy, and made incapable of action just when the long aspiration of his life seemed to need only its final crown. And that affection, though of so recent growth in the girl, yet took in her its most unselfish form. Of all those who were that day grieving for him, she was perhaps the only one whose sorrow was entirely unmixed with any advertence to the probable and most tangible loss of opportunity or comfort to themselves which his death might bring. She

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was too young yet, and had had too little experience, to know how sensitive she was to the spur of great ideas, but even the spontaneous kindness which Mr. Van Alstyne had shown her had attached her to him less than her equally spontaneous sympathy with his unselfish aims. Until she knew him, one of the most frequent employments of her idle moments—and they were many—had been the construction of those castles in Spain in one sort or another of which the young are always dwelling. And, with her, money, in practically unlimited amounts, had always lain at their foundation, chiefly, no doubt, because her girlish aspirations toward pleasant personal belongings, modest enough in themselves, were yet much more extensive than her means for gratifying them. But whenever she put on her wishing-cap it was always her own wants which came last upon her budget. She wanted money, not in thousands but in millions, so that she could pay this one's debts, and buy that one a house, and bring up another's family in all ease and comfort, send Tom to college and to Europe, and give every one she knew an unfailing yet not too ample a provision for their wants. "For if they had too much perhaps it wouldn't be good for them," she meditated with youthful gravity, engaged, meantime, upon some shabby task of remodelling or mending, such as had for the hundredth time suggested these vast desires. Her dream capital was so immense that when she had provided for all the wants of which she personally knew, and had only her own left to consider, she generally found them too paltry to waste much thought on. "I would never darn another stocking, I'm sure of that; nor mend a glove; no, nor trim a bonnet. And I would have a horse to ride, and buy every nice book that came out. But dear me! how very little that would take! And I suspect I should not care a copper about such things if once they were easy to be had. What *could* one do with money that would be satisfactory?"

Now, it was that question, and the solution of it toward which John Van Alstyne had been working, which had kindled in her the enthusiasm lacking which no other feeling of which she was capable would ever even seem to her to touch its perihelion. Mary Anne Murray, too, had done something toward clearing her mind about it when she had once said to her that, although it must be sweet to give to others, she would always rather pay them. For her Zipporah entertained a certain reverent admiration such as women occasionally feel for one another, and which was not the less strong for being only half-intelligent; lacking, as she did, the clue to its most inner secret. She understood her less well than

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she did John Van Alstyne, whose aims seemed to her not only the highest possible, but also entirely feasible and easy of fulfilment.

"I don't say, mind," he had remarked to her one day, finding in her a listener always ready and appreciative, "that alms degrade a sound, healthy, free man or woman who is willing to work. I merely feel that it degrades me to offer them. I can't do it without blushing, inside anyway. They have their opportunities, such as they are—strength and health and a good will sum them up for the most part, lacking either a special capacity or a special training—and I have mine, which don't differ from theirs except in the extraneous accident of money. The biggest part of that came to me through a lucky chance. I have seen it come to many another man in more objectionable ways. I am responsible for no one else, but I'll be hanged—excuse me, my dear—if I will combine with any man or any set of men to create monopolies, or force down prices for labor, or take advantage of them when they are forced down by others. As for my people here, if I can't sell my calico at a profit when a tight time comes, I shall set them at some other work until times are better. Yes, I know what the squire says—that is charity in another form. I have nothing to say against that, except that charity is the universal law of God, as I understand it, and greed the law of the devil. There is just one thing I save for my hands in practising charity in that form, and as that is the one thing I desire to save for myself, and can't save otherwise—self-respect—I shall keep on using the liberty the law allows me of *siding with the under dog*. I have most sympathy with him, I am bound to say."

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LIQUOR AND LABOR.

IT was once the fashion, in some circles it is still the fashion, to meet the clamorous workingman, wild from a sense of injury and helplessness, with statistics of his saloon-spent earnings and general thriftlessness. It was said to him, and with much truth, too, when he demanded better wages on the ground of having too little money for comforts and necessities: "My good man, spend less at the saloon, be more thrifty at home, and you will have enough money for comforts and necessities." This gospel was preached from prominent non-Catholic pulpits, and possibly delayed the late upheaval of labor conditions for some years. It blinded many to the real state of affairs. Economical habits on the part of workmen were considered the solution of the labor question, and I believe a few schemes were set on foot to teach Polly how to make cheap soup, and Sam how to get rich by putting a penny in the bank every day. We look back to those times and their innocent schemings with amazement. No doubt the art of economy is badly understood and practised in our country, and the saloon absorbs too much of a workman's wages. But then these things will not prevent a smile at the simplicity which mistook an elephant for a mouse, and thought to pacify him with more cheese!

Students of the labor question have paid no attention to the point of economy on the workman's part as affecting his relations with capital. It has no immediate bearing on these relations, and can in no way directly affect the final settlement. To those who think otherwise, it has been pointed out that the universal tendency towards lower wages and harder conditions for workmen has been intensified by any economy they practised. Capitalists run about the world bidding for cheaper and ever cheaper labor. And economical laborers, wherever they appear, always bring about reductions of wages. Polly and Sam might as well throw overboard the soup recipes and penny savings-banks and adopt Chinese habits of saving at once. If men had said that the workman's thrift would bring the final settlement more quickly, they would have been nearer the truth. It is all that it can do. Thrift benefits the workman, but how does it or can it produce a sense of justice in the employer?

Thriftlessness at home is not, in my opinion, a safe charge to

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make against the work-people. The cooking might be improved and a wholesome variety of foods introduced into their kitchens, but deliberate extravagance is not often found among them in kitchen matters. The good quality of their clothing and jewelry has often been commented upon unfavorably by those who see only the holiday workman. Yet the great majority of work-people never buy more than two complete suits a year. It is a compliment to their natural quickness and good taste that by means of this wardrobe they can make a more decided impression than many would-be aristocrats.

No; it is only in the matter of whiskey and beer that the work-people are truly thriftless and extravagant, and there, unfortunately, no words are too strong to paint their prodigality, whose evil effects are so far-reaching and take so many forms that one is bewildered in tracing them. The evil is confined almost entirely to workmen, the women, except in a few cities, rarely falling under the influence of the drinking habit. If it were otherwise, the misery, now tolerable and half-hidden, in which so many families are plunged would become an open shame and monstrous burden to the community.

Upon inquiry the first fact which strikes one is the universality of the drinking habit among workmen, young and old, and of every variety of occupation. The only distinction on this point that I could find among them was that some drank more and others drank less; but all were tainted with the habit—masters and apprentices, printers, weavers, moulders, clerks, day-laborers, railroad men, tailors, shoemakers, and mechanics generally. And the next fact which strikes one disagreeably is that of this vast army of habitual drinkers hardly one in ten will admit that he was ever betrayed into drunkenness, not oftener, anyway, than about once or twice a year. All affirm themselves moderate drinkers. The third fact, which clinches the other two, is a financial one, and still more disagreeable than its fellows. I am speaking, be it remembered, of those who are called moderate drinkers, whose potations bring no visible distress or disgrace upon themselves or their families. Their moderation is altogether a sham. Let me give some results of my personal investigation: I have known young printers, whose wages are usually good, and whose reputations in this particular instance were fair, who spent monthly from ten to fifteen dollars on whiskey and beer. I have known day-laborers with a monthly wage of $28 60, and a family to support, who found it easy to tax that slender stipend from three to six dollars for liquor.

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Moulders and iron-workers, in some places notorious for their beer-drinking propensities, I have known to have such a tremendous thirst that it cost them monthly from ten to twenty dollars to assuage it. Railroad-men, whose business demands abstinence more than any other, are the slaves of the treating-habit, and in their hours of leisure run the iron-worker very close in the quantity of their potations. In a word, out of five hundred workmen whose habits are well known to me, and whose occupations are of all kinds, not one spends less than three dollars a month on liquor; and hardly a single one can make it his boast that he has never been intoxicated. It intensifies astonishment and regret over these discoveries to see the number of young men with whom steady drinking has become a matter of pride and habit both. For these young fellows the saloon is decked with mirrors and bric-a-brac, and for them the pool-room has been introduced as an aid to the bar. Their money is poured out like water, and the habits thus formed oftener cause their youth to be followed by a beggared manhood and an early grave than by any happier condition.

Thirty-six dollars a year is a frightful tax to levy upon a man's wages. Yet I assert once more, dealing in no vague figures of "bureaus" or government statistics, but speaking from actual, personal knowledge, that it is the tax levied and collected by the degraded appetite of many scores of thousands of workmen upon the labor of their hands. Nor do I mean that it is that statistical effigy called "the average." It is the minimum tax paid by the moderate drinker among workmen. It is a sum four times as large as he contributes to his church, and nine times larger than his quota towards education!

The effects of this so-called moderate drinking habit are somewhat startling. One can easily picture the happy condition of one hundred workmen who have laid up in a common fund thirty-six dollars a year for ten years. It is not so easy to picture what the same workmen have lost in ten years of spending, because their loss is always more serious than can be represented by dollars. Generally speaking, the worst tendencies of modern labor conditions are aided and strengthened by drinking workmen. This is a serious statement to make when it is remembered that the labor organizations are made up of moderate drinkers, but serious as it is there is no difficulty in proving it.

The worst feature of the modern industrial system is its effort to class its human forces with the mechanical in the production of necessities and luxuries. This effort is visible in

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the long hours of labor insisted on by employers, in the opportunities to work overtime granted to workmen, in the disregard of sanitary regulations in factories, and in the employment of children. The inhumanity of these things is plain and disgusting. Yet who is found readiest to earn the wages of extra labor? Whose children are sent most quickly to the sacrifice? The man who spends thirty-six dollars a year for whiskey or beer *must* find some means to make it up, and to assuage with heavier draughts a thirst which too often increases yearly. The legislatures have passed laws against child-labor, but members of labor-unions connive with employers to evade them. They *must* do it. Their beer-bills must be paid, and the children must pay them. So, too, laws have been passed against long hours of labor, but the evil of extra labor is not done away with, for the drinkers must work extra to earn the price of their drink. And these two things, the employment of children and the overtime system, besides ruining the health of thousands, have much to do with reducing wages to the lowest notch. This fact cannot be put out of sight, that the children of the moderate (?) drinkers are the earliest workers in the vineyards of capital.

The tenement system is another disgusting evil of our time. And its most contemptible upholder is the man who finds its nastiness made endurable by beer. The filthy tenement-houses of the great cities, the unhealthy and unsightly dwellings of small towns, and the vile sheds, called dwellings, of country villages, places which only the lack of public spirit permits to exist and be profitable to dishonest landlords, are largely inhabited by the drinking workman. He cannot afford to pay a decent rent for a fair dwelling when so much must be paid for beer, any more than he can afford to keep his children from hard labor, and himself from working extra hours. He is thus a direct supporter of a great public abuse, whose only victims are himself and his unfortunate children. Does anybody doubt this statement? Let him visit the hovels of towns and the tenements of cities, let him pick out the cleanest and most respectable families in them, not the brutalized sots whose life is one grand alcoholic stupor, and let him inquire of them why they choose to live in such quarters. They may have various reasons to offer, but for many of them the real reason is a good-sized beer-bill.

These are two instances out of a hundred where the drinking-habit reacts with tremendous force upon the workmen.

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They are enough for my purpose, and prove conclusively the assertion in a previous paragraph that the worst tendencies of modern labor conditions are aided and strengthened by the drinking habits of workmen themselves. The labor-unions and other labor organizations have not changed things for the better on this point, Mr. Powderly's being the solitary voice which has been officially raised in warning and entreaty against the strongest foe of workmen. If one chose to go minutely into the subject, the bare items of *thirty-six dollars a year*, *child-labor*, *tenement miseries*, and the like would take in many unnoticed companions. The days spent in idleness after a heavy potation, the comforts denied the home, the neglected children whose after-lives bear the marks of a parent's indifference to duty, the growing brutishness of a beer-sodden nature, the great opportunities lost and good works delayed for lack of means so foolishly squandered, these are items which make a tremendous sum in the life of one man; and they all find their source and sustenance in the steady workman whose whiskey-bill or beer-bill is thirty-six dollars a year. And they can be increased. But for the present it will do to make one computation. I have known many persons who drank at the rate of three dollars a month for thirty years. They would be a numerous class but for the fact that moderation of this kind so easily and frequently becomes excess, and consequent destruction. At fifty these persons were without money or credit. Had they been abstinent and saving, what would have been, in the ordinary course of things, their financial, physical, and moral standing at the end of thirty years? Such as they ought to have been are very scarce in our midst, and such as they are must increase with every year.

What can be done to emancipate labor from the grasp of the liquor demon? There are three things which can be done immediately, which will find favor in every quarter, about which there can be no debate, and whose success will gladden the hearts of millions. First, pass around the pledge, total or partial, among all the workmen of the land. Let every labor-union and organization be a temperance body, where the cold figures and hard facts of moderate drinking shall be taught to the members, every influence used to make them total-abstainers or nearly so, and every effort put forth to keep them of one mind in the temperance cause. Let the pastors of churches, the teachers of schools, the heads of societies, the foremen of shops, masters and superiors in all places, parents among their chil-

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dren, friends among friends; let all, in a word, who have influence, exert it to induce others to take the pledge, let them teach them to know why they take it, and to stick to it like the oyster to his shell. This is one-third of the good work, and can be done easily and done well if it be persevered in year after year until the public mind is a unit on temperance.

Next, let every vote that can be voted throw all its power against the gilded saloon, and for ever smash an institution which is vile. There is no other word to describe it. It has bred many infamies, but none greater than that of destroying the young men of the nation. For immense numbers of boys the saloon is the post-graduate course of the ward or parish school. It is a solemn and terrible fact that the American youth of this period are to an alarming extent actually bred in the saloons. Their chief study is pool. Their chief aim is to drink to the verge of intoxication without showing it. Whatever form of selling drink shall in future be tolerated, it is certain that the saloon must go. High license or no license, this institution is politically and socially damned. Whatever takes its place, whether it be the town pump, whither few come and where none linger, or some mode of selling drink radically different from the ordinary bar, the saloon must go. Last, let the law closely watch the brewers and their breweries, distillers and their distilleries, and straiten them in such ways as to prevent them from tempting their victims; restricting and guiding the manufacture and disposal of their product with firm hand and wary eye, and, above all, seeing to the quality, which is now so poisoned that many die from the quality rather than the quantity.

These three things will undoubtedly go far towards ridding not only workmen but the whole country of the liquor evil. The first work will aid the second, and both will assuredly compass the third, for appetites being toned down or destroyed in many and the saloon temptation being gone, the breweries and distilleries will have so little to do that the law can easily regulate the traffic. Moreover, the three works must go together. Any one being left out, the attempt to manage the two remaining will be apt to end at best in a brief triumph and a succeeding failure. Finally, the time is ripe for the temperance movement. The need of it is bitter. If it cease not until the liquor interest be left dead and rotten on the public gibbet the good it will have accomplished will be equal to the second founding of this American nation.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

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THE ORIGIN OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

IT is a maxim of general jurisprudence that all valid individual title to land within the territory of a country is derived from the government which represents the nation. This legal axiom is really a principle which jurists have adopted from the metaphysical and higher order of knowledge. They have adopted it from this source because of its real relation to their own study, its indubitable truth, and practical utility.

It is a true conclusion of valid metaphysical reasoning that exclusive ownership over a limited quantity of things useful on the earth, land included, was introduced by human law which is sanctioned by the rules of natural justice. Material and necessary things are the gift of the Creator and Ruler of nature to all mankind for their use and subsistence.

At an early period in the history of the race mankind became distinguished into separate civil communities. It was by the *Jus Gentium*, or in pursuance of certain evident principles of expediency and fitness, that the human family was divided into different self-ruling bodies of men. Separate nations were established with exclusive dominion over territory. The distinction of races among men is by physical law; but the distinction of mankind into diverse autonomous nations is by human and positive law; by a general unwritten law of peoples requiring no special enactment because so easily seen to be useful and right.*

The principles of this positive and fundamental law were well explained by the great jurisprudents of former days. By the *Jus Gentium*, or the common law of nations, it is said in the *Digests* of Justinian (l. 1.): "Distinct civil communities were established, kingdoms were founded, ownership of property began, and land was subjected to proprietary boundaries."

Dominion over the goods of the earth was primitively in common by the right and the ruling of nature. But the originally common ownership was not of such a character as to give to individuals the authority to seize any part of these goods for their own private use, merely at their option, and as their need

* "Quia ea quæ sunt Juris Gentium naturalis ratio dictat, puta ex propinquo habentia æquitatem, inde est quod non indiget aliqua speciali institutione, sed ipsa naturalis ratio ea instituit" (St. Thomas, 2. 2. q. 57, a. 3).—But the *Jus Gentium* is not the immutable natural law of reason and justice, except under a certain respect, *secundum quid*. Absolutely, or by its real nature, it is human positive law, as many valid arguments prove, and as St. Thomas also observes.

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prompted: unless in a particular case it became necessary for the preservation of life. For man is brought forth to a fellowship with others, and the rights of others must limit the prerogatives of each.

Mere animals which have not reason can act only by instinct and the physical rule of their nature. They seize those objects within their reach that will satisfy their wants. And, if need be, they struggle with others for the capture of all that their bodily appetite craves. The lion's share falls to the strongest, the most violent, or the most cunning, and the weaker goes to the wall. They cannot direct their actions rationally nor by deliberate justice. Hence, nature has made all the objects that serve them positively common to all and to each.

Man is not a mere animal, necessitated in action by the inflexible law that governs all exclusively sentient existence. He is a human and rational person entrusted with mastery over himself, and over his acts that are deliberately free. He is capable of knowing the true and the morally right; of suiting his actions to the paramount rules of justice. The means of subsistence and welfare are of equal concern to each individual person in the mass of human society. Material things are for the support of man, who is born to a life with his fellows. The same necessity to live presses equally strong upon all. And the necessities of all can be supplied from no other source than the unfailing bounty of nature. It cannot, then, be admitted consistently with true ethical principles that any individual person has the right *à priori* to set apart for himself useful material objects at his own discretion, and in entire disregard of all the rest of his fellows. The giving of such absolute right to each particular person is logically absurd. Besides, human society could neither begin its existence nor could it now continue to exist under such a preposterous condition. If the "absolute" rights of several "occupants" or "appropriators" should come in conflict, which must yield? The power to decide such matters must be, according to such a theory, denied to public authority. These are the principles of an absolute individualism.

Civil power, supreme over all individuals, is a firm and inalienable prerogative of human society. Conflict of rights and claims necessitates regulation and award of the disputed matters by power superior to the disputants. The equitable and valid division of nature's common stores among the particular parts of mankind can everywhere belong only to supreme public authority.

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"What pertains to mankind for its decision," says a distinguished and learned teacher of metaphysical philosophy, "does not belong to the individual to decide for himself, independently of the community."* To the same effect are the memorable words recently pronounced by his Eminence Cardinal Manning:

I. "By the law of nature all men have a common right to the use of things which were created for them and for their sustenance.

II. "But this common right does not exclude the possession of anything which becomes proper to each. The common right is by natural law, the right of property is by human and positive law. And the positive law of property is expedient."†

These are the well-matured and lucid thoughts of a wise and illustrious prelate. The general, undisputed teaching of Catholic theologians and Christian jurists is here disclosed with the Cardinal's felicitous literary excellence. These are the principles inculcated by St. Thomas Aquinas, and, as his Eminence observes, they are "the doctrine of the Catholic Church."‡ Private property held by individual persons is, however, a genuine vested right which comes immediately from human law, but finally from the ultimate law of natural justice. Thus only is it valid and exclusive.

But perhaps it will be said: "The state does not 'create' the right to property. The right of the individual to hold property is prior to civil society, and is one of those rights called the natural rights of man."

Man indeed has natural rights which are pre-existent to civil society. He has the natural right to acquire property, but only by methods which are legitimate and consistent with an equal right in others. No individual man has a right from nature to determine his own share of property independently of equal rights in other men and against their equal rights. For nature gives the goods of this earth to all in common. The individual, then, has no right to be an absolute law to himself when nature

* Rev. W. H. Hill, S.J., in his *Ethics or Moral Philosophy*, p. 227. Also two extremely learned and able articles in *The Lyceum* (first two numbers), a literary periodical of Dublin, edited by the Irish Jesuits.

† The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for April, 1888, and the *London Tablet*, February 18, 1888.

‡ We do not mean to say that no theory different from this doctrine has ever been broached in the schools, or even taught at times in particular seats of learning; but that the immemorial and, until the French Revolution, the morally unanimous voice of Catholic ethics has ever been the principle herein advocated. In witness of this we point to Cardinal Manning's statement of this principle as "the doctrine of the Catholic Church."

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and reason subject him to social law. Before civil society arose division of goods amongst individuals was regulated conventionally; to use the words of Aquinas, "*secundum humanum condictum*"—not by each individual's arbitrary and independent choice. So soon as organized society originated, it became the duty of social authority to determine, regulate, and measure the rights of individuals to the objects owned in common, wherever division of these objects was required. Nature imparts no moral power to any one man to assume to himself despotically the goods which she bestows on all collectively. Division must, therefore, be awarded by just law, and not by individual occupancy.

The term "create" is a misleading word as used above in the phrase, "The state does not create the right to property." For it serves to effect a fallacious change of the real question. Whether human law "creates" rights or does not is not the precise point at issue. Nor is it the exact matter in question, whether or not man has rights from the natural law that are "prior to civil society." The relevant and vital principle is, that the particular person has not the inborn and indefeasible right to usurp to himself by his own imperious choice the goods which nature gives as the undivided patrimony of all men. This is the real question.

In all the civilized nations of mankind the principle is recognized that the title to private property descends from the government to the individual. Hence, it is also agreed that it is an essential prerogative of government to determine and regulate the exclusive ownership of property for individual citizens.

It is a sociological maxim which is unquestionably true, as well as authentically defended by the great saints, Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, that the division of material things amongst particular owners was introduced by human law founded on the dictates of right reason. Hence, any designated portion of the necessary things of the earth originally common can pass into the legitimate private possession of a particular part of mankind only by some method of valid distribution made by social authority. And such authority is intrinsic and essential to human society. Consequently, wherever division is to be made, the state is the sole power which can determine with justice and validity the quantity that shall become the private property of any individual person. The power to regulate the important accident of quantity must necessarily include the entire power to regulate justly every one's exclusive ownership of a share.

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Hence the right is implied to make the just award of other accidents also, as, *e.g.*, the quality of land, together with sites and metes, etc. For all the other *accidents* of material substance are included in quantity because they are radicated in the material substance itself only through the medium of its quantity. Title to private property as coming from the state or sovereign authority, representing all, is not "a fiction of the law." It is a valid principle which is necessary to the existence of civil society. And accordingly it is well founded in the nature of things and in the natural law. No other proximate and genuine source of exclusive title to property can be admitted consistently with justice and the social nature of man.

A community has also the right of eminent domain—an ultimate power reserved to civil government by the law of nature and reason. For this reserved right of the state is indispensably necessary to the self-defence of a community, to even its preservation in existence. Therefore, such power is simply necessary for the public good. The reserved right of eminent domain is a lordship, a mastership over private property, of such sort as to deprive all particular ownership of complete absoluteness. For it subordinates all private proprietorship to the more absolute right of the community. It also gives the government authority to defend the public against the cupidity of the few, who might craftily or forcibly acquire so much as to impoverish the mass of the people.

Although the state does not "create" the right to property, it nevertheless determines with finality and validity the shares of individual persons to the things which nature leaves to all. "The act," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "which accomplishes and regulates the distribution of goods owned in common by many, appertains to the power alone that is duly authorized to preside over these goods (and their distribution)" (2. 2. q. 61, a. 1). This power is public authority. The state does not define and fix the measure of the right in individuals to acquire property except by the justice and the authority communicated to government by the immutable moral law. For every genuine right, duty, or rule of action which human government truly and justly founds descends from the primary ethical law of reason.

The common ownership of property is prior to individual ownership, and superior to it. Consequently, the common right cannot be taken away unless with some concurrence of common consent. But the common right in extremity of need cannot be taken away by any human law. For the right of legitimate

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self-preservation is immediately dictated by the wholly irreversible teaching of nature. It is a characteristic mark of all human and upright laws to be a specialization, or some determination of natural justice. Hence that law of particular ownership is most just which makes the nearest approach to an equal division, for an equal division is the nearest approach to nature's common bounty. It is for the authority representing all to determine particular rights. The original moral power to portion out to himself his own particular measure and selection of property independently of the many, does not belong to the individual as if he were superior over the multitude in what concerns all. This principle applies to all things left by nature to be definitively settled by social authority. Just as the individual, as opposed to the community, cannot make himself a king merely by his own act, nor make of his fellow-man a slave, so he cannot independently of the community choose his own share of property against the others, or despite the equal right to it which other persons possess.

When the division is once legitimately made then the common ownership ceases to exist. Hence, the communists falsely claim a right to the private property of others, under the common title from nature, as if common ownership were now still in force, and legal division had not been made.

All legitimate civil rights are derived from natural justice as the source of the rightfulness that is in them. Only in instances of extreme want are necessary things positively common by the permission of nature. But to grant that each individual person has the sovereign right from nature, and independently of just social law, to determine his own share of the goods originally given in common, is to concede the principles of civil confusion, discord, and anarchy. The exclusive ownership which historically preceded civil society was valid because it sprang from conventional agreement between competent parties. Thus, Abraham and Lot divided the land conventionally between themselves. Convention takes the place of civil law before the organization of states. But the single individual person is not and was never the totally sufficient cause which originates legitimate private dominion over any part of objects belonging to all. For there is not merely one single individual person with his single right, but many persons, each and all of whom have equal natural rights to the undivided things of nature. The theory cannot be true or feasible which assumes that man is not by birth and the inherent propensity of his being a social crea-

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ture. History bears no record of any individual so stripped of his kinship, so emancipated from all civil rule, as to be the all-sufficient donor of the gifts of nature to his own exclusive dominion.

In the theory of "absolute individualism" the particular person's exclusive ownership over his private property is an absolute natural right. It is a superior prerogative which the community cannot abrogate or annul in any instance required by the general good. The right of eminent domain is thence denied to government agreeably with the hypothesis. To be consistent, the advocates of the doctrine should also deny that anything is ever common *in extremis*. That is, they should deny that the person reduced to a situation of extreme and imperative necessity has a genuine natural right to avail himself of the things indispensably required for self-preservation.

"Absolute individualism" is the opposite extreme of "absolute communism." Though heard of in the last century, it began to be more generally taught about the same time that modern ontologism had its origin. Ontologism came into vogue some forty-five or fifty years ago, and was taught for a time quite generally in colleges and seminaries. The text-books which inculcated the doctrine displaced all the old and venerable authorities in many institutions of learning. Its advocates maintained that man here in this life has an immediate intuition of God. The theory was well reasoned to its ultimate conclusions, which, however, were in conflict with dogmas of religion. It was then censured as untenable in Catholic seats of learning.

The social and erroneous theory of individualism goes still more diametrically counter to the common teaching in the great schools of the church. For while ontologism ranked among its defenders St. Anselm, and, as claimed, St. Bonaventure, the theory of "absolute individualism" in relation to goods given by nature to mankind in common can lay claim to no such advocates in the great schools of the church, nor to any supporter in any other class of the wise teachers of yore. Its last conclusions are now likewise being reasoned out. For the minds of men will argue to their final results all theories vitally affecting human society.

It is already shown by many arguments that the principle underlying this theory is disastrous to human society. For it invests each individual with prerogatives which not only exclude the very same prerogatives in every other individual, but also reduce general law and social government to a mere nul-

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lity. What quantity, for instance, of vacant land may an individual appropriate as his own by "occupancy"? This is a question which proposes a most perplexing and embarrassing difficulty to the defenders of individualism, or the theory that "occupancy" alone suffices to give exclusive ownership. If the individual can determine the quantity for himself, then there is no assignable reason why he cannot appropriate as his own an entire territory or vast district—a right in him which is clearly inadmissible. On the other hand, if public authority or any positive law is to determine the quantity for him, then the theory of "occupancy" falls to pieces. Thus, those engaged in the defence of this doctrine are entangled in a dilemma from which no escape is possible. The only solution for the difficulty is to admit the right and duty in society to determine equitably each individual's share in the property given by nature to all in common. Then the title of the particular owner is derived immediately from government or from human law. It is furthermore quite evident that the theory of occupancy is absolutely impracticable. In fact, an attempt never was made to establish a civil community of mankind in accordance with such a principle—that is, by letting each person have exclusive ownership of whatever he might choose to "occupy" or "appropriate."

The theory that mere "occupancy" is the original source of title to the exclusive ownership of land, and that such ownership did not originate by conventional or legal division, seems never to have been proposed or upheld by any eminent jurist, philosopher, or theologian prior to a very recent date. Its advocates appear to have adopted it, or rather seized upon it, from fear of the communists and socialists. But fear is seldom a wise counsellor, especially in matters requiring calm reasoning.

One false project or theory concerning human society can never be logically disproved and defeated by another false theory. True principles furnish the only conclusive proof that communism and socialism, practised in communities of any size, are both purely utopian, and therefore utterly impracticable—as impossible, indeed, as would be the contrivance of a millennium by man's ingenuity. Besides, the socialists themselves have the intelligence to see the falsity and impossibility of this new system precipitately advanced against their scheme; nay, that it is even farther removed from feasibility than is their own extravagant plan of human society.

Property may become subject to a twofold jurisdiction. It is in some cases related both to the civil and the ecclesiastical law.

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It is then styled "mixed matter." Both the *Jus Civile* and the Canon Law make definitive declarations concerning property. And the teaching of both is one in principle respecting this matter. Such a coincidence of doctrine in these two systems of jurisprudence reveals the general and established teaching of Catholic jurists. These jurists maintain, as a commonly admitted and unquestionable maxim, that exclusive ownership of property is derived from human law. One would be, as it were, only a novice in this question who has failed to inform himself of this fact.

All the just and positive enactments of mankind are, as before said, derived from the fundamental law of nature and reason; and they proceed from this primary law through the medium of their justice. Their validity, their authority, is such as is communicated to them by the unalterable dictates of right reason. Legitimate and particular dominion over any part of terrestrial goods is deduced from the natural law of rectitude through the wise, expedient, and just legislation of mankind. Since the system of private property emanates from positive law which is based on the ultimate ruling of nature, it therefore comes through the justice which informs and invigorates authoritative human laws. The legal and exclusive ownership, then, is *mediately* from the dictates of right reason itself. The individual's title is *mediately* from the law of nature, immediately from human law, and not otherwise can it be exclusive.

To empower each person with the right to appropriate at will, and without any limit determined by law or authority, what is given to all, would be anarchy reduced to practice. For the principle would be radicalism that makes human society, under the rule of law and order, an impossibility. It would be anarchy inasmuch as it takes from the government that jurisdiction, or "general legal justice," as it is styled in the schools, by virtue of which it should co-ordinate the things and persons belonging to the community, so as equitably to defend the welfare of all. It is only brute animals that are intended by nature to act in relation to things common to them without the guidance of justice, moral law, and social equity. Individual selfishness is brute instinct, not man's wisdom.

Some supporters of "absolute individualism," in the matter of owning property first given in common, use the terms "negatively common" to signify what the schools of erudition universally express by the opposite phrase, "positively common." Thus arguments are advanced containing the fallacy styled by

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logicians *ignoratio elenchi*, ignoring or evading the real point at issue. By this means, also, the authorities using the terms are misrepresented by a false or misleading reference to their writings. This species of sophism has received from the able Protestant Archbishop Whately the very appropriate name of "The Fallacy of Reference." That which is properly termed "negatively common" to all in the language of the schools is not the property of each. It is the undivided property of all collectively; and it is divisible only by an equitable rule that secures the rights of each.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning, in the article before referred to, defines with masterly precision and truth the genuine Catholic doctrine concerning private property, its origin, its nature, and the limitations to which it is subjected by the equal rights of all men.

JAMES A. CAIN.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

A REALLY delightful book for children of all ages, including those of us who are approaching our second childhood, is *Summer Legends* (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York), translated from the German of Rudolph Baumbach by Helen B. Dole, who, by the way, has done her part toward the making of the book better than the proof-reader has. It is a collection of fairy tales for the most part, which have passed through repeated editions in Germany. They are not sentimental, like those of Hans Andersen; often, indeed, they have a delicate edge of satire and a faint ironical flavor which very young readers will be apt to miss. Still, there is plenty of material even for them in a book which has, besides, a staying quality which will amuse them later on. The tender humor of such tales as "The Water of Youth," "The Four Evangelists," and "The Water of Forgetfulness" is pleasant, also; but for pure fun "The Ass's Spring" easily takes the lead. Its only fault—and that, perhaps, was unavoidable—is that its real climax is reached in the middle of the story. Every touch after that weakens it. It relates the adventures of two who stood by the famous spring one day, many years ago, before it had become a famous health resort—

"one on this side, the other on that. He was an ass, and she was a

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goose, both in the first bloom of youth. They greeted each other silently, and quenched their thirst. Then the ass drew near to the goose, and asked bashfully: 'Young lady, may I accompany you?'"

Then each relates to the other their several histories. He is descended from the sacred ass of Jerusalem; she is of the race of those who saved the Roman Capitol. They become inseparable, though, alas! the unlikeness of their natures dooms their friendship to remain Platonic. But a wise owl, being asked for counsel by the ass, advises him to seek the Wish-Lady, who makes her appearance at the spring once every year, on midsummer eve. To her, when she comes, Baldwin makes his moan. If he could be a bird he knows very well what bird he would be. Can she assist him? Though the Wish-Lady thinks his choice a singular one, she gives him a prescription which works to a charm. A handsomer gander never stretched its long neck.

"As fast as he could go, he hurried to the thicket where the goose had taken up her abode. 'Alheid, my beloved Alheid!' he cried, 'where art thou?' 'Here, my dearest,' sounded from the thicket, and a pretty little she-ass came dancing out of the bushes. The lovers looked at each other, dumb with amazement.

"'Oh! what an ass I am!' sighed the gander.

"'Oh! what a goose I am!' groaned the ass."

A number of the tales are Catholic in tone and incident, and though there is here and there a blemish one would be glad to see removed, yet on the whole the book is both sound and charming.

Another pleasant translation is made by Clara Bell, from the French of Pierre Loti, *From Lands of Exile* (W. S. Gottsberger, New York). There is a singular charm about the original of these sketches, written on board ship by a French naval officer in various Indian and Chinese ports, which has been well preserved by the translator. Occasionally, though, one feels that a still more literal rendering would have been preferable to that actually chosen. Why, for example, transform "*Oh! ce silence, cette splendeur*," into "Oh! that stillness, that glory!" The paper entitled "Subterranean Temples," which describes the Temple of the Marble Mountain in Annam, is the most striking in the collection. They are very French in sentiment and handling.

His friendly critics of the newspaper press describe Mr. Edgar Saltus as a "gifted and brilliant pessimist," "an artist in the use of words," "an unconscious teacher, who has a mission,

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and who proclaims it in every word he writes." Mr. Saltus is a New-Yorker who has published several books, among them a *Study of Balzac*, a *Philosophy of Disenchantment*, and two novels, the latest of which, *The Truth about Tristrem Varick* (Belford, Clarke & Co., New York), he "dutifully inscribes," as an "essay in ornamental disenchantment," to his "master, Eduard von Hartmann." Candor, real or assumed, provoking candor, we feel moved to tell the truth about Mr. Saltus, both as a teacher with a mission and as an artist in words. Gifted and brilliant he is, but rather as a *poseur* than a real, Simon-pure pessimist. Nor, if the lesson he attempts to convey in *Tristrem Varick* be a continuation of the previous message with which he is believed to have been charged, do we feel inclined to credit him with anything so *naïve* as unconsciousness concerning it. Suppose we condense it: It is not impossible, nor, perhaps, wildly improbable, that good men may exist—men correct, that is to say, in their social relations. My hero is such a person. I claim no credit for him on that score. He happened to be made that way; moreover, after having been afflicted by an ineradicable and unsatisfied passion for one woman, his betrothed, he was cut off by the hangman's noose at the age of twenty-six or thereabouts. But as for women! Mr. Saltus shrugs his shoulders. Well, in the last generation, perhaps. Certainly we all had mothers. Still, you must admit that though his particular suspicion happened to be unfounded, Tristrem's father had ample *prima facie* grounds for the brutality of disinheriting his putative son, leaving him nothing but an old hat and a bundle of letters from which he could hardly conclude anything but his mother's dishonor. And then look at Tristrem himself! When he drives a dagger to the heart of his oldest friend, not through any low or mean motive of revenge, but solely that he may enable his "amber-eyed" Viola to lift those golden orbs once more unshamed to her mother's face, because her married lover no longer lives—her mother, who knows all her story from the start—what does the young woman tell him as he hints to her that she need no longer dread exposure—her infant having been abandoned and its father assassinated? "I loved him," she mutters, and afterward promises his grandfather, who implores her on his knees to supply the motive which shall exonerate Tristrem before the outraged majesty of justice, to which he has weakly surrendered himself, that she will "come to see him sentenced." Admit again, then, that in this worst of all possible worlds, Tristrem was an unlucky dog, whose high

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ideals and unselfish virtues availed him less than nothing, since by means of them he lost the only attainable pleasures that exist. Not simply unlucky, then. A positive fool, rather.

So much for the morals and the philosophy of Mr. Saltus. As to his style, we find it over-praised. It is what the French call *un style méticuleux*, whose seeming simplicity is studied and over-labored; which drops, as if by accident, into words not merely far-fetched but ill chosen, as when he talks about toying "with *apostils* of grief." Nevertheless, it is a style in which, by that irony of the inevitable which dogs the heels of the *poseur*, Mr. Saltus pays his single involuntary tribute to a true "philosophy of the unconscious."

The Spell of Ashtaroth (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is by Mr. Duffield Osborne, a recent graduate of Columbia College. It is advertised as a "brilliant new novel," for which "has been predicted a success greater than *Ben Hur*" (*sic*). It was doubtless a false prophet who hazarded the prediction. Mr. Osborne's work satisfies the purely literary sense no better than did that of General Wallace, while in human interest, as well as in ethical and religious purport, it falls indefinitely below it. Mr. Osborne's tale, concerning as it does various Old Testament worthies, seemed to him to require what is called the "solemn style"—the use, that is, of the second person singular in all the conversations. That is a mistake to begin with, for the reason that it involves not merely an incessant, but too frequently a fruitless, effort to keep the verbs free from colloquialisms which suit ill with *thees* and *thous*. The Quakers solve the difficulty by dropping *thou* altogether, and by making no pretence at forcing their verbs up to either the grammatical or the rhetorical standard. But Mr. Osborne does make such a pretence, and with this result, among others:

"Girls know nothing of war. They tremble when they hear of great deeds. Didst thou mark how she turned pale when two days ago thou toldest how thou slewest the Moabite? . . . I would I might have held the sword that thou dravest under his ribs! And now to-day, I must stay in the camp with the women and the old men while thou fightest. . . . Ah! well, I shall find some tall palm and watch the battle from its branches, and tell Miriam what thou art doing. I will tell her thou art fallen and hear her cry out—"

"'If thou dost I will chastise thee soundly when the day is over,' interrupted Adriel hotly.

"'Truly I did but jest *to see thee flare up!*'"

However, his slips of this sort are the least of our objections

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to Mr. Osborne's novel. The action of the story begins before the walls of Jericho on the night before they fall. Adriel, a purely fictitious son of Achan, enters the city the next day with his fellows, with the intent of obeying the Divine command to root out and destroy its inhabitants. Entering alone a temple of Ashtaroth, the Venus of the Syrian nations, he encounters first a young man whom he slays, and then, within the inmost shrine, a beautiful young girl. His suddenly-kindled passion for her beauty leads him—let us put it in the words of the advertisement of Mr. Osborne's novel—to "chivalrously violate the Divine command." He saves her alive and tries to flee with her to

"other lands than this. There are cities by the great sea of which I have heard—cities the power and wealth of which it is hard to conceive—and there is, too, that Babylon of which thou hast spoken. Peradventure it will go hard with us if there be not some refuge where the children of the desert may not come. Thither, dearest, shall we journey *and live under the protection of thy gods, that thy Ashtaroth may bless our loves and give us protection against the Jehovah of Israel.*"

Elissa does not at first regard this proposition with favor. She advises him to obey his own God, and sees no force in the fact that she is Adriel's prisoner which should constrain her to yield him anything but her lifeless body. Adriel, too, at the bottom of his heart, is afraid that Ashtaroth will not count as a very heavy weight in opposition to "the Jehovah of Israel." Still, his passion overmasters his fear, he conquers the love of Elissa, and they seek to escape. But as Mr. Osborne is reluctantly constrained by the subject he has chosen to let "the Jehovah of Israel" triumph, Adriel and Elissa are stoned with Achan and the rest of his family, and, to quote once more the felicitously worded advertisement, "all the sympathy of the reader is with them."

"An arm, now rigid and powerless, still encircled her slender form with all *the seeming promise of protection*, while smiling lips, now cold and breathless, seemed almost to kiss the pale brow resting so near. They smiled into each other's faces and they were beautiful, *for the dying goddess of a dying race loved them.* Ashtaroth had shed her blessing over their sleep; and had Jehovah cursed them to the uttermost? Who is he that dares to say it?"

Fortunately, no one is called upon to express any opinion concerning the "uttermost curse" awaiting the creatures of Mr. Osborne's fancy. The underlying motive of his story is an old one, but as he is very young, and has kept the details of

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his work scrupulously clean, it is possible that he is not wholly conscious of what it is. If he is, the light which it and his treatment of it throws on him is to our thinking most unpleasant. The only novelty he can lay claim to—and it is one which heightens his offence at the same time that it makes us doubt both his and his publishers' full appreciation of it—is that of putting it into a dress so antiquated that when it is drawn out of the treasure-house of things gone by its very age shall make it unfamiliar. For the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is also the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. That he is a jealous God we know. We know, too, that to love him is to be jealous for him and for his honor, and for that reason to "hate also," with St. Jude, "the spotted garment, which is carnal." They are very old antagonists, the Divine love and the human; the war is ancient in which the flesh lusts against the spirit. Mr. Osborne's novel, pure in all its details, revolts us more by this setting of sensual love, in its most universally accepted type, in avowed though fruitless opposition to that which is Divine, than many another book, more coarsely done yet less maliciously conceived.

Considered as character-painting, as a study of human nature in a New England village, or as a piece of natural, unaffected writing, we have none but good words to give to *John Ward, Preacher*, a novel by Margaret Deland (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York). Besides the hero and heroine there are half a dozen or more personages who perhaps stand out as distinctly in the reader's mind as they may have done in that of the author. Rector Howe, for instance, who when John Ward asks him what he would do if he thought it undeniable that the Bible actually taught some doctrine which he could not accept, answers, "I—I? Oh! I'd read some other part of the book. But I refuse to think such a crisis possible; *you can always find some other meaning in a text, you know.*" Admirable, too, in its way, though disedifying, is the scene where the rector goes to administer the last consolations in his power to his life-long friend, Mr. Denner. He begins to read the Visitation of the Sick, but before he has finished the first sentence Denner interrupts him with:

"'Archibald, you will excuse me, but this is not—not necessary, as it were. . . . I have every respect for your office, but would it not be easier for us to speak of—of this, as we have been in the habit of speaking on all subjects, quite—in our ordinary way, as it were? You will pardon me, Archibald, if I say anything else seems—ah—unreal?' . . .

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"'William,' the rector answered, 'have I made religion so worthless? Have I held it so weakly that you feel that it cannot help you now?'

"'Oh! not at all,' responded Mr. Denner, 'not at all. I have the greatest respect for it—I fear I expressed myself awkwardly—the greatest respect; I fully appreciate its value, I might say its necessity, in the community. But—but, if you please, Archibald, since you have kindly come to tell me of this—change, I should like to speak of it in our ordinary way; to approach the subject as men of the world. It is in this manner, if you will be so good, I should like to ask you a question. I think we quite understand each other; it is unnecessary to be anything but natural.'"

Thus appealed to, the rector answers that, though he may not have lived it, yet he cannot now answer in any capacity but that of a Christian.

"'Just so,' said Mr. Denner politely—'ah! certainly; but, between ourselves, doctor, putting aside this amiable and pleasing view of the church, you understand—speaking just as we are in the habit of doing—what do you suppose—what do you think—is beyond? . . . Where shall I be? Knowing—or perhaps fallen on an eternal sleep? How does it seem to you, doctor? That was what I wanted to ask you; *do you feel sure of anything*—afterwards?'

"The other put his hands up to his face a moment. 'Ah!' he answered sharply, 'I don't know—I can't tell; I—I don't know, Denner!'

"'No,' replied Mr. Denner, with tranquil satisfaction, 'I supposed not, I supposed not. But when a man gets where I am, it seems the one thing in the world worth being sure of.'"

Like Miss Woolley's novel of which we spoke last month, this one treats those twin subjects, love and theology, which lie at the base of so much of the decent fiction of the day. But it does so with a much firmer and more practised hand. John Ward, a Presbyterian preacher of most absolute convictions, marries the rector's niece, who has few of any sort when she marries, save that mutual love, such as exists between herself and him, is the one great good of this life, and that, having attained it, it is idle to bother one's head about the future. As to the Calvinistic hell, she firmly declines to believe in it at all, and as hell seems to John the keystone of the arch on which all else hangs—his argument being that the Incarnation and Passion of our Saviour would have been futile if a man need not repent, but may be happy hereafter after living here in sin—he finally puts her away.

"'Don't you see, dear,' Helen says to him, 'we cannot reason about it? *You take all this from the Bible because you believe it is inspired. I do not believe it. So how can we argue?*'"

Although she is admirably fair—true to nature, that is—in

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the case of all her characters, Mrs. Deland's sympathies are evidently with Helen. She has painted a very noble love and perfect trust between her and John—a love which makes Helen justify her husband even when he turns her from his door in the hope that the suffering will be so great that it will bring her to the truth as he sees it. But Helen is immovable. She has that clearness of intellect and strength of will which women often ascribe to the women they imagine, and though her heart is very near breaking, and John's actually does break—he being evidently the "weaker vessel," since he can believe in hell and yet love God—she never says yes through weakness of heart when her mind says no through clearness of vision. And yet, to an unprejudiced observer doesn't there seem something the matter with Helen's wits when, doubting eternity and not willing to affirm a personal God, she can say that, although she does not believe in a hell of fire and brimstone, she does believe that the consequences of sin *eternally affect character?* And is there not something even exquisite in the futility of this?

"If there is a God, and he is good, he will not send me away from you in eternity; if he is wicked and cruel, as this theology makes him, we do not want his heaven! *We will go out into outer darkness together.*"

No wonder that John shuddered. A strong woman was his creator and he is weak. But had it been otherwise, with what a burst of mighty laughter he would have greeted this piece of profundity. "Go to, my dear," he would have said to her, "knit your stockings and don't talk theology. God requires from none of his creatures what he has not put within their power. I hope that he will save you, notwithstanding your intellectual offences, for he will surely number you among the inconceivably ignorant and the hopelessly dull, who cannot grasp even the most elementary notion of what he is."

The Residuary Legatee (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) is a rather slight performance by F. J. Stimson, otherwise known by his *nom de plume*, J. S. of Dale. Mr. Austin May, who must either abstain from marriage for the eleven years which lie between twenty-two and thirty-three or else forfeit a fortune, first engages his Cousin May to wait for him all that time, and then devotes himself to travel. Thrice during this period he falls in love and engages himself to marry—once a Polish adventuress with a husband in a Siberian mine; once an English lady, providing her husband, "ever at her side," shall die in convenient season; and once an American girl who has

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another lover. And he gives all three of them, of course at successive periods, *rendezvous* at the house of his deceased relative on the day when his apprenticeship expires. On that day he is on hand himself, dread in his heart and fearful expectation on his face. For, as he has fallen successively into love, so has he fallen hopelessly out of it. The Polish countess, whom he dreads the most, puts in no appearance. The Englishwoman is dead, but her husband, who has found among her effects the letter in which Austin made his conditional offer, comes to inquire what it may mean, and to express his opinion thereupon. Miss Rutherford sends a letter to say she prefers the other man. Only his Cousin May is left, and he discovers that he has loved her and her only all the time. He discovers, too, that they might as well have married at once as waited, since by another provision of the will, if Austin violated the injunction by espousing his cousin without delay, he would at once have reacquired the fortune, as May, in such event, had been named as Residuary Legatee. The story bristles with small affectations in point of style and diction.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE STORY OF A COLORED MAN'S CONVERSION.

I was born a slave and brought up and educated in Staunton, Va. My mother is a pure black, my father nearly so, having some admixture of white blood. Both were slaves up to the time of emancipation. My parents were both "Ironside" Baptists. They taught me the total depravity of man, and that only the elect (a few "Ironsides") would be saved. My mother could read and write very well. She taught me to spell when only four years of age. Also to make the script alphabet. She also had a limited knowledge of music.

When very young I was taught to say the Our Father and the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

There being at that time no Baptist church in our town, my parents sent us—four boys, of whom I was youngest, and a girl—to the Methodist Sunday-school. My teacher was a Mr. Morris, who now lives in Tyson Street, Baltimore. He taught me the Apostles' Creed and a considerable part of the Methodist Catechism, which I soon became very fond of. I afterwards entered the Bible-class taught by Mr. Thomas Campbell, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, also one of Staunton's most respected citizens, and at one time superintendent of its public schools. After two years in that class I became a teacher in the Sunday-school, though not yet a member of any church. At the age of fourteen I graduated from the public schools, and six months later I joined the church called the Augusta Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Robert Steele, now presiding

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elder of the Baltimore district, being pastor. I had a purpose to study for the ministry, and hoped to be able to do so. I commenced my course of Biblical studies under Mr. Steele, continuing them under his successor, Rev. Benjamin Brown, a learned Methodist divine, now stationed at John Wesley's church, Hill Street, Baltimore. I also studied *Binney's Compend of Theology* as a sort of doctrinal text-book. I was always very fond of history, and read much of it, both ancient and modern, including *The Rise of Methodism;* also a great deal about the so-called Reformation. I also studied vocal music for four years under Dr. D. J. L. Braun, the most noted vocalist of our section of country, and instrumental music for the same length of time under Professor Koerber and his son Philip. I was soon made a class-leader and took charge of the young people, with general charge of the Sunday afternoon prayer-meeting.

I was especially fond of the New Testament studies, and these first pointed me towards the true church. More than once did I ask my instructor why the ministers nowadays do not forgive sins; why after baptism hands were not imposed, as had been done by the Apostles. The fifth chapter of St. James also caused me to ask why what is there described is not now done. My teacher would always evade these questions; sometimes he would speak of the Catholic Church, which claimed all these, and say her clergy were deluded, blinding the people, etc., etc. Afterwards I attended a Methodist seminary, and, besides the usual lessons, read much of Sts. Augustine and Jerome, and also the History of the Benedictines, which was exceedingly interesting to me. All of this reading gradually influenced me in the right direction.

As yet I had never been in a Catholic Church or heard a priest's voice. Meantime Catholic matters were often discussed among us even in class. Once we had a very lively debate on the question, Were Roman Catholics ever a holy people? I began about this time to have much curiosity about the church, and a longing desire to attend Catholic worship and hear a priest preach, and this longing only grew the stronger as I continually heard and read so much about the errors of the old church, and of how she had fallen from Christ. Led as much by curiosity as by other human motives, I attended the Catholic church of our town on Christmas day, and was present at the solemn Mass. It was St. Francis' Church, Augusta Street, Staunton. I went with no expectation of hearing the Gospel preached, or so much as the name of Jesus mentioned. The good priest whose words reached my heart that day is Rev. Father McVerry, still pastor there. The sermon was, to me, very effective. The preacher spoke solidly on the sacrament of penance, and how the faithful should prepare by seeking forgiveness of their sins to receive their Lord in Holy Communion. The services seemed, of course, very strange to me; but the sermon still more so. My mind was so full of it that I could not help putting many questions about this strange sermon to my professor, who soon became worried and fretted about me. He had ever been kind and indulgent towards me, but he told me that he feared that I would wilfully lose my soul. He declared with much feeling that he could see that my ideas had got into the Roman channel. I answered that I must have reached that channel through the works of Wesley and the Protestant Bible, because I had never till then read a Catholic book or heard a Catholic sermon till that Christmas day.

At the opening of the next session, being without means, I could not re-enter the seminary, and, on account of what they called my "queer ideas," was denied the help usually given so liberally in our colored Protestant institutions.

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Through the kindness of my old professor, I was appointed teacher in the colored school of Chambersburg, Pa. After teaching one term, and in addition giving music lessons in vacation, I managed to save a little money. I entered a college in Pennsylvania, studying hard and remaining till my savings were gone.

A chance advertisement was, in God's providence, the finishing stroke in my journey to the church. It was in a Norristown, Pa., paper, and called for a young man to teach English in a German family. I had learned German in Staunton and had studied it further in Chambersburg. In my answer to the advertisement I stated that I was colored; still the family accepted me. The family consisted of a German Lutheran minister, his wife, two sons, and a daughter, all unable to speak a word of English. I proved to be useful to them, and I also became organist in their church.

The family became very fond of me, and the boys in three months knew enough English to enter the public schools. I had access to the minister's large library, and became much interested in the life of Martin Luther. Nothing had given my mind such trouble as the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. But little by little my soul became satisfied and my doubts came to an end. I also read here Luther's *Tisch-reden* (Table-talk). These works, with the minister's many talks on consubstantiation and other doctrines, instead of settling my doubts led me only the more eagerly to search for truth; which no honest, fair-minded person ever earnestly did without finally landing in the communion of the holy Roman Catholic Church.

It was while in this family I commenced instruction under a priest, which I kept up steadily for six months. These first instructions I received from Father James Manahan, assistant priest of the Catholic church at Norristown. My engagement in the minister's family terminating, I then entered the "Delaware Association for the Education of Colored People," and was appointed teacher of the school at Smyrna. There I resumed my course of instructions in the Catholic faith, and was in about a year's time baptized in St. Polycarp's Church, Smyrna. The Protestant people were furious at me and turned me out of the school. Returning to Virginia, I by chance learned that my old school, in which I had taught for four years, was vacant. My application was successful. But as soon as it was known that I was a Catholic I experienced the same opposition, and was forced to give up the school.

When it became known that I had actually become a Catholic, all my friends set up a howl. I could no longer teach a whole term in any public school, for as soon as it was discovered that I was a Catholic intrigues were started which caused my dismissal. Consequently for a long time I suffered greatly. After school hours somehow I felt that I must share with others what I had gained, the gift of faith that was so precious to my soul. I do not mean that I taught Catholic doctrine in a public-school building, but at my room or other convenient places. Some of my dearest friends in Staunton declared that since I had gone into idolatry they could no longer care for me as in days past. My mother thought it *awful*, but said little. My sister really thought I had more sense than to be paying a man fifty cents every week to forgive me my sins. My brother (but one being alive at this time) declared that he would go to his grave mourning my lost condition. "Brother Lewis," a well-known class-leader, met me about a year ago, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, brother, I am real glad to see you; I've been praying God a long time to see you."

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"Mr. Lewis, I am very glad that *some* Staunton friend gives me such a kind welcome."

"But, brother, what do you mean by addressing me so—*Mister* Lewis. You could not expect your old friends to love you as they once did. You know, brother, you have turned your back on Him whom you once served and gone after strange gods, worshipping idols. You were such a promising young man, and no doubt would have been a power in our church. What ever possessed you to take such a course?"

"Being concerned about the salvation of my soul caused me to do as I have done."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that since there is but one faith and one baptism, there can be but one church, and that must be none of John Wesley's making, but the work of God. Show me the power in John Wesley or any other man to set up a church or religion and call it Christ's."

"Now, my brother, you don't just understand. In your church it is taught that salvation is by believing in a man. Faith alone saves us."

"What then will you do with the passage of Scripture which says, 'Faith without works is dead'?"

"That's quite true, etc."

Our conversation was quite lengthy. He became much interested in Catholic doctrine, and concluded that if the old church taught all that I said she did she had never erred. He insisted that I should see his new pastor, which I consented to do the next day at his house. He introduced me as an old class-leader who had left good old Wesley and gone to Rome. Our meeting was pleasant. After nearly two hours' debate on Methodism and Catholicity, he said I had the advantage of him because I could argue pro and con.—meaning that I was acquainted with both sides.

Our holy mother the church being the mother and mistress of all churches, in her alone are found the necessary means of salvation. To her was given the command: "Go teach all nations." Ethiopia has not yet received the word, although in America she stretches forth her hands. It is the bounden duty of the church to grasp those outstretched hands and draw these poor people to her bosom.

And now, if I am allowed a word about the prospects of making Catholics of my people, I must say that in Virginia and other Southern States the conversion of the negro cannot be very successfully carried on by white priests alone. Prejudice among my race against a white man (one of the curses of slavery) still strongly exists. They have no confidence in what a white man says about religious questions, and think it perfectly ridiculous that a white man must have charge of colored people. Many colored people being excessively suspicious, will look upon efforts made by a white clergy alone as a device to entrap them in some way or other. Meantime the Protestant whites will make great efforts to hinder the Catholic Church spreading among the blacks. In this section a school taught by a white teacher is a failure. A few colored priests, noble-hearted men and good speakers, would in a few years make a good showing in our State, and no doubt in all the adjoining ones.

This is a brief yet complete narrative of how I found the true church. God grant that some Protestant who reads this may be so concerned about his soul's welfare as to do likewise!

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"THE POOR YOU HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

We call special attention to Dr. P. F. McSweeny's article in this number on "The Church and the Classes." The figures there given demonstrate what everybody knows, that the Catholic Church is the church of the poor.

We are the church of the poor. We claim this as a heritage, and there is none to dispute our claim. The workingman is ours. What a blessing! What a privilege!

O God! we feel like crying—O God! thanks to thy blessed Providence that the poor belong to us and we belong to the poor!

The greasy mechanics are ours, and the dusty car-drivers are ours, and the rough 'longshoremen are ours, and the grimy colliers are ours; the tired factory-girls, and the drooping shop-girls, and the weary seamstresses—all ours. The strikers are ours, the dangerous classes are ours, and we are theirs; the toiling millions make up the bulk of our Catholic people—those multitudes to whom the words "give us this day our daily bread" have the significance of the direst reality—earners of the daily wage. How others may feel we cannot tell; but for ourselves we are proud to belong to the poor man's church. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them" is a mark that the Christ is indeed come and that men need not look for another.

But if it be true that they are ours, it is also true that we are theirs; we are more theirs than they are ours: that is to say, nearly all our people are wage-earners, and yet there are multitudes of wage-earners who are not our people. Take away from the church in America the working class, and what is left? How few there are in every congregation who are to be ranked above or apart from the working classes! On the other hand, in each of our industrial centres there are large numbers of daily wage-earners who are not Catholics. Of the eight millions of American Catholics all but a few hundred thousands are the men and women who stand over against the rich as "the poorer classes," "the masses of the people." But there are fully as many more who are not of our church, and who are not more than one in ten of the different Protestant churches, and who are therefore of no church at all. What religion they have is natural, or a lingering influence of some form of Protestantism previously held by themselves or their parents.

It follows, therefore, that the solution of the social problem is in our hands. Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens must look to the Catholic Church to effectually leaven "the masses" with the love of order and with the virtues of good citizenship—to conquer the saloon and the boodle-boss. We can reach the whole body of the common people with the influences of religion if we are alive to our providential mission; and in doing so we shall maintain the rights of the poor man, we shall secure the stability of the social order, and we shall gradually spread among "the masses" the only form of Christianity which embraces all classes in its organism.

The very test question about either a religion or a government is, What does it do for the poor man? The true religion must answer: I make the poor man love and worship God and live at peace with his neighbor. The true form of government must answer: I give the poor man a fair share in the gifts of Providence.

The religion which sifts out of the working classes the bright, thrifty, and successful, leaving the mass of dulness and poverty and ignorance to rot and fester upon the body politic, is not the religion to help solve the social problem

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now pressing upon us. It cannot unite all classes in one church. It cannot make men of diverse social states in civil society of one and the same state before the altar. It does not make for equality before God and the law. The rich man's church is not the religion for a democratic state.

Look at Protestantism among us. It cannot be denied that it has no hold on "the masses"; "the wage-earners" are not found in Protestant churches. No anti-poverty society can compare with Protestantism. The most evident facts show that it is a religion which extravagantly develops those natural virtues which make men prosperous. The intelligent and thrifty trader, the frugal money-saver, are at home in a Protestant church and the poor man is not. The real truth is that the thrifty and the successful citizens of this republic find Protestantism a congenial religion, and the shiftless and unfortunate are not inclined to it. It deals too conspicuously with present happiness as the reward of virtue. Its war upon luxury is too feeble.

Brethren, we feel like saying to the Catholic clergy, here is your portion of the inheritance, the common men and women of this land. Bear in mind these many busy, thinking minds, these many throbbing, loving hearts who run up and down the world's highways gaining a hard living—they are yours and you are theirs. Be worthy of them. Be not lovers of luxury. Be poor bishops and priests, for you are pastors of a poor people. Beware of the parade of wealth and the patronage of the rich and the smile of the powerful. Let your only palace be the house of God, and let purple and gold be reserved for the sacred vestments of your ministry in the sanctuary of the great King.

Let the enemies of your people be your enemies: infidelity and intemperance —in other words, the godless school and the saloon. Let us push forward the building of Christian schools; let us make them the best schools in the land, to give the poor man's child that treasure of heavenly wisdom: how to have a solid hope of eternal joy. Let us of the pulpit tell the truth about the loathsome sin of drunkenness and voice the people's best thought about the saloon.

Look at the state of Europe and ask yourself which is better: To be the beloved clergy of the common people, as in Ireland and in America, or a clergy with the people against you, as in many parts of the continent of Europe?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANDIATOROCTÈ; or, the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George, and other Poems, Hymns, and Meditations in Verse. By the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poets have an intuition of truth. This is the first quality of a poet, and the most necessary one. Father Walworth has this quality, and gives evidence of it in every poem of this volume. We have read these poems with a great deal of pleasure and unusual interest. We have found a great satisfaction in doing so, not only from personal reasons, but also because there are so many noble sentiments and high thoughts in this book. Every poem, even the shortest ones, has this distinguishing characteris-

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tic. We confess that we wait with unusual interest to hear the reception the public will give it.

It seems to us that the author has bestowed a great deal of time on each one of these poems in his endeavor to clothe in fitting terms of imagination the great thought before his mind. It is not difficult to perceive that the lack of a spontaneous imaginative faculty has been the author's difficulty. But the best poets are those whose thoughts are spontaneously clothed with fitting imaginative expression, whatever may be their rank as thinkers. In this sense, a man may be a good poet and a weak thinker; but in the genuine sense of poetical excellence, deep thinking is an essential requisite, and this the author really possesses. We give him this applause with all our heart. Father Walworth is a powerful thinker, and has clothed elevating thoughts in a garb which a commonplace mind could never furnish. Why, we are tempted to ask, does such a man write poems? And, without doubt, his reason is, the love of God, and of noble deeds, and noble men and women. He has not failed, in our judgment, to be a truthful interpreter of the highest lessons the human soul can learn.

Those who take an interest in the American Indian, and believe him to be something of a type of the primitive man, will extend a specially hearty welcome to this volume. The author has a romantic admiration of the finer types of the red man. This has led him to spend many weeks in inspecting the ancient sites of the Indian villages and battle-fields of New York and neighboring States. He has gathered a store of information such as is possessed by very few. Many of these poems are on topics connected with the poetical side of the Indian character.

There are also many religious poems in this volume of a pure and beautiful devotional character, breathing the innermost affections and emotions of a Christian and priestly spirit.

It seems to us that there are traces in these poems of Emerson's style, but of that writer's thoughts we are glad to find no trace whatever. Altogether, both style and thought are unique, and it may be that a large public will find in this volume an exposition of the finer sentiments of the Christian faith, without offending sincere men of any creed.

Father Walworth's position, so well defined and so Catholic withal, on matters of public morality, shows how far one can be a good Catholic priest of wide public influence without giving offence to any one. The enemies of the church and the enemies of morality dare not oppose him. His poems also are calculated to minister to the good taste and elevated religious sentiment of his fellow-countrymen in a like degree.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1888.

The author of this book enumerates "three great competing forces in the religious life of the nation: Protestantism, Romanism, and a variety of Divergent Elements." He gives a separate account of each of these divisions, both during the Colonial Era and during the National Era. The latter era he sub-divides into three periods: first from 1776 to 1800, second

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from 1800 to 1850, third from 1850 to 1887. In his preface he says that in his book

"The *Roman Catholic* Church has been freely, fully, and generously treated; eulogies have been expressed upon some of the earlier gifted and devoted emissaries, and a great amount of expensive and wearisome labor put forth in efforts to adequately represent the body in the later statistical tables."

In the face of this assertion, the *Unitarian Review* for May, in a notice of this work, says: "Dr. Dorchester's bias against Roman Catholicism . . . is pronounced"; but let us see for ourselves whether he has treated us "generously" or not. We find in his account of the Spanish and French explorers in the New World that one is characterized by lust for slaves, women, and gold, and an enthusiastic devotion to the Madonna; another is a freebooter, pitilessly cruel, unscrupulous, and dissolute, and at the same time zealous for the church; and a third unites ferocious avarice with religious zeal. By this sort of word-coupling he insinuates the perfect compatibility of the most atrocious vices with Catholic piety with the same coolness with which Mark Twain would join the practice of immorality with the office of Methodist preacher. Granted that these explorers were as wicked as the author says, why should the church in which they were baptized be aspersed on that account?

We give another instance of his generosity toward us. He says that the religion which the Jesuits taught the Indians

"Consisted of a few simple ritual ceremonies, the repetition of a prayer or chant, and the baptismal rite. Thus the doomed heathen was easily turned into a professed Christian and an enfranchised citizen of France. Didactic, moral, and intellectual training was deemed unessential. The simplest assent of a savage to a few dogmas of the church was sufficient. Such was their converting, Christianizing process" (p. 191).

A worse calumny is hardly conceivable. The Roman Catechism teaches that a priest who would admit an unrepentant person to baptism would commit a sacrilege. Is it reasonable to suppose that the devoted Jesuit missionaries would damn their own souls by this sort of thing? The rule of instruction by the Jesuit Father Biard, quoted by the author himself, would require six months or a year of constant preaching and teaching from the missionary before reception of baptism.

We now pass to the author's discussion of the Know-Nothing movement:

"It arose," he tells us, "out of the spirit of the times, for which Romanists were in part responsible. American Romanism was receiving unprecedented accessions to its numbers and strength from the quarter of a million of emigrants yearly coming to our shores, and about a quarter of a million of dollars annually received from the several European propagandas; it was clamoring for the exclusion of the Holy Bible from the common schools and the division of the school funds; and its attitude was felt to be increasingly insolent and defiant" (p. 554).

Now, we submit that jealousy of Catholic progress, denial of rights of conscience, and hatred of the Catholic religion are flimsy excuses for warring against us. Happily this frenzy of bigotry soon died out; and it is now too late for any one to even hope that it may be revived. Dr. Dorchester's attempt to apologize for it shows the insincerity of his profession of favoring liberty of conscience.

We notice another instance of his "generosity" in the use which he makes of Dexter A. Hawkins's monstrous lie about the gifts of the city of

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New York to the Roman Catholic Church. The land on which the New York Cathedral stands was not a gift from the city, but was bought in 1829 by the trustees of the Cathedral and St. Peter's Church for $5,500. Only three grants of land have ever been made for Catholic asylums in New York, while sixteen have been made for Protestant, Jewish, and other non-Catholic institutions under private control.*

In one place the enlightened author tells us that "indulgences" have been "openly offered for sale" in New York. It is evident from this that he himself has been "sold" in the matter of indulgences. It seems to us a great pity that a man should expend so much labor in looking up our statistics and not take the trouble to look at one of our little manuals of instruction and find out the absurdity of such statements. We only wish that the author could be induced to read *The Sincere Christian* and *The Devout Christian*, by Bishop Hay. With this wish we will close our criticism.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL. By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. The Expositor's Bible. New York: Armstrong & Son.

The history of Samuel, Saul, and the earlier part of the life of David furnishes themes of the greatest importance and interest, together with not a few chronological and critical difficulties. Dr. Blaikie has given a statement of the historical sequence of events which is ingenious and fairly probable. The narrative and descriptive parts of his volume show accurate scholarship, and are not deficient in the qualities of a good style of historical composition. They are, however, buried under such a mass of dull and commonplace sermonizing that the book, as a whole, is likely to prove repellent and unattractive to the generality of readers, and especially to young people. The author embraces every opportunity which is available to digress into polemics against Catholic doctrine and the Catholic Church.

MORES CATHOLICI, OR AGES OF FAITH. By Kenelm H. Digby. Vol. I. New York: P. O'Shea.

It would hardly be possible to say too much in praise of the unique and wonderful works of Kenelm Digby. It seems hardly possible that they should have been produced in this century, by an author who died so lately as 1880. The flavor of antiquity is in them, and they exhale a mediæval fragrance. Mr. O'Shea has undertaken a noble though we trust not a hazardous enterprise in beginning the publication of a new edition of Mr. Digby's works in stately quarto, with the first half of the *Mores Catholici* as its first volume. If he is warranted and encouraged in proceeding by the sale of this first instalment, he promises to carry on his undertaking to its completion. We trust he will receive ample encouragement, and will succeed in achieving the work he has begun.

Mr. Digby was the son of the Protestant Dean of Clonfert, born in 1800, and graduated at Cambridge in 1823, soon after which he was converted to the Catholic Church. At the age of twenty-two he published his first and

* Pamphlet, *Private Charities, Public Lands, and Public Money.* Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. 1879.

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most popular work, *The Broadstone of Honor*, which received high commendation from Wordsworth, who dedicated to him his poem "The Armenian Lady's Love." The *Mores Catholici* was published in successive parts between 1831 and 1840. We cannot do better than quote the appreciation of this great work given in the Prefatory Notice of the American editor:

"It may be safely affirmed that this great work has made its author's name immortal. No other work in our language—we believe we may say with perfect truth, no other work in any language—presents so completely, so felicitously from every point of view, the claims of the Catholic Church to the veneration, love, and obedience of every existing human being. It may be said to be a picture of the life of the Christian world so accurately photographed that no feature is wanting that could be required to give due expression to the whole, in which the portraiture is so faithful that the inner life is expressed as well as the outer semblance. The humility, the devotion, the greatness, the learning, the genius of the man are all displayed in this incomparable work. In producing it he evidently placed under contribution the principal libraries of Europe and Asia, and invested the knowledge garnered from these sources with charms peculiarly his own; charms which exhibit the genius of the poet, the acuteness of the philosopher, the comprehensiveness of the statesman, and the holiness and purity of the saint."

CLOUDRIFTS AT TWILIGHT. By William Batchelder Greene, author of *Reflections and Modern Maxims*. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Greene's verses are beautifully printed on admirably thick paper. It grieves us not to find anything more hearty to say by way of commendation of his volume. Considered as a poet, we dare not recommend him to take comfort in the thought he has embodied in his "Heart of Grace." "Oblivious fame," we fear, will go on sleeping, let him raise his voice never so high and pile up the "numbers of his songs" until they resemble Pelion upon Ossa. Fame is rather deaf to poets in our generation anyhow. They multiply like rabbits in Australia under the fancied necessities of so many monthly magazines, and though a good many of them manage rhyme and rhythm with more facility and correctness than Mr. Greene, and though they constitute a mutual admiration society, most of them being "critics" as well, it is more than doubtful that fame will consent to carry the burden they impose upon her beyond their tombstones. Mr. Greene's will hardly go so far.

ESSAYS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM. By the late William George Ward, Ph.D. Reprinted from the *Dublin Review*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Wilfrid Ward. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros., agents.

Mr. Mill has been by far the most powerful and influential writer on philosophical subjects of our times, and although, as it seems to us, his influence is not by any means so great as it was, yet he still remains the best representative of the philosophy which is most akin to the spirit of our time and of the English-speaking peoples. This philosophy, too, is of all philosophical systems that which is the most radically opposed to

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the revealed religious truth of which the church is the guardian, for from the denial of all necessary truth the denial of the claims of revelation to be received logically follows. Recognizing these facts, Dr. Ward undertook the task of subjecting Mr. Mill's philosophy to a careful examination, the result of which he published in a series of articles which appeared in the *Dublin Review* from time to time between the years 1871 and 1881. Mr. Wilfrid Ward has collected these articles and reprinted them in these two volumes, and all who read them as they appeared will be glad to have them made more easily accessible. In an introduction he briefly points out the exact scope and aim of his father's work.

It is unnecessary for us to say much about these essays. Catholic students of philosophy and theology are already more or less well acquainted with Dr. Ward's writings. We fear, however, that his great power has not met with the recognition which it deserves. It has been pointed out by a writer in one of the literary journals that Dr. Martineau might have strengthened his recent work if he had been familiar with these essays. Dr. Ward cannot be considered as a brilliant, perhaps not even an interesting, writer from a purely literary point of view. We have heard it said that he is not clear. To this, however, we must demur. But however wanting he may be in the adornments of style, no student of philosophy can afford to neglect these volumes. In our opinion there is no writer who has more completely refuted the subtle errors of the agnostics than Dr. Ward. He has brought to the task a perfect familiarity with the great and standard systems of philosophy, both heathen and Christian. But he is to be especially commended for the peculiar skill with which he has in these volumes subjected Mr. Mill and his school to the test of the accepted principles of every-day morality, principles admitted by agnostics as well as by Christians.

So that it is not the student alone whom Dr. Ward has benefited. His work is of incalculable service to the professional man, to the intelligent business man, even to the simplest Christian, because he makes of the axioms of honorable conduct and of personal self-respect weapons with which to refute the sophistries of false philosophy.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY GOSPELS. By John Maldonatus. Translated and edited from the original Latin by George J. Davie, M.A. Exeter College, Oxford. St. Matthew's Gospel, chapters i. to xiv. London: John Hodges; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

We have not critically studied this translation in comparison of the original, nor, we think, is it necessary to do so. Morally speaking, mistranslation is nowadays impossible. There is nothing to be gained by stealing away the meaning of an author when the theft is sure to be detected and amply avenged. In this case fidelity to the original text is all the more secure because the publishers can only hope for remuneration by winning the approval of Catholics—such Catholics, too, as are quite competent to discover faults in the book, and of standing good enough in the community to ruin its prospects by their exposures.

It is more than three hundred years since John Maldonatus, S.J., in the ripe and peaceful years preceding his too early death, wrote these commentaries; and perhaps no one author in the Scriptural course has been more steadily in vogue in the Catholic schools. The elixir which has

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gifted him with this literary immortality may be called his plain good sense. He was, indeed, a man of extraordinary learning, possessing a mastery of Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and other Eastern languages, together with what seems like a perfect familiarity with the Fathers of both the Eastern and Western Churches. But this learning was the servant of a mind whose natural qualities were of a high order. The reader at once perceives that Maldonatus is bent on treating the questions under discussion in the controversial world with an honest purpose to get at the truth and to impart it frankly to all comers. Hence his clear, candid, direct style, his entire absence of literary or pedantic affectation, together with his rare erudition, make him a very valuable author for all who are in search of the true sense of the inspired word.

Excellence of paper, perfect type-work, perfect binding make this book a beautiful specimen of the publisher's art.

IRISH WONDERS: The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Banshees, Fairies, etc., of the Emerald Isle. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Illustrated by H. R. Heaton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

The author admits that "no pen can do justice to a story told by Irish lips amid Irish surroundings." He has, however, made a laudable effort to gather some specimens of unwritten Celtic literature. With this end in view he traversed every county in Ireland, associating with the peasantry and noting down original expressions from reliable sources. His study of folk-lore convinces him that the peasantry of England, France, Germany, and some of the Scottish Highlanders, are much addicted to superstitious beliefs and fancies, even more so than the Irish. One of the strangest creations in this legendary fiction is the weird-wailing Banshee, that sings by night her mournful cry and is deeply attached to the old families. To study the origin of this mysterious being one needs to go back to the dark days and solemn nights when savage enemies with diabolical cunning lurked on the roadsides of Ireland to capture the adherents of the religion taught by St. Patrick. Moral truths, keen observations, and flashes of wit are embodied in these legends. That they served a useful purpose is easily proved. In a measure they supplied the juvenile craving for the wonderful at a time when no printed books were accessible.

The numerous illustrations are worthy of much praise, and the work of the publishers is likewise of a high standard.

A DAUGHTER OF ST. DOMINIC, AMÉLIE LAUTARD. By Kathleen O'Meara. American Edition. Edited by Margaret E. Jordan. Introduction by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O P. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co.

Amélie Lautard was a Frenchwoman, resident during nearly her whole life at Marseilles. She had inherited a considerable income, which she spent, over and above her most necessary personal expenses, in works of charity. She also devoted herself with astonishing zeal and wonderful success to the conversion of souls, especially of men and women of the most degraded classes. Now, there are multitudes of such women in the Christian world who live and die without permanent record being left of

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their lives. But the very singular thing about Amélie Lautard, and what makes her biography of peculiar interest, is the manner of her death, which occurred in 1866, when she was nearly sixty years old. Happening to be in Rome and hearing of the ill-health of Pius IX., she offered up her life to God that the Sovereign Pontiff might be spared yet longer to the church. The very instant she made this extraordinary offering, having been in her usual condition of health, she was seized with a mortal illness and the next day departed this life in sentiments of most ecstatic fervor.

This pretty little book tells her story in a highly interesting manner.

A THOUGHT FROM ST. VINCENT DE PAUL FOR EACH DAY OF THE YEAR. Translated from the French by Frances M. Kemp. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

It is a characteristic of the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul that the maxims of human prudence are not so much rejected by him as they are elevated to supernatural wisdom. No man ever produced greater supernatural results by means more simple, more seemingly commonplace, than this great saint. Without miraculous gifts, as usually understood, he was a resistless missionary; sprung from peasant stock and of homely manners and appearance, he dominated for the good of religion the most haughty aristocracy in Europe. His wisdom, thus achieving the highest supernatural results, was more the dictate of sound common sense absolutely conformed to the will of Divine Providence than the brilliant light of celestial wisdom beaming from above in miraculous splendor. This little volume is altogether a wonderfully successful attempt to cull from St. Vincent's writings and letters, and from the testimony of his intimates, the principles which guided his life. It might well serve for a book of meditations. The few sentences allotted to each day are full of wisdom, and a wisdom so easily comprehended and yet so very rare that one's mind is subjected to a process of stimulation altogether remarkable.

The little book, though cheap enough, and none too large for the pocket, is admirably printed and prettily bound.

THE PRAIRIE BOY: A Story of the West. By Harry O'Brien. Illustrated. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

Verified facts form the basis of this story of the Prairie Boy. The principal character, James Lynch, had rare gifts which enabled him to achieve success in spite of the most formidable obstacles. Even as a boy he showed wonderful courage, and Christian patience in a high degree. His admirable qualities are still spoken of in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he passed the early years of his life. The author, Harry O'Brien, is to be congratulated for the literary skill displayed in arranging the data furnished to him.

No attempt is made to prove that the Prairie Boy had a distinguished line of ancestors. He is introduced at once as plain Jimmie Lynch, and is taken in early life from New York to a country neighborhood in Wisconsin. When he is sent to the district school, two miles off, his attention is directed to the differences between city and country boys. Regardless of danger, he attempts to ride a horse, which leads to disastrous results. On

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a sick-bed he discusses plans for his career in the world, and after his recovery makes the very best use of his limited facilities for acquiring knowledge. School honors come to him later, and he is much esteemed for his genial disposition. Though exposed to the influence of some bad companions, he exerts a power for good among them.

In the description of camping-out, and the methods of settling the question of leadership among boys, the author shows knowledge of human nature, and perhaps draws on his own early experience. The following is the account of his return home, after his first venture in business:

"He was glad to get home. The snow was deep on the ground when his father drove up in the sleigh, and took in him and his baggage. It was bitter cold, but it was Christmas-time, and who minds cold at Christmas? The twilight gathered around them as they sped along the lonely road, and the stars came out to shine upon them. It was the pleasantest thing in the world, he thought, to be riding across the snow with the stars shining, and to know that one was going home; going home to the dear mother who never is free from thinking of her children, and to the pretty old-fashioned spot where our childhood never knew a care, and which seemed so big to our little eyes. It is sad that so many boys lose their love of home. If it were a miserable home it would not matter. But to see how little the best homes are thought of by careless sons who have tasted the rude pleasures of the city is a painful thing. It is a bad point in a boy's character. Jimmie loved his mother's house, and was always glad to get into its snug corners.

"His parents had reason to be proud of such a son. To those who knew him outside the home circle he was grave in manner as an old man, and tender as a girl, and his heart was as sound and sweet in his innocence as the heart of a young tree. Boys never know how far the example of a truly good soul may go, and by a good soul I mean, not only one fond of long prayers, but one who sets his faith to restrain his tongue and guide every action of his life. Jimmie was timid in one way. He hated to make trouble for others, and when it was not exactly clear that he had a right to say or do a thing he feared to say or do it. But when he was sure of his right how he would pitch in! He had his faults like the rest. 'He was sometimes hard on a fellow,' Klinky said, 'about toeing the mark,' and he was—but there, we are not going to speak of all our friend's faults in public. It is well to know some of them, but God alone should know all, who understands us and can pity us."

On behalf of the Catholic boys of the United States we hope that he will write many more stories of the same kind. The moral tone of his writing is healthful and vigorous, not at all goody-goody.

We wish to extend to this book a hearty welcome, for we have felt it to be matter of regret that so few of our writers have given their attention to Catholic boy-life in the United States. There are so many imported boys in the books used for premiums, so much of a foreign environment introduced with them, that they cannot be made attractive as heroes or as models to be imitated by young Americans. Intelligent parents and school managers find a difficulty in getting a variety of Catholic literature for children. There is urgent need of writers in this field, and from the present outlook it does not seem likely that the supply will keep pace with the demand. Much can be done, however, by publishers who will offer liberal encouragement to authors.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES. First and Last Impressions of America. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM. By J. H. Kennedy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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THE SOCIAL QUESTION: ITS GRAVITY AND MEANING. An address by M. l'Abbé Winterer at the Social Congress of Liege, 1887. Translated by Mary J. Onahan. Chicago: Donohue & Henneberry. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

A FAMILIAR EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. With a popular Refutation of the principal Modern Errors. By Rev. M. Müller, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN FISHER, Bishop of Rochester, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Martyr under Henry VIII. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

A COMPLETE NOVENA IN PREPARATION FOR THE FESTIVALS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By Dom Louis-Marie Rouvier, late Prior of the Chartreuse of Montrieux. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF TUIREANN. Edited for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. With Notes, Translation, and a complete Vocabulary. By Richard J. O'Duffy, Hon. Sec. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

MIXED MARRIAGES. Translated from the French by a Priest of the Diocese of Dubuque. Fourth Edition. Dubuque: Palmer, Winall & Co.

MEMOIRS OF A SERAPH. From the French of M. l'Abbé G. Chardon, Vicar-General of Clermont. Two volumes in one. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

THE FATE OF THE DANE. By Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

ZOE'S DAUGHTER. By Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

CONSOLING THOUGHTS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. By Rev. Père Huguet. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

ST. JOSEPH'S HELP; or, Stories of the Power and Efficacy of St. Joseph's Intercession. From the German of Very Rev. J. A. Keller, D.D. London: R. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

HOW TO MAKE A SAINT. By the Prig. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

THE VENERABLE BEDE EXPURGATED, EXPOUNDED, AND EXPOSED. By the Prig. Second Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

THE CHURGRESS. By the Prig. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

THE LIFE OF A PRIG. By One. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

LIFE. By Count Lyof N. Tolstõi. Authorized translation by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

A THOUGHT FROM THE BENEDICTINE SAINTS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Translated from the French by Helen O'Donnell. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

DISCOVERY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF AMERICA. By Thomas De St. Bris. New York: American News Co.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY at Washington, D. C., May 24, 1888. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Pecria. Peoria: B. Cremer & Bros. (An extended notice of this address and of the occasion on which it was delivered will appear next month.)

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. From the Christian Considerations of Father John Crasset, S.J. Translated and edited by the Very Rev. T. B. Snow, O.S.B. 2 vols. London: R. Washbourne. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

ENCHIRIDION SYMBOLORUM ET DEFINITIONUM, quæ de rebus Fidei et Morum a Conciliis Œcumenicis et Summis Pontificibus emanarunt. Edidit Henricus Denziger. Editio Sexta, aucta et emendata ab Ignatio Stahl. Wirceburgi: Sumptibus et Typis Stahelianis; Neo-Eboraci, Cincinnati, et Chicagine: Benziger Fratres.

SOLITARY ISLAND: A Novel. By John Talbot Smith. New York: P. J. Kenedy. (School Premium Library.) (This excellent work will be noticed next month.)

CONQUESTS OF OUR HOLY FAITH; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts. By James J. Treacy. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

DISCOURS DU COMTE ALBERT DE MUN, DÉPUTÉ DU MORBIHAN, accompagnés de notices par Ch. Geoffroy de Grandmaison. Trois tomes. Paris: Librairie Poussielgue Frères.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB. Newly arranged, with additions. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. Two volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

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THE

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THE PRESENT STANDING OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

THE idea of Catholic higher studies in this country took its first step from aspiration to visible reality in the city of Washington on the 24th day of May last. On that day Cardinal Gibbons blessed the first stone of the Divinity building of the Catholic University of America. The rain poured down in torrents from first to last, but the President of the United States and his Cabinet attended the ceremonies throughout, greeting an assemblage of Catholic prelates and ecclesiastics and representative Catholic laymen such as is never, save for the furtherance of the very highest interests of religion, brought together in any country. All who were invited—and the invitations were sent everywhere—seemed to recognize that the occasion, being the beginning of an American institution of the highest character, was worthy of their presence, even at every possible sacrifice of interest and convenience. The Archbishop of Boston and the Bishops of Mobile and St. Augustine and Natchez brought the extremes of New England and of the far South together. The Bishops of the Atlantic coast and the missionary prelates of Wyoming and Montana were there—the last named and Archbishop Salpointe of Santa Fé being among the most ardent supporters of the new University, and making the long journey to Washington solely to have the honor of being present at the laying of the corner-stone. The Archbishop of San Francisco, who takes the greatest interest in this work, was only hindered from being present by the severe illness which had forced him to sail for Europe. A conspicuous figure among the assembled prelates was Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, now far down in

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the decline of life, but full of practical sympathy with this undertaking. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was, of course, present, and has been, especially very recently, of material assistance in obtaining subscriptions to the endowment. Together with the bishops came large numbers of priests, many of them men of great merit and from all sections of the land; this, too, in spite of the storm, which was something really dreadful. There was also a vast concourse of laymen of every rank and condition of life.

A peculiar feature of the occasion was the presence on the grand stand not only of the numerous representatives of the hierarchy, and of all grades of the secular clergy, from the Cardinal to assistant priests and seminarians, but a remarkably full attendance of the representatives of the religious orders. Very Rev. Robert Fulton, Provincial of the Jesuit Fathers, was there with several other members of that illustrious society. Also prominent members of the Dominican order, Franciscans, Benedictines, Augustinians, Redemptorists, Passionists, Lazarists, Paulists, Sulpitians, Christian Brothers, etc. Other institutions of learning, whose usefulness cannot but be increased by the university, were also represented. Georgetown College was there in force. Mount St. Mary's was present by its president and a large delegation. St. Mary's, of Baltimore, and St. Charles's furnished a choir of two hundred seminarians. The president of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, was present. Among the most distinguished visitors was the vice-rector of Laval University of Quebec, especially delegated for the occasion to express the sympathy of that noble seat of learning for her new sister in the Western World.

The following words from a leaflet printed by the Board of Trustees summarizes the event:

"In accordance with the long-cherished desire of the Catholic clergy and laity in the United States of North America, in pursuance of the unanimous decision arrived at by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and under the august approval and encouragement of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, patron and promoter of every branch of learning, the erection of this University, dedicated to the cultivation of literature and science, was auspiciously begun on the 24th day of May, 1888, under the administration of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, by James Gibbons, Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore. On this day his Eminence, attended by an illustrious assemblage of zealous bishops and priests and distinguished laymen, representing every position in the land, solemnly laid the corner-stone of the new University in the presence of a vast concourse of citizens.

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Right Rev. John L. Spalding, of Peoria, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. . . .

"The end proposed by the Council of Baltimore in founding the Washington University is to establish a perpetual institution not merely to uphold and strengthen the law of God, the Creator and Redeemer of the human race, but also to shed lustre on religion by supplying it with proofs, clearer and clearer every day, drawn from sacred and profane learning, and the successive discoveries resulting from the investigations carried on by men of genius. And, furthermore, the University is intended to furnish young men with such a training in mind and character as will best qualify them to contribute in the capacity of citizens to the honor and defence of their country."

It was to emphatically express sympathy with the sentiment expressed by the words last quoted that the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and many members of both the Senate and House of Representatives, attended the laying of the corner-stone. President Cleveland is a Presbyterian and makes no disguise of it. He came from a visit to the General Assembly of that church direct to the laying of the corner-stone of the University, and he did so, we venture to say, spontaneously, because he and all men know that a religion that in a spirit of amity places its chief seat of learning at America's capital city is worthy of respect and deserves recognition. All felt, indeed, that the presence of Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet, especially in such a storm, was a great compliment to our religion and to its chief institution of learning. Yet there was a reason in it which took from it the air of patronizing condescension and lent it something like that of official propriety.

To John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, is due the credit of first breaking ground, figuratively speaking, for this University. It was done in his well-known address, delivered some five years ago at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee. He called loudly and vehemently on that and subsequent occasions, and always with great force of reason and eloquence, for the pursuit of the highest scholarship by American Catholics, carried on in the environments of American life. It was his own intense conviction that gave him earnestness, but it was the evident need of the work and the ripeness of the times and of men's minds that brought him the response of assent and encouragement. It was given in unison from the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, the unanimous vote of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and the voice of every organ of enlightened Catholic opinion.

A committee of sixteen gentlemen was appointed by the Third Plenary Council to select plans and collect means for a

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suitable structure. Much interest was shown by the members of the committee in the work, and their names are here subjoined:

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.
MOST REV. JOHN F. WILLIAMS, Archbishop of Boston.
" " PATRICK J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia.
" " M. A. CORRIGAN, Archbishop of New York.
" " JOHN IRELAND, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.
RIGHT " JOHN L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria, Ill.
" " JOHN J. KEANE, Bishop of Richmond, and Rector of University.
" " MARTIN MARTY, Bishop of Dakota.
" " C. P. MAES, Bishop of Covington, Ky.
VERY REV. J. M. FARLEY, Domestic Prelate.
REV. J. S. FOLEY, D.D., Rector St. Martin's, Baltimore.
" T. S. LEE, Rector Cathedral, Baltimore.
" P. L. CHAPELLE, D.D., Rector St. Matthew's Church.
MR. EUGENE KELLY.
MR. MICHAEL JENKINS.
MR. THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN.

The committee decided that it would be most in keeping with the character of the University to begin work on the plans for the theological department. The construction of the building was entrusted to E. Francis Baldwin, the architect who drew the plans. The arrangements for the procession and the display attending the laying of the corner-stone were under the direction of General Rosecrans. The building, which faces westward, is to be two hundred and sixty-six feet long, with an average width of forty feet, having a northern wing. The chapel and library will be in a large easterly transept adjoining the centre of the main building. The material is to be stone throughout. The style is Romanesque, the drawings showing a tasteful and solid structure. It will be pushed through to completion without delay.

Mary Gwendolen Caldwell had laid the corner-stone of the financial structure. She gave Bishop Spalding $300,000, more than three years ago, in trust for the founding of the Catholic University of America. This magnificent generosity has made it possible for the American bishops to proceed with the work. Her sister, Miss Lina Caldwell, has added $50,000, endowing a chair in the divinity faculty. Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, gave $50,000, likewise endowing a professorship. A gentleman of New York City, who desires his name kept secret for the present, gave $50,000 more. The Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, have endowed a divinity chair in perpetuity, to be known as the Francis A. Drexel chair, in memory of their deceased father,

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$50,000. The Misses Andrews, of Baltimore, have endowed a divinity chair by a gift of the same sum, dedicated in like manner to the memory of their father, the late Dr. Andrews, of Norfolk, who spent the last years of his life in Baltimore. This beautiful manner of establishing in perpetual benediction the memory of beloved friends and relatives will attract large endowments, some persons of great wealth having informed members of the Board that when through with their present large charitable outlays they propose to offer a like tribute to their departed loved ones. Certainly to place an honored name in perpetual union with a fountain of religious and scientific truth is to erect the noblest possible monument to their memory.

Mr. Patrick Quinn, long known and highly esteemed as the treasurer of the Beneficial Saving Fund, a Catholic banking association of Philadelphia, gives $20,000; and Mrs. Reynolds, of the same city, $10,000. Mr. Louis Benziger, of New York, of the well-known Catholic publishing house of Benziger Brothers, has given $5,000; and Mr. Loubat and Rev. James McMahon, of the same city, each $5,000; Mr. Sinnot, of Philadelphia, gives $5,000; Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, $5,000; Mr. Frank Riggs, of the same city, $2,000; Archbishop Williams has given $2,200. The following persons gave $1,000 each: Cardinal James Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia; Monsignor J. M. Farley and Very Rev. Arthur Donnelly, V.G., of New York; Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V.G., of Boston; Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D.D., of Washington; Capt. Albert Ryan, of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. Charles Hoyt, of Brooklyn; Mr. James D. Lynch, of New York; Colonel Bonaparte and Mr. Charles Bonaparte, of Baltimore; Mr. William Galt, of Washington; Mr. John Hoover and Dr. Daniel B. Clarke, of the same city; Mr. Antello, Mr. Martin Malone, Mrs. Catherine A. McGrath, Sullivan and Brother, all of Philadelphia, and Mr. James Carroll, of Baltimore.

From the diocese of Louisville came the gift of Mr. Sylvester Johnson, of New Haven, Ky., a man of venerable years and stainless name, a cousin of Bishop Spalding, $5,000; Mr. Daniel E. Doherty, of Louisville, $1,000; Dr. Ouchterlony, of Louisville, one of the most eminent professors of the University of Kentucky, gives $500 and a magnificent collection of American antiquities whose value is above money calculation. Eight or ten gentlemen of Chicago sent to the Board $14,000, no serious effort at collection having yet been made in that city. The Board has lately received $5,000, bequeathed to the University

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by the late Mr. John McCaffrey, of Albany, who, that he might give just that round sum and no less, provided that if any State tax were levied on his bequests, no part of the tax should be deducted from this one. Mr. Leopold Hüffer and his three sons, now resident in Paris, but still considering themselves subjects of the diocese of Richmond, sent their check for $8,000. At the last meeting of the Board, after the laying of the corner-stone, Bishop Spalding handed in the check of General Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien, Wis., for $5,000, saying that the general had listened to the Salesianum address, and at its conclusion had come forward and said: "Bishop, the day you start that University I will give you five thousand dollars." Therefore the general, whose public spirit in all worthy causes both for religion and country is well known, may be called the pioneer in this one.

A very large sum has been realized from smaller contributions, ranging from five hundred and three hundred down, sent in from all parts of the United States. So that the amount paid down in cash and now in the possession of the Board is nearly $700,000;* in addition to this sum nearly $100,000 more have been subscribed by persons of unquestioned reliability. The property, consisting of sixty-five acres, is paid for and held with a clear title; the divinity building, estimated at $175,000, ready to be paid for as the contracts call for payment, a really splendid chapel and library room, attached to the main building, provided for by one of the donors, and eight divinity chairs endowed in perpetuity. When the Board has secured ten endowed chairs it will consider the divinity faculty complete.

* For convenience of reference we give the following table of names and figures:

Miss Mary G. Caldwell	$300,000
Miss Lina Caldwell	50,000
Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York	50,000
A gentleman of New York	50,000
The Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia	50,000
The Misses Andrews, of Baltimore	50,000
Mr. Patrick Quinn, of Philadelphia	20,000
Mrs. Reynolds, of Philadelphia	10,000
Mr. Louis Benziger, of New York	5,000
Mr. Loubat, of New York	5,000
Rev. Father McMahon	5,000
Mr. Sinnot, of Philadelphia	5,000
Mr. Waggaman, of Washington	5,000
Mr. Frank Riggs, of Washington	2,000
Cardinal James Gibbons	1,000
Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mgr. J. M. Farley, of New York	1,000
V. Rev. Arthur Donnelly, V.G., of New York	1,000
Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D.D., of Washington	1,000
Capt. Albert Ryan, of Norfolk, Va.	1,000

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What is looked for, and will doubtless be shortly forthcoming, is an additional hundred thousand to stock the divinity library and to commence the beautification of the grounds.

The Board have it in contemplation to make the University grounds something like the Pincian Hill in Rome, which is adorned with the statues of the great men of Italy. So that the grounds of the Catholic University of Washington will in time exhibit artistic memorials of the great men of America, in church and state, giving among the patriots in the secular order due place to all great Americans whatever may have been their creed. It may be said that this is a work of ages; we answer that the work of ages is shortly done in these quick times.

The reader will see that the divinity department is, so far as its pecuniary and material needs are concerned, a success. The money to do the necessary buying and building and supporting of the institution is in hand. It may be well to say that some of the professors are already engaged and arrangements about to be made to stimulate a supply of students. The endowment of a divinity scholarship in perpetuity is $5,000. We have little doubt that the clergy of the country will shortly have secured for their respective dioceses scholarships enough to partly if not wholly fill the institution. However that may be, the financial condition of the University bids fair to be such as to enable the Board to fix the fees low enough to make it an easy matter for any promising young ecclesiastic to pay his way.

Just as soon as the divinity faculty begins its work—and its inauguration is to be a feature of the Centennial of the Catholic

Mr. Chas. Hoyt, of Brooklyn	$1,000
Mr. Jas. D. Lynch, of New York	1,000
Col. Bonaparte, of Baltimore	1,000
Mr. Chas. Bonaparte, of Baltimore	1,000
Mr. Wm. Galt, of Washington	1,000
Mr. John Hoover, of Washington	1,000
Dr. Daniel B. Clarke, of Washington	1,000
Mr. Antello, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mr. Martin Malone, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mrs. Catherine A. McGrath, of Philadelphia	1,000
Sullivan and Brother, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mr. Jas. Carroll, of Baltimore	1,000
Mr. Sylvester Johnson, of New Haven, Ky	5,000
Mr. Daniel E. Doherty, of Louisville, Ky	1,000
Dr. Ouchterlony, of Louisville, Ky	500
Gentlemen of Chicago	14,000
Mr. Leopold Hüffer and Sons	8,000
General Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien	5,000
The estate of Mr. John M. McCaffrey, of Albany, N. Y	5,000
Archbishop Williams	2,200
Vicar-General Byrne	1,000

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hierarchy in the autumn of 1889—steps will without delay be taken to add on the chairs in the faculty of philosophy and letters, which will open the avenues of the highest education to the laity. It is the calculation of the rector that in four years from the present time there will be assembled at the national capital a large body of lay students enjoying the advantages of the highest education which can be offered by the science of the nineteenth century. The Catholic laymen of America will, when all is done, enjoy the best fruits of the University. The lawyer, the physician, the politician, the merchant, the civil engineer, the journalist, the man of elegant leisure will here learn how to hold their own as practical Christians and be at the same time men among men of these critical times.

The good of university studies is that they fix the hold of the mind permanently upon the elementary principles which have been before it from the first beginnings of instruction. Dr. Brownson used to say that the best compendium of philosophy is the first page of the little catechism. It may be said as truly that the best work the highest university course can do, aside from forming specialists for professional teaching, is to place those primary truths of reason and revelation in such permanent and easy sovereignty over the human faculties that the laws of thought have assimilated them to the complete nourishment of the intellectual life.

That the academical departments can be established within the time above named we have no manner of doubt. It is mainly a question of securing funds; and by the time the reader peruses these words the divinity department will have probably secured a grand total of a million of dollars. The endowment of the other departments will not be more difficult; there are signs that it will be less so. A distinguished gentleman of San Francisco, who lately sailed for Europe, being advanced in years and of feeble health, has placed the University among his legatees in his will to the extent of $50,000. Several other bequests are already known to be made for the same object. Some have followed the example of a hard-working missionary priest in New England, who, having little money, has insured his life for $5,000 in favor of the University. Other priests have enrolled themselves as life donors of $100 per annum, a splendid idea, which ought to be taken up. One gentleman of Baltimore, a man of large fortune, has vowed to leave the institution one-tenth of his estate. Within a few days of the date of this present writing a lawyer of New York called upon a member of the

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Board and obtained the legal name of the University corporation, saying that he was drawing up the will of a wealthy client, who desired to make it his residuary legatee, securing it a considerable sum of money, and in certain eventualities a very large amount indeed.

Of course it would be absolutely impossible to have a university or any single department of it without a generous endowment; nor is there any danger of an over-supply of means. But the prelates and gentlemen in charge have found that the opportunity of assisting a great, national Catholic undertaking of the plainest utility and of the highest character has acted of itself as a stimulant to the generosity of our wealthier people. For example, ten days' work in the city of Philadelphia, by the rector of the University and the archbishop of that city, secured $96,000, and they did not go beyond the limits of two parishes. The reader can see that the real resources of the country are untouched. Not a single collection has been made in any church, nor any personal canvassing that may be called thorough made among rich Catholics in any locality whatever.

It is late in the day either to make or answer objections to the University. The two main difficulties have ever been the feasibility of raising the necessary funds and the choice of the city of Washington as the site. We think that the first objection is amply met in this article. As to the second an opportune and competent witness is at hand.

Andrew D. White, late president of Cornell University, in the *Forum* for June last, in an article entitled "The Next American University," makes the following argument for Washington City as the site of a university. In answering the question how the best results in higher education can be secured in this country he says:

"My answer is, that this and a multitude of other needs of the country can be best met by the foundation of a university in the city of Washington. But let me say at the outset that what I now advocate is not a *teaching* university at the national capital. That would be, indeed, of vast value, and the day is not far off when some public-spirited millionaire will link his name to the glory of the country by establishing it. He will find the eight or ten millions it will require a small price to pay for the glory which it will bring to the nation and to him; he will see. that the number of men distinguished in science and literature who live there or go there, the scientific collections streaming into that centre from all points of our vast domain, the great national library and the precious special and private libraries accumulating there, the attractiveness, accessibility, beautiful climate, and increasing salubrity of the place, the facilities of

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every sort for bringing the best thought of the world to bear upon the political centre of the nation—that all these constitute an argument than which none can be more cogent for the establishment of a teaching university, in the highest sense of the word, at Washington."

Again at the end of his article, which advocates the immediate founding of an examining university with its offices in Washington, he says:

"The arguments for a *teaching* university in the city of Washington, independent of that which I have now proposed, or supplementary to it, I may present in a future article."

In going to Washington the Catholic Church moves the centre of her activity, which must ever be dominantly intellectual, close up to juxtaposition with American institutions. Every man's religion has and must have a human environment, social, civil, political. That the Catholic student may have such environment—not foreign, not local, but American—is a sufficient reason for the choice of the Board.* It is well, on the other hand, that the distinctive characteristics of our religion may be seen in the light of American institutions, and those characteristics are grouped in a university. The church is an intellectual body, founded upon belief, conviction; maintained by devotion to principle; propagated by persuasion: the supernatural assistance which the church enjoys always comes down to her through these intellectual channels. That this is not known to non-Catholics is the greatest misfortune the church suffers from. This intellectual side of Catholicity can only be adequately revealed in a university, and in America only at that place where the supreme activity of American life—the political—reaches its culmination. There cannot but be a gradual cessation of that distrust, that suspicion that Catholicity is inimical to free institutions, a sentiment which is the greatest obstacle in many minds to Catholic truth. When Catholicity chooses a site for its university which is a challenge to the inspection of its whole intellectual mechanism, it will not be denied fair play. The religion which will establish its chief seat of learning in Washington is not afraid of the light.

The simultaneity of the study of religion and of the taking on of that human environment which Providence points out as the only fitting one for American Catholics, will be the peculiar privilege of the student at the Washington University. He will

* The choice of a site for the University was first made by the Board and afterwards, by direction of the Holy See, submitted to the vote of the Bishops. Washington was chosen by an overwhelming majority.

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learn the deep secrets of the supernatural at the same time that he assimilates all that is truest of the revelations of God's providence in the natural order, as officially discussed and interpreted in the capital of the country. There will be nations new and old to contest our commercial supremacy, but there are no signs abroad that the political institutions whose focus is at Washington will be rivalled for generations to come. And to be truly an educated Catholic American one cannot leave out of his course of studies an appreciative investigation of the principles and the spirit that go to make up the American citizen. Meantime the political life of the Union will bring the ablest men of our land together to the capital; and there they can feel the very throb of the heart of Catholicity, there they can see the light of Catholic intelligence at its brightest.

From the foregoing we see that it is the secular clergy who will receive, as they well deserve to receive, the first benefits of the University.* And this answers a minor objection, How will you get the professors and the students? As to the faculty, it will not be difficult to secure it; the preliminary steps of the Board in this direction have shown this. And as to students, does any one suppose that a clergy of seventy archbishops and bishops and five or six thousand priests cannot furnish a good houseful of students of advanced studies?

We have said in this article some words showing the advantages of the political centre of the country for the site of the University: to the effect that as man must have, even for the universal truth, some local surroundings, he should choose such as his country offers of the strictly national, the Catholic American being Roman in his doctrine and discipline and American in local coloring. But the local and the personal, the traditional and the racial, and the national are, after all, but accidental circumstances. It is the study itself, and the spirit of the study, that make the University of value. That study is free, is subsequent to the routine of text-books, is absorbent rather than mechanical.

If a young man but idled through his two or three years—if he could but keep out of mischief in doing so—idled about the

* After this article had been sent to press we received from the Rector of the University the following words: "Proclaim aloud that the philosophical faculty for the laity will be begun without any delay at all after the opening of the divinity faculty in 1889; and that chairs in all the branches of psychological, ethical, social, historical, philological, and biological studies will be added on as rapidly as means will allow. Measures are also to be taken at once for the opening of a first-class public hall in the heart of the city for constant courses of popular university lectures." He also informs us that his present visit to New England has given several other subscribers of $1,000, and will net over $50,000.

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great buildings and through the libraries, and chatted but for a pastime with the serious professors and the eager students; if he but made an object-lesson day by day for a couple of years of how the noblest characters he ever saw or will ever see love wisdom and watch at the posts of her doors, he would learn very much which is nowhere else to be learned. He would take on a high tone for his thoughts, a tone whose notes are heard only in great seats of learning. He would never despise principles. He could never think that deftness of practical skill can compare with deep conviction. He would always respect learning. He would, as long as he lived, distrust haste when there is still question of finding out the truth. That ideas rule the world when the world is not perishing would become evident to him. Such a man will ever be a foe to crowned mediocrity in any of the realms of human endeavor.

If such be the effect upon a mere gentleman idler, whose college diploma entitles him to university residence, and whose meagre talents or meagre ambition induce him to be but a looker-on, it will be something altogether more powerful upon a soul really athirst. The pursuit of real learning, the high prize of finished scholarship, will then be within reach. Such men will be either brilliant in their natural endowments, or will be gifted with a resolute purpose, in itself a great talent. These hard-working minds will find education in the university as they found instruction in the college. These men will become, some the disputants in great controversies, some the arbiters of public opinion, and some the investigators of departments of knowledge yet unsearched.

FAITH.

OH! had we Faith, when sorrow clouds our way,
Still His hand clasping in mute confidence,
Sweet as an angel's prayer would grow suspense,
Hope would turn night into a blissful day,
A reflex of immortal peace would stray
Into our lives, and all vexations recompense.

GEORGE ROTHSAY.

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SEND THE WHOLE BOY TO SCHOOL.

To rid one's self of partisan bias and maintain a just poise in the study of a question which deeply stirs the public mind is neither easy to do nor likely to be deemed by others successfully done when attempted. Such, however, must be the first step in all philosophical search for the truth; and it is an essential step in the fair treatment of diverse, not to say conflicting, interests—very essential in legislating for the whole republic. The recent attempt made in the legislature of Massachusetts to place the private and parochial schools under State supervision, without aiding them in any way pecuniarily, is worthy of study. Indeed, the school question to-day engages the most anxious public attention, rivets it all the more fixedly because identified with the religious question, the most vital, most personal, most exigent of all human concernments; engrosses it all the more seriously because here meet two great forces that have met elsewhere, neither of them confessedly conquered or conquering. The only defeat of either, as history suggests, would be extermination; but it is our state policy to benefit and not to destroy.

The most generous feelings and the most judicious statesmanship are therefore demanded by the occasion. The occasion has come, the time for the calm view and deliberate action. The featherweight of one speech more or one editorial fewer counts for nothing in the effort to cause agitation to cease, or to postpone it a while longer. Indeed, two movements are already initiated; the parochial school movement and the statutory school movement; the former a right patent in all our traditions and laws, even in the very constitution of our State; the latter an attempt to bring all institutions of education in our commonwealth under statutory control.

As the latter attempt is the reversal of traditional and apparently of constitutional rights, it cannot in the end succeed. Should it, then, temporarily triumph? In order that we may well consider this inquiry, it is necessary to learn the objects towards which the parochial and statutory movements are directed, as well as the criticisms that may properly be uttered concerning them. As some authoritative guides we may refer to articles in the January *Education* and the January CATHOLIC WORLD, magazines which hold in their respective fields a quite

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representative position, and in which we should not expect to find without note or comment the statement of party views which they could not endorse.

Before we can fairly weigh the matter of this discussion it is our duty to clear the scales of the makeweights that have been thrown into them to deceive the minds of the many who desire to judge the question on its merits and with candor.

Demagogues have imposed upon the credulity of their hearers, and even guileless people have innocently repeated their cry, that the republic is in danger, that a violent opposition menaces the public-school system, and that the ultimate attack will be made upon free America by command of a foreign potentate. All this, like the causeless terror of a child, might be amusing were it not for the fact that, as in the child's case, an actual injury is experienced by the terrified.

Calumny has no place in this discussion. There is, properly speaking, no disloyalty among us, certainly none characteristic of any whole party of our citizens, least of all among the accused. Even the decay of the national spirit believed by some to be insidiously developing is not attributed to Catholics, but to those who are assumed to be the friends of the public school. Any one who has read our religious literature at all comprehensively must know that the Catholic who is faithful to his religion must be loyal to his country. The teachings of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., on the Christian Constitution of States, and the discourse of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on taking possession of his titular church in Rome, give fresh confirmation of this fact. The papal approbation of the establishment of the Catholic University, to be located in Washington, especially commends the motive, the "desire to promote the welfare of all and the interests of their illustrious republic," and animates the supporters of this great undertaking with the hope that its result will be "to give to the republic her best citizens."

But, on the other hand, our public-school system has been the target for much abuse. 'Tis true, we have always heard its virtues extolled on spectacular occasions as the ægis of the free, the corner-stone of the republic, and a vital part of the state, as important and indispensable as the legislative, judiciary, and executive departments themselves. But then, on "off" days, we have observed the platform, pulpit, and press, the farmer, merchant, and politician, profusely denouncing its inadequacy and impotency in answering the demands of our modern life. The schools of a quarter-century ago are held up as superior to those

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of to-day. Going back twenty-five years we should yet find the panegyrist bestowing all his optimistic phrases upon the past. No worse things have been said by the so-called "enemies of the public schools" than by many of its friends. Hence, it is not to be inferred that because a man criticises our school system he is to be classed as its enemy. He may, in fact, have detected its weaknesses and discovered its improvable points by having been in closest contact with it, as pupil or teacher.

Says *Education* editorially:

"Yet, strange to say, no class of people in the country, save the high-church priesthood, have shown such lack of appreciation of the real function and best work of the public schools as the majority of the American *literati*. The literary and scientific magazines and reviews have been distinguished by their ignorant and shallow criticism of the public-school system. From Lowell down to Gail Hamilton these critics, with rare exceptions, still fail to grasp the American idea of the common school—the training of a whole people into mental activity, broader intelligence, self-control, and the industrial skill that always follows when the head and heart get their rights."

Others besides the *literati* have been critics of the public schools. It was not that they failed "to grasp the American idea," but that they failed to discover the typical "American idea," or that they failed to see that the American idea was a consummation of the whole matter. Out of all the scrutiny and stricture the public-school system has derived benefit and strength. The only expedient proviso has been, that criticism should be constructive rather than destructive. The American idea has thus grown composite. If still there are thoughtful, far-seeing men, who believe that the idea is incomplete, they may be the very best friends of the public system, and in fact some of them are connected with it. A sententious framing of the most advanced idea is, "Send the whole boy to school." Here we find the public-school idea developed into what is after all the Catholic idea. Hence, the greater reason for harmonious discussion and co-operation.

What is the object of a public-school system, or what is its reason for existence? And how is the parochial school hostile to it? In the consideration of reasons, only imperative ones are valuable. Arguments of expediency, refinement, fancy, utopianism are of much less account. Pretences and sham theories are not only useless, but pernicious; since, when they are exploded, the whole fabric trembles.

The state is the present generation, aggregate, unified, or-

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ganized, and assuming, in a representative way, certain responsibilities. The state has a duty towards the children of its citizens. Brought into existence without the power or the wisdom to care for themselves, they are entitled to that provision for their welfare which will at least put it within reach of their reasonable toil. They are entitled to food, clothing, and homes during the years of their helplessness, and to such instruction as will enable them to enter successfully, in proportion to native abilities, into some of the work that men have to do. The state having to correlate human forces, in so far as they need adjustment, must see that the children get what they are entitled to receive.

The state looks in the same way after the necessities of its adult citizens. If burdens fall too hard on commerce or manufactures, if the struggle for existence become too great, if avarice grip too tightly the wage of the toiler, the state comes to the rescue with its equalizing fiat. This is by no means a work of charity, but the doing of justice. The lesson of Mons Sacer and of the holy Evangel teaches that the head needs the feet and hands, and that obligations rest mutually upon noble and peasant. The children must have good care, and the state has a way to demand it even of reluctant parents; and yet the state does not undertake to regulate the well-ordered home, or to coerce the faithful parent. The children must have a good education, and the state has the right and duty to enjoin it when not voluntarily provided. The state has also, by way of adjustment and economy of forces, established the public-school system. The public school was not from the beginning wholly free, and some of the most vigorous champions of its cause have in recent years favored the payment of a limited tuition-rate. Nor was the school always held to be the peculiar object of veneration and eulogy that some seem to desire nowadays to make it, declaring it to be the very palladium of our liberties, and characterizing indifference or objection to it as an unpatriotic spirit.

The public school was undoubtedly meant to co operate with the family in training the child, and not as the superior agent. The teacher was deemed to be *in loco parentis*, and that temporarily, and his jurisdiction was esteemed to cover definite territory as necessary to his function, not only the premises of the school, but the way to and fro. Thus, the teacher was appointed to do a part of the parental duty. Though the candidate who was prepared to teach that the world is round or is flat, according to

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the wishes of his employers, was quite too impersonal, yet, if the teacher be *in loco parentis*, he should fairly reflect the parental choice.

The support of the school out of the public treasury is historically an act of the state, in its attempt to adjust burdens according to strength; for the poor were at first relieved of the school expense, as until lately has been the case in the supply of text-books. Afterwards, to avoid invidious discriminations and to simplify the mode of administration, the schools were made free as well as public.

Prof. George Stuart, of the Philadelphia Central High-School, has an article in *Education* on the "Raison d'Être of the Public High-School." He denies that the school is a work of charity or benevolence; but, he says, "the principal motive is undoubtedly selfishness"; and further explains by the use of such terms as the "public safety," the "public welfare," "civic duties." He affirms that the state cannot "leave to chance" the education of its citizens for citizenship, and that private institutions "depend on chance"; and, in illustration, he analogizes the school system with the prison, the penitentiary, the lazaretto, with quarantine, sanitation, street-lighting, money-coinage, and trade restrictions. The whole line of the argument is based on the false premise that there is the same kind of necessity for the public school as for these other public institutions. No one is likely to send himself to prison, and we cannot very well have the individual's fraction of quarantine, money, coinage, or even street-lighting; yet education is obtained by the individual, and those whose education is most useful to the state have, in thousands of cases, educated themselves. Further, the private institution no more depends on chance than does the statutory school; it depends on the will of the parent, so safely calculated upon that large private schools are flourishing everywhere.

The intimations of "safety" and "welfare" and the compulsory principle shall be considered after we have learned how far the education for citizenship is to be carried. Prof. Stuart lays down the rule that "benefit that remains wholly with the individual or individual interests can found no claim to public recognition"; and then he proceeds to banish "book-keeping, type-writing, phonography, sewing, and cooking" from the public school. Why not, on the same ground, banish drawing, geography, mathematics, and, in fact, all branches except those whereby one learns to discharge his "civic duties"? If the busi-

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ness of life and not abstract citizenship is of account, then some of these discarded branches are highly practical.

The Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, Mr. Dickinson, is an able and probably authoritative exponent of the statutory idea. He states broadly, in the same magazine, that "the ultimate end of public instruction" is "true men, intelligent, loyal, and virtuous in all the relations of private and public life." Again, he makes it "a general cultivation of the individual as a human being." This is the idea of "the whole boy," and is rather above the conception of the public "safety" or "welfare" and "citizenship."

As Prof. Stuart represents a class of thinkers, it is necessary to quote him further. Bearing in mind that he is discussing a question of state polity, we note carefully his intent. He illustrates: "During the prevalence of the cholera" in Naples "an ignorant and superstitious crowd was waiting in a Roman Catholic church, awestruck, to see the image of the Virgin Mary walk out upon the altar . . . and help them." He gives no reference to authorities for the truth of the narrative or the truth of the motive narrated. The application is, however, the important point: "Such ignorance and superstition cannot exist by the side of the free public school." There was a day in our country when people of all faiths assembled in their several places of worship to pray for the recovery of a stricken President. There are "professors" who pronounce that act "ignorant and superstitious," and who confidently predict the time when "such ignorance and superstition [shall] not exist by the side of the free public school."

The professor continues his train of thought:

> "At this point we make the digressive remark that the efficiency of the American public school in training for citizenship is likely to be severely tested in the near future. Until within recent years the immigration into our country was nearly homogeneous and largely sympathetic, and assimilation was comparatively easy. But recently there has appeared in our midst an element peculiarly alien in race and sympathies, or revolutionary in tendencies, and in numbers sufficiently large to disturb the calm posture of our social forms and the settled traditions of centuries. Against the subversive influence of this element our common school is our tower of strength, and civics as a branch of instruction assumes paramount importance."

Here is darkly limned the danger and "safety" alternative. The study of "civics" is to save the nation, assimilate the "alien" and make him "homogeneous" and "sympathetic." The public schools have trained millions of youths to perceive,

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and think, and express thought; and many of them have there imbibed increased love of country and of virtue. Yet the schools have also given education to the vicious, and made them more competent for plot and villany. The anarchist is a man of science and letters, more dangerous for his cultivated intelligence. There must be something profounder than civics to move the moral nature and inform it. Unless the affections, and desires, and the will are rightly directed and developed, all the culture, and skill, and craft may be employed in the service of evil and to the detriment of the republic. Even though the intelligence were trained to comprehend and believe this truth, and to know that the wages of sin is death, subjective and objective, personal, social, and national, physical, mental, and spiritual, here and hereafter, yet will the choice be determined by the stronger motive, and the strong passions will urge to a speedy possession, and the alternative will be left to be met when its hour may come. One need not be a pessimist to see that the unholy ravages of avarice, pride, uncharity, calumny, lust, and blood-thirstiness are not stopped by the power of the public school. The recorded divorces and suicides, and the unrecorded infanticides, taking for example only those proceeding from a single baleful origin, are numerous enough to startle the optimist. If a probable remedy for the gigantic evil be proposed, none should be so much the friends of our public schools as to ignore the suggestion.

Such a remedy has been proposed. President Eliot, of Harvard, has named it. Catholic preachers have for years proclaimed it. The best guide, the strongest force, the safest armor, the most victorious assault in the campaign against evil, have always been confessedly those of religion. Hence that education which is not allied with religion is inferior to the best. And when the school is championed on the ground of its being the safeguard of the state we may logically demand a preference for the best safeguard. If it should be said in reply, "Let religion be elsewhere taught," we may consistently answer that the state should "not leave this to chance." Actual provision should be made for religious instruction.

"Send the whole boy to school," says the philosopher. The "whole boy" is not only physical and intellectual, but also spiritual, religious; and religion is the true basis of all the rest. This element our public schools have always lacked; and when Catholic teachers have pointed out the deficiency, how have their wishes been met? Has there been any endeavor to meet

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them half-way? Or has the proposition been pronounced impracticable? Then when those critics have more loudly raised the alarm, have they not been called "enemies" of the public schools, and even opponents of education and culture? The apothegm, "Heartless, headless, godless," the most caustic denouncement uttered, has merely and definitely the meaning that religion has no recognized place in the school. The initial article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for January discusses this utterance.

The parochial-school movement is animated by the purpose to supply the religious basis to education. The policy is not destructive; no attempt is made to undermine or injure the public school. Even accompanied with expressions of friendliness for the latter is the exhortation to support the former. So blended are these two voices that some have thought they heard a division of sentiment among the Catholic people. If those who endured fines, seizure of property, disfranchisement, transportation, and death under rigorous penal laws —laws intended to prevent them from educating their own children in their own faith—were not then crushed, is it likely that they will lack the courage of their convictions in free America? Nor can the attempt to discredit their faithful leaders in their eyes succeed. Those who are ever at call to minister to the dying and whom no pestilence has driven from the bedside of the plague-stricken, those who have renounced wealth and self-seeking and given their lives to their people, will not be thought selfish in this movement or to have any other aim than the best education of all their youth. So long as Catholics consider a question debatable they may differ among themselves; but when they deem it definitively settled the personal equation is eliminated and they stand loyally together. "United they stand."

That the Catholic people prize the true education as one of the most valuable of earthly achievements ought not to be disputed. To say nothing of such instances of individual activity as those that gave us the telescope and the printing-press, or that developed the noble sciences of astronomy and chemistry and medicine; and nothing of the favor shown to great men of letters and science, even to such non-Catholics as Kepler, who fleeing from his own home found encouragement under Catholic patronage; to say nothing of the discoverers and explorers who gave their age new worlds or enlarged the horizon of the old, and who, while not taking possession of their rich fields with the hand of greed or traffic, yet taught everywhere, en-

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lightened the dark mind, and bestowed the wealth of divine knowledge; omitting all this and vastly more to their credit, there still stand the monuments of their intellectual activity in the great schools and universities that they planted. Ay, though one should forget Oxford and Cambridge and Paris and Louvain, the projected Catholic University of America, already possessed of a location and a president and the papal approbation, which put its face towards the rising sun, will convince one of the real love for the best education which burns in the hearts of this people.

The parochial-school movement is born of this desire for a true education, and that is one for "the whole boy," and one based on religion. This movement is a private one as far as its legal standing is concerned, and follows thousands of recognized legitimate examples. The old academies of New England, alas! for their decay. Much as I desire and work for the prosperity of the public school, and should deplore its dissolution, being only anxious for its increased perfection, I remember the great good done by the old academies, a good in some respects impossible to a public-school system. Then there are the private schools, that never asked a favor of the state, but which, endowed by their own brains and enterprise, exist by virtue of meeting a just want and to the satisfaction of the citizens who voluntarily patronize them. That precedent, which makes a recognized law, is historic, written in distinct and ineffaceable characters. The parochial schools will but follow it. The fact that many people act in unison does not change the aspect of the case. All our colleges, academies, and many private schools have been the results of concerted action. The fact that this movement is based upon religion makes it similar to many previous movements, in which the state has recognized the right of a people to establishments specifically controlled by their own body or faith.

How can the state meet the issue? What objections are made to the parochial movement, and what weight have they?

The party in the state that opposes this movement cannot forcibly meet it with argument, unless a policy of action be proposed and presented. It will be useless to argue that the safety of the state depends upon the public schools. The reply will come, "It is our first duty to care for the safety of our children." And the philosopher must say in accord: "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. Care for your children, and the state will be cared for." It will be almost

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insolent to argue for "homogeneity" and "assimilation" when the constant illustration of those terms interprets them as meaning, "Be like us; we should scorn to be like you." Moreover, the people of this olden faith, when they consider what "assimilation" has been, and that a lapse from the faith ends not at the first stage, but results in successive evolutions, until all that they hold necessary for attainment to blissful immortality is subtracted, cannot be expected to admire the scheme which is in this way commended to them. The commingling of different interests in a harmony of effort, whether in war, in business, or in school, tends to mutual respect; but, so far as there is any real commingling, it will take place in other places and times, even without the common school.

A general exodus from the public schools, however warranted, will be detrimental to them. They are now adjusted to the geographical distribution of pupils. The withdrawal will happen at those points where the parochial school is established and made ready. Hence, it will not happen contemporaneously at all points. This lessens the harm to the public school. It will in time, however, seriously affect most of the schools in our larger cities. In some districts it will cause the suspension of the public school. As the supporter of the parochial school is also, according to his means and the requirement of the law, a supporter of the public schools, he will be entitled to the advantages of either. Hence, the transfer of his pupils will depend upon his time of preparation. The method pursued in the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington indicates the probable policy in the parochial case. The president of that University, the Right Rev. John J. Keane, is making the most thorough and comprehensive study of university systems and courses, both here and abroad, with the purpose of making the youngest university the best in America. There will likewise be an opportunity to build and organize for the parochial system more wisely than has been done by the state. We may anticipate such a result.

The requisite time to be consumed in organizing the new departure gives our statesmen the season for proposing a policy that may obviate the necessity for an independent school system. A real desire to accomplish this result would be successful. "Where there's a will, there's a way." President Eliot suggested permissive religious teaching and exercises; surely a simple plan to have tried. This might not have met the exigency, the radical idea of which is religion as a basic and permeating prin-

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ciple of education. But it would have been an honest attempt to adjust conflicting views. Such attempts are never quite vain.

Separate schools as parts of a common system seem practicable. Let the course of study be general and comprehensive, as now, specifying subjects or branches of work. Let optional lists of text-books be adopted. Let individual schools be designated, in proportion to the census, or according to demand less exigent, for Catholic or other patrons. The schools would naturally, by fact of residence, be conveniently chosen. In case that, in any district, the fixed ratio did not permit the establishment of a school of the kind desired, the pupils might be sent to any school where they would conform to the regulations, or they might go a greater distance to a school of their own, or the parents might undertake, with or without statutory provision, the organization of a school at their own financial risk. Wherever the state moneys were expended the school would be under statutory control. This control being as elastic as has been indicated, every class of our people who insist upon a definite religious mode could be satisfied. The present indication being assumed as the rule of the future, only one division would be required. All others but the Catholics apparently being content with the existing régime, no modification of the public-school system would be needed for them.

All interested parties should be represented on the board of control and inspection. The same educational results in specified topics could be demanded of all teachers. As an illustration of the parallel working, suppose that in two schools the programmes are: 9 A.M., Religion; 10 A.M., History. In the one, instruction may be wholly ecclesiastic and devotional; in the other, the moral law, ethics, and civics answer the requirements. In the one, the misrepresentations concerning Galileo, Mary Tudor, the St. Bartholomew massacre, the Gunpowder Plot, the settlements of Maryland and California, and a thousand other "drops in the bucket" will be revised; in the other, the same or an opposite course will be tolerable, limited in this case as in the former by "sweet charity" and the candor belonging to the "brotherhood of man."

If the objection be raised that an "establishment of religion" is here proposed, the reply is that quite the contrary is suggested. We have now such an "establishment," inherited, it is true, but persistent, resisting change. To this is made the objection that it does not allow that "free exercise of religion" guaranteed by the Great Charter, which styles itself the "su-

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preme law of the land." The plan to allow option would exemplify the spirit of tolerance; persistence in present methods is the reverse. The state has no right to establish a monopoly of education, because the religious element enters into education; it has no right to establish a dictatorship over private institutions, at least to such an extent as to constitute a real protective tariff in favor of statutory schools; and it would be for the welfare of the republic that the state be the grand arbiter and equalizer of privileges, encouraging all laudable movements in the interest of increased loyalty, purer morality, and a sacred regard for religion.

AUGUSTUS D. SMALL.

A THANK-OFFERING TO ——, FOR THREE BEAUTIFUL CHALICES.

WHOM wondrous heaven and earth can ne'er contain
These little cups of silver and of gold—
Thine own free gift of bounty manifold—
Encompass round about. The Lamb once slain,
And ever dying mystic death again,
Within these costly metals dead and cold,
The warm Life-Blood the rood drank in of old
Deigns now 'neath seeming wine-drops to retain.
What other gift could thus the giver make
A throne to God's resplendent majesty—
A blessed hostess to the Sacred Heart?
Ah! surely, when our thirst divine we slake
In these thy loving-cups, most thankfully
Shall we in prayer give thee a royal part.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J.

THE COLLEGE, ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA,
Sunday after Pentecost, 1888.

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DOWN ON THE DON'TS.

IT is the fashion nowadays to administer advice in broken doses called "Don'ts." They are very well for their side of the case, but we now have a longing for some Dos.

That is a useless battery which has only a negative and no positive pole. The plan of these negative advices is a sort of one-legged plan, which does not run very far ahead in the race. Reformers, teachers, and preachers ought to spend at least half of their time in telling us what to *do* instead of spending the whole of it in telling us what to *don't.*

The temperance lecturer says, "Don't drink whiskey"; the social reformer says, "Don't go to dangerous entertainments"; the pious teacher says, "Don't read bad books." Now, he labors in vain who labors against whiskey, and offers no substitute. He labors in vain who preaches against bad amusements, and has no good amusement to recommend. He labors in vain who decries bad books, and has no good books to offer instead. So we are tired of the unpractical, frowning Don'ts, and long for some smiling, practical Dos.

It is useless to inveigh against injurious amusements if you do not at the same time point out some amusements that are lawful. Suppose an objectionable play is coming to town, and the pastor implores his flock to avoid it. They resolve to do so; but when the show comes and there is no counter-amusement for them to seek, do you think they are going to remain at home, or on their knees? Oh! no, oh! no—alas! for poor human nature—the pastor's good counsels go to the winds, and the young people go to the play. Here I recall an incident.

An austere adviser was lecturing some young people about certain amusements. "We hope," said they, "you don't object to square dances. There is no harm in them, is there?"

"Yes," he answered, "they *are* harmful. You should not dance them unless, at the same time, you can be meditating on seven truths. These are death, judgment, heaven, hell, the sufferings of the souls in purgatory, the terrors of the dying, and the sorrows of the Passion. If you can be thinking seriously of these seven truths, then you may dance—not otherwise."

"Well, may we play games?" they asked.

"There is a great deal of harm in most games," answered he.

They felt discouraged. "But there's no harm in going to the

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circus, is there?" they suggested hopefully. He was so aghast they dropped that subject quickly. "Ah! then, we can play cards, can't we?" Whereat he was worse shocked than ever; so that in desperation they finally asked: "Well, is there anything at all that we *may* do to amuse ourselves?"

He smiled radiantly and answered with all benevolence: "Yes, of course there is"—they were all-expectant—"you may play dominoes!"

And after all his Don'ts this was the only Do he had to offer. Think of their ecstatic joy in being allowed the exhilarating dissipation of dominoes every evening of their lives!

Here's another instance of the failure of Don'ts. A stern guardian disapproved of square dances. His motto was: "I don't believe in having young people spend half the night in square dances." Did he gain his point? He did. His young people do not spend half the night in square dances; they spend the whole night in round dances.

So, he who would successfully combat forbidden pleasures must point out a way to lawful ones. It is the same with drink: the antidote for bad stimulants is good stimulants.

The temperance pledge, I think, could be improved, if it exacted not only a solemn promise to avoid liquor, but just as solemn a promise to use a fair share of temperance drinks.

It is money which supports the liquor cause in our land, and it is money which should support the temperance cause. This idea of trying "moral suasion" on the barkeeper is poetical but weak. All day long you may urge him: "Don't sell liquor any more. Don't be coining blood-money. Don't be fattening on the bodies and souls of helpless victims. Don't be enriching yourselves by impoverishing others. Don't build your palace on the hovels of your patrons. Don't weave your wife's silks out of the rags of other women." When once the tiger has tasted blood nothing else will satisfy his appetite. When once the liquor-dealer has found how easy it is to fatten on the life-blood of his prey by means of the bar-room no other means of livelihood will satisfy him. The story of the pet tiger is old but apropos.

A British officer in India owned a young pet tiger, which was as gentle as a dog, and often sat by his side licking his hand. One day the officer was sleeping in his bunk, and when he awoke found the tiger—now full grown—at his side licking his hand. The beast's rough tongue had abraded the skin and drawn the blood to the surface, and this he was tasting with

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evident enjoyment. The officer naturally attempted to withdraw his hand, but a low, terrible growl warned him to keep still. Did he gently say to the tiger: "Don't lick my hand any more, please. Don't drink my blood. It is very wrong and cruel of you; I have been your kind and loving master these many years"? No. Neither did he recommend to that tiger some anti-blood-drinking tracts, nor did he telephone for some anti-blood-drinking lecturers. No, none of that; he doubled up his disengaged arm, felt for the pistol beneath his pillow, drew it forth, and the next moment the brute, shot through the heart, rolled over harmless on the ground. That is the sort of treatment I would recommend for the barkeeper: figuratively, of course, I mean—figuratively.

To make the strictly temperance saloon flourish is the only way to make the intemperance saloon decay. Therefore I beg the temperance lecturers to add a positive counsel to their negative demands; to make the pledge signers say: "I promise to avoid the liquor-selling store, and I promise to patronize the temperance store."

In regard to reading, the Do which I oppose to the Don'ts is this: When the young graduates are about leaving college or convent the fond teacher says: "Now, my dear child, you will promise me never to read so-and-so? Don't risk your faith on such-and-such dangerous literature. Don't take up infidel books and forbidden novels." And the grateful graduate promises (what is there he would not promise at that moment to his tried and trusted tutor?) that he will not read the proscribed books.

Now why, oh! why doesn't that earnest teacher strike while the iron is hot? Why not say to his pupil: "Do take up such and such a course of reading. Do subscribe for a good Catholic paper, Catholic magazine, and to a Catholic library. Do promise me you will do this"?

I wish that every graduate would give his written pledge binding himself specifically to obey this injunction, promising faithfully to read our brightest, best, greatest Catholic authors. I wish that all our Catholic students would emerge from their commencement halls carrying in one hand their diplomas and in the other the carefully worded, solemnly taken, and duly signed reading-pledge. I wish they were taught to consider it as important, as necessary a part of the closing exercises as the diploma itself. Such a practical course would have a marked and immediate effect on the Catholic press.

Concerning entertainments, the Do that I would oppose to

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the Don't is this: That if pure and wholesome dramas and other pastimes were offered to the Catholic public, there would be little need to say to them: "Don't go to bad plays or immoral operas." Why, just see, even now, how well patronized are some miserably gotten-up church-fairs with their one lemon, three oysters, and other sleight-of-hand apparatus. Isn't it pathetic to see the good-natured crowds that patronize them? Isn't it touching to see the dense throng which generously pays its money to be entertained two or three hours by the burnt cork, the old chestnut, and the doleful plaint of the amateur minstrel? All for sweet charity, you know. Another hopeful sign of the public taste is the immense popularity of such absurd but rather innocent and really musical operas as those of Gilbert and Sullivan. It shows how willing the public is to avail itself of harmless pastimes.

The need of organized, innocent recreation is too little attended to. It is a large, unoccupied field, where many willing hands, witty brains, and sincere hearts could be employed to great advantage. Truly he who, for the love of virtue, devotes himself to the entertainment of the young is an angel of the Lord, doing far greater service than the inert, albeit pious, admonisher who simply Don'ts.

That Christian mother who provides rational amusement for her children performs a noble and blessed duty. She sets aside certain evenings to be entirely devoted to the entertainment of her young folks. She gathers a congenial assembly of youthful neighbors. She treats them to a pre-arranged programme of varied diversions. She makes it her business to teach them graceful games and merry dances. She buys the prettiest and newest music. She arouses their interest in instructive as well as hilarious games. Such a mother does more, far more, towards keeping her children out of sin than those other mothers—just as pious, perhaps, but not nearly so wise—who sit down and say to their children: "My dears, don't dance round dances, don't go to balls and parties, don't learn to waltz, don't go to dancing-school, etc." Their advice is disobeyed, because they work the Don't plan only and forget the Do. But our wise mother runs her plan of campaign on the Do style, and wins every time. Her young people are kept so busy with their charades and tableaux, their games and sociable square dances, that they don't get a chance to think about round dances. What a merry scene it is too! Yet she does not need to veil her picture of the Madonna, her copy of the Transfigura-

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tion, or her bas-relief of the Good Shepherd. She does not need to feel ashamed of the merriment going on before them. Our Lord himself was present at the wedding-feast of Cana, and our Lord's picture is not out of place among these innocent recreations.

As the young people skip from one end to the other of her long parlors, as their laughter rings around her chandeliers, as their manœuvres and novel evolutions of new-fangled games are reflected from her stately mirrors, as their joyous voices make a babel of enlivening sounds throughout her rooms, as the assemblage breaks up early with pleasant good-bys to her and gay *au-revoirs* to each other, she feels that moral triumph which the Don't mother can never feel.

I know one practical mother whose sons were rather given to strong language. One day she said to them: "Boys, instead of swearing so, just let me tell you what to do. Substitute the word consider, with an accent on the *con;* say, for instance, 'Consider the luck,' or something of the sort." The idea took, and took so well that not only her sons, but their neighbors and playmates, followed the plan. And now, to hear the way those chaps "*con*sider" this, and "*corn*sider" that, and "consider" everything, is funny.

Oh! yes; one Do is worth a dozen Don'ts. And blessings too on the good-natured paterfamilias who "stoops to conquer." His creed is expression, not suppression. He believes in not plugging up the kettle's mouth, but in leaving a safety-valve for the surplus steam of youth. He knows the value of interesting and wholesome merriment. One of his first dogmas is: "Give the boys home accomplishments." He has each one taught some musical instrument. One takes the flute, a second the violin, another the piano, and yet another the trombone. Hard on the neighbors? Well yes, rather; but neighbors are tough, and must learn to put up with some things for the public good. Our jolly pater does not stint in buying his boys home amusements and material for out-door sports, and thus he more effectually keeps them out of harm than the Don't father, who merely says to his children, "Now, boys, don't go into bad company, into drinking-saloons or gambling-dens; don't drink, don't bet, and don't loaf in the streets." Our jolly Do father takes his boys when they are young (it's the only way), and cultivates in them a taste for cheerful home pastimes, invites the lads of the neighborhood, has tip-top suppers now and then, birth-day parties and rewards-of-school-success parties on occasion, en-

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courages them in music and the poetry of motion "on the square." He has them patronize the gymnasium, the riding-school, swimming-school, and even the shooting-gallery and the ten-pin alley, but, above all, the Catholic clubs of his parish. Adroitly managing so that his boys think they are having it all their own way, he apparently leaves them to themselves and stays in the background; but all the while he is the controller of their every enjoyment.

But does this wise pater exist at all? Ay, that's the question. That he does not exist very numerously is beyond question. And then the masses who have neither wise and wealthy fathers, nor pious and prudent mothers—what is done for their amusement? Oh! when I see institutions established for the rational entertainment of the poor I could fall down and worship the originators. And I am filled with shame and envy as I think: "Why were not Catholics the first movers in this? Why are not Catholics its chief supporters? Why do non-Catholics get ahead of us so often in these matters?" And I blame it chiefly on the Don'ts—those miserable, theoretical Don'ts that expect impossibilities from frail human nature, heroic sacrifice from feeble sinners, and saintly endurance from ordinary mortals.

He who would prevent dangerous pleasures must furnish innocent ones or—transform his charges into saints and angels.

Why am I so cantankerous on the subject of Don'ts? Because I've been watching—for long years, watching the failure of them. I have seen so many pious mothers and so few pious sons; I hear such strong Don't lectures and see such weak results; I hear such powerful denunciations of forbidden dances, and calculate that the number of young Catholics who don't dance them is about one in five hundred; I have observed such vast floods of anti-liquor eloquence, and such vaster floods of the liquor itself ever increasing. That is why I am down on the Don'ts; not that I would altogether abolish them—Heaven forbid!—but that I would show how utterly impotent they are without the Dos.

Injudicious Don'ts, with regard to pleasure, are responsible too for a fallacy, an actual heresy, among many Protestants. They have come to regard pleasure as a sin in itself. Card-playing, dancing, fiddling, even merry conversations, are considered as intrinsically sinful. This error, like all error, is based on truth, at least partially. Pleasure is indeed the most formidable, most dangerous weapon of the devil. But it is *only* a

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weapon, and can be wrested from him, taken in hand by our Do angels, and wielded in the service of the Lord.

He who invented progressive euchre—may his tribe increase!—created a Do which is a better preventive of sinful amusements than the longest string of Don'ts ever invented. The originators of the Catholic Knights of America and the Catholic Benevolent Legion—blessings on them!—dealt a heavier blow upon secret societies than was ever dealt by aggressive book or sermon. The founder of a Young Men's Catholic Lyceum is a good angel in disguise. Each promoter of Catholic sociability does more to prevent mixed marriages than the strongest denunciation of them ever does.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Seamen's Bethels go further towards mitigating the liquor curse than do all the temperance lectures and all the pledges ever signed.

The promoter of jolly games and frisky frolics, of good music, innocent dramas, and all wholesome evening gayeties among young people, does more towards preventing round dances, opera-going, and vile theatricals than does the most vehement preacher.

There is in this city one admirable Do which goes further towards preventing immoral reading than a five-year course of Don'ts—a Catholic library, terms ten cents a month, one book a week! Would there were a similar institution in every Catholic parish in the world! It contains, besides standard works, nearly four hundred novels. This is as it should be. The bulk of mankind are people of weak intellect, and the bulk of a public library should be selected accordingly. These novels supply with a harmless pabulum the masses who *will* read mediocre, sensational stories, and never care for anything better. Thus does this Do effectually prevent sinful, injurious reading.

Yes, Don'ts have doubtless their share in the cure of present-day evils, but by far the greater share in this cure belongs now to the anti-don'ts.

O ye fathers and mothers, ye teachers and preachers, ye writers and fighters, whose counsels are all negative and none positive, change your tactics for a while. Do! Starve us no longer on withering Don'ts, but feed us awhile on delectable Dos.

M. T. ELDER.

NEW ORLEANS, May, 1888.

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A MYSTERY OF THE OUTPOSTS.

I.

THE mountain district extending southwestwardly from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Oakland, towards Stanton and Green Briar, was during the Civil War the theatre of many stirring actions of which but little account has hitherto been set down in the record of that fateful period in American history. A few miles south of the railroad is the once well-travelled Northwestern Turnpike, which Washington when a young man helped to lay out as a means of communication between the tobacco plantations of the Old Dominion and the country about the headwaters of the Ohio. In the entire distance, however, between the Grafton, where, coming down from Pittsburgh, it crosses the railroad, and Winchester, where it finally debouches from the mountains into the lovely valleys of the Shenandoah, this turnpike passes through but one town, and that is Romney. Forty miles west of Winchester is Romney, a true mountain fastness, with its court-house, and two hundred or three hundred houses couched on a tolerably level plateau. Lofty ranges shut it in on all sides, except for the two gaps, one east and one west, by which the turnpike makes its way, and two other defiles, one north and one south, through which flows, winding around beneath Romney, the deep and rapid stream of the South Branch of the Potomac. By a road following the valley of that river Romney is connected with Moorefield to the south, and with Green Springs Run on the railroad to the north. The scenery is everywhere picturesque, but it is also everywhere sombre, gloomy, and almost savage. From its natural situation Romney early in the war became the centre of Confederate activity for this region, and it was consequently an objective point for the Union commanders of the Upper Potomac, who between July and October, 1861, made at least three attempts to capture and hold it, but only the last time with complete success.

Six or seven miles north of the town the river makes a sudden bend towards the east, and at this point is crossed by the high road from Romney to Green Springs Run. In 1861 a graceful suspension bridge carried the road across. South of the river is a rugged hill crowned by an outcropping dun mass of

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vertically stratified rock, which from afar bears a likeness to an ancient and crumbling castle. On the opposite bank a lofty ridge comes to an abrupt end, presenting an almost perpendicular face to the river, but leaving beneath a few yards of dry shale that afford space for a rough wagon road.

The high road passes along the western base of these heights, and at the bridge sends off two connecting roads towards the east, one around the castellated hill, and one along the shaly margin on the other side. A mile east of the bridge, where the hills fall away on either hand, the unconfined channel of the river spreads out to nearly double its width above, so as to be fordable at all seasons of the year, furnishing an easy means of communication between Winchester and points to the north of the bridge.

The war had within a few months of its beginning stripped this never thickly-settled part of Virginia of most of its able-bodied white men. Hill-side and valley, as well as the craggy and desolate mountain ranges, seemed to belong once more to the wild things of nature. The scream of an eagle soaring in the vault of the gray sky would call out in response a discordance of harsh and jarring animal sounds. Even the few Union soldiers who occasionally appeared in view seemed to move about with more stealthy step than the foxes, which now and again scampered from thicket to thicket and from knoll to knoll. Graceful deer with spreading antlers would peer out from the forest growth, and then without fear stride leisurely on through the quiet glades.

The Wire Bridge and the ford constituted together a strategic point of considerable importance to the Union troops occupying Romney; were it once to fall into possession of the Confederates, Romney would be cut off from direct communication with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and from supplies, except by means of a much longer and a more circuitous route. For this reason General McClellan had, immediately on the capture of Romney by the Unionists, ordered that a picked company of infantry should be sent at once to the bridge to become its permanent guard, with outposts thrown out in various directions, but especially at the northern approach to the ford.

The company selected well deserved the confidence reposed in it; it was composed of young men mostly of Western birth, and of Irish and Yankee stock chiefly. It had played a dashing part in the attack on Romney, and was destined in many subsequent campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley, under Shields on

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the Peninsula, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, and, finally, in the wearying siege of Petersburg—in more than sixty battles, to display that combination of intelligence, endurance, high spirits, versatility, and courage under all imaginable trials which mark American soldiers of the very highest grade.

Just at this time "Stonewall" Jackson, scarcely yet risen to fame, was in command of the Confederate troops at Winchester, and information had been brought to Lander, the Union commander at Romney, that Jackson was meditating a movement towards the railroad in order to cut off the Union force from its supplies. General Lander had long enjoyed a reputation for boldness, but somehow the gloom of this treacherous mountain region seemed, from first to last during the war, to have inspired most of the Union commanders with a feeling of caution that closely bordered on timidity, and Lander proved no exception. At all events, it was taken for granted that should the rumors of Jackson's intentions turn out to be well founded, General Lander would abandon Romney and, gathering up all his force, retreat to the safe vicinity of the railroad.

The month of January, 1862, had come. During the night of the 8th snow had been falling steadily and quietly down, and now hills and mountain slopes, valleys and ravines alike were overspread by a coverlet so white, smooth, and immaculate that the limpid, eddying water of the South Branch appeared by comparison dark and turgid as it wound along. The slender fabric of the suspension bridge seemed to be spanning the stream with nothing more substantial than a pair of long, downward-curving festoons of white feathers and swan's-down. The little log cabin at the northern end of the bridge, constructed by the out-post company for the purpose of a guard-house, and the rough board shanties higher up the road, and nestling in the shelter of the ridge which rose behind it, which were the company's quarters, were buried nearly out of sight.

But the high road itself, coming down from the north past the company's quarters, crossing the bridge, and turning around the castellated hill, and then following the bank of the river on to Romney, was plainly visible in spite of the snow; the wide wagon-tracks through it evidenced recent and heavy traffic.

The afternoon is fast wearing away. The air is damp, but with scarcely a rift of wind, so that the smoke from the wattled chimneys of the guard-house and company's quarters ascends straight upwards and afar before it is diffused out of sight. The

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voices of the sentinels idly calling to one another from either end of the bridge sound shrill, like the voices of children at play. Night settles rapidly down at this time of the year in the mountains, and daylight has just gone out.

In a hollow spot, fifty yards, perhaps, to the north of the ford, a group of seven men are standing or squatting around a picket fire. The little conversation between the men is in a low tone, and all else about is still, except for the rippling of the South Branch over the rocky bed of the ford. A few moments ago they had heard the flourish of bugles sounding the beautiful call known as "Retreat"; that was the sunset signal of a Union cavalry force in bivouac at Springfield, two miles away, in the direction of the railroad. One of the soldiers standing at the fire has a sergeant's triple chevrons on his sleeve. He draws a silver watch from his inside pocket, and, after a glance at it, says to a man who is drinking the last draught of something from his canteen: "Five o'clock, Tully. Go on post!"

"All right, sergeant," the man addressed answers in a thick voice, and having adjusted his belts, raised his musket and fumbled over the lock an instant, he puts the piece "aport" in front of his body, and goes out with a decidedly unsteady step towards the river.

The sergeant shook his head with a feeling of uneasiness, and, as he looked around the group, muttered: "One is as bad as another; they are all fuddled!" Tully's footsteps were still heard crunching the snow when, in the direction in which he had disappeared, a slight flash glimmered through the dingy air, and there came thence the report of a musket-shot, sounding dull and without resonance amid the snow-covered hills. The wary men—wary, in spite of the condition which the sergeant had discerned in them, from force of long-established habit—trampled out their fire and, without uttering a word, moved swiftly to the ford.

As they came near the river, the sergeant in a loud whisper called "Tully!"

"Here, sergeant!" came the answer in a like tone from Tully, who was kneeling beside a prostrate figure. "Here is Cale, dead!" he said to the sergeant, who by this time had reached the river-bank at the ford with his whole party.

The cautious sergeant, much as he might be interested in the death of one of his soldiers, did not, however, forget his duty and responsibility to guard against surprise. "Keep down, boys!" he commanded, still in a loud whisper. "Maybe the

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enemy is right at the other side of the ford and can see us," he continued, and touching one of his men on the shoulder he directed him to go as quickly as possible to the bridge and report what had taken place. The man darted off as bidden. "Poor Cale!" the sergeant murmured, as he looked at the body of the dead sentinel. "But," he said, turning the body over and searching as well as he could in the dark, "I don't find any wound."

"Wait until we get him to the light," Tully said, and the sergeant assented, and then he turned his gaze once more towards the other side of the river, where the road ran along the bank. "I don't believe there is anything across there," he said, "or we would see more of it by this time."

"I saw some one running away from there," said Tully, pointing to the opposite side of the ford, "just as I came—that was the second after the shot was fired. There!—what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a dark object close to the edge of the water.

"That's only a laurel-bush," the sergeant answered.

"No," persisted Tully; "it's a man! I've been on this post too often not to know everything over there by sight. That's a man! Don't you see it moving now?"

But the snow, which had been threatening for some hours, suddenly began to fall, and it came down in soft flakes, shutting out completely the view on every hand.

II.

There is a remark of Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy* to the effect that the English army "swore terribly in Flanders." In that there is nothing strange, for probably all armies in campaign can be charged with the same offence, and as *Tristram Shandy* is a book which neither on its own account nor on account of its author is entitled to any weight, a quotation from it here might seem far-fetched only for the following explanation. It affords an opportunity to parody Uncle Toby's saying by another, which is true at least and belongs to history, along with much else that is good, bad, or indifferent. It is this: *Our army drank terribly in Virginia.* Not that all our army drank terribly —or even at all. By no means. There were many, both officers of every rank and soldiers of no rank at all, who resisted the strong temptation which all the circumstances conspired to

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place in their way. And such temptation as there was! Hardship and exposure such as no tongue or pen could adequately describe, and at all times the complete absence of those various associations which, in ordinary life, involve the ever-present censorship of religion, and of generally virtuous and self-respecting surroundings. There were many, it must be repeated, who did not yield, but then it did seem at times as if those who drank at all drank their own share and the share of the abstinent as well, or very much more indeed, for the number of the abstinent, though large absolutely, was comparatively so small that their share, supposing them to have been entitled to a share, could not have sufficed to produce the demoralization that too often prevailed. How many well-laid plans of campaign or battle turned out disastrous and bloody failures, wanton sacrifices of life, time, and money, because of brains fuddled by liquor, not even conscientious historians will ever be able to ascertain to the full extent. From generals commanding, who made the plans or supervised their execution, to subaltern officers, and to plain privates upon whom the details rested, there were innumerable instances at all times of gross incapacity, attributable to nothing else than the assuaging of the alcoholic thirst. For this deep drinking anything and everything offered an excuse.

During the afternoon, but a few hours before Cale was found dead at his post at the ford, a regiment of Indiana infantry had passed along the road from Green Springs Run and over the Wire Bridge on its way to Romney to reinforce Lander. For such a body and its *impedimenta* to cross a fragile bridge requires some time. It can cross in small sections only, and the movement of its heavily laden wagons with their straggling six-mule teams is even still more aggravatingly slow; one wagon at a time, and that at a most leisurely walk, so as not to endanger the bridge on which so many eventualities of a campaign may depend.

Of course the marching regiment, having just come from Cumberland, was well provided as to its canteens, if in no other respect, and during the fraternization which took place between them and the outpost company, in the long halt before crossing the bridge, a liberal supply of the liquor found its way into the hitherto empty canteens of the outposts, and, in spite of standing orders and of the watchfulness of some of the officers, got into the heads and heels of some of the men on duty, not merely at the bridge, but at the various picket-posts, including that at the ford.

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Now, the commandant of the company was not austere by any means. On the contrary, Captain Bonnom was a great favorite everywhere with officers and men. On the march, in camp, or on picket, it was a pleasure to serve with him or under him. In the thick of battle he was the soul of gayety and seldom failed to impart his own high spirits to those around him. No military martinet knew the drill or the technicalities of army routine better than he. From "setting up" a raw recruit to manœuvring a battalion, or even a brigade, he was as sure and correct as the hand-book of tactics itself, but, rigid disciplinarian as he was, he always spared others rather than himself, and his sunny nature rarely permitted him to keep a scowl long on his face, even on those infrequent occasions when he might think it proper to be angry. He was a devout Catholic, but he did not make his religion offensive to others, so that even a Protestant chaplain had quietly pointed him out to officers as a model of a Christian soldier and gentleman. Captain Bonnom was, however, strictly abstinent from liquor, and almost the only thing that seemed able to stir his animosity deeply was a breach of discipline, or an evil action of any sort, resulting from alcohol.

The Indiana regiment had passed over the bridge and on to Romney. The "retreat" roll-call had been attended to at the company's quarters and the men were contentedly enjoying their supper—all but a few who had been too much affected by the free drinking during the afternoon, and who were now stretched out in a more or less stupid condition on the floor or the bunks of the guard-house down at the bridge.

The "quarters" consisted of five roughly constructed board shanties; one small one for the captain and his two lieutenants, and four others of larger proportions for the four sections of the company. Next to the captain's hut came the First Section, that is to say the fourth of the company occupying the right in line of battle, and therefore the tallest men of the command. The Fourth Section, composed of the left of the line of battle, occupied the shanty at the other extreme, and between the two sections there was evinced the mutual contempt and ill-will usually felt between tall and short men. The "little fellows," as the Fourth Section was called, were wont to boast that they did more work, marched better, and took a larger proportion of their men into battle than the big fellows of the First Section, who, they added, were only good to growl and to devour rations. Indeed, it was a common subject of remark that the First Section would eat its whole day's supply at breakfast, and then

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starve and grumble for the rest of the day, unless it could manage to beg, borrow, or steal some of the more abstemious Fourth Section's store. The First Section, swelling with the importance of its bigness, generally contented itself by returning a disdainful frown to these venomous taunts. The Second and Third Sections, composed of medium-sized men, habitually maintained an attitude of amused impartiality between the giants and the dwarfs.

The First Section seemed to be taking things easy, as they usually did when they had had enough to eat. Their shanty, like the other three, was about fifteen feet long by twelve wide, affording shelter to fifteen or sixteen men, about one-third of the entire company being constantly on duty, either at the bridge or at the outlying posts. In the centre of the long side of the structure was a wide hearth, made in a good imitation of the Virginia style by building the chimney on the outside and cutting an opening through the wall for the fireplace. Opposite was a long, rough shelf about eight feet wide, extending the whole length, furnishing a bunk for one-half the inmates, the other half sleeping on the floor beneath. On either side of the hearth stood seven or eight loaded muskets, each having a set of belts and a cartridge-box suspended to it; all ready to be grasped on the instant of an alarm.

The First Section are taking it easy, and no wonder, for they are finishing what looks like a very good supper: broiled juicy venison, from a fat deer killed as it came down to the river to drink; stewed rabbit, trapped on the hillside above; roast chicken, "captured" by some of these men when on picket the day before, and, added to all this, the invariable "hard-tack," mess-pork, beans, and coffee. While the other shanties have each but one sergeant, this is dignified by two, one of whom is now on picket at the ford, and the other the Orderly Sergeant, who never goes on duty away from the whole company, and, being next in rank to the commissioned officers, always maintains a certain reserve, and feeds on the best that is to be had.

Supper being finished, the Orderly naturally takes the best place on the floor, directly in front of the cheerful blaze that is crackling from the great back-log on the hearth. The others distribute themselves about, some sitting down near the Orderly, others stretching themselves at full length in their bunks.

"Boys," said the Orderly, looking pleasantly into the blaze before him, "those fellows down at the ford will have a lively time before they can be relieved. The chances are that if they

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are not snowed in to-night, some of Ashby's cavalry will try to sneak across the river lower down and cut them off. For I heard a little while ago that Jackson is reported this side of Winchester moving against us."

"I hope they are all sober at the ford by this time," said a long-legged corporal, who sat beside the Orderly with his knees bent almost up to his chin to keep his feet out of the fire, and who was trying to force a blade of hay through the stem of his laurel-root pipe. "I haven't any use for men that can't drink without making fools of themselves."

"Say, Corporal, don't be too hard on the boys," expostulated a man who was lying full length on his back in an upper bunk. "It would take a respectable distillery to fill your whole length, and as the commissary department doesn't have much left after the officers have taken what they want, you don't get more than enough to wet your whistle. But them little fellows get brim full and runnin' over on the same amount."

"Oh! I don't know about that," the corporal rejoined. "You're about my length yourself, and you seemed to have more than you could hold this afternoon. The fact is, you are all nearly sober now, which is more than could have been said of you a couple of hours ago. But you have had a good supper and that has done you good. I wouldn't like to trust this crowd now, if it had had to go hungry. What do you think, Sergeant?"

"Corporal Hanagan is right," the Orderly returned indirectly. "As soon as the Captain found out that some of the men on picket were drunk he ordered Lieutenant Roche to relieve them with a detail of sober men from the quarters, but the lieutenant had to report that he couldn't find enough sober men to make it worth while! I hope no harm will come from to-day's spree; that's all I've got to say about it now."

"Ra, ta, ta—ra, ta, ta—"

"There is 'retreat' at Springfield," said the Orderly, as all ceased speaking for a moment to listen to the far-off bugle notes.

"Cale, of our section, and Tully, of the Fourth, had a fight on the post this afternoon, I heard," said a tall fellow who was standing in a corner of the shanty polishing his gun-barrel with a greased piece of shammy. "Cale is from your State, isn't he, Corporal?"

"Yes, he is from Indiana," was the reply of Corporal Hanagan, who was an Indiana-reared Irish-American, "and I reckon that explains how the liquor flowed down to the ford from that Indiana regiment."

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"There are two things you can't do," said the man in the bunk. "You can't stop a Virginia woman from smuggling things across to the Secesh, and you can't keep whiskey from finding its level, especially when Ohio and Indiana furnish the level."

Midway of the wide space that separated the captain's hut from the company's quarters was a great fire which was never allowed to go out. It was used for cooking by those who chose, and it was at all times the sociable centre of the company, the one spot where all four sections could forget their difference in height and weight. Its glare was hidden from distant observers and sheltered from the wind on two sides by the company's and officers' quarters respectively, at the rear by the ridge which rose steeply up, and in front on the side of the road by screens made of interlaced laurel-bushes and cedar-branches. The ash-strewn ground in front of the glowing back-log was a favorite resort in the long evenings before the orders to "turn-in" for sleep. Of those who were wont to gather there many were mere striplings, not yet out of their teens. Others there were who could no doubt have told even stranger tales than any they did tell, had they been so inclined; half grizzled waifs from various parts of the world; veterans of European, Asiatic, and African wars; sailors who had sailed in all the known seas. Among them were specimens of the fag-ends of humanity, enlisted for pelf or from hatred of regular work, here associated in daily intercourse with honest and patriotic men. As with the Crusaders of old, some of them were fighting merely for meat and drink and pay. The mercenaries, however, while frankly acknowledging themselves to be such, were mostly brave, and were loyal to the flag they had elected to follow.

The flame blazed up, bringing into view the black masses of foliage of pine and hemlock and cedar on the hillside behind, and lighting up the countenances of a circle of sixty men intent upon an object on the ground in the midst. At one point the circle opened for an instant to admit the entrance of a slender figure of medium height—an officer in a captain's uniform. It was Captain Bonnom. He stood erect for an instant, after having glanced at the object of universal attention, and then slowly turned around, scanning each of the anxious countenances in turn.

"You have had a grand spree, my boys," he said, "and this is the result. Some of you—ten at least—not content with making

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beasts of yourselves to satisfy the desire for drink, violated standing orders by passing the guards at the bridge without authority from me—by sneaking through, in fact!—and prowled around stupidly, even after dark, when the countersign was on, from one picket-post to another."

Then spreading out his hands and ordering half the circle to double upon the others, so as to have all the men faced towards him, he said in a low voice of sincere wrath and indignation that checked the heart-beats of many there: "Drunkenness caused this murder—for murder it was. Who murdered this man?" And he pointed to the body stretched out at full length upon a rubber blanket.

All were pale; but Tully, who, in spite of himself, had been crowded by the throng into the front rank of the circle, was a pitiable sight to behold. His face was of the whiteness of white tallow, his eyes were dilated, and dull, dark wreaths encircled them quite around, while his jaw hung, and the color had entirely disappeared from his lips. His mouth was wide open but speechless. He would have fallen headlong across the dead body had not those near him, on a signal from the captain, seized him then and there.

The snow was falling fast and thick now, and preparations were at once made to set fire to the shanties, and be ready to fall in with their regiment as soon as the retreating force, now almost at the bridge, should begin to pass by.

III.

Lander's retreat began amid a snow-storm, and the snow continued for some hours to fall. Far back, in the direction of Romney, a trembling glow like the aurora borealis told that the heaps of army stores gathered during some weeks with the intention of making an offensive campaign, and which there had now been neither time nor wagons to carry off, were still burning, while not so far away and more towards the east was the sign of a lesser conflagration, the destruction of the late outpost quarters at the Wire Bridge.

First of all came the train of, perhaps, two hundred heavily laden covered wagons, each drawn by six mules; the driver, astride of the near wheel-mule, guiding the team with a single check-line. How the train, two miles or more in length, struggled through the snow down that road from Romney! Behind

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followed most of the batteries of artillery, the heavy horses trudging along with a constant rattle and clatter of harness. And then came the column itself, marching four abreast with muskets at the right shoulder. Under and over everything lay the deep snow; the wheels of the wagons and the batteries toiled up to the hubs in it; wagon-tops, mules' and horses' backs, jolting cannon, the hats and shoulders of the six thousand men were covered by it.

At the head of the column marched the provost guard with several prisoners; one in handcuffs. This last was Tully.

Towards midnight the snow ceased, and then the warm, moist air condensed into drops of water; it began to rain. How it did rain all that 10th of January, 1862, upon the two armies, the Unionists retreating from Romney, and the Confederates under Jackson attempting to cut off the retreat! It used to be said in war times that rain was nowhere so wet, and mud nowhere so muddy as in Virginia. The moisture had condensed into a drizzle, which had continued to grow thicker and heavier as morning approached, and then at daylight, O misery! what a sight the retreating column beheld in front of it! Yesterday as far as the eye could range was an expanse of spotless white; now a sea of fluid mud stretched widely out, and the rain, no longer a steady downpour, was driving across in floods from the northeast, and with so bitterly persistent a violence that it was only with immense difficulty that the column could press on, the men toiling, heads down, as best they could against the chilling storm of wind and water. By noon the rivulets had swollen into raging torrents, streams that ordinarily were mere creeks were now become wide, deep, and impassable rivers.

There were no longer any roads; nothing but a frightful waste of mud and water. Splash! splash! and spatter! spatter! the column went on; no longer a column in four ranks, but to all appearance a disordered, mud-bedraggled mob, the water draining down in steady streams from hat-brims and the skirts of overcoats, and from the shining backs of horses and mules.

The temperature fell as dusk approached, and suddenly the rain was turned into sleet, which, as the coldness quickly increased, shot down like a shower of slender icicles upon the rubber blankets that were now spread around the shoulders of the wet, shivering, wretched men as they plodded on towards the railroad. For hours the march had consisted in striding through mire, but now it was reduced to crawling, sliding, slipping over the smooth surface of a frozen glare. The way now

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led by short cuts up and down steep hills, over uneven or stony fields, through or across deep ravines, and finally, and worst, perhaps, of all, along the railroad track, picking irregular steps from cross-tie to cross-tie, and all this while over a thin sheet of treacherous gray ice.

A few miles to the east another column was heading towards the railroad. It was Jackson and his Confederates from Winchester. How greatly they failed in the endeavor of their expedition, what suffering they underwent, how many a brave fellow among them, exhausted and benumbed, dropped down and fell asleep in the rigid arms of cold death—all that is matter of history.

Tully next day was lodged in Cumberland jail.

IV.

The month of May, 1862, was a critical period for the military situation in Virginia. McClellan had transported most of the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula, very much to the displeasure of the War Department, which insisted on maintaining an entire army corps, under McDowell, at Fredericksburg in order to cover Washington from sudden attacks on that side. It was understood, however, that this corps, strengthened by the addition of the Union force operating in the Shenandoah Valley, would march at the earliest practicable moment so as to join McClellan's right in the movement against Richmond. Such a combination the Confederates had naturally taken measures to prevent; "Stonewall" Jackson, playing upon the fears of the War Department strategists, was enabled with less than twenty-five thousand men to keep three armies, under McDowell, Shields, and Fremont, respectively, guarding the direct approaches to the Potomac River. In a military sense the campaign of May, 1862, had so far proved a prosperous one for the Confederates in Virginia.

Lander had died in February, and Shields, taking command of Lander's former division, had won a brilliant victory over Jackson near Winchester, with the result of driving that active commander quite out of the Valley, as was then supposed; Shields marching then to Fredericksburg in order to take part in McDowell's contemplated junction with the main body of the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond. But no sooner had Jackson learned of Shields' withdrawal from the Valley than he

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began that famous manœuvre which forced Banks to abandon hospitals, sick, wounded, immense stores of army supplies, and strategic positions that had taken months to secure. Therefore it was that Shields' Division, with but three days' rest at Fredericksburg after their long march, set out to return to the Valley over nearly the same route by which they had just come.

During most of the week's march the weather was delightful, and fortunately so for Shields' men; history has described few armies more badly dressed than they were at this time. It had been the intention to refit them at Fredericksburg with new uniforms and equipments, but the unforeseen necessity of this march back to the Valley had rendered this impossible. Not a few commissioned officers were without a whole garment. As for the non-commissioned officers and the privates, these, though, figuratively speaking, clothed in the dignity of being the most enterprising and valuable, and at the same time the happiest-minded division of Union troops in Virginia, were literally draped in tatters. One-half the division were barefoot, many had neither hat nor cap; trousers hung in ribbons around their ankles, coats and jackets had but one sleeve, or no sleeve at all. Many were even entirely without either overcoat or blanket. A mere mob! some one may say. Ah! but you ought to have seen this mob march! You ought to have seen it fight! The cowl does not make the monk, nor does the uniform make the soldier. But there was one thing that was often remarked about Shields' Division: though they scarcely ever settled down long enough at any one place to brush and polish and primp themselves so as to make a very spruce showing at dress-parade, their muskets were always in good order, shining like silver, even if their shoes were soiled with dust, and their cartridge-boxes were usually well supplied, even when their haversacks did not contain a meal of victuals.

As this ragged but splendid force pushed on west, it was a sight to see their pace. There was the erect yet supple swing of the body and the long, swift stride of step that showed the effects of fine physical condition, of severe yet practical military training, and of much and varied experience in active campaigns. How they did march, to be sure! It was an uncommonly good horse that could keep all day up with their steady, rapid gait.

In the advance, with rattling belts, clanking sabres, and clattering hoofs, march the cavalry—a small but choice body of horsemen. After an interval of a quarter of a mile, perhaps, comes the infantry column, its batteries of artillery interspersed

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between the brigades. The "battery boys" are the aristocracy of the force, for, despite the old-fashioned regulations to the contrary, their fat, well-filled knapsacks and haversacks are secured to the tops of the ammunition-boxes of the caissons, instead of being strapped to their own backs and sides, and thus they are enabled to step along particularly light and cheery beside their guns, cracking jokes with their jaunty drivers at the expense of the "humpbacks," as they style the more heavily-burdened infantry. These last, for all that they are loaded down with a grievous weight of arms and equipments, and brisk as is their movement, maintain the best of humor, in spite of occasional deep growls at the manner of the march, or at some other fancied error, and they are constantly ready and quite able to give and return jibes with cavalry or artillery, as the case may be, whenever those arms of the service happen to be brought near to them. From time to time songs of various sorts, patriotic, pathetic, or sentimental, rise from the ranks, and sometimes are taken up in chorus by an entire regiment.

At the head of the leading brigade is Captain Bonnom's company. After a five days' tramp the division has reached Manassas Gap in the Blue Ridge, through which the turnpike road connects "Ole Virginny" with the valleys beyond. The sun has just risen, and its beams are lighting up the crests on either side of the pass, and are glancing into hollows here and there, and flashing occasional sparkles over the surface of the pretty stream that flows along beside the road, and are setting birds to chirruping their loudest. But generally the gap is still indistinct to the eye. The keen morning air has roused the half-sleeping wits of the soldiers and has loosened their tongues.

"Say, Orderly," said a tall corporal in the first file of Captain Bonnom's company to the sergeant who was marching just in front of him and side by side with the captain, "I heard last night that Tully is out of jail and is now somewhere in this column on his way to join us. Is that true?"

But before the sergeant thus addressed could answer the question the captain himself replied: "Yes. He was released from jail because there was nothing but the loosest sort of circumstantial evidence left to bring against him, and almost every one who was at the ford with him that day has since been killed, captured, or discharged. I wish his case could be cleared up one way or the other. But the authorities have concluded to send him back to his company because there is no prospect now of his ever being tried. He will probably be up with us before

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we get to Front Royal. By the way, Corporal Hanagan, what did you know about that man Cale?"

"Well, Captain," the corporal replied, "I didn't know very much about him before he enlisted with us in Ohio, and most of what I did know was merely hearsay. But I knew who his people were very well, for I was brought up in the same town in Indiana where he was born. His father was old Judge Cale, who used to be a great money-lender in those parts. The judge was reckoned the richest man there, and most of his wealth was in real estate that he had got hold of for money lent by him. He was a hard sort of man to look at. They used to say that he had never been known to do any act willingly unless he supposed he would profit by it. He was the counsel for the railroad there and a bank director, and he kept on growing rich and fat, and I have no doubt from all I have heard of him that he did so by making others poor and lean. He never had but one child, and that was our Hank Cale who was killed that night at Wire Bridge."

"But Hank was not rich," the Orderly remarked.

"No; he wasn't," the corporal replied. "Maybe it was luck, maybe it was retribution. You see," he continued, taking a long plug of navy-tobacco from his blouse pocket, cutting off a piece, putting the piece into his mouth and then turning it over two or three times in order to get the full taste of the first flavor, returning the plug to his pocket, and then giving a loosening twitch to the pressure of the leather sling by which his musket hung from his shoulder—"you see Judge Cale died when his time came, and the whole town turned out to his funeral because he had been a prominent citizen and all that sort of thing, you know. But after his death Mrs. Cale, who was much younger than the judge, married again about as quickly as custom would allow, and the new husband and she managed between them to waste or speculate away pretty much everything that the old judge had been working so many years to get together. Hank was only a little tad then, and they soon made away with Hank's share, in spite of the old judge's will, for you know they say that lawyers' own wills are worse than no wills at all. By the time Hank was a grown-up boy his mother was dead, and he hadn't a cent of all the thousands the judge had laid away for him."

"All that looks like bad luck for Hank," said the Captain, "but so far I don't see any retribution."

"Well, I don't believe that a man could go on for a lifetime as Judge Cale did and not leave some misery for his own people as

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well as for others. I have heard tell of many a wrong-doing of his. Long ago there used to be a lawyer named Venner living in that town. He was a clever lawyer too, and he had a fine house with handsome grounds, and a very nice family, including three or four little girls, I believe, and one little boy; the boy was about Hank Cale's age. Venner was a generous soul and lived well, but he had no business ability and was always in debt. Among others that he borrowed of was Judge Cale, and he gave the judge a mortgage on his place. He was anxious to save that for his family, and he paid back the full amount with interest according to the bond, but the last payment he neglected to take a receipt for, in his usual careless way, lawyer though he was, and the judge either couldn't find the mortgage and the final note just then, or he said he couldn't. Anyhow, it amounted to the same, for that very day Venner died suddenly of heart disease, and, to put it all in a few words, Judge Cale denied the payment, forced a sale of the place, bought it in, and moved in himself with his own family, sending the Venners adrift. That was the house the judge died in, and willed to Hank."

"What did you say was the name of that other lawyer, Corporal?" inquired the Captain.

"Venner," the corporal answered.

"That is strange," the Captain said to the Orderly. "A man named Venner belonged to the Indiana regiment, and deserted just about the time they crossed the Wire Bridge on the way to Romney." After musing awhile the Captain asked the Orderly: "What was it Tully said when you arrested him about a man that he saw running away from the opposite side of the ford just after Cale's death?"

"I don't remember exactly," the Orderly replied, "but it couldn't have been, for the sergeant told me he looked and could see no one except Tully who could have done the deed."

The head of the column meanwhile had reached the westernmost mouth of Manassas Gap, and it halted at the steep declivity where the turnpike winds around in its descent towards the valley in which Front Royal is situated. Beneath, stretching out towards the brown line of the Massanutten Mountains and reaching north and south, lay the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, its cultivated fields undulating between the irregular masses of broken ridges that rib the soil in various directions. At the foot of the declivity the course of the Shenandoah River, partially encircling Front Royal and then bearing off towards the northwest

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between two lines of lofty heights, was indicated by a covered bridge and a fringe of willows and poplars, though all was still obscure under the morning shadow of the Blue Ridge. The sun had risen high enough, however, behind Shields' men to burnish with its slanting rays the window-panes in the houses of the town, which was prettily clustered with a railroad station on a plateau a mile or more west of the covered bridge.

Beyond the town a great number of small white spots on the dark hillside showed the Confederate camp. Hark! Tá-ra-ra! tá-ra! tá-ra-ra! Tá-ra! tá-ra-ra! tá-ra! How clearly the bugle-notes of the réveillé in that camp are borne across the valley and up here! The sun has now mounted above the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, and the dark patches in the valley that a while ago mottled the view have dissolved in the fresh light to reappear as comfortable farm-houses, with their numerous outbuildings, barns, negro quarters, and orchards, and just to the south of the town a reddish-yellow streak along the crest of a low ridge shows newly-constructed earthworks. The daylight has begun to penetrate between the trees near the bridge below and is reflected from the sparkling surface of the river. The high road is clearly defined between the bridge and the town, and then beyond the town as it goes northwardly and westwardly towards Winchester, following for a distance the hither bank of the river and then crossing it again by a second bridge near the point at which the stream bends away between the heights.

Apparently neither the early risers in Front Royal nor the Confederates in the camp suspect as yet that up here, hidden from them by the pines and the dense laurel growth, six pieces of Union artillery are trained on the railroad station and a whole division of Union troops are awaiting the signal to rush down upon them and turn the now quiet place into a wild confusion of havoc. Just this side of the covered hedge a solitary cavalryman in gray sits his horse, and near him three others dismounted are gathered about a little fire in an angle of the fence at the roadside boiling their morning coffee, their horses meanwhile standing contentedly in waiting. In the open field near the Confederate camp, it is true, squadrons of cavalry are rapidly forming, but no alarm whatever seems yet to have been given of the Union approach. Still it is scarcely a fortnight since an outlying Union regiment of Banks' command was surprised on that very spot by these very Confederates, and it would be strange indeed if these were to be caught in the same way.

All this time, a few yards in front of the hidden Union force,

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a short, compactly built man is standing in the shadow of an oak-tree, surveying with a field-glass the town, the Confederate camp, the roads and the bridges. He wears a general's uniform, without any ostentatious display, and his face, which is smooth-shaven except for a stubby moustache tinged with gray, is deeply furrowed by wrinkles. It is an unmistakably Irish face so far as its lineaments, but the keen, half-humorous expression that lights it up has a suggestion of energy that is decidedly American. It is Gen. Shields. While the general was observing them, the lines of Confederate horsemen, for they were all cavalry, were breaking into columns, and the columns then began to descend the hill towards the road and then to disappear into the town, the leading column reappearing again at the other end of the town, and winding off towards the upper bridge.

A cloud of smoke bursts suddenly out from among the buildings of the railroad station and mounts slowly through the still morning air in a vertical pillar upwards towards the sky. The station is in a blaze, and evidently has been set on fire. Gen. Shields lowers his field-glass, and, turning to one of the staff-officers, who are just behind him, his gray eyes light up in anticipation of an exciting moment. "They are going, Major," he says, "but I think we'll hasten their speed within a few minutes"; and he walked back with his companion to where their horses were waiting for them just inside the edge of the wood.

The Confederate picket post at the bridge have mounted their horses and are scurrying off along the road into the town. From out of the smoke of the burning station a train of freight-cars begins to move slowly off towards Winchester, but the hoarse whistle of its locomotive has scarcely done echoing back and forth between the hills when from the Union position there rings out an almost deafening crash, and six shells, with strident rush, fly away and within a few seconds are bursting in spherical tufts of white smoke amid the columns of the retreating Confederates. Now indeed the valley is awake, and Confederate batteries peal out in answer to the Union guns. Squadrons of Federal cavalry have quietly but hastily descended to the bridge and across to the other side, and there have formed; their sudden dash has prevented the Confederates from burning the bridge. Now they are all ready. There is their bugle signal, "Forward!" How steadily their lines are advancing. Now the signal is "Trot!" and through the slight cloud of dust that is rising behind the swift-pacing hoofs the regular formation is still seen rushing on towards the mass of Confederates that has

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not yet quit its position. "Charge!" Reader, have you ever seen a cavalry charge? How they go! But all of the charge is hidden for a moment by the denser cloud of dust that rises with the increased speed of the Union line. Now and again a guidon is visible fluttering above a part of the lines and the dust-cloud is moving against the rear and flank of the Confederate columns, some of which have halted and are forming to meet charge with counter charge. One squad of Union horsemen has gone off to the right like the wind, and already are nearly abreast with the locomotive of the runaway freight train and are firing pistol-shots into its cab.

In the little town the crack and rattle of pistol and carbine are rivalling the thunder of cannon, which is now echoing from hill to hill, while ever and anon the Union hurrah goes up and is defiantly answered by the shrill hi! hi! of the Confederates. Riderless horses are scampering back and over the fields, and dismounted men, bleeding and limping, are painfully making their way, as best they can, back from the points where the struggle has become stubbornly engaged. Shields himself, with his staff, is up with his cavalry, and now his infantry has defiled across the covered bridge and is pouring at the double-quick into the town to take part in the contest and bring it to an end.

The Confederate commander gathered his force together on the approach of the Union infantry and withdrew in some haste. It had been a brief but brilliant affair, and to some extent, at least, atoned for the annoyance caused to the Union army by Jackson's surprise of Banks shortly before. Shields' cavalry, with some infantry, among which was Captain Bonnom's company, deployed in skirmishing order, pressed the rear of the retreating Confederates along the turnpike road and across the second bridge.

Once beyond the bridge the chase was much scattered, according to the varying advantages of ground, or the dash, or stubbornness, as it might be, of the contestants. Beyond the second bridge, for a mile or more on towards Winchester, the crests and slopes on either hand of the turnpike were dotted with puffs of smoke from pistol, carbine, musket, and cannon. Capt. Bonnom's extended skirmish-line had pushed forward close to the rear of the main column of the retreating army, and a squad of Confederate cavalry temporarily cut off were endeavoring to break through his right in order to rejoin their comrades. That part of Bonnom's men had therefore rallied in groups of four, and in the four on the extreme right was Corporal Hanagan, whose tall figure rose up even above the tall comrades who

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stood about him in a circle, facing outwards. His features were streaming with blood and soiled with powder, and he, as well as the others, was loading and firing slowly and steadily, occasionally emptying a saddle of its rider, an event which he did not fail to celebrate with a wild whoop of triumph.

There were, perhaps, twenty of the horsemen, and, having repeatedly discharged their carbines in vain, they drew their sabres and rode with a fierce yell, at full gallop, against the skirmishers, separating from one another with widening intervals as they went. But what is this? A footman, who had just been descried running at topmost speed from the direction of the bridge, had almost reached Corporal Hanagan's four, when the upraised sabre of one of the Confederate horsemen fell upon him with a deadly stroke. The corporal fired to save him, but although his shot came too late for this, it brought the cavalryman to the earth, the horse, frightened by the din of the mêlée, cantering away first to one side and then to the other.

Along the Winchester turnpike, through and out past Front Royal, across the second bridge, and broadcast over the hillsides and hollows, the dead and wounded lay beneath the searching rays of the hot noon-day sun. The stretcher-bearers were already at their rough but kindly work. Far out beyond the second bridge they had gathered a dozen poor wounded fellows, gray and blue alike, just as they had come across them, into the inviting shade of a weather-stained haystack, and were constantly bringing in more for the surgeons and hospital-stewards, who, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, were engaged in the endeavor to heal these wrecked bodies. Almost side by side among the wounded were a Federal and a Confederate, the one an infantryman dying from a sabre-stroke, the other having the insignia of Ashby's famous cavalry regiment. They lay exhausted, their features pale and pinched, their glazing eyes almost without expression. The Confederate slightly turned his head as a Union surgeon, stooping to look at him, called to an assistant to bring a dose of brandy.

"Don't give me liquor, doctor," the man murmured weakly. "I am bound to die with this wound and the liquor will do no good."

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the surgeon, "that I cannot save you. But you had better take this brandy; it will help you to die easy."

The man's blue lips quivered, but he managed to utter, "Liquor

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made me a murderer and a deserter." The surgeon checked his professional haste in order to listen to the words of the dying man, who continued: "I used to belong to an Indiana regiment. My name is John Venner. Last winter at the Wire Bridge, near Romney, when I was wild with liquor, I heard that Hank Cale, the son of the man who ruined my family, was on picket post there. I left my regiment and crept up the river-bank until I was within aim and then I killed Cale." He paused to recover strength, and then with a great effort added: "When I had done that I felt remorse at once and I deserted to the enemy. I went across the mountains to Jackson's column and enlisted with Ashby. I am sorry, doctor, and hope God will forgive me." He closed his eyes and the pallor of death suffused his countenance, and he was silent for ever.

The Union soldier meanwhile was pulling the surgeon's arm. "I have just had a dream," he said. "I dreamt that Hank Cale came and told my regiment that I didn't kill him, though they put me in Cumberland jail for it and almost starved me to death." The man was evidently delirious, and the surgeon shook his head at Captain Bonnom, who, along with Corporal Hanagan, had come up a few moments before and had heard Venner's self-accusation.

"Poor Tully!" the Captain said, and he asked the surgeon what were the hopes for the man's recovery. None, he was told, and indeed Tully was already in the spasms that were to draw his evil fortune to an end. The Corporal, who had recognized the dead Confederate as the cavalryman whom he had shot just after his fatal sabre-blow at Tully, knelt at one side of Tully and the Captain at the other, each holding a hand of the poor fellow. In a short while they rose to depart, for all was then over. As they went away to find their company Captain Bonnom said to his corporal: "I am more than ever convinced that liquor-drinking is a curse. These two dead men are an evidence. That spree at the Wire Bridge led to murder, treacherous desertion, to the unjust imprisonment of a harmless and innocent man, and perhaps even was the remote cause of his death."

"Yes, Captain," said Corporal Hanagan, "but it seems to me the trouble really began further back, with old Judge Cale's money-getting meanness."

"No doubt," the Captain rejoined, sententiously. "It does seem that no wrong can be done, whether great or trifling, that is not followed by an endless series of evils, and the abuse of liquor is certainly one of these evils." T. F. GALWEY.

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A CATHOLIC ASPECT OF HOME RULE.

II.

THREE tests exist, by which we may estimate some results of England's misrule and maladministration of Ireland. If any one, or if any two, and still more if all three of these palmary tests conclusively and cumulatively point to the folly of perpetuating the present system, and to the wisdom of adopting a fresh system, then, the relations between England and Ireland, with which we are unhappily familiar, stand condemned by their own inherent badness. They stand thus condemned from the evidence of both the past and the present, apart from all results which may possibly occur in the future. And *a fortiori*, they are condemned apart from those results of unfulfilled prophecy which uninspired prophets of evil perseveringly proclaim, and by their reiteration materially assist in producing. These three tests may be concisely described as the historical, the political, and the social. Even a cursory and superficial examination of them, which is all that can be attempted in this place, will suffice to elicit a definite answer to the questions previously formulated. The questions, it may be repeated, for the sake of clearness, were these: (1) What are the results of the government by England of Ireland? and the results of the existing government being what they are, (2) Ought not Ireland to be allowed by England to govern herself?

I. The verdict of history on the government of Ireland by an alien and distant nationality demands attention in the first place. This verdict may be found not only in English works by historians who are yet illogically averse from granting Irish autonomy, such as Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude; but also, from the lips or pen of any foreigner of average intelligence who has studied the question, such as M. de Beaumont, of the last generation, and a Canadian priest of French extraction of the present, the Rev. Emile Piché. It may be summarized in a single and not very involved sentence. No civilized, not to say Christian country has, for so long a period and in so barbarous and tyrannical a manner, and with such selfish cynical indifference to the rights of the dependent nation, misgoverned another country, not less civilized and much more Christian, than England has ruled the sister Kingdom of Ireland. This misrule is apparent in every department of government wherein the stronger is able to domi-

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nate the weaker nation. For instance: in religion, Ireland has been cruelly, ruthlessly, and only not to the present day continuously persecuted, with a minuteness and refinement of persecution which was impossible against the same divine religion under pagan persecutors, and was rendered possible only by the exhaustiveness of modern legislation. Well may the late Mr. Matthew Arnold (quoted by Mr. J. A. Fox in "*Why* Ireland wants Home Rule") speak of "that penal code, of which the monstrosity is not half known to Englishmen, and may be studied by them with profit." And this penal code was inflicted in the interests of a persecuting minority—backed by the national prestige and material power of England—which in those days bore toward the persecuted majority the proportion, perhaps, of one to eight or ten. In education, Ireland has been forcibly kept ignorant—the individual being kept in ignorance under the risk of being banned and outlawed—Ireland, where knowledge is thirsted for by all classes and has not to be made compulsory upon an unwilling people, as in England. By law, in the reign of Queen Anne, Catholic teachers were banished and made liable to death in case of return; and forfeiture to the crown of all real and personal estate was the punishment of those who, for educational purposes, sent their children to be reared abroad. Whilst, when a mitigation of these infamous laws was allowed by England, means of education still more infamous were invented, by which knowledge was imparted to the people at the risk and cost to children of apostasy.

In the matter, again, of disabilities, Ireland, until long after the rights of the people were recognized in England, has been denied equal rights of representation and freedom with the governing nation. So late as the reign of George I. an act was passed disfranchising the Catholics of Ireland, both for Parliamentary and municipal elections: and at the present day, fresh legislation (whatsoever may be the nominal cause) is perpetually inflicting upon Ireland a personal loss of liberty in speech and in action to which the English democracy would not for one moment submit. In this relation, however, it is remarkable that, by a singular Nemesis of mercy, which English Catholics ungenerously forget, Catholic emancipation was eventually gained by the Celt for the Saxon. In finance, again, Ireland has been and is taxed out of all proportion more heavily than England. This assertion is not disproved by the fact which is rather pompously insisted upon, *viz.*, that certain upper-class assessed taxes are not levied in the sister kingdom. But, if allowance be made for the

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cost of government in Ireland, which might be far less than that of England, and the amount of the National debt of England, which is far greater than that of Ireland, it is obvious that the taxation of the one country should be sensibly less than the taxation of the other. The facts, however, are exactly contrary, and are as follows: The National debt of Ireland, normally at zero, stood at two millions a few years previously to the Union. It then rose by the policy of the British government, by fostered rebellion, bribery, corruption and fraud, to twenty-seven millions. Sixteen years later it rose again to the enormous amount of one hundred and twelve millions. Meantime, whilst the Irish debt had been quadrupled the English debt was increased by less than one-half. But herein lay the sting of the plot. The figures which these proportions severally represent brought the Irish debt into those relations with the English debt, that the British Parliament was enabled (under the terms of the Act of Union) to tax Ireland uniformly with England. Thus the poorer country and the more heavily indebted was taxed uniformly with the absolutely richer and the proportionately less heavily indebted country.

In brief, history affirms that Ireland has been given over body, soul and spirit to the tender mercies of a small, hard, unscrupulous minority, half-English, half-Scotch, wholly non-national and wholly non-Catholic: and that in the few instances quoted—financially, electorally, educationally, religiously—she has been thus given over to be governed, not so much in the interests of the minority of the Irish nation, though that were bad enough, but in the material interests of alien and hostile England. Readers of Irish history can testify that the minority have loyally governed the dependent kingdom on behalf of the more powerful nation to the very letter of their stern commission.

II. The verdict of politics on the misrule of the Celt by the Saxon, which the evidence of our senses permits to those who live at the present day and can watch the making of history, may be summarized, not so much in a single sentence, as by a single word. That one word is—failure! Nothing, literally, no one act of the legislature of England in relation to Ireland, has proved, it need not be said a complete, but even a comparative success. Everything of a legislative character has proved, beginning or middle or end, to be a failure, an abject, hopeless, transparent, unmitigated failure. As a matter of course, every legislative change that England volunteered to make in Irish law

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for England's own advantage and profit, and not for the profit, not for the advantage of the misgoverned dependency, was not only foredoomed, but was rightly foredoomed to failure. But, the noteworthy point in Ireland's political story as forcibly traced by the iron pen of England is this: that even when English statesmen of a nobler mould than the average House of Commons politician have risen to the level of desiring justice for Ireland, have honestly endeavored, after their flickering light, to rule Ireland for Ireland's good, the same portentous failure has ensued. This is no figure of speech, although the present is not the place to instance such failures otherwise than in general terms. But, one example may be hinted at. However difficult it may be, with the evidence supplied by present knowledge and past experience, to credit the opinion, yet, it is more than probable that the authors of the lamentable Encumbered Estates Act of 1849 were influenced by benevolent motives towards Ireland. It is indeed described by one of many able Irish writers on the position of their own country (in *A Word for Ireland*, by Mr. Healy), as "a crude, desperate, ill-timed measure." Without to any extent questioning the value of this criticism (or rather, whilst accepting it fully), we may believe that the intention which actuated its authors was, at the least, good. Of course, it ended in failure, and in more than failure—positive injury: and herein it followed, with unerring instinct, the course of each effort of England to govern Ireland from a foreign capital city. Even her more or less disinterested acts of legislation for Ireland have been marked by characteristics which have poisoned the issue to those whom it most concerned. Legislation either came too late, when an earlier yielding of rights withheld would have brought contentment, if not gratitude: or, it was yielded in a grudging temper, when greater generosity was demanded and would have been appreciated: or the act which sought to convey the yielded concession to justice was imperfectly drafted and carelessly altered, or incontinently "amended" out of all recognition, and no sooner became law than it needed, in a strict sense of the word, actual amendment: or worse still, was based on principle, custom and asserted right which were thoroughly English not Irish, Saxon not Celtic in sentiment, of a feudal origin not derived in any way from tribal tradition, of a Protestant and not of a Catholic character. Every one who knows anything of the question can quote individual cases which will harmonize with these broad statements—if only it be admitted by one who is not an Englishman, that England has ever legislated

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for Ireland in a spirit disinterested and pure. But, a single criterion may be suggested which will test all the results of Ireland's non-national legislation, of what sort they may be.

For a period of at least four hundred years England has essayed, more or less completely or partially, to govern Ireland. She has employed modes and methods of government of varied kind, from dire coercion to mild conciliation. Doubtless the severer treatment has been more frequently applied than the more lenient. Indeed, the leniency of the rule of England formed the exception to the rule of severity which evidenced the truth of the law. But, conciliation has proved equally unsuccessful with coercion; and the illogical, half-hearted conjunction of both coercion and conciliation, of constitutionalism and tyranny contemporaneously, has proved equally inefficacious. England, throughout and consistently, has failed, in every sense of the term, to pacificate Ireland. She has failed to reconcile her dependency to the rule of the richer, the more numerous, the more energetic, the more powerful nation. She has failed to make of Ireland either a populous country; or a manufacturing or commercial country; or a country contented in itself and peaceful to live in; or a land which develops its own resources and supplies its own wants; or a nation devoted to the higher side of life, in art, science or literature; or a people which endures without obvious irritation the rule of another and a dominant people. She has failed even to make the name of law, meaning English law, other than hated and hateful; and the idea of government, that is to say, English government, other than despicable and despised. And she has thus failed in almost every department of government, and in securing the results of government, in a civilized age, both towards those whom she has presumed to hold in subjection, in the face of these results, on her own borders; and also towards the far larger number of a common nationality, that Greater Ireland across the seas, in the continents of America and Australasia alike, whom her misgovernment has exiled from their island homes.

These facts alone, and they might be multiplied almost indefinitely as a record of centuries and in the judgment of politicians, are sufficient to condemn the rule of Ireland by England.

III. The verdict on the topic under discussion, from a social point of view, can be summarized neither by a single word, nor in a single sentence. Yet, is the verdict not the less decided than in the other test cases of politics and of history, against the rule by England of Ireland. In nearly every department of social

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life, in which man has the advantage over the brute beasts which perish, Ireland, at the present day, is exhibited before the Christian world by England as the exception to universal experience. In no other non-barbarous land on God's earth is such a spectacle to be seen, or more truly such a series of spectacles—a very panorama of ill. As a nation—and this is the testimony, offered a few years ago, of a great ecclesiastic who has visited many nations, savage and civilized—Ireland is worse housed, worse clothed, worse fed, until lately was worse taught, and *almost until* to-day (if we may admit this saving clause) was worse governed than any other civilized country with any pretence to constitutional rule. No other civilized state is both systematically and largely and year by year continually decreasing in population. This decrease arises not from natural causes over which man has no control, not from the contact of a higher civilization with a lower form, not from the colonization of other lands enforced by the will of a superior power. No: it arises from the voluntary, ceaseless flow of the best blood of the country, of the sinew and bone of the masses and of the intellect and intelligence of the classes—too ready to escape from the land apparently God-forsaken and certainly man-struck, which yet in their various ways they idolize.

Again: no other people can be named of whom this can be truthfully declared, that their native industries have been deliberately destroyed, their home manufactures have been legislatively prohibited, their shipping interests have been intentionally wrecked, their national products have been legally discouraged, and their social condition and status have been wilfully lowered and kept in degradation by another people who have had them in subjection without conquering them, and who have made a pretence of governing them by constitutional laws nominally common to both countries. And no other country exists of which this last item can be predicated. When the Irish people have been forced, as an alternative between starvation and exile, to turn to a lower class of comparatively unskilled labor, and when agriculture became practically the only source of livelihood, directly or indirectly, of a large portion of the population, what was the fate which met hundreds of thousands of the peasantry of Ireland? It was a fate which has absolutely no counterpart in civilized and Christian history, so far as the present writer can gather. In order still further to diminish the population of the country, the natural increase of which, whether at home or in her colonies, is a source of strength and wealth o a

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nation, an artificial means to this end was adopted, of a description, barbarous in itself, which would simply have caused a revolution in England, had the system been there attempted. A few words suffice to indicate to what that system amounted, which every student of Ireland knows only too well. Evictions on a large scale were resorted to, on many pretences, true and false, honest or dishonest. In cases where evictions by process of law were impossible, bribery and corruption were employed. From a patriotic point of view these efforts were none the less disgraceful because the price was duly paid to the victims; and from a humanitarian aspect they were all the more disgraceful, by reason, in early days of emigration, of tortures inseparable from the middle passage in sailing vessels, of disease and death on the voyage, of desolation and destitution on the arrival of the poorer emigrants in a strange land. The result was this: that houses and villages were systematically destroyed; whole districts and tracts of country were made bare of homesteads: square miles of agricultural land, which supported many an honest family, were turned into pasturage which could occupy only a few hands for its due care; and the rent of the land which still remained under spade cultivation was gradually raised to double, treble, four times and occasionally to more than quadruple its former figure; and that mainly (of course, not solely) in consequence of the tenant's own labor, money, thought and time.

Such, in briefest outline, are some of the reasons, from a social aspect, of the cry of Ireland for a rule, for any rule, which may cease to be that of England.

Limitations of space forbid the further discussion of these three tests by results of England's misgovernment of Ireland. Before, however, these remarks are concluded, it may be permitted to the writer to draw renewed attention to two additional topics which intimately affect the argument of these articles. They are of a wholly different character from each other; the one has proved to be more or less of accidental injury to the country, the other still exercises a wide and permanent injury. Both flow from one cause and both are due to the government of a dependency by a foreign and often a hostile nationality.

Firstly: Irishmen view the worst features of the fearful perennial famines, from 1845 to 1850, which have desolated their fruitful country, as the work of man—of course, under the permissive will of God. They have good cause for their view. In spite of all that may be said on behalf of the English governments

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of those dates—for the hands of no party were clean—whether for their action or for their inaction, under the dictation or prohibition of the dismal science, the truths and fallacies of political economy, yet history records very dark facts of English maladministration at such crises. Perhaps the most crushing evidence against English rule was supplied at the time in question through the columns of that venal and unscrupulous newspaper, the London *Times*. The facts of Irish destitution, says that journal in a well-known passage (last quoted by Mr. Fox), "are ridiculously simple. They are almost too commonplace to be told. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial famine. Nature does her duty. The land is fruitful enough; nor can it be fairly said, that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work: in fact man and nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But, something ever intervenes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet." Of course, the failure of the potato crop was the immediate cause of scarcity. But, beyond the act of God, What may be the reason, it may be asked, of this *artificial famine?* Why did the *people starve* when their island overflowed with food? How was it that *something* intervened? Forty-three years have elapsed since these editorial words were written, and much has been said by many persons of authority on the question during the interval. The latest commentary that has annotated this criticism of English administration of its sister kingdom, is supplied by the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Bagshawe) speaking publicly in his cathedral city on the crime committed by the present Crimes Act—"the crime of enabling the landlords of Ireland to go on extorting unjust, exorbitant and impossible rents, and to enable them to continue to exterminate and expel their tenantry." The bishop's reference to the famine is contained in these words, as reported in the London *Catholic Press* of March 31, 1888: The Irish famine, said his lordship, "was a famine made by the English government. The years were years of plenty. But the famine was caused by England carrying all the corn and cattle produce out of the country, to be sold for the benefit of absentee landlords. Instead of keeping the produce of Ireland to feed the people there, as an Irish legislature would have done, it was sent out of the country, for the benefit of the Englishman. The Corn Laws, too, operated against the Irish. The relief granted was distributed by the [Dublin] Castle in such a way, that no profit could come of it; and the men were withdrawn

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from the land, which remained unsown, to the relief-works. That went on for five years, and was an instance of a destructive union." The Bishop of Nottingham's words concisely answer the above questions, What, why and how? The "artificial famine" was caused by the system known as that of absentee landlordism. The "people starved" because the absentee landlords claimed their legal rights. "Something" intervened, inasmuch as the worth of millions of money was transferred, in the interests of the lawful owners (the law being on their side), from the country which created the produce to the country in which the produce was spent.

Secondly: Not only Irishmen, but Englishmen also view the whole existing system of absentee landlordism, apart from all questions of the otherwise just or unjust conduct of such landlords towards their tenants—and such landlords are amongst the most highly respected of their class—as a grave and indefensible scandal. The facts connected with the system are notorious, and are on all hands admitted to be beyond dispute. Taken in a general way by English people, they are accepted as historical, political or social facts which exist, and are therefore, presumably, justifiable. They are supposed to be, on the whole, defensible; and in any individual case, specially where personal acquaintance or friendship exists between the landlord and the censor, are imagined to be, at least for the owner, beneficial. It is only when some of the facts are collected into a focus and the results are concentrated into a single page, that the average English inquirer is staggered in his conviction, and is startled at the unexpected Irish revelation. And some of the facts are these—for it is impossible to exhaust them in this place: That a considerable proportion of the land of Ireland is at present in the hands, mainly by the dispossession of former owners by confiscation and legal plunder, of landlords of large or small estates, who are non-resident; that these non-resident land-owners, as a rule, neither live on their properties even for a portion of the year, nor personally visit their properties, nor are acquainted with their properties, save through the eye, ear and hand of their agents, nor are interested in their properties, beyond the point that their Irish properties contribute to their English income. Moreover, that the income which these non-resident landlords derive from their Irish estates in many cases—not in all, but in sufficient numbers to warrant the general assertion—is extorted from their tenants, if not entirely, yet to a large extent under the provisions of English-made law: that such law has been enforced

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on the tenants without their consent, against their wishes and in opposition to their interests: that such income, in many cases, has not been legitimately made out of the land rented, but rather has been paid out of other sources of livelihood, or has been earned by husbands and fathers in England, or has been contributed from the savings of emigrant sons and daughters in America. And lastly, that the revenue which is yearly carried away from the country in which it was nominally produced and where it was actually paid, is subjected to no special tax, fine or reduction, and is spent, wholly or mainly, for the advantage of the governing nation and not for the benefit of the nation governed, which is thus defrauded of its honest labor and its rightful gains. This iniquitous and immoral system is one which the comparatively uncivilized Norman conquerors of England might have taught their degenerate descendants, the rulers of Ireland in the nineteenth century, to eschew. Eight centuries ago the Norman baron-made law regulated and repressed, as between Normandy and England, a system similar to, but not so far-reaching as, that which exists to-day between Ireland and England. Unless the report, lately published in the English papers, be erroneous, the evil in question, which is said to be a source of discontent to a limited extent in the United States of America, is in the course of suppression by statute, in regard to the foreign owners of American soil, above a certain amount of acreage. But the ill is rampant in Ireland. To what extent it flourishes is practically unknown: the acreage of the absentee landlords and the rent-roll transported to England, cannot be, saving at intervals, accurately estimated. An approximation, however, to the truth may be gathered from the evidence of official statistics. The following figures, it is believed, may be taken to be trustworthy. Since the date of the Union the amount of the absentee rental has been calculated by different authorities at various aggregates. But, as the century advanced in its earlier and even in its later years, the amount increased in a steady ratio. Thus: Shortly after the Union, it was calculated at three millions. A generation later, it was calculated at from three to four millions. Some years after it was said to reach five and even six millions sterling. A generation later, again, the amount is said to have diminished; possibly, at the present date the sum does not touch the highest point which once it reached. In any case, in the year 1872, from a Parliamentary return laid before the British House of Commons, these astounding facts were made public: The ratable land in Ireland is estimated at some twenty

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millions of acres, and the total rental (which must not be confused with the value for rating purposes) at sixteen millions sterling. Neither the absentee owners of house property, a very large element of national injury, nor the property belonging to public institutions, nor to small proprietors holding less than one hundred acres of land, need be taken into account. But, of the residue, it appears that there are nearly three thousand absentee landlords (as against rather more than ten thousand owners of land who are resident) in Ireland; and that the ratable value for taxation (which must not be mistaken for the rental value) of the property of the absentee landlords amounts to nearly two and one-half millions sterling (as against rather more than seven millions representing the resident landlords' ratable value) *per annum.* In short, speaking roughly, somewhat less than one third of the total number of the great owners of the soil of Ireland are absentees; and somewhat more than one-third of the rated value of the soil of Ireland is in the hands of these absentees. If to these proportional statements be added the concrete fact that the owners of five millions of acres (or one-quarter of the acreage of Ireland) withdraw from an already impoverished, it may be said, from a consequently impoverished country, a yearly sum which has been variously estimated, in different epochs, at between two and six millions of money, to enrich an already prosperous, and it may be said, a consequently prosperous country—then some noteworthy figures may be produced. The Union between England and Ireland has now existed for eighty-six full years. During this period, supposing an average of these figures to be taken, not less and perhaps much more than four millions of money have been transferred year by year to the richest country in the world from one of the poorest. The aggregate of this annual drain from Ireland into England since the Union amounts to the almost incredible sum of three hundred and forty-four millions sterling. This sum would suffice to purchase the freehold of the entire kingdom of Ireland, on the estimated rental value of the land, at from twenty-one to twenty-two years' purchase. To annotate this second result of absentee landlordism from the date of the legislative union, were to spoil its pertinency.

These two further topics afford additional arguments to the three earlier ones, against the continuance of English misrule in Ireland, and in favor of Ireland being allowed by England the privilege to govern herself.

Orby Shipley.

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THE EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON.

THE officers of the Evangelical Alliance assembled, last winter, a General Christian Conference of "twelve or fifteen hundred delegates" from all the Protestant bodies of this country to study our National Perils and Opportunities. "National Perils and Opportunities" is the first line printed on the title-page of the report of the conference, which has now been given to the public. The call for the meeting, signed by seventy of the most eminent Protestants of the country, both clerical and lay, thus summarized the perils: the alienation of the masses from the churches, and the widening chasm between the churches and the multitude; the multiplication of wants and the creation of tastes by popular education which are not gratified by the present distribution of wealth, together with the growing discontent among workingmen; the saloon; a wide-spread spirit of lawlessness; the apathy of the popular conscience; increasing pauperism and crime.

The opportunities were agreed to be found in the resources of religion. The call of the conference affirmed that it was time to demonstrate that the gospel can do what the ballot has failed to do. Co-operation of all spiritually-minded men to move against vice in organized force was what was mainly insisted on. A little was said of the press, and something more of the school as resources for meeting the national perils.

These topics and others more or less cognate to them were discussed with extreme frankness, and for the most part intelligently; some of the addresses are worthy of a permanent place in literature, and but few of them are entirely commonplace. Dr. James McCosh spoke well on the relation of religion to the quarrel between capital and labor, laying down principles if not in every particular Catholic, yet Catholic in their general tendency; and his practical suggestions are especially instructive and interesting. We have seldom met with anything more simply eloquent than the address of Colonel J. L. Greene, of Hartford, on the social vice—eloquent and moving, and worthy to be placed under the eyes of every man and woman in America. Professor Boyesen, of Columbia College, bade the conference look at the great stream of emigrants pouring into that flood-gate of the world's human tides, Castle Garden, and proposed to

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tax emigration down to safer proportions; he did not seem to meet with more than a respectful and considerate hearing. Yet all through the report we find a foreboding about the foreign element. One of the best addresses is that of Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia. His topic is the relation of rich and poor, and he plainly loves the poor man and his family. He is a powerful exponent of the dignity of labor, and the obligations of the rich to those who are beaten and battered about all their lives between the need of bread and the lack of opportunity to earn it. I venture to recommend a careful perusal of the following extract from his address:

"And then, moreover, let me say that in my judgment the present pew system is the most monstrous barrier that has ever been erected between the churches and the common people. [Applause.] If a church building is consecrated to Almighty God and is his, I would like to ask, in the name of religion and common sense, what right any man has to a certain topographical district in that building which he can fence off and say, 'That is my property.' It is a monstrous notion. There is no foundation for it in Old Testament or in New Testament. It may be equitable enough as a business basis, but it is utterly inexpedient as the basis for reaching the masses of the people with the word of life. A man has no more right to intrude into a pew that is owned or rented by another man than he has to intrude into the house that is owned or rented by another man. And if the principle of proprietorship in the house of God is right, then you cannot wonder at the feeling of the workingman, that he is excluded unless he can afford to pay for or buy a pew."

The evil complained of—which Mr. Pierson elsewhere describes as the non-conducting qualities of the kid glove—is not absent from our own churches. If the supernatural attractions of our churches are still able to overcome the repellent influence of the acceptation of persons in proportion to their wealth, it will not always be so; the financial necessity of making a portion of God's house the rich man's paddock has, perhaps, already had much to do with the beggarly account of empty benches at High Mass.

President Merrill E. Gates, of Rutgers College, also gave an excellent discourse on the misuse of wealth. Dr. Robert C. Matlack, still addressing the rich, beats an old-fashioned P. P. on enforcing the duty of giving. The address of Rev. S. W. Dike, of Auburndale, Mass., on the perils of the family is an extremely good one, earnest, direct, well thought out, wise, and with a certain plainness of style which is a warrant of sincerity. It seems to me the most valuable production of the conference.

It is hard to tell how many times over the question was asked, How can we reach the multitude? A perfectly un-Pro-

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testant question it surely is, for by the Protestant theory no man's spiritual welfare should be essentially conditioned upon any other man's action further than giving him the Bible. Reach the multitude the Bible, and the multitude is reached, according to Protestant principles. Get a man to read the Scriptures, and you have begun and ended your part. The Bible privately interpreted by the light of the Holy Spirit is the church. Why then does not the American multitude, that part especially born of Christian parents, make its own church? The answer, though plain, is not found in these addresses. The truth is, that the multitude has not the requisite material to do it with. The early Protestants made their own churches, such as they were, and they were able to do so for a very significant reason: they had at hand a book everybody held to be inspired. Primitive Protestantism had but to reach to the Catholic altar and take from it a book which the old religion had made the human race believe had God for its author. By the steady influence of popes and councils, and monks and bishops, and other organs of Catholic power, men were agreed that the Divine Wisdom was responsible for that book and for every part of it. If the present "multitude" believed the Catholic dogma of inspiration as firmly as their ancestors of the Reformation, they would equally as well yield to the same natural self-deceit of private judgment, and get up the same dreary lot of discordant sects, and tear away at the seamless robe of Christ's united people, as was done of yore. But the Christian Bible, snatched from the Christian altar, and Episcopate, and Papacy, has had a sad time of it. The delusion that human reason is the all-sufficient criterion in the use of the Scriptures has, in course of three hundred years of practical working, brought reason and inspiration into conflict. To say that God is the author of that book and of all its parts involves in many cases, so Protestants have come to think, a reflection on one's soundness of reasoning. What can the multitude do for a religion? Take the Bible? Whence and from whom? Ah! from the Protestant pulpit instead of from the altar of the ancient Christian faith; that is to say, from a repository which can no longer affirm with concurrent voice and unquestioning certainty that God is the author of that book and of all its parts. It has been often said that the success of religious error rested upon some fragment of Catholic truth still lingering in possession; in the case of the Protestant societies it was the Catholic dogma of inspiration that made "Gospel Christianity" possible.

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A really new Protestant movement embracing multitudes of men has almost invariably been the rise of a new and distinct denomination. So that speakers at the conference had more reasonably asked, Will the disinherited masses form a new denomination? The answer is plainly that they will not, for the Bible is not the book it once was, and new forms of Protestantism are necessarily new evolutions of the fruitful religious mind fed upon that book. It is idle to ask, Will the masses take the present Protestant churches? *Will* they? But they *do not*, and they will not; so what is the use of asking? That they will not, Rev. Alexander M. Proudfit, of Baltimore, told the conference from experience:

"The first point I wish to refer to is that respecting the alienation—the estrangement, as it was called yesterday—of our laboring classes (or the "masses") from the church. We have been told this afternoon that we must make the church free to them, and that we should call on them and welcome them among us. Dr. Morris has touched one very strong point to-day when he said that the root of all this trouble lies in the heart—that it lies in moral depravity. I believe, with all my heart, the truth of what Dr. McCosh has said, that if we ministers want to reach the people we must seek them out in their homes. In the twenty-five years of my ministry I have pursued that course. But, although my church is wide open, and although every one is welcome, and although I have every Sunday of my life, in the city of Baltimore, tramps sitting in the best pews of my church—men without a linen collar and without a whole coat—although my ushers bring them in and seat them comfortably, yet I get very few of them, comparatively. I go through the streets and lanes of Baltimore, I send out my pastoral Aid Society and my church missionary—a reliable man, a young man who is a candidate for the ministry in my church—to go and try to get the people to come. There is a deep alienation which nothing but the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts will cure.

"Now do not let the impression go out from this great assembly that the church is not seeking to win the masses. We are trying to reach them. Dr. Pierson is trying to win them, and the majority of us, I suppose, are doing all that we can to reach them. And yet we do not reach them. They are alienated from the church and from the gospel. They are wrapped up in worldliness, many of them, and in sinful pleasure. We must have an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, convincing the people of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and then they will hear the gospel."

There is no use hoping that a religion which is based on the private ownership of the meaning of a book can serve to hold together social orders so profoundly moved to separation as rich and poor. The new American multitude growing up in unreligious schools is born of a multitude crowded out of Protestant churches and made unreligious by social ostracism. Will the poor man take up membership in a mission church?

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Yes, if he is low down in the grade of manhood and is content with the spiritual crumbs from the rich man's table. There are men and women who are content to be pensioners of an up-town church in a down-town chapel, but few of them are born or reared in America. Those whose neck has been bowed to the yoke from childhood in foreign lands will, to some extent, go to mission chapels upon solicitation, and will send their children to the Sunday-schools; there these little ones are held by Christmas-trees, picture-books, picnics, and the patronage of stylish and kindly-mannered ladies and gentlemen. This holds them till they are old enough to be conscious of being Americans. Then their manliness revolts and they lapse back into the multitude.

In a democratic state the confession of failure to reach the multitude is a confession of inability to benefit the commonwealth. The multitude rule this country, and when the representatives of a religion say, We cannot influence the multitude, the state has a right to say, We have no use for you. From a civil point of view, considered as a moral police, the American religion must be the religion of the multitude. I know not if there is so much as a single address at this conference which does not make the fatal avowal, that Protestantism has lost its hold on the people. Dr. McCosh is a good witness:

"It has sometimes been charged against the church that it neglects the poor. I am prepared to show that the accusation is unjust. . . . The churches as a whole, with many imperfections, have been trying to do their duty to the extremes of society, the rich and the helpless poor. There is an intermediate class, which in America has more influence than either of the others. It is the great middle class, including our professional men, our bankers, merchants, storekeepers, farmers, higher artisans. This supplies the great body of the members of the American churches. Upon this class, or rather classes, the church depends for its sustenance, and the means of extending its usefulness at home and abroad. They constitute the bone and sinew of our churches, as they do of our country. It is well that we have them at present. We must seek to retain them by all the means which Christ hath put in our power, especially by maintaining a high standard of doctrine and of duty, and of activity in benevolent and missionary work. But we must beware of turning our churches into mere middle-class institutions, depending and looking solely to those who can pay pew-rents, who have good dresses for the Sabbath, who can visit with the minister and the minister's family, and maintain among themselves a genteel society. Perhaps there is a temptation here to our American churches. For there is another great class, of whom I am to speak in the remainder of this paper. . . . . .

"When I was a citizen of another country, I paid a visit to America, travelled 7,000 miles in it, and often visited the churches *incognito*. When I visited your congregations, I was often asked, 'What do you think of

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them?' I answered, 'I think much of them; but where are your laboring classes?' I put this question sincerely, not knowing how to answer it, for the workingman dresses so well that it is difficult to distinguish him from other classes. Where is the laboring man in our churches? is the question I am still putting, seeking an answer.

"One-half certainly, perhaps three-fourths, of our entire population belong to the working class. Are they in like proportion among those well-clothed people who sit in our pews? In a book written by Mr. Loomis, with an introduction by one you can trust, Dr. Josiah Strong, it is said: 'Go into an ordinary church on Sunday morning, and you see lawyers, merchants, and business-men with their families; you see teachers, salesmen, and clerks, and a certain proportion of educated mechanics; but the workingman and his household are not there. It is doubtful if one in twenty of the average congregation in English-speaking Protestant city churches fairly belongs to this class; but, granting the proportion to be so great as one in ten, or one in five, even then you would have two-thirds of the people furnishing only one-tenth or one-fifth of the congregation.'* Then the writer tells the story of a newspaper reporter, who visited the congregations of the City of Churches. 'He donned the garb of a decent laborer and presented himself for admission at each of the principal churches in the city. At some he was treated with positive rudeness, at others with cold politeness. Only one or two gave him a cordial and, even then, a somewhat surprised welcome.'

"Your artisan is often a difficult man to win to the church. He is well educated, intelligent; he toils from morning to night; 'he owes not any one'; he argues that he and his fellow-workmen have made the wealth of the country, and get a very little share of it; and he and his children have to live sparingly, while they see abundance of possessions around them. He becomes jealous of those who fare sumptuously every day, who have fine clothing, live in these elegant dwellings, who roll in carriages with prancing horses, that threaten to run over him as he trudges along wearily on foot. It is difficult to win such a man to Christ and his church. But that man has an immortal soul. The command laid on you and me is to 'preach the gospel to every creature.' You who sit in these cushioned pews put money in the plate to send the gospel to Timbuctoo. Do you send it to that man who lives next door to you and combs your horses and works your garden?"

After failing to unite classes it is hardly fair to ask our Protestant friends to undertake to advance the cause of religious union in the general sense of doctrine and discipline. Co operation the speakers at the conference advocated strongly, but this was by ignoring differences rather than by healing them. *Unum corpus sumus in Christo* is their motto, but that cannot mean more than kindliness and patience towards differing brethren—except where Catholics are concerned. Even then the conference was, as a whole, kindly disposed. The only

* *Modern Cities*, by Samuel Lane Loomis, p. 82.

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square attack upon the church was made by Bishop A. C. Coxe, who made a great and loud lament over us because we are not Gallicans. But Dr. King, a prominent Methodist divine, whose paper on the Christian resources of the country is very well done, neutralized the bishop's effort by some fair controversial words against us, and further on by a paragraph full of kindly appreciation. The following from Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin, of the faculty of the Law School of Yale University, is noteworthy; he is speaking of the integrity of the family, and Bishop Coxe moved him to mention Catholicity:

"And now let me ask, Which of our Christian churches has best remembered this lesson of ancient history? Not, I say, any church represented here. It has been best remembered by that oldest church of all, comprehending to-day the greatest number of Christians in the world—the Roman Catholic Church. And I rise here as a layman, sent here from the General Conference of one of our religious denominations in my own State, to say, with some little regret, that I am sorry that in this great convention a more kindly tone has not been manifested towards that venerable Christian church which has its centre at Rome.

"A MEMBER: I object to that. I don't believe it's a Christian church at all.

"PROF. BALDWIN: That is precisely the sentiment that has been uttered from this platform, and I rise here as a layman to say that in what I have done (and I have done something) in social reform, I have found in my own State, Connecticut, no truer friend in many of these very questions that have come before this body than gentlemen of the Roman Catholic Church. My friend Mr. Dike and I stood together in Connecticut, as organizers of the National Divorce Reform League. One of the best helpers in the cause was a Roman Catholic. Now, I do not desire to raise any question of antagonism to the gentleman on the floor. I simply want to say this, and I do say it—that I think one of the great friends to the cause of social advancement in our cities is the Roman Catholic Church. We can't afford to reject its aid. It guards the family; it looks at the children, it looks at the home, from the standpoint of a Christian organization; and we ought to make friends with that church, we ought to bring them in with us in all these causes of Christian and social reform. And unless we do it, we reject one of the great factors that is ready to our hand to help on the cause of Christ in America."

One service Bishop Coxe has unwittingly done us: he has given Catholics the opportunity of repudiating the preposterous teaching of a certain *Familiar Exposition of Christian Doctrine.* He quotes from it a wholesale sentence of damnation against the entire mass of non-Catholics put in terms chosen with grotesque awkwardness and evident ill-feeling. This author's teaching has been repudiated and disproved in the bishop's own city of Buffalo, by the *Catholic Union and Times.* It is contrary to the princi-

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ples of sound theology, and squarely against the express teaching of Pius IX., in his Invitation to the Council of the Vatican. The books of the author contain specimens of the most outrageous plagiarism we ever heard of, none more so than this same *Familiar Exposition;* but such blundering as the above is the product of his own original genius. I once heard an excellent sermon tending to prove that stupidity is no bar to salvation; but it should be a bar to writing catechisms and other works of popular instruction. The fact that this writer belongs to a most respectable order of religious men who edify the whole country by their labors for the conversion of sinners has hitherto saved him from the castigation he so richly merits.

Of course much was said at the meetings about the schools of the country, but more was left unsaid. The Conference was indebted to Dr. J. M. King, of New York, for a fair enough statement of the relation of the school to religion. He lays down true principles affirming that Christian morality is the basis of the American state; he maintains that the state depends for its existence upon the character given its citizenship by religion. "We are not a nation without religion," he says. "The union of church and state is a different question from the union of religion and the state. Union in both of these cases is possible, but separation of religion from the state is impossible." In accordance with these views, the speaker, with characteristic frankness, advocates the restoration of religious instruction to the common schools, local difficulties and the danger of particular denominations appropriating the public funds to be cared for by the public authorities of the particular localities. He is a pronounced anti-Catholic, but his views on this point of education are sound:

"Fénelon says, 'Moral education is the bulwark of the state.' The idea of the common school is traced to an act of the colonial legislature of Massachusetts in 1642. At first it was a strictly church school, in charge of the minister of the township, and the children were carefully taught in the orthodox faith. The school-master was next to the minister. The religious requirements were incorporated in the laws. The present and former generations of the population have been educated in schools that were never merely secular. In fact, we have not attempted purely secular education until recently, and that only to a very limited extent. While there has been no national system of public schools in the past, and while uniformity has proved itself to be, perhaps, both impracticable and undesirable under our form of government, it is to be hoped that the Christian sentiment of the people will see to it that the future develops no purely secular system of education for our citizenship. And while the local-

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option plan, leaving the whole question of the character of the instruction to the local school boards, to be decided by them according to the composition and wants of the community, is likely to prevail, it is to be hoped that the friends of Christian morality will come to the defence of the right of the children and youth to a kind of instruction that recognizes their responsibility and immortality, and reminds them of the fact that our institutions are the fruit of the Christian faith.

"The public-school system, pressed into secular uniformity, cannot meet the moral needs of our mixed population, and cannot meet the demands upon a Christian people or promote the interests of genuine Christian morality. Christianity must solve the question of the education of the masses upon Christian, and not upon secular grounds.

"We are about convinced that the time has come when we must *demand* that the state, assuming to teach its citizens as a preparation for the responsibilities of citizenship, must not only recognize Christianity as the religion of the people, in conformity with historic and judicial precedent, but must require the teaching of Christian morality wherever education is supported by taxation or by state grant."

Dr. King was not alone in this. Bishop Andrews declared that the schools should be improved by elementary religious instruction. "Gradually," says Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the Industrial Education Society of New York, "all mention of ethics and religion is being eliminated from the schools; and it is even fashionable to make ethics an elective study in our colleges and universities"; and he says that this is producing young men who "look upon fashion or social convenience as the arbiter of morals, and when this stage is reached the disease of moral illiteracy has set in." Rev. S. W. Dike, whose splendid address on Perils to the Family has been before referred to, fearlessly affirms that "unless we see to it that the educational functions of the home are more carefully developed, *and a closer co-operation between home and school is secured for their common work*, a far more real grievance will exist, and in most influential quarters too, than the Roman Catholics think they now have."

So that the state of mind on the peril of godless schools revealed by the conference is not one of quiescence; the earnest men who were gathered there are pretty plainly and nearly unanimously in favor of religion in the common schools. But they are just as plainly unready to act. They are afraid of us Catholics, afraid perhaps of the politicians, and after all only partially aroused to the peril, only dimly perceptive of the opportunity. Such is the inference the writer has drawn from going through the report twice, and again going back and forth over it several times to choose extracts. One must bear in mind that

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the delegates are mainly compelled to study the formation of character in a circle apart from the multitude, in their own religious, cleanly, cultured homes; in homes of which it may be said "the home forms the man." The homes of the multitude are in crowded tenement-houses, the children all cared for by the mother and father without the aid of servants. The mother and father often speak only a foreign tongue, are always tired, often vicious; and, if non-Catholics, never go to church. In such case the home does not form the man; the school forms the man. That is to say, the school forms the man if the streets do not.

All through these addresses runs the note of alarm for the welfare of the nation as a free people enjoying the blessing of orderly liberty, though the assemblage was primarily convened in the interests of religion. The citizen must be made more religious or the nation will perish, is the thesis. Well, then, why not set more actively to work upon the children? Whatever forms the individual character forms the state; not that the latter is a mere pooling of all the individuals' interests, for the state is an entity in itself; but the characteristics of the American state will follow those of the American individual. If the school forms the citizen, then woe to those who make laws and enforce laws and gather millions, for the maintenance of a godless school system. The godless citizen is the creature of godless education. If half that was said at the conference of the uses of the school for making citizens be true, then it is a crime to divorce it from religion.

Look at the multitude squarely, gentlemen—the swarming multitude in and out of the factory, idling in the streets and along the wharves, building your houses, and cleaning your horses, and handling your merchandise. Ask yourself honestly why they are not religious, why they never worship God, why their whole lives proclaim "we do not need a Redeemer"? There is but one answer: they have not been taught religion. Whatever you may say theoretically about private judgment, the mass of men must be made religious by being taught by other men. The very principles of natural morality are banished from your palladium of American liberty, the common schools, and in that place the non-Catholic workingman has got his little all of knowledge of any kind. No wonder he is unreligious.

There is but one way sure to be generally effective by which men can be made moral, and that is by training them to morality at that age when training forms the man. Now, it was shown in the conference that between fifty and eighty per cent. of the population of our cities are of foreign parentage; and it is certain

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that more than half of these people are out of the control of the Catholic Church and of her religious schools; they are, as a body, simply godless. What a peril! But they go to schools under state control: what an opportunity to make them Christian! Yet you rail at us Catholics for undertaking this task for our own children and you accuse us of incivism, and mainly for that reason you invite Bishop Coxe to throw the putrid carcase of religious hatred into the clear fountain of your deliberations. Why not face the facts, as the late Dr. Hodge did, and say the peril is immorality, the opportunity is the Christian school; the peril is infidelity, the opportunity is the Christian school. Why not be consistent, energetic, practical, radical if you please, and take immediate measures to make religion the basis of the people's schooling as God is their end and heaven their hope.

You teach temperance principles, you teach good citizenship, you teach the rudiments of the trades in the schools; to do all this you struggle and argue, and pay taxes and vote taxes; but, to hear some of you talk, you are ready to be put to death rather than that the people's children should be taught the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ in the schools of this Christian land.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

AQUA PURA.

PURE WATER! A most "sweet, pretty" subject, musical, poetical, worthy of rhythmic overture. The gentle reader will kindly pipe, or scrape, or thrum, while we melodiously chant a line or two of verse—not flippant *Vers de Société* verse, or wildly passionate, or debasedly realistic, or Victor Hugo-ish, sonorous, mad verse—not cantankerously curt and unintelligible, not unvirile and sentimental, nor yet cosmic, evolutionistic verse—but the collected, restrained, cooling, meteorological verse of Mr. James Thomson (obiit 1748)—(*con fuoco!*):

> "From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
> Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
> In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
> He comes attended by the sultry hours." . . .

Translated into very plain prose, this means that we are all going out of town pretty soon: Mamma and baby, and the bottle, and "Mah" and Amanda—with the monster box of airy, fairy, filmy, gossamery lawns and mulls and tulles—and "Pah,"

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with the pocket-book. Isn't "Pah" lovely? Harry is all ready, with the base-ball bat and a well-groomed bicycle; and A. Reginald, dear boy, is "suited" for tennis, and shooting, and billiards, and dancing, and riding—and church. As for us, the crowd of unpretending people who will not submit to the monopolistic extortion of the "parlor-car," we too are ready, in our own simple way. We are off for health, and some fun, and not for "show"—of course, a little for "show," but no more than is customary. Some of us are going to the shores of the Great South Bay, to enjoy the sailing, and the trolling, and the free, odorous air of the fish-composted fields; some of us are going to the Catskills to tramp it, and get up an appetite, and eat Texas beef, and pickles, and canned fruit and vegetables; some of us are going to Richfield, or Sharon, or Saratoga, to keep warm, and to loll, meet our set, squeeze into "society," or smell the fragrant fumes of the sulphur spring; some of us are bound for the seashore, where we can look out on the rocking, glistening, blue-green ocean, and watch the other people bathe, and delight our eyes with the cool expanse of never-ending sand. The rest of us will seek the calm, homelike, "no style" retreat of the genial, generous country farm-house or family hotel.

What a delightful time we shall have! Climbing hills and pushing through the unpathwayed woods; rowing on the lake, dragging up water-lilies; scrambling through ravines, geologizing, scraping off lichens, and digging up mosses; wandering through the green meadows, and the tall, nodding grain, and the stubble, botanizing, gathering ferns and honey-sweet thistles, and a stray wild-rose; reclining by the brooklet, under the tremulous willows, listening to the low, joyous song of the dancing waters, interrupted only by the memory of dinner-time, and of the hot and dusty homeward trudging. Then, the delightful, quiet hours, sketching—cows, and the old barn, and the unclassical apple-trees; or painting—ox-eye daisies, and convolvulus, and pansies. They are so easy to do, when there's no teacher around, and they "frame up" so prettily for the parlor, and (*sotto voce*) one never tires of them! Oh! yes; we had almost forgotten the jolly picnic—fourteen miles' ride, and no house when you get there; bring your own victuals, scour the country for milk enough to go around, and ride home sun-shower wet! But the pleasures of a summer rest are not to be told in a single paragraph. And after all, with sensible folk, pleasure is only a secondary consideration. The main thing is Health.

Had a delightful week, Mr. Rose, haven't we? This clear

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air is quite refreshing. In the city the atmosphere is so close and stuffy. Of course, it *is* warm here, in Coolville; but during the hot part of the day you can go up to your ten-by-seven room, under the refrigerative roof—and cool off. And the evenings—well, you are *seldom* without a breeze in the evening, by ten o'clock, or so, at any rate. Even if there be some slight discomforts out of town, who would not put up with them to be away where one can see grass and trees and sunsets and flowing water? Are you fond of water? I am a real lover of rivers and streamlets, of brooks and brooklets, of lakes and tarns and pools and ponds and springs, of cascades, falls, and cataracts. What a charm there is about a pebbled, mossy spring! Look deep down into this pretty pool with the brown edges. How clear and crystalline the water is! So pure and translucent and inviting! Have you tried our well? We have the choicest water in the neighborhood; clean and sweet. When you taste it you will drink more than you need, just for the pleasure of drinking. I'll take your word for it, and forego the pleasure you promise. Probably I am somewhat old-fogyish, over-careful; but the fact is that, while I delight in the sight of running water and enjoy the taste of good water, I do not drink *strange* water until it has been boiled. You are amused! Let us climb this fence, to the right, here—look out for the hornets!—and stretching ourselves beneath yonder spreading, noble elm, we can have a talk about "pure water."

Don't lie on the grass! Here's a piece of dry board for you. I'll throw my light coat under me—so. Oh! yes; I try to be careful. You forget that I came to the country for health's sake. I have no desire to go home less well than when I started away. Light this small cigar. It's not strong. You will have something to do while I am talking. I give you fair notice that I am in for a fifteen-minute sermon. First of all let me ask you: Have you ever had typhoid fever about here? You have, eh? How long ago? Last August. In your house? No! Well, I am glad you escaped it. But they had it in the village, at the "Sanitarium Hotel"! Thirty-two cases, and ten deaths! Pretty bad. The well folk ran fast, I'll wager. Was there any attempt to find out the cause of the epidemic? They said it was due to bad drainage, did they? Perhaps they were right. You did not hear whether any of those who went away in good health were taken down after their return home? No. The physicians did not follow up the matter; and the hotel-keeper was close-mouthed, I know. This typhoid fever is a disease common

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to every country of Europe, and to Asia, Africa, and Australia. It has been met with in lonely islands, three to four hundred miles from the mainland. A widely distributed disorder, as you see; and on that account the subject of general inquiry. Probably I should have said, the subject of general guessing; for it is only within a few years that a really scientific attempt was made to determine the cause of the disease. Though prevalent in large cities during every month in the year, yet the statistics show that typhoid becomes more active in the month of August, and reaches a climax in the autumn months. During November there is generally a notable decline in the number of cases. The decline is more and more marked each succeeding month, until July comes. Then there is an increase, growing month by month, up to November. Such is the ordinary experience, year after year.* The autumn activity of the disease led some physicians to seek a connection between typhoid and the meteorological conditions of the summer season. Some imagined that according to the dryness or humidity of the summer months, typhoid was more or less prevalent during the autumn. However, the facts were against this theory. The Boards of Health, of course, suggested bad drainage as a prime cause of the disease. And many facts seemed to substantiate the correctness of this view. Not infrequently it was found that in a house, or village, where typhoid appeared, the drainage was bad. But there were many instances in which the prevalence of an epidemic could not be traced to any such cause. Occasionally a physician was led to suspect that a particular case might be due to bad water, but until lately this view had no greater support than the "bad-drainage" theory. Tell you some of the facts? I will, if you care to have them. Here's one reported by Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., twenty years ago. In a small village, near Buffalo, a stranger was taken down with typhoid. Within a month's time twenty persons had the disease, and ten of them died of it. The first victims were the inn-keeper and his family. All his immediate neighbors, excepting one, were in turn attacked. The

* The periodic intensity of the disease will be apparent to the reader from the following "official" monthly record of "Deaths from Typhoid Fever," in the city of New York, during each of the five last years:

YEAR.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1883.	19	18	24	22	15	22	31	63	79	90	66	22
1884.	16	22	16	10	16	18	25	49	62	66	54	35
1885.	16	11	10	14	16	17	19	32	49	50	34	26
1886.	12	9	28	13	9	5	22	37	55	59	43	33
1887.	28	13	21	11	11	16	33	51	53	38	26	22

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one that escaped did not use the tavern-well; all the others did. Fortunately for the family that escaped, there had been a falling-out between the inn-keeper and the man of the house. He saved his life by drawing water elsewhere, but the poor fellow lost his character. The villagers accused him of poisoning the tavern-well!

Yes, it was a curious case. Here's another, much later. Some time during the year 1880 a young lady, ill with typhoid, was brought to Over Darwen, a manufacturing town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, in Lancashire, England. When she arrived the town was free from typhoid. Within three weeks fifteen hundred persons had the disease. The results of the inquiry made at Over Darwen were suggestive. It was found that the town's water-supply pipes were leaky, and that the soil through which they were carried was soaked *at one spot* by the sewage of a particular house. Very curious! I think so; but let me give you an account of still another English case. A man, ill with typhoid, came from a distance to Nunney, a Somerset village of a thousand souls. Before his coming there was no typhoid in the place. Fourteen days after his coming the fever had broken out in a number of houses. An examination showed that all these houses drew their water-supply from a brook, into which the leakage of a cesspool of one of the houses forced its way. Again, curious! There's a very similar case much nearer home. A young girl, residing at a farm-house about eight miles from Philadelphia, was taken ill with typhoid. She died of the disease. Within three weeks four other members of the family were attacked, as were two persons living on the opposite side of the road. They all drank from the farm-well. It was the custom of the family to throw the waste water into a gutter, which ran by this well. The ground was examined, and it was discovered that rats had burrowed the soil, thus loosening it considerably; and that the roots of two trees, on either side the well, had pushed themselves downward and outward, pressed against the wall of the well, and dislocated the masonry. Thus the waste water from the gutter had infiltrated the soil and entered the well.

Is there a gutter near your well? None, eh! Look out for that beautiful water! You are not afraid. Is that a reason why you should not be careful? Now, I wish to call your attention to one peculiarity of this Philadelphia case. At Over Darwen, as at Nunney, the first fever patient brought the fever from elsewhere, but no fever patient brought the fever to the Philadelphia

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farm-house. There were no other cases in the neighborhood, and the young girl who was the first to be attacked had not been away from home in several months. Let me tell you another little story—a German story. Some years ago there was a sudden outbreak of typhoid in Gerlachsheim, a pretty Bavarian village not far from Würzburg. Fifty-two persons, residents of the same street, were put to bed with the fever, in the space of three weeks. All these persons drank the water of the same well, and the evidence established the fact that this well had been contaminated by the excreta of *the first* patient.* Striking! you say. Please remember that these cases happened at places widely apart, and at odd times. Told one by one, they were not nearly as "striking" as they are when strung together.

It may be that I overestimate the value of later investigations, but if I do not, your epithet will be even more justifiable when I have "emptied my bag." You don't like my cigar—prefer a cigarette, do you? It's an old saying that there's no accounting for tastes. With all due respect to yours, I would rather risk your well-water than smoke that abominable compound of poor tobacco, opium, and bad paper which now goes under the name "cigarette." Lovely sky, isn't it! Look at that long line of clouds low down on the hills; and the spirals of mist ascending in slow-moving gyres—like smoke from some hidden fire. We shall have plenty of water to-morrow. You find that board a "leetle" hard. Change your base! All ready again! Well, sir, I have reloaded—bang!

Will you kindly accompany me on a rapid tour through France? Thank you. There, in a ten minutes' journey, we can gather more information about our subject than we could acquire here, at home, in an hour. Why so? For this reason. Like all big cities, Paris is a nest of typhoid. Within the last six or eight years the Parisians have suffered from frequent epidemics of this treacherous fever. The people called loudly for an explanation. The doctors, and the chemists, and the members of the learned societies attacked the subject vigorously and systematically. Of the value of their scientific inquiries I shall leave you to judge. In 1882 there were 3,352 deaths from typhoid in the great capital with the wide boulevards, and the wonderful sewers, and the numerous parks. From January to July the deaths numbered 965; from July to the end of the following December the number of deaths amounted to 2,387.

* This case and the previous cases are reported in Vol. I. of *A System of Practical Medicine*, edited by William Pepper, M.D., LL.D. Philadelphia. 1885.

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The average mortality during the autumn months was 250 per week, against an average of 34 for the corresponding weeks of the previous year. As everybody knows, the water-supply of Paris has been long in bad repute. Could the water be chargeable with the increase of typhoid? Could it be that the air was poisonous? There is a meteorological observatory in the *Parc de Montsouris*, at the south end of the city, away out near the cemetery of Montparnasse—you remember Sœur Rosalie's grave! The officials of the observatory experimented with the air, to see whether, perchance, it would convict itself. They found that during the summer months the air contained an average of 89 bacteria to the cubic meter, while in September the number suddenly rose to 129, and in October to 142. With November the figures were down to 106. Possibly the air is at fault, said some; but these facts prove nothing. The years 1885, '86, '87 were no less fatal than 1882. Meantime some light had been thrown on the question. Paris receives a large share of its *good* water-supply from two distant streams, the Vanne and the Dhuys. In summer these streams run low; the supply is insufficient. Then the waters of the Seine, the Marne, and the Ourcq are turned into the reservoirs, and typhoid fever is turned into the houses! Dr. Miquel took up the subject of water and bacteria. With your permission I'll have a look at my note-book. Beginning with rain-water, the doctor found from 4 to 18 bacteria to the cubic centimeter—a third of a teaspoonful. From the water of the Vannes he got 120; from the Seine at Choisy, 300; from the Seine, at Bercy, 1,400; at St. Denis, four and a half miles from Paris, 200,000! Growing, eh! If there be any virtue in bacteria, the Seine water at St. Denis must be pretty near "first class"! Remember, these numbers are all calculated to the cubic centimeter! Well, Dr. Miquel did not stop at St. Denis. At Clichy, which you have passed through, on your way to St. Germain or Versailles, the doctor sampled a sewer. The water was rich, fat—6,000,000 bacteria to the centimeter. Certainly, *millions*—you think I am giving play to my imagination, do you? Wait a minute—give me time. Along the Paris quays, as you have seen, the *bateau-lavoir* is a common fixture—a public wash-house, for the convenience of the *citoyenne blanchisseuse*. Dr. Miquel invaded the wash-houses and examined the water in which the patriotic Parisian's linen is soaked, before being washed. This water paid a high tribute to the affection of the bacteria for the *boulevardier*, the *gommeux*, and the *rouge*—26,000,000 to the centimeter. Imagine the vitality of the

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Seine water, into which these tubs were freely emptied! Who is my authority? M. Henri de Parville, an old hand at the business.* Were the bacteria of a harmful sort? Yes and no. Among the firmest believers in the bacterial theory of disease there is a general agreement that many varieties of these infinitesimal organisms are harmless. However, Dr. Miquel pursued his experiments, with a view to determining the proportion of harmful to harmless bacteria in the waters he had collected. His conclusion was that from five to ten per cent. of these bacteria were poisonous. Figure it out for yourself, please!

If we stopped short here your verdict might justly be—not proven. Strange coincidences, interesting facts about water, and bacteria, and typhoid, without any proof that these facts bear on one another. We will assume that your verdict will be the general verdict. I am afraid my fifteen minutes are up, the shadows are lengthening, and I begin to feel the grass a "wee bit" damp, but if you'll risk it a few minutes longer, I'll have said all I have to say about "pure water." Of course the physicians had been looking for the typhoid bacillus, but unavailingly. It was: "Now you see it, and now you don't." At length, in 1881, a German physician, Dr. Klebs, claimed that he had definitely fixed the "bacillus typhosus," as he named it. The learned doctor described the bacillus, told how it entered the human body, and how it developed during the fever; and claimed to have reproduced the disease in other animals by introducing this particular bacillus into their bodies. According to Dr. Klebs, "the bacillus typhosus enters the system by the respiratory passages, and by the alimentary canal." About the same time another German physician, Dr. Eberth, published the results of his observations, establishing, as he claimed, the existence of a specific typhoid bacillus.

The views of Klebs and Eberth were accepted by some and contested by others, and there the matter rested. French physicians were ready to believe in the bacillic theory of the disease, but they were slow to accept the "exhibit" already offered in evidence. As to the connection between drinking-water and typhoid, there was a frequent repetition of "strange coincidences," as you would have me say. Have you ever been at Auxerre? Yes; and you went thence to Chablis and Nuits, did you? I'll wager the water did you no harm while you were in that part of the country. How? You went to Nuits to see the old Abbey of Citeaux! A very proper pilgrimage. And I

* See *Le Correspondant*, June 10, 1886.

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venture to say you went to Vougeot, to see the abbey cellars, and to Beaune, to see the old church of Notre Dame, and at every one of these places you failed not to do justice to your favorite Burgundies. Where was I? Sure enough, at Auxerre. Back in 1882 they had an epidemic of typhoid at Auxerre. No one could tell why. The disease appeared suddenly. There was no evidence of contagion. How about the water? Formerly the inhabitants used river water from the Yonne. But the town *would* modernize itself. A new quarter was built, and all the well-to-do folk combined to insure a supply of "pure water," by the aqueduct of Valand. The poorer people, as of old, went to the river. Now, the typhoid attacked only those who drank the "pure water." Dr. de Carrières, a specialist and expert, was chosen to make a study of the case, and, if possible, to determine the cause of the epidemic. The doctor proceeded to examine the Valand water at its source. Arrived there he found a farm-house close at hand, and of course he found that necessary and more or less charming ornament of a farm-yard, a manure-heap. Inquiring at the house, he learned they had a patient who had lately come from Paris ill with typhoid. The plot thickens! The doctor suspected the big manure-heap. He would try. So he took a quantity of rosalinine, a powerful, red coloring-matter, and distributed it freely over the mass. Next morning when the surviving "best people" of Auxerre turned on the taps, what was their surprise to find the beautiful Valand water as red as blood! The mystery was solved. Is that "striking," Mr. Hasty-Tongue? You confess that it is. I have a small batch of "striking" "coincidences," which I reserved for the end of our talk. Tell me how my next "strikes" you!

At Pierrefonds—but you have been there! Drove over from Compiègne did you, after a day in the beautiful forest? You went to see Viollet-le-Duc's great castle! You did well. A mighty mass it is; a credit to the government which had the public spirit to restore it, and an enduring monument to the masterly architect who renewed a masterwork. You remember that Pierrefonds is a little watering-place, a "health resort"—mineral springs, hot sulphur baths, vapor baths, a real "sanitarium." During the months of August and September, 1886, twenty-three Parisians went to Pierrefonds in search of health. After a time one and another of this group of health-seekers was taken ill with typhoid fever. In all twenty of them were attacked, and of these seven died. Three had escaped the dis-

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ease. One of the lucky ones went away after a stay of twenty-four hours. The two others did not like the water and drank mineral water. The sufferers were men of standing, Academicians and the like. Great interest was shown in the unhappy affair. Professor Brouardel was selected to make a careful inquiry as to the cause of the epidemic. Arrived at Pierrefonds, he learned that between 1874 and 1883 typhoid had declared itself no less than five times in the same group of houses, where it had just done such fatal work. No attention was paid to these earlier epidemics. And now it came out that in July, just previous to the coming of the unfortunate twenty-three, a Parisian family had occupied one of these houses, and that one member of this family had developed typhoid. Professor Brouardel examined the soil at Pierrefonds. At a depth of five feet he found water. Dig five feet lower down and you have a well. The soil is loose, and there is a plentiful supply of subterranean water-courses. This water bathed the walls of the "vaults," which were not cemented. The soil was charged with organic matter. However, the wells were far removed from both drains and "vaults," distant from thirty to ninety feet. To make sure, the professor drew off samples of the water in the suspected wells, and submitted these samples to experts. Twenty-five thousand of the bacilli which were supposed to determine typhoid fever were found in a *litre*—a pint and three-quarters—of the water. This was almost convincing. Dr. Chautemesse and Dr. Widal, who had charge of the bacillic experiments, determined to settle the question by an original operation. They selected a certain number of typhoidal patients, and on the tenth day of the disease they passed a trocar into the spleen of these patients, and extracted a small quantity of blood. Don't look horrified! The operation was quite harmless. Yes, it *sounds* unpleasantly, sure enough. But the sound is the worst part of it. The operation is not even painful. In this blood the two doctors found bacilli in every wise identical with those found in the water of the doubtful wells at Pierrefonds. The question of a specific typhoid bacillus is, at least, less doubtful than before these experiments were made? Just a moment, please, and then you may have your say. A chemical analysis of the water of the well belonging to the house where the disease had proved most fatal showed that this water was less charged with organic matter than the water of the other wells. Further, a chemist would have pronounced it a good drinking water. Now ask me your question. I have just

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answered it, you say. Then let me add one little word. It would look as if these bacilli are carried through the soil more surely than decomposed organic matter. You see that? Very well. And it would seem, or we may infer, or, judging from the experience at Pierrefonds, one may assume—that a "pure water" may be a cause of typhoid fever! Have we succeeded in wording our propositions with a proper want of positiveness, Mr. "Thomas Coincidence"? We have, and, with your permission, we will end with a couple of corroborative tales.

You look the least bit bored, but, then, you *would* boast of that well of yours! Is there a proverb—Arabian, of course—which says: Boast not before thy brother, he being a talkative man? Patience! I have almost reeled off my yarn. Were you ever at Clermont-Ferrand? You were—quaint old place, and in a most interesting country. Ricketty old town; narrow, winding streets—but what charming suburbs! And that most beautiful *Jardin des Plantes!* And the delightful views from the *Place d'Espagne* and the *Place de la Poterne!* Indeed, you are right; the bright and bitter Pascal should have learned a lesson in amiability from the gentle, gladdening fields that smile upon his native city. But, then, it's a volcanic country! You remember the great *Puy de Pariou*, climbing skyward 7,000 feet, and that monster crater, a thousand feet in diameter; and the grassy-topped *Puy de Dôme*, five thousand feet in air, and the *Petit Puy de Dôme* beyond, and little *Mont-Rognon*, and bigger *Puy de Gravenoire*, just south of Royat. What a succession of inspiring views! Then, the tumbled masses of lava, and the streams, the pure, crystalline, diamond-clear streams, forcing a way right and left through the lava beds! And the springs and fountains, with the pretty names! The grottoes, enclosing cool, transparent waters! And wondrous "*Saint Alyre*"—the incrusted fountain; you remember Saint Alyre? No! Well, you do remember the little river, Tiretaine, that runs by Clermont, and so on out by Royat; of course you do. Saint Alyre pours its crystal waters into the Tiretaine, and, through some fanciful freak, they have transformed themselves into stony drops, and, adding drop to drop, have builded two marvellous arches, spanning the river from bank to bank. How could you forget Saint-Alyre? Baths, baths, at Clermont and Royat! Mineral springs, hydropathic establishments—no end of water, health-giving, beautiful water. The Clermont-Ferrand people were choice about water. Nothing in the neighborhood was good enough for them. They would have the best that was, even if they went

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four or five miles for it. So they fixed upon Fontana. There the water is sweet, pure, limpid, virginal. Clermont-Ferrand is happy! Somewhat over a year ago typhoid showed itself in the barracks at Clermont-Ferrand. Hundreds of the soldiers sickened, and many of the poor fellows died. There was great excitement. The doctors tested the water. They found the typhoid bacillus! The city officials were notified. They protested: "But this is the water of Fontana; the 'pure water' of the pellucid springs of Fontana! It is simply impossible, ridiculous!" "But here is the true microbe, gentlemen. There is no getting over the microbe!" The physicians started off. The Clermont conduit ran through Royat. At Royat the physicians found the typhoid. And the conduit? It had been carried through Royat, on a level with the public wash-house—lavoir—which had long been a fixture in a depression in the lava banks, a few feet back from the river. It looks like another case of infiltration, you say! Well, that is certainly not a rash way of putting it.

Glorious sunset, isn't it? What a mass of golden fire! Have you watched yonder cloud-mountain widen out, coalesce with the cloud-hills that have grown upward all around to the north, and south, and west? How resplendent they are! Capped with reddening flame, proud, solemn, threatening! But we shall have a full view of the grand cloud panorama as we wend our way homeward. My tongue has been limber, but that humid grass has stiffened my aging back. Erect at last! I'll be with you as far as the gate.

You *do* see that I have good grounds for protecting myself against *strange* water! Now that you agree with me, I feel more confidence in my own judgment. Though I'll confess I was already pretty confident. The facts are of a kind to impress any thinking man or woman. You may have as many theories as you please about the cause of typhoid fever; you may swear by the bacillus, or you may scoff at it; but the facts make it certain that water is a common purveyor of the fever. Why do I boil the water? Because reiterated experiment has proven that no organism survives in water which has been kept at the boiling point for ten minutes. Do I drink the water hot? Bless you, no! That is what the Germans call a "cure." Nowadays hot water and raw beefsteak make the "cure." But I am not trying to cure anything. I am trying to keep myself from getting the diseases I haven't got. Water I drink "cold boiled." Can you tell me why it is that we usually drink it "raw"? You

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can't! I thought not. You will worry over the question a long time before you find a satisfactory answer. The boiled water I place in a close-covered vessel, and there I allow it to cool gradually. When it's cooled "to taste," I tap it. That's all.

When you consider the subject carefully, you will agree with me that we are all very reckless—not to breathe a breath about ignorance. Picture to yourself the crowd of city visitors in and about this little village. They are very particular about their rooms—which must look north, or south, or west, toward the road, or the mountain, or the sea. The rooms must be on the piazza, or off the piazza, or over the piazza, or away from the stair-head, or the elevator. There must be plenty of closet-room, or nails, at any rate. And can we see the dining-room? And the parlor? Whose "grand" have you? And do you keep it tuned? Have you good stabling? But no one says: Show me your out-houses, the course of your drains, the line of your water-pipes, or your well. We drink what is set before us, assuming that all country water is necessarily good, "pure." At the big hotels the story is the same. Three, four, five hundred—a thousand people will crowd into a great, wooden caravansary, because the board is high, the table no better than it ought to be, the society so choice that every respectable woman feels obliged to wear diamonds at breakfast, and because the "hops"—with Kirchoff's band—are frequented by the *élite* of New York sporting men and speculators. Is there a single man or woman of the vast crowd who has the thought to inquire into the important details of drainage, and of water service? These subjects are a hundred times more material than the position of a room, or the make of a piano, or the length of the "carte du jour." The water-supply, the position of conduits, or wells, the relative position of drains, etc., should be as carefully considered on the farm or in the village as at the watering-place "barracks."

We have State Boards of Health. They publish very useful reports year after year. Were they bad or useless, everybody would read them; as it is, who does read them? The questions of water and drainage were forced on the New York State Board of Health with its organization in 1880. I remember that in 1884 and 1886 the board was loud in its warnings. The report of 1886 said that "the experience of the past year had added new proof that one of the gravest causes of preventable disease in this State is the drinking of impure water. The protection of

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private sources of water-supply can only be accomplished by educating the owners of wells, springs, and their surroundings in a knowledge of the watchfulness required to prevent the contamination of the house-supply."

Until intelligent attention is given to the sanitary questions, we need not be surprised at the autumn epidemic of typhoid fever. I'll venture to say that many a case that develops in the city has been brought home from the mountains, the sea-side, or the "smiling" valleys. With pure air, seek "pure water"! Why don't I use a filter? Because I have used filters. They are worse than nothing. The best a filter can do is to hold back the coarser solid matter that is suspended in the water. The filter will not, cannot stop the infinitesimally little bacilli. Indeed, the ordinary filter is dangerous. Solid, unclean substances are held in the filter, there to ferment and breed poison. An old filter is a small drain! The charcoal filter? Just as great a nuisance, and for the very same reasons. Here we are at home! No, thank you! They expect me at the house. As you know, I like my cup of light-drawing oolong about this hour. By the way, you are pretty sure of getting "*Aqua Pura*"—wholesome, delicious, refreshing, *pure* water—in a brew of well-made, fragrant, invigorating tea. Try it! *Au revoir* ! How about city water? A fair question.

You have seen what harm rivers and drains have done. Cities that draw their water-supply from streams which are not carefully guarded run a great risk. It is questionable whether there is a city in the United States that is better off than New York. You remember Dr. John C. Peters' charges made at the meeting of the New York County Medical Society, on May 28 last? He stated that Croton Lake and the thirty or more smaller lakes in the Croton watershed are daily receptacles of the sewage of twenty-five thousand people, and of tons upon tons of refuse. In expressing his belief, "that the malignant diseases of which New York is having her full share may be traced to this cause," Dr. Peters cannot be accused of rashness. And the bad drains in city houses, and the imperfect water-pipes, and the ill-jointed mains in the streets! Percolation under the house, percolation under the streets—and no one thinks of the drainage until the damage has been done! When a city man buys a house he will have "hard-wood" trimmings, frescoed ceilings, an intarsia floor in the "library," and something unique in mantels—but the drainage! However, we will talk about cities some other day. We do not migrate *en masse* to the cities, once a year, in

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search of health and "pure water." Thanks for your company, and good night!

Walking homeward I recalled Reginald, and Amanda, and "Pah," and "Mah." Will they get back to town safe and sound? However, they are all old enough to take care of themselves. But, for dear little baby's sake, I should like to tell one more little story. It is a milk story, and will not interest grown people. Some doctors think that typhoid is sometimes communicated by means of milk. This opinion may be reasonable. Still, here's for the story! In 1871 there was an epidemic of typhoid in the parish of Islington, London. Sixty-two families residing within the limits of a circle half a mile in diameter took the fever. Fifty-four of these families got their milk from the same dairy. The dairy-farm was visited, and lo and behold! a member of the dairyman's family had been ill with the typhoid. But how could that affect the milk? Dr. Ballard tried to solve the difficulty, and found that the well-water had been contaminated by the excreta of the patient. Could it be possible that the dairyman watered the milk? The question seems ridiculous—ask him! With the natural indignation of a dairyman, he hotly answered, No! Thank Heaven! Another honest dairyman. But they *had* used the water *to wash the milk-pans!* It is hard to tell a milk story—it's so apt to resolve itself into "pure water" before you get through with it! Mothers, if you must have a dairyman for the baby, how would it do to—boil the milk?

Enough of prose! It's a world of prose. Let us at least be blithe and merry. As we began with joyous verse and gladdening song, so let us end. Gentles, take up your accordant banjoes, and soft-toned amateur flutes, and the broadly diapasoned zither! Will Mr. James Thomson kindly wave the *baton*, briskly? Now—*giocosamente*—

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
(*pp*) Nitrous prepared; the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns,
Concocted strong, (*forte*) rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and *end* my glorious theme. (*D. C.*)

JOHN A. MOONEY.

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JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXVII.

BY THE STILE.

IT came to pass, therefore, that this hour of *solitude à deux*, from which a common sorrow banished self-consciousness and affectation, not only brought these young people closer together than all their previous intercourse had done, but did so without any present reference of either to the fact. The subject of their talk was so extraneous to themselves; their concern for the future of the operatives, whose hopes seemed to have been raised only to be dashed, was so impersonal, and their ways of considering things in general appeared so obvious and necessary to each, that that most rare and penetrating pleasure, of intellectual and moral sympathy with those who have had an attraction for us prior to all overt reason, insinuated itself into either soul under the guise of a mere abstract conformity of sentiment, capable of duplicating itself under other circumstances and with other companions. It was only as they finally set their faces towards home that they drifted imperceptibly into a narrower and deeper channel.

"Do you think it so certain, then," the girl asked at last, when the first pause in their talk began to embarrass her by its length, "that all Mr. Van Alstyne's plans would be put an end to if he should die now, without recovering consciousness?"

"I think so," returned Paul Murray. "I may be wrong, but that is my impression."

"But why? He must have been considering so long that it seems to me unlikely that he should have left his affairs at loose ends until so late."

"Aren't you forgetting that a new condition of things has but just arisen which might change or modify in some way any scheme he had previously settled on?"

"You mean—" Zip began, and then stopped.

"Mr. Hadleigh's arrival," Paul answered her unspoken thought.

"But that could hardly make so great a difference, could it? It was plain from what Mr. Van Alstyne said yesterday that he had not changed his mind about the works here."

"That is true enough. What he may have changed, and

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what I think it likely he desired to, is simply his mode of carrying out his plans. It would be entirely natural that he should. He might, for example, have wished to substitute one name for another in his testament, and been prevented from doing so by some accident; or he might merely have proposed to add a new one, which is what I think most probable. But in either case there would be likely to be some reversal of conditions which would leave things at loose ends, as you say."

"Do you know, then, what his first intention was?"

"Yes; I learned it but lately from his own lips."

Paul Murray stopped and looked at his companion. The usual keenness of his glance was penetrated with a certain soft longing. The expansive impulse of the lover was strong upon him. He wanted to tell her all he knew, and had she looked up at him then and put another direct question he might have done so. But they were sufficiently *en rapport* for her to feel his hesitation without seeing it, and some instinct kept her silent.

"Dear, kind old man!" she sighed at last; "how horrid it seems to be discussing him in this way! I wonder what he would think if he could know all that people are hoping and fearing about him? Do you know the squire thinks he may recover, and that he is perhaps not wholly unconscious even now?"

"So?" said Paul. "Squire Cadwallader told you that?"

"This afternoon, just before he went away. But he told me to keep my counsel about it," she added, changing color, "and I have not done so. I even told my sister. But that is no harm. She is as still as a church."

"And now you have told me!" said Paul, smiling.

"Yes; but I knew I might do that."

"The squire told you so?"

"No; but he said he only told *me* because he knew I was Mr. Van Alstyne's friend—and he felt sure he needed one. I don't quite know why, but I supposed him to mean that I must not tell Mrs. Van Alstyne—or any one else in the house."

The girl had hesitated and breathed a little quicker than usual while getting off this explanation of her breach of confidence. It justified itself entirely to her mind, but somehow it sounded rather lame when put into words. The quick pleasure it gave Paul found characteristic expression in a soft but amused laugh.

"What a ready interpreter you are!" he said. "Do you always stick as closely to the letter of your instructions where

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secrets are concerned? It is good to know your little ways, in case one thought of telling you some."

"I didn't ask anybody to tell me any secrets!" said Zip hotly, and quickening her pace. "The squire told me because he felt like it, I suppose. I made no promises."

"And so broke none? Don't go so fast, Miss Colton. If you don't trip over one of these hidden roots you'll certainly tumble down this slippery hillside. There! I warned you, didn't I?"

He caught her hand just in time to save her from fulfilling the latter prediction. She tried to draw it back again as she recovered her balance, but they were very near the bottom of the slope, and he seemed not to notice her attempt until they were squarely on the level.

"There you are!" he said, relinquishing his hold so naturally as to make her tingle a little over the impulse which had made her so prompt about her withdrawal. They were facing the west, and between the trunks of the pines burned the red gold of the declining sun, a huge globe just above the horizon in a hazy but cloudless sky.

"How red it is!" Paul said, stopping. The girl stood still likewise. They watched it sinking, silent both, until only the upper rim, a "paten of bright gold," lay throbbing on the edge of the world. Then Paul looked down with a renewal of an earlier impulse.

"Did I annoy you just now?" he asked gently.

"Annoy me?" she echoed, bringing back her eyes also from the distance to meet his.

"By what I said about your way of keeping secrets?"

He had been entirely serious, but the quick, almost imperceptible knitting of the girl's brows and the slight nervous quiver of her lower lip as she dropped her glance, awoke again the teasing impulse, whose salty savor preserved his sentiment from sentimentality.

"Ah! I see I did," he went on, biting his lip to keep back a laugh, "and I must beg pardon, for, really, I had no manner of excuse for it. My experience of your fidelity in that respect was only a week old yesterday. How many fibs do you think you led me into before I was able to surprise it?"

"Don't!" said Zip, with an impatient movement of her shoulders. As she spoke she turned toward home with a resolute step which would plainly know neither shortening nor relaxation until it brought her to Mr. Van Alstyne's door. Paul walked on com-

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posedly, not speaking again until they reached the stile. Then he stopped her, which was not difficult, his forethought having kept him on that side of her which was next the steps. And the lowest of them was so far from the ground that although she would have been glad not to take the hand he offered, yet the awkwardness of mounting it unaided counted for almost as much in her acceptance as the memory of her recent experience on the slope behind them. Moreover, though she still felt vexed, she was outwardly as cool as a snowflake, and knew it.

"Wait just a minute, Miss Colton," Paul said, retaining the hand she had laid in his, but barring her nearer approach to the stile by turning to face her; "there is something I would like to tell you, if you don't mind receiving a confidence, before we go back."

His voice was serious now, and so were his eyes when Zip lifted her own for an instant, and as he finished speaking he released his light clasp of her hand. So freed, she could scarcely choose but stand still and listen. But Paul Murray was apparently in no hurry to begin. For a moment longer he parleyed with himself, and then sent prudence to the right-about. He foresaw that he was going to have great need hereafter for that least engaging of the virtues, and why waste its strength beforehand on small encounters? To do him justice, he honestly believed that what he had resolved to say was no longer of actual importance. It was not that he wanted her to know it. At that moment he simply desired the pleasure of telling her, and binding her to respect his confidence.

"It is a real secret this time," he said at last, but without a hint of that jesting accent which now and again had wilfully stung the girl where she was most sensitive, and yet had done so with a swiftness so occult that neither of them could have assigned a reason why. One thing he knew, and that was that the wish to tease her was often irresistible; and one thing she knew, that the laugh in his eyes and in his voice curled her up like the mimosa at an alien touch, but left behind it no sting of humiliation and no trace of real anger.

"I shared it with Mr. Van Alstyne until yesterday," Paul Murray went on, his eyes bent on her face, which was downcast. "Now that he is so near his end—as I can't help feeling that he is, in spite of Squire Cadwallader—and that all he hoped to do must be abandoned, it would give me a pleasure to share it with you."

He stopped, and Zip lifted once more a pair of unembarrassed eyes.

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"Why do you despair of him so soon?" she asked. "What the squire said gave me a little courage."

"I hardly know—except that I am certain that Mr. Van Alstyne himself has been looking forward to this time as likely to be fatal to him. I have sometimes tried to persuade him that it was a superstitious fancy. But I think the notion preyed upon him, and so helped to accomplish itself."

"I don't understand," said Zip, seeing that he paused.

"Why, all that has been going on here for the last nine or ten days has been calculated to discompose him, more or less, and the excitement aided the persuasion I have spoken of to produce its natural result. You see, there has been a rather curious complication in his affairs, dating from the day before his cousin's arrival, which was the day when he gave his lawyer instructions for the drawing of his will. He had delayed it so long, as he has since told me, because he was never quite able to determine which of several schemes he had in mind would be the most simple and most sure. As to the wisdom of that on which he finally settled, I have nothing to say. He told me that in doing so he accepted the counsel of the most honest and sensible legal adviser whom he knew. The document was drawn, and he was to go to town last week to sign it, but before the day came Mr. Hadleigh had arrived."

"Mr. Van Alstyne went up to Riverside last Tuesday, didn't he?"

"Yes; but he did not sign his will. He was considering certain alterations which might be made in some of its provisions without changing its general tenor. I had some talk about it with him early in the week, but don't really know on what he settled. We were both too much occupied afterward to have any chance. What I know is that he intended to go to town again on Friday to affix his signature, and that he received a telegram that morning asking him to postpone it until Monday on account of some unforeseen delay on the part of his lawyer. So there it stands, as null as any cipher, and here is his heir-at-law, or one of them, ready to work his own pleasure as soon as Mr. Van Alstyne's death shall have removed the last obstacle. Well, 'man proposes.'" Paul lifted his hat, but did not finish his quotation.

"And is that the secret?" said Zip at last, seeing that he neither went on speaking nor made any motion to resume their walk homeward.

"No," he answered smiling, "that is only preliminary to it.

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The secret is purely personal to me, and is now hardly worth the telling. Would you like to hear it?"

Zip looked her answer.

"And you will keep it?" he went on, the laugh back in his eyes. "No sister to share it, though she may be stiller than any church? Nobody, in fact, but Paul Murray ever to catch one little lisp about it? Hope to die?"

Zip laughed too. "Dear me!" she said, "what a frightful tease you are! Hope to die! True as I live and breathe! Now, what is it? I don't believe it is anything."

"Well, it isn't much, as it happens. Perhaps I'd better keep it, after all. Oh! I won't—don't be vexed; that wouldn't be fair now. Well, if Mr. Hadleigh had not come I should have been Mr. Van Alstyne's sole legatee; in trust, of course, but still a trust of honor only, for the carrying out of his co-operative scheme. If the telegram from Judge Mount had not been sent, I suppose I should have been associated in that trust with Mr. Hadleigh. In either case I should have occupied a position so far beyond any sane hope or expectation I ever could have formed, that I doubtless owe my equanimity under the actual state of affairs to the fact that it always looked too much like magic to impress me fully. Besides, my knowledge of it was too recent to have had time yet to take strong hold of my imagination."

The girl looked at him with wide eyes.

"Really? You can resign so great a thing, such an opportunity for good, so easily as that?"

"Don't you see I've got to? I am truly sorry, I grant you that; but I think it is because I foresee the collapse of everything Mr. Van Alstyne has been working for, and not solely—well, let me be honest for once, since I am in for it—not even mostly on my own account. You see I never even dreamed of taking any such share in the fulfilment of his plans as he proposed to give me. I honor him, I love him, I would have been glad to take any part whatever of his burden, and help in any way to realize his dreams. But there it is. *C'est fini*, as Jean Popinot says every time he comes to tell me his wife has given him another black eye and he proposes to go back into bachelor quarters."

"I don't see how you can laugh!" said Zip.

"Why not? Who knows except Paul Murray, and one little girl who has promised to keep his secret, that he was ever so near, even in his dreams, to such a prize? Don't waste any pity

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on me. Think of Mr. Van Alstyne. I could find it in my heart to pray that what the squire said to you may have no vestige of truth about it. Think of lying there, bound hand and foot, eye and tongue, and yet knowing!"

"Let us go back to him," said Zip. "Poor old man! I love him too. Pray God it *is* true what the squire thinks! It would be too dreadful! I don't believe God *can* permit such a thing!"

Paul took her hand and helped her across the stile before he spoke.

"I wouldn't say things like that if I were you," he remarked quietly. "God can permit and does permit things much more difficult to bear or to comprehend than this. But what of it? Life is short, don't you know, and eternity is very long."

They walked on in silence across the field, until, as they neared the oak, a thought suddenly recurred to Paul Murray.

"By the way," he said; "confidence for confidence is a fair exchange, shouldn't you say?"

"If confidences are in the market."

Paul threw back his head and laughed.

"You give yours away instead of selling them? I should have remembered. Who did you think was behind you when you were crossing the pasture this afternoon?"

To his surprise the girl colored and looked so confused that although a prick of jealous curiosity stung him through and through, he hastened to withdraw his question.

"Don't answer me," he said hurriedly; "I don't want to know. And pardon the inquiry."

"No," said Zipporah after the briefest pause; "I'll tell you. I must, now."

"Don't!" he reiterated; "not if it annoys you. I only asked because it seemed to me that you looked relieved to find it was nobody but me."

"So I was," she answered, a little hurry in her voice. "I—I thought it might be Mr. Hadleigh. And I—I hate him!"

"So bad as that?" he said lightly, but with a question in the keen eyes that had caught and were holding hers. Apparently the mute answer to it reassured him, for presently he laughed again.

"Ah!" he said, "it is easy for a poor sinner to offend you, isn't it? What was his crime? Didn't he admire sufficiently the grace with which you managed those beautiful gauze wings yesterday? To be sure, you tore one of them pretty badly, but then—"

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The girl grew rose-red again, and stamped her foot.

"Oh! you—you're *awful!*" she cried. "I'm going straight home. No; that was *not* Mr. Hadleigh's offence! I'm not going to tell you anything more about it."

"I told you not to," said Paul; "didn't I protest that I had not the least vestige of curiosity on the subject? Only, you know, if any one had asked me, say yesterday morning, whether I thought you 'hated' Mr. Hadleigh, I suspect I couldn't have said yes with a good conscience."

Zipporah made no answer. Her own conscience had been easy enough on the score of her amiability toward Mr. Hadleigh until, under the influence, perhaps, of his too frequent attentions to the claret-cup with which Mrs. Van Alstyne had provided her private table at the picnic, he had presumed upon it in a way which wounded her pride even more deeply than it had alarmed her modesty. It was only that he had caught her hand as she was passing him behind the scenes, and begun some too ardent phrase of admiration which he never got a chance to finish. But as he took his place beside Brother Meeker in the list of the girl's most intimate aversions, there had sprung up in her a sense of shame on her own account which Paul Murray's last words renewed with a keenness almost unendurable. The hot tears of vexation rushed into her eyes, and a quick shower rolled down her cheeks before she could turn her head. Paul was in dismay.

"Don't cry!" he begged, close to her ear and in a softly beseeching tone; "I am a brute to tease you so. You'll forgive me, won't you? I had no business to say that."

"You had," she objected, drawing well away from him. There was a catch in her voice, but though she was regaining possession of herself, their relations were so fast approaching a primitive sincerity that her self-accusation would come out. "You had—anybody had. I had no business to pretend I—to pretend I thought he was nice, when—when he isn't."

"What made you?" said Paul softly, a remorseful twinge in his own conscience reminding him of Bella. "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing made me. He didn't say anything. What right had *he* to call me Zip, and—and take hold of my hand, and say I was—I won't tell you *what* he said! Besides, I don't know; I didn't stay to listen."

"I wonder if he said you were a very nice little girl?" suggested Paul, the faintest suspicion of a twinkle lightening his

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eyes again; "because I could understand his temptation if he did."

"Please don't, Mr. Murray! He didn't say anything of the kind. And I'm not."

"I wouldn't like to doubt your word," said Paul, "but that is the only evidence I have against you. May I help you up this bank?"

They had crossed the bridge now.

"No, you may not," she smiled. "I don't need any assistance, thank you."

XXVIII.

DR. SAWYER'S CLINIC.

DR. SAWYER came over to pay the first visit to Mr. Van Alstyne the next morning, as the squire was pretty thoroughly knocked-up by fatigue. He found two patients waiting for him, Mr. Hadleigh being on the sick-list with what he dreaded as the premonitory symptoms of a recurrence of rheumatic fever, apparently brought on by a shower in which he had got a complete drenching on Sunday night.

Dr. Sawyer's medical diploma, which was his only one, was now about two years old. For the last six months it had been hanging in the ante-room of Squire Cadwallader's office, having previously decorated its owner's quarters in one of the public hospitals of the city whose college of physicians and surgeons had conferred it. The squire, whose traditions concerning the proper intellectual basis for medical or other special sciences were derived from a respectably antiquated source, had felt that he was yielding a good deal to sentiment when he admitted this son of an old friend into his office and drove about with him among his patients, but, having made up his mind to do it, he was too kind-hearted not to have thoroughly accepted the situation. He made himself eminently useful to his young colleague, and took out of him in return whatever aid of any sort he found him capable of giving.

Dr. Sawyer was a tall, rather ungainly young man, with a boyishly round face, and manners whose awkwardness would be likely to wear off in time, as it was chiefly due at present to a mingling of self-consciousness and youthful conceit. In reality, he did not quite deserve the epithet of chuckle-headed which

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Squire Cadwallader now and then cast upon him in the strict privacy of marital communications. Unless Mrs. Van Alstyne surpassed him, he was doubtless the warmest admirer that Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh had yet secured in Milton Centre and its vicinity.

The doctor found Mr. Hadleigh in bed with a good deal of pain in his lower joints and a marked tendency to fever, yet willing and even anxious to talk over recent occurrences. Dr. Sawyer felt himself bound in conscience to repress that inclination in a patient with a pulse so rapid, and as Mr. Hadleigh's conversational impulse took, on the whole, a more or less catechetical form, the doctor was presently satisfying both his professional scruples and his friendly feelings by doing nearly all the talking.

Mr. Hadleigh was not always a good listener. He had made enemies more often by brusqueness than by reticence, but as he had seldom suffered much at the hands of any foe, it may be supposed that ordinarily he was able to take a sufficiently accurate measure of his fellow-creatures for his own purposes. His other village admirer, Mrs. Van Alstyne, had already recorded her tribute to the high-bred attention which he paid to her communications, though she had been bothered not a little by her failure to profit much by those he vouchsafed in return. As for Dr. Sawyer, his intercourse with the brilliant stranger had not until now made any approach to conversational intimacy. He had admired him on general principles, as having almost in excess the social qualifications which he lacked himself, but did not yet despair of attaining. This morning he found him more than ever agreeable. Which of us has not felt himself flattered by that rarity, a perfect listener, even when the subject discussed did not relate wholly to our own admirable peculiarities and achievements? Not to imply that that topic was in the present instance entirely excluded from Dr. Sawyer's reminiscences and prognostications.

"Oh! no," he was saying at the point where it concerns us to record a nearly one-sided dialogue not much more remarkable for wit than for accuracy, "such seizures as this of Mr. Van Alstyne's are not necessarily fatal, even at his age. Not immediately fatal, of course, you understand. I remember when I was in the hospital we had a case something like his. The patient had been a man about town in his day, and had run through piles of money, and though he couldn't be called a victim to the alcohol habit, still I don't doubt that he had be-

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fuddled his brains much oftener than was good for him. I should say he might have been near Mr. Van Alstyne's age, perhaps five or ten years younger. He got excited over some political talk, tumbled over on the steps of his hotel, and was brought up to Fairview. It was a case of acute softening, but he had tremendous vitality to start with, and we brought him round again in about a month."

"Completely?"

"Did we cure him, do you mean? Of course not. But the softening would probably have become chronic and might have lasted two or three years if he hadn't got an upset which excited him so that it produced another apoplectic attack. That carried him off in a day or two."

"How did it happen?"

"A chattering nurse did it. If I had my way I would slit the tongues of professional nurses—make mutes of them in the Oriental fashion. They are seldom safe. To be sure, this fellow believed that Harrington—that was the patient's name, Fitzroy Harrington; he belonged to a very good family,—the nurse took it for granted that he was not fully conscious. There had been an accident outside the operating room. A patient had been brought in to have his hand amputated. He was still under the influence of chloroform, and the nurse, who was wheeling him out to the shaft to go back to his ward, supposed the elevator was there when it wasn't, and down the man went to the bottom and broke his neck, and waked up in kingdom-come without ever knowing what it was all about."

"Shocking!" interjected Mr. Hadleigh, with a disgusted look. "Are such accidents common?"

"Well, not to say common. Still, they sometimes occur. As to Harrington, we had begun wheeling him about a little. He was a private patient, and we gave him airings in a perambulator. But he had heard just enough to frighten him, and the next ride he was invited to take threw him into such a rage of terror that, as I say, it was all up with him in a day or two. Otherwise he might be living still. As well die at once, it seems to me, as go on into drivelling idiocy!"

"Is that what you anticipate for my cousin Van Alstyne?"

"Well, it is early yet to make a decided prognosis. I remarked to Squire Cadwallader last night that if there were no immediate recurrence of his stroke it would probably result in acute softening."

"And he agreed with you?"

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"Oh! yes. I should say there couldn't be a doubt about it. His temperature is pretty good this morning, and his face a better color. And his paralysis is only complete on one side. Still, he is old, and he has been cranky this long while. I haven't the least doubt in my own mind as to the nature of his seizure."

"Is that a general impression?"

"Is what a general impression?"

"That he has been 'cranky,' as you say?"

"Oh! this long time. He is perfectly impracticable. Full of socialism and all that kind of rot. If he has really made a will of the sort everybody supposes he meant to, I don't suppose you would find the least difficulty in contesting it. I mean," went on the doctor, seeing an unpleasant expression flit across his listener's face, "that any one who has a natural claim might set it up with a fair prospect of having it admitted even in the face of express provisions on his part. I had a little talk on that subject this very morning with one of the squire's partners, Mr. Lamson. And I have heard the same thing said repeatedly before."

"What is the law in this country, do you know, with regard to the property of a man who lapses into a state of chronic imbecility? Who takes charge of his estate, and what is done with regard to his business?"

"No; I don't know. But I can find out for you, easily enough. I've a brother in a law-office in Riverside."

"Thanks, I'm sure. But I won't trouble you. How long am I likely to lie here, do you suppose?"

"That depends. The squire will look in on you this afternoon or evening. By the way, he might be able to give you the information you want."

"Very likely." Mr. Hadleigh made a grimace as he tried to turn over in bed. "He combines manufacturing with pill-giving and blistering, I think I've been told."

Dr. Sawyer flushed a little.

"The squire has no active concern in running things, but he has been a heavy shareholder in the Harmonia Mill ever since it was built. Lamson and Sprague are the active partners. I judge that Lamson would like to have a few words with you concerning the business as soon as it becomes evident which way the old gentleman's case is likely to turn. In fact he said so."

"Which way would it suit the lot of you best to have it turn?" said Mr. Hadleigh, with a perceptible sneer.

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Dr. Sawyer felt himself uncomfortable for the second time within five minutes. He rose and picked up his hat.

"I'd like to see him get well, for my part," he said, with a rougher accent than had until then been audible in his voice. "I'll tell Lamson, if you say so, that you are house-bound for the present, and pretty certain to remain so for several days. We shall probably want to put leeches on to reduce the inflammation in those joints."

"I hope not, and be hanged to them!" growled the sick man. "I've lost more blood than I can spare within the last three months already. Building up is what I want, not dragging down."

"I have talked too long to you, I'm afraid," said Dr. Sawyer. "Your pulse is ten beats higher than when I came in. Do you want Mr. Lamson to call?"

"No, I don't—or when I do I'll let him know. Get your old man here as quick as possible, will you? Good morning."

Dr. Sawyer went down-stairs with a curiously mixed impression, in which anger, a sentiment with which he was by no means unfamiliar, was blended with a much rarer sense of humiliation and even self-dissatisfaction for which he was at some loss to account.

"Confound his airs!" he said to himself. "Now, what on earth did I do but answer his questions? If there is a man within ten miles who'd be gladder than that fellow to see the old gentleman dig out without delay, I'd be pleased to know what he looks like on the dissecting-table. The bloody snob!" he ended, with a neat colloquialism which he had recently picked up without a suspicion that he would ever want to put it to its present use.

XXIX.

ST. MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON.

"Humph!" said Squire Cadwallader reflectively as he listened to his colleague's report from Milton Centre. "Threatened Mr. Hadleigh with leeches, did you? Rather heroic treatment, isn't it? Much fever?"

"More when I came away than when I went in. About the leeches—well, I knew he objected to them, and just at the minute I felt rather savage with him. Besides, he wants to get up as soon as possible."

"I see. Any special reason that you know of for the increase of fever? Was he talking much?"

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"No; I didn't let him. I sat with him an hour or so, as he complained of being left alone, but I tried to prevent his exciting himself. He is in a good deal of pain and his pulse was thumping when I left him."

"What were you savage about? You should never allow yourself to lose your temper with a sick man."

"I know, I know. I should have remembered when he irritated me that his condition would account for it. But he had been as mild as a lamb; and I was sailing along as smoothly as possible, amusing myself and him too, as I thought, when he suddenly came out with some slur or other, *à propos* of a sort of message I carried him from Lamson. I got in a heat without quite knowing why. In fact, I don't know yet."

"What does Lamson want with him?"

"Well, he stopped me this morning to inquire about Mr. Van Alstyne, and we had a little talk about his affairs. He said he wanted to see Hadleigh within a day or two."

"Did he ask you to tell him so?"

"No, he didn't. But some question or other that Hadleigh asked about the American law with regard to the property of imbeciles brought up Lamson to my mind and I mentioned what he said."

"Humph! I see. And then he vexed you? Didn't he want to see Lamson?"

"Apparently not. I suggested that you would be able, in all probability, to give him all the information he required about the legal matter."

"He assumes, then, that Mr. Van Alstyne will lapse into imbecility? You encouraged that supposition?"

"Well, I may say I was the direct cause of it. Hadleigh had evidently believed that it was a mere stroke of apoplexy, which was like enough to carry him off within a few days. His own father went in that way. We agreed otherwise last night, you remember, and as he asked, I told both him and Lamson, who made the same inquiry, that although the case was bound to terminate fatally it would not be likely to do so very soon. That was all right, wasn't it?"

"Well, there's no harm done in this special case, as I know of," returned the squire. "Still, as a rule, it is always better not to prophesy until you know. Did you give either of them an opinion as to the exact nature of his seizure or its probable duration?"

"Oh! softening of course, but whether acute or chronic it

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was too soon yet to determine. In one case I said it might end in a month; in the other that it might stretch over some years. Our talk was pretty general, you know. He seemed lonesome, and inquisitive, too, I thought, as was only natural. And as I had plenty of time I sat there and tried to amuse him. Among other things, I told him about that case of Harrington's, at Fairview, which I spoke to you about last night. He was a good deal disgusted by that, I noticed."

"Disgusted? Interested, perhaps, you mean?"

"Well, that too. But he asked me in a supercilious sort of way if we let such things occur often in our public hospitals."

Dr. Sawyer passed out into his own office. The squire sat for some time in an attitude which betokened meditation, his chin pressing heavily into the hollow of his left palm, and his eyes bent persistently on one spot in the carpet. An hour or two later, when he was ready to set out, he paused beside his youthful colleague.

"By the way, Alfred," he said, laying a friendly hand on the other's shoulder, "don't nurse your tiff against Mr. Hadleigh more than you can help. My hands are pretty full, and after this visit I doubt whether I shall not feel obliged to leave him under your charge. Rheumatic fever, unless it is complicated with heart trouble, is not serious, provided it is left judiciously alone for the most part."

"Oh! I'm not that kind," returned the young man. "I never allow sentiment to get mixed up with business. Besides, I see well enough that I was wrong in attributing to insolence and temper what was doubtless the mere result of pain and fever."

"Just so," said the squire dryly. "And so you thought you'd resort to venesection to cool you both down. Well, you're young yet."

"I forgot to ask," said Dr. Sawyer, "but as you want to leave his case to me, I infer that you are satisfied on the whole with what I did for him."

"Entirely," returned the squire in a non-committal sort of tone; "I doubt if you could have acquitted yourself more to my satisfaction if you had tried. But as a rule, it is well not to talk too long at a time to feverish patients. It is as well he don't want to see Lamson until he is in better condition."

Squire Cadwallader paid his first visit to Mr. Hadleigh, having assured himself on passing Mr. Van Alstyne's sick-chamber that there had been no apparent change in his condition, an item

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of news which he communicated unasked to his new patient. He found the latter suffering what were undoubtedly severe pains with a fortitude which commanded his respect, but with on the whole less fever than he had anticipated. The circumstance pleased him, for it would have gone against his professional conscience to break too violently the rule he had but just laid down to Dr. Sawyer on the extent of allowable communication with feverish patients. The squire was at first rather effusively hearty in his manner, having made up his mind to be interviewed, and to be communicative, after a fashion, on any or all subjects in which Mr. Hadleigh might appear to be interested. But the sick man's curiosity appeared to be limited to the sole inquiry as to the probable duration of his own confinement. And on that point the squire was far from reassuring.

"I don't like to see your illness coming back so soon," he remarked, laying his hand once more upon Mr. Hadleigh's pulse. "I am afraid it points to cardiac trouble. Did that complication arise in the first attack?"

"No."

"Then we may hope to guard against it this time. But I own I don't like all I observe in your condition, and I'm afraid I can't promise to let you outside of this room within a fortnight, at the earliest."

Mr. Hadleigh looked relieved.

"Come," he said, with a contraction of his thin face which began as a smile but ended as a grimace extorted by a sudden twinge in the wrist the squire was just resigning, "that is good news, too. Judging from my experience in Asuncion, I feared I might be in for another siege of six or eight weeks."

"You had a Spanish doctor?"

"And he bled me like a butcher. You don't mean, I hope, to let Dr. Sawyer carry out his threat of leeches."

"Not a bit of it. I fear I shall have to blister you, though."

"And I must have a man as soon as he can be got. My hostess is very kind, but—you understand, I prefer not to depend on kindness."

"Exactly. We'll do the best we can by you. All I insist on is absolute quiet. Keep your mind as easy as you can. Your body is safe to insist on those terms for itself. Is there anything I can do, or inquire about, or arrange for you, meantime?"

Mr. Hadleigh and the squire regarded each other full in face for a minute.

"No, thanks," the latter said presently. "Get me on my

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feet and out of doors in a fortnight and I have nothing more to ask. By the way, I have a dim notion that my confounded irritability annoyed Dr. Sawyer this morning. If you could make him believe that I didn't mean it, and that I apologize, if he is under the impression that I did, I would be obliged to you. He is chatty, and this bed is poor company."

"He'll be over in the morning," said the squire, getting up to leave the room. "I shall superintend your case, but unless more serious complications arise than threaten now, I shall be likely to leave you chiefly in his hands. He is abundantly capable of whatever is necessary. Good-by."

Then the squire got away to John Van Alstyne, at whose bed-side he found Mary Anne Murray and Mattie Colton. He looked at his patient carefully, asked a number of questions, and then dismissed the nurses, with an injunction to go down to the piazza and remain there until he was ready to give his instructions for the night. He was alone for a long time with the sick man before he went to the window and asked Miss Murray to come up again.

When she entered he was sitting close beside the bed. He rose, and, bringing another chair, placed it as near as possible to his own, and invited her to take it. She looked rather surprised and was about to alter its position.

"Don't," he objected, laying his hand on the back of it; "I want you to sit just there. Mr. Van Alstyne is partly conscious, I am certain. He may be wholly so, but that is a matter impossible to determine at this stage. I want to ask you to consider whether you can arrange your domestic affairs so as to be able to assume entire charge of him for the present? Miss Colton will assist you as far as she is able, I know. One of the complications I was afraid of in his case is happily averted, for some time to come, at all events. It may be renewed, but we will hope not. But another has arisen."

The squire, who had been speaking in an unusually deliberate and measured way, paused here as if to await some response from Mary Anne Murray. But as she offered none, he began anew.

"I have sent for a male nurse, as you know, but when he comes, I think he will have to devote most of his care to Mr. Hadleigh, who really needs attention more than Mr. Van Alstyne. I am persuaded that nothing is necessary in this room—nothing, that is, but what I can do for him in the visits I shall pay him twice a day—but absolute quiet and the closest attention to the

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few directions I shall want to give. I know of no one but you to whom I am entirely willing to apply for the help I need. As you must be aware, it is a matter which involves more than the mere chance of life or death for one man."

Mary Anne contracted her brows and pondered. "How can I?" she said at last. "There is papa to be considered—and the children."

"Is there no one you could leave in charge? With Miss Colton to assist you there would be always time for you to go home every day. I have thought it all over—rapidly, I admit, but I feel sure exhaustively—and I think there can be no clearer call of duty for you than this one. Lying here, helpless, Mr. Van Alstyne means something far more representative than a mere sick man. To me he does, at least. And until now I have never been in full sympathy with him. You have, or I mistake you."

Mary Anne's face changed. There came a faint glow into her thin, brown cheeks, and her eyes grew luminous.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I have. And I will undertake it. I shall find some one to take my place at home. Will to-morrow do? And will you explain to Mrs. Van Alstyne?"

"God bless you!" said the squire. "You lift a big load off my mind. Yes, I'll attend to everything. I have already given Miss Colton some intimation of what I feared and hoped, but that was when I was more immediately apprehensive than I am at present. But I recommended her to keep her counsel, and I recommend as much to you. I leave you entire discretion as to how far that caution should apply. You are the best judge of what you need to say at home."

On the piazza Squire Cadwallader found himself confronted by Zipporah and her sister. The latter had a letter in her hand which Zipporah had brought in on coming from the school-house.

"What am I to do?" she said, appealing to the squire. "Your nurse has not come yet, and this house is getting to be a hospital. But my mother says she cannot spare me longer than to-morrow."

"Oh! that's all right," he said with a smile. "I've put the place on a hospital footing now, and if you can't be spared elsewhere, we'll have to spare you here. I've a great reinforcement for to-morrow, happily."

So John Van Alstyne's household settled itself down for awhile, and both within it and without there grew up a strange impression, vaguer in some minds than in others, and wholly de-

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finite, perhaps, in not more than three or four, that a mysterious and spiritual battle was raging there in which each of the visible combatants lay prone and helpless. By-and-by that feeling grew into such prominence with one of the watchers that she brought a little picture of St. Michael that she was fond of, and hung it at the head of John Van Alstyne's bed, and consoled herself with the sight of the great archangel's foot upon the dragon, against whom, as Zipporah reflected when it was explained to her, he "dared bring no railing accusation." With what may have been said outside, this chronicle has no necessary concern. But between those three or four to whom, as has been said, the situation had defined itself most clearly, there was never more open speech concerning it than has already been recorded.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO PROPHETS OF THIS AGE.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS in the very first article of the *Summa* uses the following words:

"It is necessary to man's salvation that, besides the philosophical instruction which is obtained by the investigations of human reason, he should have a doctrine divinely revealed. And firstly, because man is related to God as to an end which reason does not comprehend: 'The eye hath not seen, O God! besides thee, what things thou hast prepared for them that wait for thee' (Isaias lxiv. 4). But since men should order their intentions and actions with a view to their end, that end should be known to them beforehand. Hence it was necessary for man's salvation that certain things which exceed human reason should be made known to him by divine revelation. And even with regard to such divine things as may be investigated by human reason it was necessary that man should be instructed by divine revelation, because (when unaided reason is used) the truth about God is arrived at by only a few men, and after long study and with the admixture of many errors; yet upon this knowledge depends all of man's salvation, which is in God. That men, therefore, might more conveniently and more surely arrive at salvation, it was necessary that they should be instructed concerning divine things by divine revelation."

This necessity of revelation, based upon the tendency of man to the knowledge of God and need of union with him as his end, together with reason's native inability, St. Thomas more fully explains in his *Summa Contra Gentiles*, third and fourth chapters of the first book. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Matthew Arnold

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and all their followers have denied the necessity of revelation, rejected it as contained in the Scriptures, and affirmed the sufficiency of reason to secure the destiny of man; being by no means clear as to what that destiny is. Further, they have even taken reason in the lowest meaning of the term, the action of the human senses and the products of their experience. The whole body of Christian believers maintain, with St. Thomas, that although reason has exalted powers, yet taken at its best its deficiencies make Christianity or the revealed wisdom of God necessary to secure our destiny. These deficiencies of reason are: you cannot know the destiny of man with satisfactory fulness, you cannot know it with satisfactory certitude, and what dim knowledge and uncertain grasp you do gain of it is got only after long study, and that by but few gifted intellects. With the aid of Christian revelation you know what the human destiny is and how to attain it; you know it quickly because it is taught by divine authority, and for the same reason you know it with certitude. Whence come I, whither go I, are the first questions put to the Christian as a child, and answered for him satisfactorily, briefly, and with divine authority. This all-necessary wisdom is certain, quickly had, and is sufficient. This revelation has satisfied humanity wherever it has been applied, and nineteen centuries stand there to prove it.

Against this Mr. Emerson protested, set up human reason, and a low phase of it at that, and with varying consistency assailed revelation and exaggerated human self-sufficiency in all his writings, both verse and prose; with occasional misgivings wrung from him by the sorrows of human infirmity, which human reason had no power to console. He failed; we know it and the world knows it. Mr. Arnold failed in his turn, though he veiled his purposes with the instinct of one nervously afraid of the logical consequences of his doctrines. Men go to these two prophets in vain to learn what is their destiny, to learn it easily, plainly, certainly. This is true of all who have not accepted and will not accept the Christian revelation. What mature men go to them to learn in vain, little boys and girls learn easily and fully from the simplest teachers of Christian truth.

The object of all religion is to teach man what his destiny is and how to attain it; to do this with readiness, with certainty, and with satisfactory fulness. If this is not known by revelation it must be known by nature. Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster had only the light of nature to give. What have they taught us? Let us squarely ask, What is the outcome of their whole teaching,

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not about this or that particular point of morals? Moses has given us from God a revelation of the moral law supremely above all they can offer. What can they tell us of man's end and destiny? Whence is man, whither is he going, and how shall he proceed? They have one and all failed. Here then is a practical answer to the question, How are you going to prove that nature is insufficient to instruct the intellect of man as to his destiny? Ask nature's high-priests and oracles.

Has the science of biology, or of medicine, or of human law answered the question, "Whence come I, whither am I going, how am I to attain an adequate end of life?" Did John Stuart Mill allay the cravings of his soul with his social theories? Did his father teach him happiness? Is anything more miserable than the man-worship of Thomas Carlyle, except his own life, bereft of Christianity? What did he find in Goethe? What did anybody ever find in Goethe? Coldness and heathenism. And at bottom what more can he find in Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and we may add, Schelling, together with the whole host of English un-Christian philosophers?

Socrates was the most eminent philosopher of Greece, and the Greeks were the greatest people of antiquity, and their art and literature still hold the primacy. Yet Socrates was but the greatest man of heathenism, and he could not answer those terrible questions of the universe, the whence and the whither of human destiny. He said to Alcibiades that he might as well not pray; who could tell whether his prayers were pleasing to the gods or not? How did he know whether his prayers would help him to his true destiny?

But after Christ had come the little child knew more than Socrates, and the heathen philosopher's Christian slave was infinitely wiser than his proud master, more so than Socrates had been in comparison with the common brutish heathen of his day. Peter, the Galilean fisherman, triumphed, where Socrates, the sage of cultured Greece, miserably failed.

Emerson and Arnold are the interpreters of nature as known without God. But what are they face to face with Christ? Minimizers of Christ and maximizers of themselves; and to that minimizing and maximizing must their disciples sooner or later surely come. Every one of them who is consistent undertakes to level up to Christ: this becomes his life task; this is necessary if he is going to make his belief in the all-sufficiency of nature satisfactory. The implied claim of Emerson and Arnold and their followers is to answer the questions of the soul better than

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Christ did; to make their answers the oracles of God; to be for the nineteenth century what Christ was for the first. They must be Christ's superiors or nobody, and as far as capability to impart wisdom goes they become nobodies. Such teachers will not frankly admit that Christ's answers are good enough for the men of to-day. They will not admit that the first century is equal to the nineteenth. Because the physical world is more open to science and more fully under human control, they wish to make out the same with regard to supernatural revelation.

Just so the mesmerizers and spiritists are groping after something better than Christianity. They strive to set before the Christian miracles the diabolical and magical mysteries of which they are the ministers; they are working out a futile task in the order of nature's powers, and the disciples of Emerson and Arnold in the order of nature's truth.

And now if I am asked what I consider the supernatural destiny of man to be, I answer that it is the relation he bears to God over and above his natural relation of creature. The ultimate term of the supernatural life is a participation in the Divine nature. This consists in sonship with God. The natural relation of man and God is creature and creator. The natural relation of sonship with God belongs only to the Eternal Son, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, born of the Father before all ages. Can any man legitimately claim this *natural* sonship with God, strictly speaking? No, certainly not, except the man Christ, who is the divine person of the Son of God, and has taken up our human nature by a free act of benevolence. But besides him neither man nor angel can claim to be Son of God by nature. But men can be and are born again through Christ—and in no other way—unto newness of life which is a divine life, a supernatural existence; and thus men become gifted with a capacity for knowing and loving God with a power far above nature's power and transcending the natural capacity of mankind. This is regeneration.

All this Emerson and Arnold repudiate and their followers with them, and even pretend to ignore it. Some of them admit that the divine life is indeed man's destiny, but affirm that this divine life is communicated to man as the son of God in the natural order, in different ways and in different degrees. They pretend to have by nature—Christ or no Christ—all that the Christian aims at obtaining by the pure benevolence of God in supernatural religion. What the Christian craves from mercy these men claim in justice; they are the Sons of God because

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they are men. I do not believe that they, especially the Unitarians among them, have ever fully realized, ever actually faced this idea, though they have often uttered it and some loudly proclaimed it. But only when giving up the idea of a personal God altogether, and completely following such leaders as Emerson and Arnold, and others like them, will general scepticism have fully realized its logical significance. Meantime one and all they look upon us Christians as sickly children hanging about the skirts of their mothers. Just as Henry Thoreau once said to me, after my conversion, "How can you hang on to the skirts of that old woman?"—meaning the Catholic Church. The Son of God instituted the church to introduce us into the divine life by the sacraments, to give us a divine symbolism of worship and a sufficiency of it—for without symbolism the worship of the unseen God is incomplete—and to establish among men a divine authority for expounding and propagating the doctrines of heavenly wisdom: and all this is what Thoreau and men like-minded call the skirts of the old woman.

It is hardly necessary to produce examples of Emerson's futile questioning of mere nature. It has been done before in these pages; the following will serve as reminders:

> "All my hurts
> My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
> A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
> A wild rose, or rock-loving columbine,
> Salve my worst wounds."

Is this true of every man? Is this true of Emerson? When he is touched with a hurt which comes from the invisible and the eternal we hear a wail of despair. Listen to his *Threnody:*

> "The south wind brings
> Life, sunshine, and desire,
> And on every mount and meadow
> Breathes aromatic fire;
> But over the dead he has no power:
> And looking over the hills I mourn
> The darling who shall not return."

So it would be with Matthew Arnold and every other human being. The stars and the skies and the seas, the spades and the walks and the roses—there comes a time when the sound of the grave-digger's dreary spade drowns all their singing.

Meantime it must be said of Emerson that he was more frank than Arnold, or had deeper experience—perhaps both. For

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he not seldom avows his perplexity and unrest, as in the following:

"What our society most needs to-day is a baptism of the Holy Ghost. I see in the young men of this age character but scepticism. They have insight and truthfulness, they will not mask their convictions, they hate cant; but more than this I do not readily find. The gracious motions of the soul—piety, adoration—I do not find. Scorn of hypocrisy, elegance, boundless ambition of the intellect, willingness to make sacrifices for integrity of character, but not that religious submission and abandonment which gives man a new element and being, and makes him sublime" (quoted in *The Index*, Aug. 24, 1882).

With reference to Arnold what we wish to do is to place him where he belongs: an impugner of the best known of all truths, the being of a personal God. We wish to bring him and his out of the obscurities of fine phrases and get him into the open. We quote from various parts of his writings:

"The proposition that this world, as we see it, necessarily implies an intelligent designer with a will and a character . . . is utterly impalpable" (*Last Essays on Church and Religion*, 131).

His tendency is downward: his endeavor is, indeed, to prevent its becoming degrading, and one may go a great distance on this road without getting one's feet in the mire; but, as Emerson expresses it, mire is at the end of it: "He speaks to us of the glorious gods, and leads us into the mire." That road does end in the mire, and that very soon if one travels with a quick spirit. It often ends in worse than mire; witness Percy Bysshe Shelley. But to quote again:

"We have really no experience whatever, not the very slightest, of persons who think and love except in man and the inferior animals" (*God and the Bible*, 69).

"The personages of the Christian heaven and their conversations are no more matter of fact than those of the Greek Olympus" (*God and the Bible*, xxi.)

In his *Last Essays* he summarizes virtue and the moral law, conscience and charity, as "the instinct to live and be happy."

Matthew Arnold was a polished scholar, but as a heathen might be so. He was a heathen, and he knew the heathen. He was more at home among the heathen than in Christian society; and this is a trait of his class. Knowing the heathen better than the Christian and having more affection for him, and knowing his difficulties better than the Christian's, he could but say in answer to the question, What is highest good? "A stream of tendency which makes for righteousness." An easy

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way to let a man down, who wants to go down, by a pretty phrase. To pass from reading the Hebrew prophets to reading Arnold and Emerson, is to lose one's hold upon God and throw one into general scepticism. Matthew Arnold is a guide who lets you down by pretty phrases.

The reader will pardon my placing here the whole of Mr. Arnold's poem entitled "Self-dependence," with some comments. That poem expresses the doctrine which prevails throughout his poetical and prose writings:

> "Weary of myself, and sick of asking
> What I am, and what I ought to be,
> At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
> Forward, forward, o'er the star-lit sea."

Now, any being weary of self and sick of asking what he is and what his end may be is sailing on the wrong course in life, and the sooner he gets from the prow to the helm of the ship—where he ought to be—and puts about, the better for him. Meantime the lessons of life he seeks from the stars and the sea:

> "And a look of passionate desire
> O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
> 'Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
> Calm me, ah! compose me to the end!
>
> "'Ah! once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
> On my heart your mighty charm renew;
> Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
> Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'"

But the vastness of the Christian's aspiration is the limitless God, who made the stars and the seas, not that mankind should call upon them with a passionate cry, but upon God the Creator and Lord of all, with a hopeful and loving voice, who has made man their master and not their disciple. The ancient heathen looked yearningly into the entrails of birds and beasts for auguries and omens; and it is not much wiser to strain one's eyes toward the dead stars and the dead waters or over the mute hills for the solution of life's problems.

Now listen to the gospel of selfishness:

> "From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
> Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
> In the rustling night air came the answer:
> 'Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.
>
> "'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,

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These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"'Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.'"

That is to say, to be self-bounded, self-regardful is the main object of life and is the secret of happiness. To be regardless of the fever of the differing soul and positively exclude love, amusement, sympathy, and so all human fellowship, is the means of attaining to "the mighty life." Does it not read so? Is it not taught so by the voices he hears from sky and ocean? Is not this the message of Buddhism?

The last stânza is this:

"O air-born voice! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
'Resolve to be thyself and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery.'"

A singular contradiction with the first words, "Weary of myself," etc. His ship lands him back in his own weary and unresponsive self at the end of his verses, after all. Meantime he loses his misery by finding only his miserable self, as he starts by calling himself. This is not the way the immortal soul finds eternal wisdom. It is the way in which the soul has been baffled from the beginning by sailing in its own ship, not at the helm but the prow, and listening to its own stars and waves in company with such captains as Matthew Arnold and Emerson. How different the result when we bring to the contemplation of nature the spirit of Christianity, as Dante did.

Not very long before his death Mr. Arnold published an essay on the poet Shelley. Shelley was an atheist from boyhood up, and taught and propagated atheism; and he practised immorality—that is, if the ten commandments are a standard. He took to atheism from love of it, as an emancipator from the restraints of Christian morality. This came out in many ways both in his private life and in his poetry, but especially in his cruel desertion of his young and devoted wife and their little daughter. Going over to France with his concubine, he wrote

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a letter to his afflicted and disgraced wife which for cold-blooded cruelty is hardly surpassed in the literature of crime. What does Matthew Arnold think of it? Of course he condemns it. But just why? Is it because the writing of that letter and the base and cowardly deed that preceded it violate the commandments of God? Listen to Mr. Arnold in *The Nineteenth Century:*

"Certainly my comment on this letter shall not be his (Prof. Dowden's, the biographer of Shelley), that it 'assures Harriet that her interests were still dear to Shelley, though now their lives had moved apart.' But neither will I call the letter an odious letter, a hideous letter. I prefer to call it, using an untranslatable French word, a *bête* letter. And it is *bête* from what is the signal, the disastrous want and weakness of Shelley, with all his fine intellectual gifts—his utter deficiency in humor."

Now, no man could thus account for Shelley's brutality, and have in his heart the high standard of morality taught by Christianity.

"His misconduct to Harriet, his want of humor, his self-deception, are fully brought before us for the first time by Prof. Dowden's book. Good morals and good criticism alike forbid that when all this is laid bare to us we should deny, or hide or extenuate it. Nevertheless I go back after all to what I said at the beginning; still our ideal Shelley, the angelic Shelley, subsists. Unhappily the data for this Shelley we had and knew long ago, while the data for the unattractive Shelley are fresh; and what is fresh is likely to fix our attention more than what is familiar. But Prof. Dowden's volumes, which give so much, which give too much, also afford data for picturing anew the Shelley who delights, as well as for picturing for the first time a Shelley who, to speak plainly, disgusts; and with what may renew and restore our impression of the delightful Shelley I shall end."

Now, the very truth is that this Shelley was a scoundrel, a scandalous adulterer; and what we complain of in Arnold is that he, knowing all this, deeply regrets that he was ever found out by the public and calls his villany misconduct, want of humor, self-deception, and affirms that Shelley, in spite of all, is still the ideal, the angelic Shelley. Now, it is possible for a filthy wretch to write angelic poetry; but angelic poetry doesn't make a filthy wretch a decent man, much less an angel. Arnold really seemed to value morality not for its absolute right, but for its seemliness. Just before the above sentences, and after reciting a further revelation of Shelley's lechery, he writes: "And I conclude that an entirely human inflammability, joined to an inhuman want of humor and a superhuman power of self-deception, are the causes which chiefly explain Shelley's abandonment of Harriet in the first place, and then his behavior to her and his

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defence of himself afterwards." Nowhere do you find the utterly brazen depravity of this gifted criminal characterized by Arnold as it should be by any Christian or honest man. Yet Arnold is a teacher, a setter-up of ideals among American and English people! Was I not right in saying that he is a leader who lets one down, if one is willing, by beautiful phrases? And may not the same be said of Emerson and of all leaders of his class?

I. T. HECKER.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

DODD, MEAD & CO. are getting out a new Library Edition of the Besant-Rice novels, of which we have received the first six volumes: *The Golden Butterfly*, *My Little Girl*, *The Monks of Thelema*, *By Celia's Arbor*, *This Son of Vulcan*, and *With Harp and Crown*. They are all very amusing reading, as old novel-readers already know. The two first named are especially full of a quaint humor of which Mr. Besant, now that he works alone, seems to have lost the secret. These two differ in most respects, but they have one entertaining feature in common. How is a really satisfactory girl, honest, candid, innocent, attractive, to be produced, is the moot-point to which the authors address themselves. Catch her young is the answer—from three to five will do—keep her as much as possible out of the way of her own sex, and let those of them who must approach her be either very young and ignorant or very old and ignorant. Then hand her over to the kindly charge of some good man, middle-aged or old. Let him teach her everything she ought and nothing she ought not to know—it would be better to impart all necessary knowledge orally. Prayer is a good thing to recommend, but omit church-going. The very best thing of all would be to keep her entirely secluded, with plenty of open-air spaces to romp in, and never teach her to read and write. We are not so sure that this last detail has no specific virtue. With poisonous novels and "newsy" journals hanging on every twig of the modern tree of knowledge the alphabet becomes a perilous thing for the small Eve. The practical trouble about the scheme seems on the whole to be a numerical one and almost fatal to its success. There are so many good little girls of five or thereabouts that one dreads lest, here and there, or now and then, the proper proportion of really good middle-aged or old men might fail to be kept up. "The good die young," as Mr. Saltus insinuates.

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Harper & Brothers have just issued a volume, *A Brother to Dragons*, containing three of the stories by which Miss Amélie Rives first drew the attention of the public which reads the monthly magazines. They are written in the colloquial English of "Master Shakspere's" time; or, in what Miss Rives imagines that English to have been in the mouths of servants and other "lewd fellows of the baser sort." Each tale is narrated by a speaker of this class, apparently for no reason more valid than that of providing a tolerable excuse for verbal licenses that border on indecency. There is a rude force in them; but it is not of the kind which suggests much promise for the future. Rather, it awakens curiosity concerning the nature of the reading on which their author's mind has been nurtured. The dramatic literature of the Elizabethan period and those which succeeded it down to the second James have evidently formed a large share of it, and the use to which she has put her studies in this direction suggests a second course, embracing the Frenchiest of the French novels of to-day. A novel by the same writer, called *The Quick or the Dead?* issued in Lippincott's about the same time, furnishes still more ample occasion for the verdict foreshadowed by what preceded it. In the interest of young girls who write without quite understanding what they say, and still less what they suggest, there might well be a censorship, if not of the brotherly or the paternal sort, then of the editorial. Some day this pretty young woman—who allows her picture to precede her story, and then paints her heroine so as to resemble it extremely—who takes the veil from her sensations as she does the *fichu* from her shoulders, and tears her passions to rags and tatters to amuse the groundlings and to make herself the subject of talk which would doubtless cause her ears to burn could she imagine or overhear it, will doubtless know more than she seems to know at present. And then will come her day of sadness and lamentation, as now has come that of her hysteria and folly.

One of the most delightful books of the year is *The Island, or An Adventure of a Person of Quality*, by Richard Whiteing (London and New York: Longman, Green & Co.), an Englishman whose admirable letters from Paris were, some years ago, a notable feature of the New York *World*. It is hard to define its charm, because it is so composite. There is the style, to begin with, limpid, flexible, absolutely free from affectation, and yet with a crisp airiness of touch more French than English. And then the humor of it is so pleasant, the sentiment so clean

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and kept so well away from sentimentalism, the conception of the heroine, Victoria, so large and fine, and the expedient of her outworn but nobly-respected affection for poor "Curly," which supplies the necessary material for the struggle without which most love-stories must be tame in the telling, is kept so well in the air! Taken by themselves, here would be reasons enough for pronouncing a verdict of excellent on any book. But *The Island* has still another excuse for being in its clever satire on the greed, and humbug, and anti-social life of England in the first place, but, by implication, of all existing civilization. The story is told by the "Person of Quality," who, finding himself "out of focus" with London and Paris on account of the chronic dissatisfaction which he feels to underlie it all, embarks on an Italian trading vessel for a voyage round the world. By an accident he is cast ashore on what he believes to be a desert island, and the ship sails away without him. But the island is Pitcairn's. It contains about a hundred souls, descendants of the original mutineers of the *Bounty*, guileless, pure, and peaceable, living all for each, and having one great ideal, England, to whose larger aspirations toward perfect justice and more sure attainment of human blessedness they bend their eyes with innocent longing. The "Person of Quality" is a godsend to them. What they imperfectly know concerning that heaven on earth over which rules Victoria the Good he will be able to impart in all its precious fulness:

"So it was one long, bewildering inquisition. Would I tell them of the great churches, the great wonders manifold of that far-off Isle of the Saints? What of the rulers and statesmen, of the bishops, those captains of captains of the thousands of God; of the choirs of the faithful—five thousand strong, as they had heard—hymning Handel under a crystal dome? They seemed to see human life not at all as a mere struggle, but as a great race for a crown of virtue, in which Britain was first, and their poor island so decidedly nowhere that she could afford to sink rivalry in unqualified admiration. I winced, and winced, and winced again.

"'We are but poor things here, and we know it,' said the schoolmaster.

"'You will improve,' I said kindly.

"'Well, sir, we are always ready to learn; perhaps you would like to take a service yourself next Sunday? You are not in orders, but you have heard the Archbishop of Canterbury, I dare say.'

"'No, only a bishop now and then.'

"'Oh! what opportunities,' said Victoria sadly. 'We once had a navy chaplain here, but it was four years ago. Though, of course, that is no excuse for our not being better than we are.'

"'They say he has fifteen thousand a year to spend on the poor,' said the schoolmaster, returning to the Primate.

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"'Yes, he has fifteen thousand a year.'

"'I've heard of a lady who has made fifty thousand people happy all by herself,' said one of the women. 'She's a baroness.'

"'And that's not the highest,' said another; 'there's duchesses who must be richer. *Oh, what a country for the poor!*'"

Again, Victoria, who is the daughter of the governor of Pitcairn, appeals to the stranger to lead her and her companions "to the higher ground." "Civilize us," she says to him.

"'Make us like England. Give us larger things to live for. Tell us what we must do. There must be something wanting, but I cannot tell what it is. It all seems so beautiful here—the shining sun, friends to love, peace, the singing, the sea, the very wind in this wood! Yet I know there must be something. That is why the queen's ships never come again. We are like children, perhaps.'

"'Keep so.'

"'No, no; we want to be like you. This is baby-land. Make us great and good. You know the secret: you have lived *there*.'"

Thus adjured the Person begins his task of enlightenment, warning Victoria beforehand that "it hurts." "How else could we expect it to do us good?" rejoins innocence. That very night the preliminary instruction is given in this wise to her and her father. We wish we could quote it all, but quotation from Mr. Whiteing is too tempting—too easy, moreover, for he is guilty of no padding. He explains that what is chiefly necessary to conform them to their ideal is "variety of formation"—in other words, "the division of classes":

"Look at the beautiful gradation at home—an aristocracy for the fine art of life; a middle class for the moral qualities, which are not fine art, but only helps to it; a lower for the mere drudgery outside of both art and morals. *The great mark of all progressive nations is that struggle of each man to make some other do his dirty work for him, which is commonly known as aspiration for the higher life.* A few live in dignity, unhaste, affluence, and wear the fine flower of manners; but to sustain the costly show, and help them so to live, *the many give up all hope of these things on their own account*, sometimes forming perfect castes, who do the dirty work from father to son, as others fill the office of earl marshal. . . . This self-denying section has many names. Sometimes it is called the slave class; but 'working' or 'lower' class, or 'sons of toil" is usually preferred, as being the politer and less descriptive term. They engage in all the malodorous tasks, to the end that the others may smell sweet and accumulate porcelain. . . . Now you are in a curious, not to say an unexampled position. You are without this indispensable class; and how you have got on even so far without it is a mystery to me. . . . A few centuries ago we were no better off than you: every man with his bit of land for tillage, his common for grazing, a rather demoralizing plenty in every hut—no really efficient slave class, in fact. But a patriotic nobility soon put a stop to that, enclosed

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the commons, broke up the small farms, and made a proletariat that is, to this day, the wonder and the envy of the world. . . . You have to master the principle of the movement, that is all. Teach a whole community *to unite riches with righteousness as the object of its hunger and thirst;* and the thirst, especially, will beget a tremulous cerebral excitement which will keep it always on the go. . . . The great principle is, not—as I fear you imagine—that one man's best of service ought to count as another man's best *in respect to his right to the needful things of life*, but that, on the contrary, each bit of human helpfulness should be weighed in a balance, and more pudding given to those whose morsel weighs most.' . . .

"'But won't the others get less?' said Victoria, now beginning, I thought, to repent of her part in the plot.

"'Oh! yes, but the others are stupid.'

"'They are brothers.'

"'Only by courtesy, I think you will find. "Brothers in Christ Jesus," I believe is the exact term.'

"'They get hungry three times a day all the same,' said the girl, flashing revolt.

"'I am afraid you will begin to think I want to civilize you against your will,' I returned after a pause. The rising was quelled."

Two very taking books for boys are Robert Louis Stevenson's *Black Arrow* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) and W. L. Alden's *New Robinson Crusoe* (New York: Harper & Brothers). Mr. Stevenson is one of the pleasantest of contemporary writers, no matter on what subject he tries his pen, and independently, almost, of whether one agrees with what he happens to be saying when he speaks in his own person and not as mere story-teller. *The Black Arrow* is a tale of the Two Roses, with Richard Crookback as one of the characters. Nevertheless it is interesting, though hardly so much so as *Treasure Island* was.

Mr. Alden is, as usual, very funny. His hero is Mike Flanagan, who at sixteen is cast away on a desert island in company with Mr. James Robinson Crusoe, a passenger on the ship in which Mike sailed as ordinary seaman. The island Mr. Crusoe recognizes as the identical one in which his "sainted grandfather," Robinson Crusoe, of whom Mike had never heard before, was likewise cast away. Mr. Crusoe deems it a filial duty to reproduce, so far as may be, every incident of his grandparent's solitary life. He is not even reconciled to Mike's presence, useful and agreeable as he finds him, until he conceives the expedient of blackening him with a burnt cork and rechristening him Friday. On this thread of a scheme, capable as only Mr. Alden could make it of being knotted in all manner of serviceably funny ways, the story is constructed. Mr. James Robinson Crusoe is, of course, a lunatic, whose voyage was begun in search of sanity. How it comes to him at last, after Mike has under-

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gone much amusing martyrdom in honor of his companion's "old idiot of a grandfather," is worth reading the book to learn.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in *Wessex Tales* (Harper & Brothers), begins to write like a man who is tired out. There is not one of these stories, "strange, lively, and commonplace," which is not extremely suggestive of a literary tread-mill which for some reason or other must be kept going, irrespective of the fatigue of the creature supplying the motive power. He has still an abundance of raw material to work up, but of the zest with which he once turned out the completed product, and which he imparted to us who consumed it so readily in the days when he was telling us about *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or even the *Mayor of Casterbridge*, no trace appears in the present collection.

The collected *Poems* of Rose Terry Cooke are brought out in a handsome volume by W. S. Gottsberger (New York). There are some very pleasant verses in it. Mrs. Cooke's muse never takes a very lofty flight, but it always sustains itself well above the level of the commonplace, and in such poems as "My Cup," "The Man who loved the Queen," "Nonnettes," "Prayer," and "Mary, the Mother of the Lord," she makes good her claim to serious admiration and remembrance. And as a rule, to both her sentiment and her technique the same epithets may be applied—pure, unexciting, faultless.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel (Boston: Roberts Brothers) marks, we believe, by general consent of his most ardent admirers, the high-water level of George Meredith's achievement. There is no doubt that the level is a really high one, as there is also no doubt that Mr. Meredith's most ardent admirers number among them many of those whose admiration seems best worth having. Thus Mr. Stevenson, who does so much good work himself, says of him modestly that he is "easily the master of us all." There is even a growing Meredith cult, which, like the contemporary Browning worship, provides a narrowly exclusive test of the critical faculty, Mr. Meredith being not infrequently "caviare to the general." Those who can endure it well become acknowledged "past-masters" of appreciation. He is "the novelist of novelists," as we were told long ago, at a time when *Evan Harrington*, after being half read, proved for the second time too much for our own powers of endurance, by reason, as we inclined to believe, of its vulgarity of tone, and its affectations in point of style, while *Vittoria* positively declined to let itself be read at all. But *Richard Feverel* is not hard reading. It comes

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wonderfully near being a great book. It is crammed with good things in the way of epigrams and pithy sayings. It has some notable character-drawing. It is interesting in point of plot and narrative. But it just barely misses the bull's-eye of completely satisfactory achievement—of such achievement as one gratefully ascribes to Thackeray in *Vanity Fair*, or, for that matter, in *The Newcomes* and *Henry Esmond*. And it misses it for a reason almost identical with that which brought Sir Austin Feverel's plans for his son so painfully to naught. It is, like that gentleman's scheme of education, too visibly the result of a "system." It never grew spontaneously; it was watched, as Richard Feverel was watched, by a progenitor who proposed to play the part of Providence to his offspring. "The perfection of art is to conceal art," they tell us, and we believe it. But we believe, also, that it is a perfection unattainable by the conscious artist. Sir Austin, desiring to make a nonpareil of his worse than motherless son, sets out to guard him from all temptations, to shut out the knowledge of evil, to pull at all the springs of action from an unseen coigne of vantage, as if Richard were a puppet, while yet fostering every worthy seed of manhood. When he has successfully brought him to "the magnetic age; the age of violent attractions, when to hear mention of love is dangerous, and to see it a communication of the disease," Sir Austin sets out in search of a fitting wife for him. He leaves Richard behind him, with misgivings and unwillingly, and yet he leaves him, well-persuaded that to a boy of nineteen there will be small attraction in a little bread-and-butter miss of thirteen or so—for Sir Austin has no mind that his son shall become a husband under twenty-five, and a wife must be trained for him on the same general lines as have been followed with himself.

But hardly has the father's back been turned, when the son's head follows suit. He meets his fate at sunrise on a summer morning; she is plucking dewberries on the bank of the weir across which Richard is pulling his pleasure boat, and when they look into each other's eyes all is over with them in the sentimental way. She is very charming, Mr. Meredith's little Lucy Desborough. There is hardly anything sweeter than she, so far as we know, in all modern fiction. Thackeray we rate far higher than Meredith, but he has drawn no girl so innocent, so fair and loving as this one. The story is too long and complicated to outline all the plot. Suffice it that Richard contracts a clandestine marriage while yet a minor. The father, not contented to abandon his system, contrives the separation of the pair, not in-

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tending it to be final, but wishing to subject Richard to the various trials he believes necessary to his perfection. Among them is that of throwing him into the way of vile temptations. If he passes them successfully at this stage, or even should he momentarily succumb, it will be a preservative against doing so later on, at the age when men, as Sir Austin knows them, are more prone to fall. Richard comes very near passing this ordeal scathless—he is as pure as his own Lucy and as heartily in love. Yet he falls, and the fall hurts him so, by reason of his exceptional training, that the separation from his wife which he has hitherto borne with anguish, he now perpetuates through shame and an unendurable sense of guilt. And when at last he is persuaded that he may return and find a welcome, he learns, just as he is about to do so, that Lucy also has been subjected on principle to a trial somewhat like his own, and though she has passed it without even a suspicion on her own part of what had been intended, yet the knowledge fires Richard into fury. He challenges the man whom he wrongly supposes to have made love to his wife, is dangerously wounded, and Lucy dies of brain fever, induced by grief, before he recovers. As the reader sees, the scheme of the story is wholly artificial. The treatment of it is much less so, but nevertheless, as a whole, it remains too conscious, too wanting in simplicity, to attain real greatness. And yet how near it comes!

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's latest "Chronicle of Contemporary Life" is called *Olivia Delaplaine* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) It is colorless, unexciting, and, we should incline to believe, not harmful—unless, indeed, to literary tyros, to whom the style would offer an extremely undesirable model. Mr. Fawcett is not a pessimist like his friend, Mr. Saltus. He seems to be an optimist by choice in point of morals, which is greatly to his credit, but we fear he is a snob, more or less unwillingly, in some other respects. He is as inveterately and successfully given to the chase of the wild platitude as Mr. Roe, but he lacks that author's simplicity and good faith about it. Mr. Fawcett brings down the same game and bags it, but he wilfully ignores its name and nature. He has said of himself that his "most authentic gift is poetry," and perhaps it is. "Authentic," by the way, is a word in high favor with Mr. Fawcett. He employs it on all occasions and in the most bewildering combinations. Thus he says of his hero that "the process which went on with him as often as he bade farewell to Tom, spoke a greeting word to Dick, or shook hands with Harry, was no less undeliberate than it was authen-

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tic," and of his heroine that "it had never *authentically transpired* that she had married Spencer Delaplaine with the fixed belief in his immediate death." Why not "validly exuded" as an alternate and equally delightful phrase? We do not wish to imply that Mr. Fawcett's story is devoid of merit. It shows some skill in construction and a certain knowledge of not very admirable human nature, and we believe it obtains contented readers. It is only fair, therefore, to add that readers who can be pleased with Mr. Fawcett are tolerably sure not to be morally injured by him. Moreover, they are probably incapable of being deteriorated by his influence in matters of taste.

Stubble or Wheat? A Story of More Lives than One (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is by an enthusiastic son of Princeton and disciple of Dr. McCosh, Mr. S. Bayard Dod. He offers it as "a spray of rosemary" to his Alma Mater. They teach sound metaphysics at Princeton, and Mr. Dod has profited by the tuition. But his English style does not speak so well for his college as do his sentiments with regard to Schopenhauer and the evils of pessimism. His hero, Sydney Morris, who once blandly says to Dr. McCosh in class concerning some philosophical profundity, "I can't agree with you, sir," and is told in reply, "I am *very* sorry that you can't, Mr. Morris," hears, while he is searching after the "*Ding an Sich*,"

"the blare of the brazen trumpet with which Schopenhauer proclaimed himself the prophet to whom it was given to unravel the mystery, and to tell men the answer to the unanswerable, to the question that contains in itself an argument in a circle, a contradiction in terms. It fell in with all his vague imaginings, his unhealthy dreams, his unhappy grasping after what is not, and cannot be, and ought not to be within the compass of the human mind and heart; namely, to be happy in itself, self-centred, self-satisfied, self-being all and in all."

And, being an honest, simple-minded youth—simple in its good sense of sincere—Sydney takes pessimism seriously. He is not

"strong enough to toy with it as a purely mental exercise, and prate, in gloomy jeremiads, of the afflictions of life, and yet live the life of a Sybarite; to pose as a grim philosopher, who saw beneath the surface the hidden mysteries of life and could expose the hollow sham, while yet he enjoyed life to the full; and did not think it all the part of a philosopher, any more than it was that of an apothecary, to swallow his own drugs; to make the bitter tinctures for others, while he himself drank wine. Sydney was too earnest and too sincere a nature to play such a part. He was too impulsive to be able to resist the impetus of such a train of thinking, or to adopt it without pursuing it to its fair, legitimate termination."

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Suicide, that is to say, dawns upon Sydney as the only proper and rational end of human existence. But while considering the best means to accomplish it, the ex-Princetonian falls in love, and as he is beloved again, and happily married, he begins to reconsider his position. All would have doubtless gone well with him had not his wife developed symptoms of heart disease. They did not necessarily point to a speedily fatal termination, said the doctor, but she should avoid excitement and worry, and live a quiet country life. And then, with this provocation, up came again, and finally, the fatal tree of pessimism, sprouting from its deadly germ. Sydney is once more persuaded that all life is evil because one precious life is in danger. He dawdles about, and having, as a rich man, no steady occupation, he sets himself to contemplate "suicide as a fine art."

"It was not the mere extinction of life that so enthralled his mind. That was the gross, the brutal side of the matter. He aimed at the slow extinction, one by one, of those vital powers which, to him, were only avenues of suffering."

In pursuit of this aim he tries inhaling nitrous oxide, don't like the effects and drops it, declaring as he awakes groaning from its "anæsthetic influence" that this is "the very purgatory of the Romish theology." Then he opens "one of the veins of the forearm, and watches the great drops of the warm, fluid life fall, one by one," until he finds himself getting very sick at the stomach, his head in a whirl and his eyes dim, but not, apparently, too dim to see about applying a timely tourniquet. Haschish also he experiments with, and then opium; likewise absinthe. And finally, under the influence of too persistent daily doses of the latter, he flings himself into the river. His mental process seems to have been like this: Life, as life, is no good. Yet it would be good to me if Gladys had not heart disease, and I were sure she would live as long as I do. But she has heart disease, and so life is, as a matter of fact as well as by theory, no good. I will make sure that she shall live as long as I do by dying now. Whereupon he incontinently makes her a widow, and, being an optimistic widow, she gets over the difficulty with her mitral valve, and when last heard from was flourishing and in great peace.

Mr. Dod's little book, his "spray of rosemary," is not very well worth reading. As a class exercise one feels that, though lengthy, it might have been a striking success. Or had it been printed for private circulation, the author might have reaped much consoling commendation from his readers. But for the general public! That is quite another thing.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONVERT'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.

The following eloquent letter of a recent convert to a prominent Methodist minister first appeared in the Nashville *Democrat*. Our readers will thank us for laying it before them:

"DEAR DR. KELLEY: I see from your lecture yesterday that two or three very important facts have impressed themselves upon your mind while comparing Protestantism and Catholicism. As I have made, most laboriously, the journey from the gloomy regions of doubt and denial to the serene and bright land of promise, I must feel the keenest interest in every sincere soul driven from its moorings and looking for safety. With a hope to direct your attention to facts as clear as the noon-day sun, though eyes blinded by prejudice cannot see them, I write this letter. The Church is not an organization like a political party; she is a sentient being; she knows the facts of her history as you know yours; she has a heart; she has a mind; she has a will which belongs to her as yours does to you; all along the centuries she is the same; ever ancient and ever new; ever yielding, when to yield does not forfeit her divine commission to teach all truth; ever firm in the maintenance of those dogmas through the belief of which alone can the human race be saved; as well talk of a man without bones as of a church without dogmas. Admit dogma, admit authority—and without authority, which means law, there is chaos everywhere—in the physical, political, and moral world, and you must 'go to Rome.' But I meant to speak of the gentleness of the church to the sinful, the sorrowful, the poor. It is not a doled-out alms she gives, but the warm mother-love which has no equal beneath the heavens. It cannot be counterfeited, and, verily, her children feel its reality. You have only to look in their faces to see the truth of this assertion, any day in the year, at any Catholic church in this city. Protestantism (of course I speak of the system, not of individuals) is a sham which deals in symbols—the bread is a symbol; the wine is a symbol; good works are a symbol. Catholicism is real and in earnest to the smallest detail; the bread and wine are the real Flesh and Blood of our Lord; all the holy Sacraments are real, and their effects as vitalizing to the soul as the sunshine is to the world of matter; so necessary are they that vigorous spiritual life is ordinarily impossible without them. Ah! more and more I wonder that Protestants can denude themselves of their riches. How can they give up the strong and sweet consolations of their mother and go away into the coldness of poverty to gnaw the bone of 'intellectual freedom'? What a fallacy! Almighty God has, in his wisdom, revealed all religious truth to one body only—the church—through the apostles and their successors. No amount of intellect could have found out religious truths. They are of revelation. Outside that domain everything in the universe is free to man's inquiry. Surely, no sane being can find in that law a fetter to shackle his intellect. Only by obedience to law can man find freedom.

Our mother, who is worthy to be called the 'Bride of Christ,' and 'without spot or wrinkle,' is a real mother: she teaches her stronger children to protect the weaker, and love makes them all one family. Since our Lord confirmed Peter in authority, since the church entered on her active mission of blessing and serving

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mankind, never has there been a moment when her faithful children were not offering day by day, moment by moment, every pulsation of their hearts, every energy of their being, to be consumed by her in the service of God. Our priests and sisters, so firm in faith, so strong in intellect, so gentle in heart, so innocent in life, are heroes and heroines whose steady courage is an example, an inspiration, to us poor halting strugglers in the battle for good against evil. Protestantism almost ignores God—it almost asserts and really believes that to do good to our fellow-beings is sufficient to save our own souls. The church proclaims with the voice of authority that God rules—our duty to him is first and last. Men must be loved and served for God's sake.

And now comes the miracle which you see and have the courage to acknowledge, and which in our Lord's time excited the wonder even of those who saw sight restored to the blind, hearing to the deaf, life to the dead, and, wonder of wonders! the Gospel is preached to the poor. Nowhere on earth can that magnet be found which unites the rich and the poor except in the church. The marvel is that men do not realize that the spirit of God must dwell where such union exists—that charity which passeth all understanding has always been the property of the church. In all ages and countries men and women have stripped themselves of everything dear to the carnal mind, and have lived and died triumphant that the promise of a hundred-fold returned even in this world had been fulfilled.

Protestants, as individuals, are often wonderfully good. The church teaches of faith, that in a certain sense God's Holy Spirit is with every man born into the world, but as an organization Protestantism is a curse to the world I heartily believe. It is not for me to say that you or any other good man may not go to heaven—that is not the question just now—but I do say that every breath of truth is healthy for the soul, that the church is the pillar and ground of truth, and that no man can possibly be as happy out of her communion as in it. As well tell me that the shaded light, the fœtid odors of a jail are as delightful as the blossom-laden winds of the free hills. A Protestant may honestly think he has faith; a childless woman may press to her bosom the child of another; she may think that no love could possibly be stronger, but when she feels the warm pressure of the lips of her own baby she will be ready to say, 'I know and feel the difference.' So it is with the Christian who at last finds himself safe in the bark of Peter; this is safety, this is peace. This, Dr. Kelley, is not my testimony alone, but the voice that rings along the corridors of time. Dr. Johnson remarked that no man in his day could point to a single death-bed recantation of the belief of the Catholic Church, while the apostates from Protestantism when brought to that true and real test were numerous. The fact exists to this day, and it is worth consideration.

"With my hearty wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I am, respectfully, your friend,

MRS. M."

PLEASE BE MORE ACCURATE.

We notice that the article of "Our Drinks and our Drunkards" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June contains some statements which are liable to give a false impression.

On p. 348 we read: "From corn, rye, and wheat we get the alcohols which,

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in the form we drink them, are known as whiskey. These alcohols are not the same as the alcohol of brandy. They are amylic alcohols."

Now, from this certainly it would be generally understood that the alcohol of whiskey—amounting often to above half its whole weight or volume—was amylic (or amyl) alcohol. But, in point of fact, we have only to consult any organic chemistry to find that amyl alcohol, though undoubtedly to be found as a partial product in the process of fermentation, is far from being the principal one. For example, Richter says (p. 95, Smith's translation): "The various sugars when fermenting break up principally into ethyl alcohol and carbonic dioxide. Other compounds, like propyl, butyl, and amyl alcohols (the fusel alcohols), glycerol and succinic acid, are produced in small quantities at the same time."

Undoubtedly amyl alcohol is not a wholesome thing, and it may be well admitted that three ounces will kill a man. But at this rate, on what is implied in the article, as quoted above, it would not take much whiskey to produce the same effect. Experience, however, shows no such difference between whiskey and brandy. There is many a man who could take his six ounces of either and survive without difficulty.

Later on we find it stated (p. 349) that the "brandies," as well as other liquors, "which three-fourths of the people drink are made from these poisonous alcohols"; though previously the writer made a distinction, but not a very well founded one, for they may be formed to some extent in the fermentation of grape-sugar as well as in that of maltose.

Loose writing of this sort should be avoided. It does as much harm as good to the cause of temperance.

"GOD IS LOVE."

Yes. But not the God of Calvin, nor of Rev. A. H. Strong, D.D., who, in his book on *Philosophy and Religion*,* asserts that the holiness of God necessitates his justice but not his love. God, he would have us believe, may or may not be merciful, but he must be just—that is to say, mercy is optional with him, but justice not.

Oh! what a deadly venom is couched in these words! And the worst feature about them is that they pass current among so many as orthodox views. By a strange perversity (and what but Calvinism is responsible for it) the very extreme of heterodoxy has become the palladium of orthodoxy; error has usurped the seat of truth. To fear God is made the chief duty of man; what is only the beginning is made the end of wisdom in direct contradiction to the words of St. Paul, who says that "love is the fulfilment of the law." So fatal is this error, so unworthy of a Christian this conception of God and the duty we owe him, that we think it was no exaggeration for Tertullian to say that God would rather a man should doubt his divinity than his mercy. The denial that God's holiness is love is practically the denial of God himself. Take away the idea that God's holiness is essentially love and the whole *raison d'être* of religion is destroyed. It was a misguided, God-fearing father who reared the God-hating Ingersoll.

* *Philosophy and Religion:* A Series of Addresses, Essays, and Sermons. Designed to set forth Great Truths in Popular Form. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., President and Professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester (Baptist) Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

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Now, genuine orthodoxy holds that charity and mercy belong to the very essence of holiness, that is, are inseparable from it, and finds the most perfect synonym for God in the word love. *Caritas* might be substituted for *Deus* in every Catholic prayer. It was this orthodoxy which gave us the English word God from *good*. It was the love of God which made him create, which made him become man, which made him suffer and die upon the cross, and unless holiness and love are one, these things are inconceivable. Holiness and justice are one, or there is no such thing as sin; holiness and love are one, or there is no such thing as forgiveness. If love be subordinate to justice in God, sin is never really forgiven, which is something like what Calvinism teaches.

The true Christian teaching is that mercy and justice are both inherent attributes of God, and that we cannot, strictly speaking, say that one of them is greater than the other, because they are both infinite; but, if we consider them in their actual operation upon all men, we may truly say that God's mercy is greater than his justice. As Holy Scripture says: "His mercy is over all his works." The holy Psalmist says: "Thy justice is as the mountains, thy mercy is in the heavens," and we interpret the passage to mean that as high as the heavens are above the mountains, so high is God's mercy above his justice. It would have been less an error, we take it, if Dr. Strong had asserted that the holiness of God necessitates his love but not his justice.

Now, we maintain that there is only one possible explanation of the relation of these two attributes, viz., that God by nature is equally (*i.e.*, infinitely) merciful and just, and the two attributes are necessarily in perfect harmony. It follows from this that God is merciful as well as just to all men. He has shown by his acts far more mercy to some men who are reprobates than to others who are saints.

Dr. Strong's theory of the relation of justice and mercy to holiness is behind the age. Happily the present trend of evangelical theology is in an opposite direction. New Haven—not Rochester—is leading the van of progress toward truth! Professor George B. Stevens, of Yale University, who is a fair representative of the best thought and profoundest scholarship among the orthodox Congregationalists, has in the *New Englander and Yale Review* for June refuted Dr. Strong's theory of justice and mercy in a most able manner. We heartily approve of all that he says in his article, but would call special attention to the following point which he makes:

"If love is not at least co ordinate with justice in the Divine nature, no logical ground can be found in the Divine Being for the work of redemption. . . . The perfection and glory of the Divine Being consist in the eternally perfect harmony in unity of all the qualities of his life. To us this stratification of attributes is unsatisfactory in itself and doubly so in the results to which it leads."

Enough of this Rochester theological pessimism. H. H. WYMAN.

ZEAL FOR SOULS.

We understand that a new congregation of missionary priests, under the name of the *Congregation of St. Peter Claver*, is soon to be canonically established at l'Abbaye de Clairefontaine, near Arlon, Belgium, to provide priests for the European immigrants in America. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few"; we therefore pray the Lord to send us these good men whenever

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they are willing to come. Great numbers of our non-English-speaking immigrants, outside of French and Germans, who are reasonably well provided for, will be lost unless good, zealous priests, who are of their nationality and who speak their language, can be had. If only three such men were to come to New York or Chicago, they could do a great work. If pastors in the city or country could call upon them to preach, instruct, and hear confessions, the scattered immigrants might be reached. Rev. Henri Dégrenne, missionary apostolic at l'Abbaye de Clairefontaine, Belgium, enumerates four objects of the institute to be founded there: (1) To instruct boys in view of the missionary priesthood; (2) To give clerics a good course of theology to the same end; (3) To form priests for the missionary life; (4) To receive lay brothers, whose office will be to teach the catechism and aid the missionaries in their labors.

Our readers can obtain a fuller understanding of this work by reading the *Revue de l'Emigration*, which was commenced on July 1 of the present year. The subscription price of this magazine is six francs per year, which should be sent to the office of that journal, l'Abbaye de Clairefontaine.

THE GREGORIAN MASSES AND CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR: I have read with great interest the articles published at different times in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on church music and congregational singing, and I heartily endorse the general tenor thereof. Vesper service, the whole congregation uniting in singing, would be attended almost as well as the Mass of obligation, and would, in a certain sense, be more enjoyed because more directly co-operated in. Almost everybody can be trained to sing, if the training commences at school, and the Vespers, with all the responses at Mass, being easy of execution and rather melodious, could without much difficulty be learned by the largest portion of the congregation.

But what about the Gregorian Masses? They are found in the body and at the end of the Gradual—I have before me the Mechlin edition—and seem to be very poor music; nay, the very poorest of the whole body of Gregorian chant. The *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei* form a much larger portion of the chant at Mass than the *Introit*, *Graduale*, *Offertorium*, and *Post-Communio*; and yet, whilst there is much variety of tone, and even much solemn and impressive sweetness, in these latter parts, there is, in my humble opinion, little variety and scarcely any musical value, considered in the light of solemnity, dignity, or melody, in the greater portion of the chant at Mass. I suppose some like these Masses, but I do not. *De gustibus non est disputandum*: maccaroni to the Italian, sauerkraut to the German, baked beans to the New-Englander taste best; snails are relished by some nations and dog-meat by others. If Italian, German, New-Englander were to dispute the question which dish be the best, argument would avail nothing, but relative taste would decide the matter, and each nation would be inclined to consider the others' taste vitiated. Do not, then, ask me for any argument on this Gregorian question. Taste—my individual taste, I may add—is my guide. The refined preparation of any kind of food whatever, with its piquant condiments—might make it fairly palatable to any palate. So also any common ditty, in itself distasteful to the cultivated ear, but sung in proper *tempo* with some expression, rightly harmonized, executed by a large

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chorus of trained voices, and sustained by a powerful accompaniment, is apt to be favorably received by everybody. Even these Gregorian Masses, if chanted by a large and well-trained choir, harmonized for different voices, sung in good *tempo*, and properly divided as to intervals and sustained by the full notes of the organ, are apt to be impressive.

St. Gregory knew not the power of the organ, and harmonizing is a modern innovation in his chant, though perhaps a necessity in order to make the chant more in accordance to musical taste. Good music is beautiful without these accessories. Take the Requiem Mass of the Graduale: harmonizing spoils it; leave even the organ silent, and let it be sung plainly and earnestly by a few male voices, and a congregation is moved to tears. But these Gregorian Masses seem to have been an afterthought in the formation of the chant of the church. I have played them for several years, and they seem to be made of such poor musical material, devoid of harmony and melody, the time is so monotonous, that it would scarcely appear reasonable that the church should require this chant and no more.

I have often thought that the angels, when singing the *Gloria in excelsis* at the birth of our Lord, could not possibly have manifested their joy by means of the Gregorian *Gloria* of these Masses. I hate all operatic and trivial music in church, but at certain festivals, expressive of Christian joy, I am pleased to hear music corresponding with the spirit of the festival, and I believe the Lord, too, is pleased with these joyful emotions of the heart. David danced before the ark with all his might, for he was greatly rejoiced in bringing the Lord into his house, and were we simple enough—as some good children in Spain, who, I am told, execute a dance before the Blessed Sacrament—we too, each in his own way, might dedicate our affections and emotions to God. These examples are alleged not for imitation, but simply as an illustration of an idea.

These Gregorian Masses have on some a depressing effect, and are suggestive of gloom, rather than tending to elevate, to console, and to brighten, effects which we may justly seek in the exercises of religion; and I wonder not that musicians, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, have sought to produce Masses more corresponding to the cheering feelings of religious souls.

The congregation might be taught to sing also at Mass, if some easy and melodious Masses could be substituted for the Gregorian ones.

ORGANIST.

SURPLICED CHOIRS.

In *Harper's Magazine* for June appeared an interesting article, beautifully illustrated, telling the story of the early rise and gradual development of the surpliced choirs in New York. The studied indifference of the writer to any effort of Catholics in New York in this direction, as well as his cool assumption that the surpliced or boy choir is an entirely Anglican institution, prompts us to say a word on this subject.

That the surpliced choir of men and boys—not, indeed, the monstrosity of "surpliced women," which the writer in *Harper's* fancies would be tolerable in an Episcopalian Church—does not owe its beginnings to the English Church is a matter of history. It is, moreover, evident from the very nature of the only melody which the Catholic Church has officially put into the mouths of her clergy, and those who would assist them in interpreting her sacred liturgy, the Gregorian chant. All, both men and women, may sing the chant with profit to themselves

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and even edification to their hearers if they sing with a religious motive; but there can be no doubt that the fulness and sonorousness of a male chorus best interpret its spirit. I can hardly fancy that the saintly men who arranged and systematized the chant ever pictured to themselves a bevy of the gentler sex, even were they disguised in ample surplices, striving to interpret that sacred melody in an organ-loft, much less in the sanctuary of a church open to the general use of the public. Of course, where there are monasteries of religious women their choir service is devotional and rubrical.

The cathedrals as well as all the monastic institutions of Europe have had for centuries before the English Church existed their choir schools, where men and boys were trained to chant with the clergy the offices of the church. Many of these still exist, and it is to these Catholic schools, to these cradles of musical culture, that most of our celebrated musicians owe their first inspirations. The gifted Gounod, with others, confesses this.

Why, then, it may be asked, have not we in this country followed up some such useful system for training choristers as the choir schools of Europe? The first and most obvious reason is simply that we have been too poor. We have had to beg and borrow too many dollars to build our churches and schools—that is to say, to provide the merest necessaries of the worship and instruction of the people. Again, our clergy who could and would interest themselves in a work of this kind have had to give up so much of their valuable time to this dollars-and-cents and brick-and-mortar business that the work of training choristers was lost sight of, or handed over to laymen who knew little and sometimes cared less for any traditions that extended beyond their own limited experience. But the time is approaching when these reasons will have ceased, and then this important church work will be entered into with the same zeal and energy that has already accomplished such wonders in other directions.

Still, among Catholics throughout the country notable efforts have been made in this direction and with no little success. Of this fact the writer in *Harper's* is either ignorant or purposely forgetful. To speak only of New York. It is now some eighteen years since the first choristers, duly vested in cassock and surplice, began to chant the whole liturgical service in the Paulist Fathers' church. Although critics may find room for improvement in that choir, still the choristers there need not at all feel ashamed of their success. And what is far more to their credit, they sing for the honor and glory of God, waiting for their salaries in the next world, remembering well that God does not pay those who labor for him every Saturday night in current money of this world. Concerning this surpliced choir a musical critic, not a Catholic, wrote in a pamphlet lately published: "The two finest examples of the two extremes (namely, the Catholic and Anglican ecclesiastical styles) are undoubtedly to be heard in New York at the Paulist Fathers' church (for the Gregorian) and at Trinity Church (for the modern Anglican cathedral music)."

And the work is spreading. No one can listen to St. Francis Xavier's excellent and well-trained choir of men and boys, who do honor to themselves and credit to the music they attempt, without feeling that they have already accomplished a great work and are laying the foundations of a permanent tradition. Again, at St. Stephen's the work begun eight or ten years ago continues to prosper, while at the Cathedral there is a fine choir of surpliced boys who chant with a precision that impresses one with the idea that what they sing with their lips they believe in their hearts.

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Now, none of these choirs are ear-babblers; but are made up of boys and men who receive regularly, two or three times a week, instructions from well trained and competent musicians. All this is enough to show that here in New York the Catholics have made a good start and a praiseworthy effort to hold their own. The sanctuary choir of men and boys belongs properly to the Catholic Church; she owns it, and when others adopt it they are but wearing borrowed plumage in this matter as they do in many others, for whatever is best and most praiseworthy in Protestantism it has stolen from the Catholic Church and tried to make its own.

UNCONDITIONAL SUBMISSION.

The following appeared in the *Christian Advocate*, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The official editor is Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D.:

"Despatches announce that the Pope has issued an Encyclical of twenty-seven pages on slavery, exhibiting the teachings of the Bible and inculcating the abandonment of the slave-dealing in Egypt, the Soudan, and Zanzibar, and condemns with great vigor slavery and the slave-trade generally. In conclusion he praises Dom Pedro for abolishing slavery in Brazil.

"More than a week before the Encyclical appeared, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church passed resolutions commending the course of Dom Pedro. There are more things than this in which Romanism and Protestantism are one; but this cannot blind us to the fact that one stands for mental freedom, subject only to the revelation of God's will contained in the Scriptures, the same to be interpreted by the honest inquirer under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the other for unconditional submission. Where Romanism holds the truth, it is a powerful ally to all defenders of the truth, but its errors—and especially its great fundamental error which produces a slavery of the mind—must be resisted."

Matthew Arnold, in his famous essay on Shelley, relates that poor Mrs. Shelley, the poet's wife, receiving for advice concerning her son's training, "Oh! send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself," answered: "Teach him to think for himself! O my God! teach him rather to think like other people!" That nasty creature Shelley thought for himself. We know that he did it and we know what it made of him.

But how can one think for himself who is *taught* to think for himself? Mr. Buckley's little boys and girls—and may God favor them with their father's manliness!—are taught to think for themselves as being good Protestants. That is to say, the matters to think about and the rules of thinking rightly are given them by Mr. and Mrs. Buckley. He is their vicar of Christ, he is the vicegerent of God; and their mother is vicar and vicegerent in the same way.

The only kind of teaching to think for one's self possible would be that of a dumb handing over to the pupil of the categorical list of reasons for and against the proposition to be taught, and then letting the pupil's mind work out its own ends by its own methods: a process of instruction which would extinguish human wisdom in a few generations; which generations would have Shelleys for its poets and Ingersolls for its orators.

We know Mr. Buckley to be an intelligent man—in some things—and believe him to be an honest man; this last because some years ago we read his words about the Fathers of the church in a magazine article, to the effect that "the old Fathers were a set of old fogies." Any man who writes and prints that about Augustine and Jerome, Chrysostom and Athanasius, may be only intelligent in some things, but he is too courageous to be aught but honest. Now, then, Mr. Buckley, why do you say that the Roman Church demands "unconditional sub-

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mission"? Is it because you do not know any better? It must be so. Then you do not know that the church is bound by all her previously given dogmatic decrees, by the plain words of Scripture, by the facts of history, by the products of science, and that therefore her demand of submission cannot be unconditional?

The sin of private ownership of the treasure of revealed truth is that of Protestantism. What is for each to know is for all to know.

Will you divorce your divinity student from the entire Christian past? Will you say that the consensus of the people of God is not a rational motive of certitude? Can you fancy a mind able to resist it and maintain a peaceful conscience? Will you literally maintain that the Holy Spirit must be confined in his assistance to the soul to interior illumination alone.

What will you do with the illiterates? Will you put the open Bible before men who cannot read? What with the vicious? Send them to a school to be taught to think for themselves? That makes atheists.

KNOWLEDGE OF PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

In compliance with the request made by the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I shall gladly commit to paper some reflections on the convention, held June 6 and 7 at Cincinnati, by the Catholic Young Men's National Union. As yet this Union does not fully represent the United States, though it has been in existence fourteen years. In the Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council an emphatic desire for its extension was manifested. The prelates of the church acknowledged the "great amount of good accomplished" by this Union of societies working in various ways for God and our neighbor, and encouraged the members to make greater efforts in the future.

This public recognition of young men and their work for the church has already produced good results. According to the constitution of the Union, the two chief officers, the president and vice-president, must be clergymen; provision is made also for an executive committee and representatives from every diocese. At each convention the delegates are encouraged to study public questions relating to Catholic interests, and certainly there is much need of utilizing every agency which can aid in fostering the growth of enlightened public opinion among Catholic laymen.

While the Union was organized chiefly for the benefit of young men, I noticed that many of those present at Cincinnati are no longer in their teens. The presence of the senior delegates gave mature thought to the topics discussed. Like older brothers of the family, their influence was most beneficial in securing recognition for sound opinions based on information not easily obtained by the junior delegates. Of course it is hardly to be expected that in any gathering where young men predominate every speaker will say exactly what should be said, and in the very best way. But making due allowance for the differences in mental power of perspective, it was gratifying to find at this convention evidences of intellectual activity, and of a desire to be in conformity with the leaders of Catholic thought, whether among the clergy or the laity.

By listening to the reports of the societies represented at the Cincinnati Convention an impartial observer could gain much valuable information as to what our young men are doing in parochial work under the guidance of their respec-

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tive pastors. He would perceive also that in many cases they have taken the initiative in providing opportunities for their own self-improvement. Very few of the societies have had wealthy patrons to erect costly buildings for them, similar to those provided for the Young Men's Christian Association. With such facilities as their limited resources will permit, the societies of this Union are striving to keep our young men under positive religious influence, a result which Protestants have sought to accomplish by a lavish expenditure of money.

On several occasions during the convention the delegates showed enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty to American principles, in which those of German descent joined heartily. As a specimen of the mind of the convention on this subject, we quote the following from an essay read by Mr. William C. Wolking, of Cincinnati:

"How can we, as Catholic Americans, show our patriotism? God grant that the day may never again break when Americans may be mustered to fight against a foreign foe, but in the times of peace there are constant opportunities for the exercise of exalted patriotism. First of all, we should be loyal and honorable citizens, and the more perfect, the more zealous Catholics we are the better citizens will we be. The welfare of the State depends upon the virtue of the individuals who compose it, since the light of history shows that when a nation loses the knowledge and fear of God its rapid decline and fall are inevitable. Therefore, by striving to make ourselves perfect Catholics and citizens we are fulfilling our first duty to God and our native land, and by the mysterious influence of good example upon even those who are without the pale of the church we are further contributing to the stability of our institutions. We should assist in the establishment of sound and wise laws, in the election to office of men who are eminent by virtue of their integrity and ability, and not by virtue of their partisanship. We should reprobate, and with might and main oppose, every scheme, every theory, every social or political system subversive of our liberties and our laws."

One of the best of the addresses made at the convention was delivered by Mr. Daniel A. Rudd, who was introduced by Rev. Father Mackey, of St. Peter's Cathedral, in Cincinnati, as the editor of the *American Catholic Tribune*, a journal edited and published by colored men. The reception given to him was most fraternal, and left no room for doubt that he was among the friends and well-wishers of his race. Some passages from Mr. Rudd's address will show the feeling of the colored people towards the Catholic Church:

"I hardly expected when a little boy, in the State of Kentucky, that at this early day of my life—and I am a young man yet—I would be standing before a Catholic convention of this Union, to lift my voice in the interest of my race and of my church; but such is the case.

"This is the third time that it has been my pleasure to meet Catholics of this country in national convention assembled; the first time was in Toledo, in 1886; the second, in 1887, at Chicago; and now, in this year of our Lord, 1888.

"It may seem strange to you, possibly, to hear me talking about colored Catholics, or any other sort of Catholics, yet it must be so; we have in this country a large number of our own race, many of whom are Catholics, more, possibly, than any one of you have ever imagined; various estimates have been given, but for our own purpose we prefer to give our own figures. I believe that there are about two hundred thousand practical Catholics in the United States of my race.

"That is, indeed, a grand showing, considering that we have done nothing ourselves to promote and facilitate a knowledge of the church among our own race, except possibly to attend to our own duties, and we thought that we were doing well if we succeeded in keeping ourselves in line individually. According to the statistics there are seven millions of negroes in the United States. My friends, this race is increasing more rapidly than yours, and if it continues to increase in the future as it has in the past, by the middle of the next century they will outnumber your race. This is worthy of your consideration.

"We have been led to believe that the church was inimical to the negro race, inimical to

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the genius of our Republic. This is not true; I feel that I owe it to myself, my God, and my country to refute the slander.

"We are publishing a weekly newspaper; whatever it is, it is the best we can do in this work. A meeting of our people will be held somewhere; the time and place has not yet been fixed, but I am here, gentlemen, to ask your assistance, to ask your kindness, and you have shown it to me to-day.

"When that convention meets, I trust that many of you will, either by your presence or in some other way, show your interest in this work. I believe that within ten years, if the work goes on as it has been going on, there will be awakened a latent force in this country."

I cannot mention all the public questions brought before the Cincinnati Convention of the National Union. But as one who has their best interests at heart, I would urge the young men to stand fast by the resolution which they adopted condemning drinking in a saloon as the principal source of intemperance. The liquor interest now exerts an influence subversive of good government. Always and everywhere our young men who are anxious to make known Catholic thought should boldly defend the temperance movement.

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Fisher has contributed more for the advancement of the science of Ecclesiastical History and Christian Evidences among non-Catholics than any other man in America. However, he has not thus far (as we are aware) brought to light anything which has caused his religious brethren alarm. Nor have we, after a careful perusal of his *History of the Christian Church*, found the slightest indication that he will ever change his base. He is a long way off even from doubt as to his position. No suspicion is excited when he asserts, that "the church stood forth after the middle of the second century as a distinct body"; that "it claimed to be," in opposition to schismatical and heretical parties, the "Catholic Church"; that "membership in this one visible church was believed to be necessary to salvation"; that "the unity of the church was cemented by the episcopate—by the bishops as successors of the apostles"; and that "the episcopate, like the apostolate in which Peter was the centre of unity, was a unit" (*Church History*, p. 57). The reason is plain. He has previously affirmed that "the original basis of ecclesiastical organization was the fraternal equality of believers" (p. 35), and that the connection of the churches was at first not organic. Nor does his loyalty toward his co-religionists appear to be lessened because he holds that "Peter was the centre of unity" in the apostolate; and that after A.D. 150 "the episcopate was a unit," because eighty-three years, to their thinking, is a sufficiently long period for Congregationalism to have developed into an undivided universal hierarchical church. We do not imagine, either, that to their minds there appears to be any serious discrepancy in holding that "to the apostles [was] given the power of the keys and the power of binding and loosing—that is, the power

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to exercise Christian discipline and legislative or judicial function in the planting of the Gospel" (p. 37), provided the church is also described as Congregational and unorganic.

Professor Fisher has certainly brought out facts of history which his confrères have never before known, and this is to us a great cause of rejoicing. We hope that he will continue his providential mission.

His little book on *Christian Evidences* is a precious gem. He has not the genius, learning, nor unequalled English of Newman, but he is superior to all his associates in letters and theology. In a few instances his ideas fall far below his words, as, for instance, when he says that "the church grew up and, under varying forms of polity and modes of worship, has perpetuated itself until the present day" (p. 30). Points of controversy between Catholics and Protestants are hardly touched upon in this book. When, however, he expresses an opinion on such matters he shows himself to be thoroughly Protestant, but his opposition to us is never bitter.

Among sincere Protestants this book will do much good.

DISCOURS DU COMTE ALBERT DE MUN, DÉPUTÉ DU MORBIHAN, accompagnés de notices par Ch. Geoffroy de Grandmaison. Trois tomes. Paris: Librairie Poussielgue Frères.

The first of these volumes contains discourses on social questions, the other two are made up of political discourses, letters, etc. Comte de Mun frankly identifies the altar and the throne as the object of Catholic political life in France. In a letter in reference to the death of the Comte de Chambord published in 1884, and printed on page 102 of the third of these volumes, he thus affirms his politico-religious creed:

"From the first I have held M. le Comte de Paris as the legitimate heir of the monarchical cause in France, and I have not for a single instant ceased to believe it to be the duty of Catholics to defend the cause which he to-day represents, at the same time with the ideas which in the religious, political, and social order, appear to them to be the foundation of a truly conservative government."

This seems a very narrow idea of the Catholic faith as adjustable to public life, one plainly at variance, too, with the Pope's Encyclical Letter on the Christian Constitution of States.

Yet, however he may puzzle us and annoy us with his queer politics, the Comte de Mun has grasped some fundamental truths on the social side of public life with wonderful power, and in these volumes has advocated them in a style worthy of his earnestness and the critical importance of the subject. Cardinal Gibbons, we think, was plainly right in his judgment that workingmen's societies exclusively Catholic were not possible in America. But De Mun may be right in thinking differently of Frenchmen. In that country it seems as if what is not Catholic must be positively anti-Catholic. At any rate, the *Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers* have had some success, and may help by a greater development to solve the most pressing problem of the times.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB. Newly arranged, with additions. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. Two volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

There must be some enduring quality, both personal and literary, in a

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series of friendly letters which in the course of half a century pass through the hands of six or seven editors. Lamb was one of the men who, as George Augustus Sala remarked of him, have been "passionately loved by their friends"; though the remark would doubtless be completer in its meaning if the qualifying phrase "of their own sex" were added. He was hardly made to be a hero to the other; perhaps because, while his weaknesses were manly, his many good points were not unfeminine. These letters, by which both editor and publishers have done their best, exhibit him in a most advantageous light, not only as the kindly yet competent critic of a dozen or so contemporaries who have left a more or less enduring mark in English literature, but as a cheery companion, a steadfast friend, and a loving brother. They are full of plums, too, to all who can enjoy his gentle humor. We recommend to such readers the sixty-fifth letter in the collection, in which Lamb describes to Coleridge a visit of condolence he paid to Joseph Cottle after the death of his brother Amos. "O Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name!" was Byron's way of pillorying that poor poet. Lamb's way with Joseph is more amusing, besides being utterly devoid of malice. He describes how he found the surviving poet, "with his knees cowering in the fireplace," lost to every sentiment but grief, and how he drew him gently into forgetfulness by pretending that he had read with pleasure his recently published epic.

"At that moment," Lamb says, "I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1. I felt my cue, and strong pity working at the root, I went to work and beslabbered *Alfred* with most unqualified praise, or only qualifying my praise by the occasional politic interposition of an exception taken against trivial faults, slips, and human imperfections, which, by removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in truth heighten the relish. Perhaps I might have spared that refinement, for Joseph was in a humor to hope and believe all things . . . so what with my actual memory, of which I made the most, and Cottle's own helping me out, for I *really* had forgotten a good deal of *Alfred*, I made shift to discuss the most essential parts entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who repeatedly declared he loved nothing better than *candid* criticism. Was I a candid greyhound now for all this, or did I do right? I believe I did. *The effect was luscious to my conscience.* For all the rest of the evening Amos was no more heard of, until another friend who was present remarked, 'Amos was estimable both for his head and heart, and would have made a fine poet if he had lived.' . . . Cottle fully assented, but could not help adding that he always thought that the *qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head. I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely the same idea of him;* and I apprehend the world will assent to both judgments. I rather guess the brothers were poetical rivals. . . . Poor Cottle! I must leave him, after his short dream, to muse again upon his poor brother, for whom I am sure in secret he will yet shed many a tear."

We quote so fully because we doubt whether the whole collection contains a letter more entirely characteristic of its author.

VERSES ON DOCTRINAL AND DEVOTIONAL SUBJECTS. Two volumes in one.

OUR THIRST FOR DRINK: Temperance Songs and Lyrics. By the Rev. J. Casey, P.P. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

We have already called the attention of our readers to a poem on intemperance by this writer. He is a clever Irish priest who has turned his native wit and knack for easy rhymes to the service of the apostolic zeal which fires his own soul, as these various books give ample evidence. If

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superiors of schools wish to give to their scholars a book that will indeed prove a *prize* to the reader, one that will furnish delightful and most instructive reading, let them present the first of the above-named volumes. Every Christian doctrine, devotion, commandment, and sacrament is described and enforced in a most effective and charming manner. The poems and ballads on temperance are very forcible, and often highly amusing, especially those which are parodies of well-known popular songs—as, for example, the ones entitled "Tippler Machree" and "The Toper and his Bottle," the opening verses of which we subjoin :

(*Air*—"*Widow Machree.*")

"Tippler Machree, 'tis no wonder you're sad,
Och hone ! Tippler Machree:
Your face so disfigured—your clothing so bad !
Och hone ! Tippler Machree.
Your large purple nose
And your torn old clothes,
A condition disclose
Which is painful to see.
All your sorrows, alas !
Have sprung from the glass,
Och hone ! Tippler Machree !"

Philologists with keen perception will not fail to heartily enjoy the double-syllabled *tor-rn*.

(*Air*—"*John Anderson, my Jo, John.*")

"John Jameson, mavrone, John,
I love your sight no more ;
I loved you long, but now, John,
My folly I deplore.
Your smile was sweet and bright, John,
Your breath was like the rose ;
But you have been to me, John,
The cause of all my woes."

We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few lines of a rhyming "Letter from Miss Lizzie Vintner to Kate Publican on Sunday closing." Had we space we would like to print the whole of it, with our compliments to the grogsellers of our own country :

"I write, my dear Kate, though we're all in a flutter,
Our grief is so great scarce a word can I utter ;
The cause of our grief there's no need of supposing,
You know, my dear Kate, 'tis that sad *Sunday closing*—
Which threatens on Sabbaths our traffic to stop,
And to rob the poor man of his holiday 'drop.'
The day for our business, the brightest and best,
Is surely the Sunday, the sweet day of rest :
On Sundays our tradesmen and others are free
To visit our houses and go on the spree," etc., etc.

The comparisons between the wretched, miserable home of the poor drunkard, and the enticing appearance of the dram-shop with its soft carpeted stairs, its bright lamps, decanters, and neat furniture, and between the poverty of its customers and the ability of the grogseller's daughter to buy "grand dresses," and with a carriage and pair "to take us to parks

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where we breathe the fresh air," are drawn with no little dramatic power of description.

HANDBOOK OF THE LICK OBSERVATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D., Director of the Observatory. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

Really a very interesting and complete account of the great telescope and all the other instruments of this the most promising observatory now in the world. Probably most of our readers are aware that the telescope is the largest refractor ever made, having a diameter of three feet, and undoubtedly giving more light, and being able to stand more magnifying power, than even the six-foot reflector of Lord Rosse. Its location on Mt. Hamilton, 4,000 feet above the sea, will contribute very much to its usefulness, and it is possible that a magnifying power of 2,000 or even more may be often employed on it with advantage.

It appears from the report of Mr. S. W. Burnham, than whom there is no better authority on the subject, that the "seeing," as astronomers call it, is even better during the summer months than might be expected from the elevation. There seems to be no special superiority in the winter; still the removal of nearly a mile of the densest part of the air between the telescope and the stars cannot be without its effect.

We are glad to see that visitors will not be admitted at night to the observatory, except on Saturdays between seven and ten. It must be remembered that observatories are established mainly for the advancement of astronomical science, not for its diffusion; and it is simply impossible to do any valuable work in the presence of mere sight-seeing visitors. The hours assigned are amply sufficient to satisfy legitimate curiosity or desire of knowledge.

A good deal of astronomy is taught in this little handbook, and to read it would do most people far more good than to go to the observatory. It is well illustrated with views and drawings of the various instruments.

EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM—PALMYRA, KIRTLAND, AND NAUVOO. By J. H. Kennedy, Editor of the Magazine of Western History. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the most interesting problems to be settled in the near future is the relations of the Mormon Church to the United States government. We have in the Mormon Church the spectacle of a religion permitting, and to some extent forcing on its adherents a practice that is plainly against the common law of the land. In the last few years Congress has declared open war on the Mormon Church in order to stamp out the detestable crime of polygamy; and the whole American people are plainly convinced of the justice of this legislation. It is, meantime, questionable whether the polygamy abomination may not be overcome, and that more efficaciously, by other means than by penal enactments.

It is hard to see how polygamous marriage can continue to exist among a people who are cultivated and enlightened by modern civilization, or who have any of those finer sentiments of humanity with which Christianity has leavened society. Monogamy is in accordance with the nobler instincts even of nature. There is something about the conjugal love between one

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man and one woman, permanently joined in wedlock, so much higher than the polygamous relation that its elevating influence tends to establish it as an institution of all enlightened society. Therefore, let the light of Christian ideas and opinion into the Mormon territory, open up the country to commerce and traffic from East and West, and it may well be said that polygamy as an institution will disappear. Meantime the laws against it are good and should be enforced.

In confirmation of the above, we may say that, as a matter of fact, polygamy prevails chiefly in the remote districts far from railroads and other avenues of communication with the rest of the country. Another fact is that in Salt Lake City a very strong party exists, consisting of the younger and more intelligent members of the Mormon Church, who are decided and open in their opposition to polygamy. The writer was told by a Mormon elder that only two per cent. of the Mormons are polygamists. This is doubtless too favorable a statement; but there is no doubt that many Mormons are not polygamists because they abhor the custom; others because they cannot support more than one wife. Indeed it is very singular that any man, Gentile or Mormon, who has any regard for his peace or comfort, would think of having two or more wives in a country in which women have become so independent that the only sure way of living happily with one is to be very humble and obedient indeed.

There is another mode of attack against polygamy that will not savor of religious persecution, and will prove efficacious. It is to cut off the supply of new Mormons.

There are being imported into this country every year thousands of Mormons who are from the lowest class of the European populations. And it is from this class that the polygamist section of Mormondom is recruited. These cannot become citizens unless they swear to obey the laws. If they believe in and practise polygamy, they cannot swear to obey a law which does not permit it. If the Chinese are excluded because, for one reason, they do not intend to become and will not become citizens, why are not these Mormon hordes turned back also, being equally incompetent for citizenship? The Mormon missionaries lure them here under promises of as much land as they can till and as many wives as they can support; why not pass a law forbidding the holding of property in the Territories by aliens, except they will swear to their intention of becoming citizens?

Mr. Kennedy's book gives a detailed history of the early doings of the Mormons at Palmyra, Kirtland, and Nauvoo. Not much has been heretofore written of the beginnings of this sect. Yet this is perhaps the most interesting portion of its history. The story Mr. Kennedy tells as plainly, and, we believe from his own professions and the care he has taken to collate facts, as truthfully as it can be told. He has given us a book of a great deal of interest.

SERMONS FROM THE FLEMISH. Third Series. Volume Hyperdulia. The Feasts of Our Blessed Lady, with May Readings for Congregational Use. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The first and second series of these sermons have already been noticed in these pages, and the praise then bestowed upon them must be repeated in a notice of the volume before us. In the forty sermons appropriate to

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the various festivals of the Blessed Virgin, which make up the volume, there is the same simplicity and directness, the same felicitous illustration, characteristic of the other volumes of the series. The matter is excellent, and while the language is clear and often forcible, there is not a word used for mere rhetorical effect. The present volume has every guarantee of a widespread popularity.

THE CONSOLING THOUGHTS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Gathered from his writings and arranged in order by the Rev. Père Huguet. Translated from the seventh French edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Perhaps it is our state of life and long experience in the pulpit which inclines us to believe that this book would be an excellent workshop for sermon-making. Unction is the best word to describe one of St. Francis de Sales' most conspicuous qualities, and unction is the most necessary of all the qualities of manner in a preacher. Here we find all the topics of Christian doctrine and life amply and yet briefly expounded, and very attractively illustrated by the greatest modern instance of the sweetness of Christ.

SEVEN OF US. Stories for Boys and Girls. By Marion J. Brunowe. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

DROPS OF HONEY. Stories for Young Readers. By Father Zelus Animarum. The same.

NANNETTE'S MARRIAGE. Translated from the French. By Aimée Mazergne. The same.

The publisher of these books is to be commended for his enterprise in adding something new and bright to the current stock of Catholic premium literature. The stories are good—*Seven of Us* is specially worthy of praise—the binding attractive and tasteful, and we feel that they will be sure of a welcome from our young folks. The only thing these books lack is a number of good engravings to illustrate the text.

THE PRACTICAL QUESTION BOOK: Six Thousand Questions and Answers. By Lamont Stilwell. 12mo. Boston and New York: The Educational Publishing Company.

A series of practical questions selected from the leading text-books is always a useful auxiliary in class-room work. To make it a *vade mecum* is to substitute drill-work for genuine teaching, and the result is permanent injury to teacher and scholar. This book is excellent for review purposes only. It contains an outline of United States history, arithmetic, grammar, orthography, reading, composition, rhetoric, physiology, book-keeping, civil government, natural philosophy, and pedagogics. A list of works from which quotations have been made is given.

SOLITARY ISLAND: A Novel. By John Talbot Smith. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

This novel made its first appearance in serial form in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and is therefore familiar to the majority of our readers. The author is further known as a frequent contributor to these pages of

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stirring articles on topics of current interest. As a writer his chief characteristic is boldness and strength, of which the novel before us is a fine example. Within a setting of the marvellous scenery in and about the Thousand Islands he has sketched in strong and vivid colors the picture of a life of moral decline and resurrection. While we do not wish to be understood as placing the author on the same literary level with George Eliot, the story as such invites a comparison with Tito Melema in *Romola*, but shows a superiority in the lesson as great as eternal hope is above eternal despair. Florian, the one central character, is another Tito, and if he does not meet with Tito's fate it is because he is a Christian.

But in his anxiety to be true to his purpose the author gives too little attention to details. To resume our former metaphor, he has sketched rather than painted. But this, however, cannot be said of his description of natural scenery. We cite the following as an example of his power in this respect:

"The day shamed his melancholy by its magnificent joy. The wind was not strong enough to roughen the water into ugliness, but white-caps lay along the deep green of the river, and, like the foam at the mouth of a wild beast, gave a fearful suspicion of the cruelty that lurked below. Against Round Island's rocky and flat shore the waves beat with monotonous murmuring, and distant Grindstone showed dimly through the mist. Across Eel Bay—Bay of Mourning it should be named—the afternoon sun sent a blinding radiance. The islands about were still in sombre green, for very few maples found a foothold in the rocky soil. Here and there their warm colors of death relieved the dark background. He paid very little attention to the sights about him. The swish of the water from the bow, the brightness of the sky, the sombre shores, the green waters, the whistle of the wind, and the loveliness of the scene passed before his senses and became inwoven with his melancholy. There was a bitterness even in the cheerful day."

The book, we are sorry to say, is marred by many typographical errors. For instance, to say that the thong of a "leather discipline" was "tipsey with fine iron points" is apt to provoke a smile on a grave subject.

Catholic in its tone, wholesome in its lesson, the book is worthy of a place on the shelves of every parochial library.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE CITY OF REFUGE; or, Mary, Help of Christians. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A COMPANION FOR THE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. By F. Max Müller. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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HOW TO OBTAIN CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

PREFATORY.

NO. 1.

"GALESBURG, ILL., February 20, 1888.

"*To the Editor of* THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"VERY REV. SIR: Allow me kindly to address you the following blunt remarks:

"The Rev. Father Young says and repeats in THE CATHOLIC WORLD: *Let all the people sing*. We do *let* them, but they *will* not sing for all that. What I and many other priests are looking for is some practical direction and practicable method of teaching and training the people to sing in our churches. No one feels worse than I do the dreariness of silence—congregational silence shall I call it?—during divine service. No one detests more than I do the hollowness of the vociferations of certain choirs, especially of hired singers. But what can be done towards introducing congregational singing? We have tried for years with our school children; but our success is limited to the singing of a few English hymns. When we come to Latin psalms and hymns, we find it well-nigh impossible to teach even the regular choristers. No one will sing without organ accompaniment, and this cannot be obtained from the average organist. Besides, how can any one sing from the heart words not understood, strange-sounding, and hardly pronounceable? Indeed no *hand* need be *put upon the mouths of God's loving children*, as Father Young seems to think is being done; they can but too well keep still without that. Even *bidding* them to sing brings out no music. It seems to me that our people lack the power of song. That is the main difficulty. They cannot be made to sing; while in other countries people cannot be made to keep still!

"I am, Very Rev. Sir, with the kindest regards,

"Yours most respectfully, L. SELVA."

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No. 2.

From the *Niagara Index*, published at Niagara University, New York :

"We read two pages of Rev. A. Young's would-be funny performance in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. If it be true, as is reported, that Father Young has, like St. Francis, the power of teaching most insensible creatures to praise the Lord in beautiful melodies, let him practically use this wonderful gift of which other people, though musically trained, cannot boast. He will be welcome here. But such stuff as he writes in the first two pages of the article referred to—we have no patience to read the rest—shows his ignorance of the state of musical affairs in American Catholic colleges, and will make enemies to the cause which he and we advocate. There is a large field for Father Young's apostleship. Let him go through the parochial schools and exercise his wonderful power there. Or, if he is bent upon doing higher things, let him go to seminaries and teach seminarians to sing the "Dominus vobiscum" and other essential parts of the Liturgy correctly—if he can. We are not able to do so because those seminarians have not been taught the rudiments of singing, when at the parochial school. Now, at their age, their neglected and abused chest and throat and ear are beyond redemption.

"M. J. KIRCHER, C.M."

The reasons for prefacing the subject-matter of this essay by the presentation of the foregoing honest inquiries and opinions will be apparent before its conclusion. It has been exceedingly gratifying to learn, through many private letters and no little public comment in the newspapers and magazines, how true and harmonious a chord was struck in many hearts by the various pleas made in these pages for liberty to praise God in the great congregation. Thousands of devout souls, and quite as many, if not more, to whom devotion, though ardently longed for, is something inexplicable and unattainable if not embodied in some sensible action, have felt a painful sense of restriction in their acts of public worship, and an undefined longing to get nearer to God by giving audible expression to their hearts' loving emotions and sentiments of adoring praise; and, as it were, attracting the notice of the Supreme Object of their worship as nature prompts, by making some sensible sign of their presence before him.

It is the most natural thing to so desire and act. Look at a vast crowd surging around the spot where stands the beloved and revered form of some great leader, be he pontiff, priest, or king, president, general, orator, or poet. Are they silent and motionless? Far otherwise. They can hardly be restrained from pouring forth their loud and prolonged shouts of welcome and praise long enough to listen to the words he wishes to speak

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to them. See every arm raised aloft, each one vying with the other to reach higher in the air, all waving their hands as a sign of their happiness and to proclaim their loyalty, reverence, and devotion to him and to his cause. And he that is standing on the very outside lines of the crowd, out of possible sight and hearing of the hero of the hour, will shout as loud as any, and make full as vigorous a demonstration as they who are standing directly beneath the gaze of the one upon whom all eyes are riveted and for whom all is done and said. Draw near; watch their faces. See how their cheeks mantle with animation, how their eyes sparkle with unwonted brilliancy, and how their lips tremble with emotion! Take the hand of one and feel his pulse. What makes his heart beat so fast and throb so strongly? All this is due to the free, unrestrained acts of enthusiastic voice and fervent gesture expressing the feeling that he, the beloved and revered one whom they have assembled to honor, sees their waving hands and hears their glad shouts, and that the sight and the hearing are both sweet to him.

Come into a Catholic church on the festival of Corpus Christi. There is to be a grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the aisles. There are beautiful banners carried, and clouds of incense float upward. There are flowers scattered in the pathway of Him who is dearest and most adorable and worthy of all praise. One feels that as the Divine Presence passes by in triumphal procession It should awaken in the breasts of that dense crowd of worshippers a longing desire to rend the heavens with joyful accents of praise, following the sacred language of the church in the sublime sequence of the *Lauda Sion:*

> "Sion, thy Redeemer praising,
> Songs of joy to him upraising,
> Laud thy Pastor and thy Guide:
> Swell thy notes both high and daring;
> For his praise is past declaring,
> And thy loftiest powers beside."

And a wave of awe-inspired, reverential movement might well be looked for visibly stirring the surface of the mass of people as the full-ripened ears of the thickly-standing field of wheat bend and sway, as if lowly worshipping when the spirit of the strong-winged wind sweeps majestically by.

But hark! there is some testimony of the voice. A few flower-crowned children in white are singing, or there is an operatic solo being trilled forth from the organ-gallery by a lady

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artist, while the other men and women singers of the quartet stand idly leaning over the gallery curtains to look at the show. The people down-stairs are listlessly kneeling on their haunches, reverently though silently gazing—so silent that one hears the rattle of the beads in the hands of some one who is just then praying to the Blessed Virgin instead of to her Sacramental God. Oh! for one outburst of joyful, intelligent, devout, heart-stirring strain from the throats of that multitude! Oh! for some sign of quickened pulse and throbbing heart! How *can* they keep so still? How can they restrain their emotions from finding utterance? What is it that holds these faithful worshippers in thrall and denies to the Holy Object of all love and praise the grateful homage of their hearts, out of whose abundance their mouths should be eloquently speaking the words He cannot but be longing to hear? Lord! is there no one to touch the lips of thy people with a coal of fire from off thine altar and loosen their fettered tongues, that they may break freely forth in tones of harmonious acclaim and honor thee with a sweet hymn of praise?

"That would be all very fine," says Father A., "but I don't believe they *can* sing."

"If they tried it," says Father B., "they would sing out of all time and tune, and make a horrible mess of it."

"Even if they can sing," says Father C., "they won't, because they wouldn't like it themselves."

"I haven't any organ in my church," says Father D., "and of course it would be out of all question with us. Nobody ever heard of people singing without an organ."

"Oh! there's no use in trying it with the old folks," says Father E. "The only way is to begin with the children in school."

"To teach a lot of people to sing who never sang before would cost a deal of money," says Father F.

"There is no doubt it would be a glorious thing to hear, and be of inestimable benefit to the people themselves," says Father G., "but one hasn't the least idea of how to go about securing it." And so the chorus sings: They can't sing; they won't sing; they wouldn't like it; it isn't worth having; it costs too much; there isn't music enough, and nobody knows what to do to get it, etc., etc. My reverend friend of Galesburg has intoned nearly all the objections in one breath. Whereon I have something to say.

To Father A. I say: You are mistaken. The people *can* sing.

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Ab esse ad posse valet illatio. What is, can be. That is to say, putting aside the discussion of all comparison between the supposed lack of musical taste and vocal ability among our Catholic people and the contrary among the very same classes in Protestant denominations (all of whom can, and the majority of whom do, sing), our people, taken just as they are in cities, towns, or villages, can be taught to sing together, and they can be easily so taught.

A priest writes me from a small Western country town: "We have no Catholic school. Nearly the whole congregation are farmers, many living far into the country. Our choir of fifteen persons sing unison Masses, and the *proper* to the psalm tones. All the people except the very old and incapable sing the following evening service: The priest recites the Apostles' Creed. The Lord's Prayer, three Hail Marys, and the Doxology are then sung alternately by the choir and the body of the people. The priest reads a short meditation on the Mystery of the Rosary, the Lord's Prayer is sung, the Aves recited, and the Doxology sung. After the Rosary a hymn to the Blessed Sacrament is sung. Benediction follows, the people singing the 'Uni Trinoque,' the responses of the Litany, the 'Genitori,' and alternate verses of the 'Laudate.' Finally, a hymn with chorus is sung. Our success is most gratifying. Is it not possible to train this congregation to sing High Mass?"

Another priest writes me from a country village in the East: "When sent here I saw at once that we could not have regular church music unless the whole crowd sang. Three or four women would screech in the gallery something generally far beyond their powers to render properly; but if one of them fell ill, especially if it was the organist, or if something else happened to keep one away, we'd have no singing. I determined to reduce the vocal music to its lowest terms, and so get the congregation to sing." Here follows a description of simple arrangements of the Common of the Mass set chiefly to psalm tones. He adds: "The people learned it at once and never tire of it. I take my verse with the sanctuary boys, and let all the rest take the other. They can put in their stylish hymns at the Offertory and Communion if they like, but we are independent of them and have our little fun without them."

In the beginning of Lent, 1884, I announced to the people of our own congregation of St. Paul the Apostle that I would teach them to sing a new hymn after vespers. Copies of a pamphlet containing a few hymns were distributed to them. The teaching

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occupied only fifteen minutes, and out of about eight hundred people present at least five or six hundred learned to take good part in singing two hymns; neither words nor tunes of which they had ever seen or heard before. They learned them well enough to sing them at the succeeding services in Lent, with the regular choir on Wednesdays, and without the choir on Fridays, at the Stations. I held two other such rehearsals, and by this time they had learned nine new hymns; and they sang them so well that we were not ashamed to invite his Eminence the Cardinal, the Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan, and many prominent clergymen and laymen to come and hear them. The verdict of "very good indeed" was unanimous. Ever since then our people have sung these hymns during Lent.

On Epiphany night, this present year, I repeated the experiment at the Church of St. Brigid, in this city. The people learned two hymns in twenty minutes, and sang them well during the following Lent. I went down in Holy Week to listen to them and congratulate them, and by request of the pastor, on the spur of the moment, they learned a third hymn in less than ten minutes.

On Quinquagesima Sunday the same result took place in the Church of St. Paul, at Worcester, Mass., where certainly eight or nine hundred out of the fifteen hundred persons present learned four hymns in two lessons, and sang them all from beginning to end with great fervor and enthusiasm on Ash-Wednesday night with only a weak piano for accompaniment, whose sound must have been inaudible to those who were singing.

And just here I will answer Father B. None of these people made a "terrible mess" of it by dragging or flatting. They kept good time and never lost the tone, although singing for over an hour.

What man and woman has done, man and woman can do. I am confident that there is not a congregation of Catholics in this country so unintelligent or so unmusical as not to be able to imitate their brethren of St. Paul's in New York and Worcester, and at St. Brigid's.

"But," insists Father C., "they won't sing, because they wouldn't like it." By which objection he means that the effort being made, the people will care so little for it that they will show their lack of interest, or even their dislike of it, by not coming to the services where there is congregational singing. Let Father C. come to the service of the Stations in the Paulist Church in Lent—when, of all services whatsoever, the vast

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church is the most densely crowded, there being no less than twenty-five hundred people present, and often three thousand—a service when the people have all the singing to do, none of the regular choir being present, except some of the boys in the procession.

What does the Rev. Dr. McSweeny, the rector of St. Brigid's, say of his congregation? "Our congregation are pleased with their new privilege of joining in the singing, and their attendance at the services at which they sing is greater than usual. I have no doubt but that it will become more and more popular. As it is I am quite surprised at the readiness and facility with which they have seized on the airs, and all are delighted with the general effect. I quite agree with you in your opinion that the lay people should take a more active part in the services than merely looking on and listening, especially as it is sanctioned by Catholic usage in countries where the church has had time and opportunity to display her spirit and realize her ideas. The last Council of Baltimore (No. 119) also recommends it."

Let us hear what the V. Rev. J. J. Power, V.G., the rector of St. Paul's, Worcester, has to say: "1. My congregation still like their singing work. 2. They have improved and are improving weekly. 3. The attendance at Vespers is now *three times* what it used to be. 4. I have had a rehearsal every Friday night since you were here, and we have some rousing choruses. 5. They are learning 'O Salutaris,' 'Tantum Ergo,' and 'Laudate Dominum.' I could go on and make other points down to 13thly, but the above will suffice to show you that we are not asleep, and have not yet tired of the work! I enjoy it as much as they do."

But Father C. is still quite sure he is right; and in proof that the people do not care for singing worship, and much prefer the silent method, he triumphantly directs our attention to the fact that all the Low Masses are crowded, and, despite the love our people have for sermons, the High Mass is, as a rule, poorly attended, and Vespers are unanimously voted, so far as attendance goes, a failure. If his objection proves anything, it proves at the most that the people are tired of and do not like the common uncatholic fashion of giving all the vocal praise of public worship to a few—who are often a few with whom they have little or no sympathy, and with whose singing their souls are no more in personal communion than they would be with the music of a hand-organ—hired praisers who ought long ago have gone out with the hired mourners, with their paid-for crape and tears, of old-

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time funerals. And it proves, I think, one thing more: that the Catholic sense of the people protests against the character of the music and singing commonly furnished by the few; their absenting themselves from such services being, in the judgment of many, a strong proof of their faith and devotion, in that they are as a mass anxious to have the little time they spend before God in public worship free from such distracting, confusing, unintelligible sounds. Their absence from the garbled, unmeaning Vespers, such as one generally hears, I hold to be a tribute to the intelligence of those who stay away. On which point I need not further enlarge.

"It is all very well for you priests in the city," says Father D., "where you have good musicians and a grand organ to carry the thing through." This objection has already been answered by the singing of nearly a thousand people at Worcester, where the sound of the piano was practically inaudible. But I have something else to say thereon. The fact is one well known to and bitterly animadverted upon by the best artists and writers on *singing* (which, if there be such a thing as divine music, it alone is), that the worst enemies to vocal music, and whose trade has done more to retard the progress of this divine art than all other causes put together, are the organ-builders and the piano-makers. People nowadays have come to think that the chief beauty of a song is in its musical accompaniment (and no wonder, since the melodies composed are in themselves generally so poor, expressionless, and bald), and that an organ, and a big one at that, is just as necessary in a church as an altar; as in many a church we know the organ has cost twice and thrice what the altar did. No wonder the organist very logically esteems the claims of his more costly and more beautiful instrument upon the notice of the congregation as of far greater moment; giving rise to more than one painful exhibition of subservience of the sacerdotal function to its usurped sovereignty. I aver, and I am upheld by all whose judgment is of worth, that it is a huge mistake to suppose that the braying of a big organ, with trumpet, cornet, and bombarde stops all on, is a help to the singing of either a limited chorus or of a great one like a full congregation. On the contrary, it confuses and retards the singing, and so overlays all audible vocal articulation that not only the words are rendered unintelligible, but one is not able to tell sometimes in what language the choir are singing. It is the organ that would make the people drag the time, as it does when used to "carry the thing through." The laws of acoustics are inexorable, and prevent union of the

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sounds between it and the singing of those who are at even a moderate distance from it. The sounds of the organ-pipes must travel from the organ *to* the people (a very appreciable time even in fifty feet) before they can hear them. *Then* they sing. Now the sound of their voices must take time, doubling the first, to return to the ear of the organist before he can hear them. The result is inevitably discordant, confusing, and dragging, one waiting to hear the other. Everybody knows what unendurable cacophony (truly a "horrible mess") is often produced where the practice prevails of accompanying the priest during the Preface and the Pater Noster.

But an organ is not a necessity in a church at all, least of all is it necessary as an accompaniment to singing. If you wish to hear good singing, intelligent singing, where you can distinguish the words sung (lacking which any singing is reduced to a mere combination of harmonious sounds, a result most certainly in flat contradiction to the divine idea of *church* song), singing where one gets the effect of the emotional rhythm of the singer's melody, and is affected by the spirit of the song, go to a church where all the singing is done without organ, as in St. Peter's in Rome; in the ancient cathedral of Lyons in France; in many city and village churches in Europe, and in the orthodox synagogues of the Jews. My dear Father D., if you have no organ, do not despair. Congregational singing is possible without one; or, if you can afford it, get a small one, and use it to give the pitch, and as a means of rehearsal, that by playing the tune over upon it first the people may catch the air they are to sing, thereby saving the leader's voice, which, for the matter of that, would be far more serviceable for that purpose, if he were able, than the organ. Then let the people get accustomed to sing without it, or let it follow the singing by a quiet accompaniment, sparing their ears its deafening din, the wearing effects upon their throats straining to overpower it and make themselves heard, and the utter quashing of all personal feeling in their own hearts, to say nothing of the obliteration of all intelligent understanding of what is sung. I say again, and let him who can disprove it, *singing* is the music which the Catholic Church recognizes, approves, and desires as the fulfilment of her ideal of solemn worship, and the usurping organ has been the death of it. Some persons rate the solemnity of a celebration as some speakers appear to grade their powers of oratory, by the amount of noise that is made. But it is *vox et præterea nihil.* In order to prove that I am not talking "rot" or "rant," I wish a pastor could be

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induced to try an experiment, viz., to order that one-half of all that is sung at Mass and Vespers be sung without accompaniment of any kind; and continue this practice for one year. I would then be ready to lay a heavy wager that if the question be put to the vote of the congregation they would decide, with no mean majority, to discontinue the use of the organ for the other half. And now I will let my readers into the secret of my confidence of winning the wager. In order to comply with the orders of the pastor, and to sing anything that would be worth either singing or hearing, the leader would be obliged to select pieces whose melodies and harmonies would possess intrinsic "wealth," as musicians understand that term, vocal music which, like a perfectly handsome and charming lady, or a true gentleman, does not depend upon instrumental ornamentation to prove its worth, any more than the lady or gentleman in question depend upon their dress, gorgeous or ornamental finery to impress beholders with a belief in the genuineness of their beauty or gentility.

Organists will readily see that I am far from endangering the emoluments of their profession by this plea for little organ-playing, and the playing of small organs to accompany singing. For, as educated musical artists, they would to a man far prefer fine vocal music *well* accompanied, and know that it takes a much more skilful and accomplished organist to accompany singing in a delicate, sympathetic manner; and that he who can thus enhance the vocal effect is in fact worthy of a much higher salary. Besides there is plenty of opportunity for him to display his talent as a performer apart from the singing. Really fine compositions for organ are not written to be sung to.

Again, good, devout congregational singing can be had by those pastors who cannot afford to pay highly salaried organists, and therefore my plea will be equally welcomed by organists of moderate acquirements. Many such will then find engagements where now they seek in vain for one.

"Oh! there is no use trying to make the old folks sing: one must begin by teaching the children in the parochial school," says not only Father E., but so far as all private letters I have received, and all comments seen in the journals give evidence—say *all* the fathers from A to Z. This singular method of solving the question of present starvation by giving good advice about planting corn and wheat next spring-time has not a little astonished me.

There is one father, however, whose name is Y., now writing

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who, while he knows perfectly well and fully agrees that the children should be thoroughly taught and constantly exercised in singing, both in school on week-days and Sundays and at Mass, would just as soon think of expecting congregational singing to grow out of that alone as he would count upon seeing all the grown-up people who never danced in their lives dancing at a ball which they must attend every week, but at which not a soul has as yet ever stood up on the floor to dance, because the little ones are sent regularly to dancing-school. We have had our children singing in almost every Catholic school in the land for more than one generation. Has congregational singing ever grown out of it? Do not the children stop singing when they leave school? Why do they stop? Plainly because there is no singing done by their elders. How are the children when grown up to sing in church if there is no singing there for them to join in, and keep up the practice? Are we never to have congregational singing till all the children are grown up? Must all the fathers and mothers, the young men and women of our Catholic millions, die and never know the unspeakable joy, comfort, elevation of spirit, and sweet consolation in that highest and purest outward and sensible expression of heartfelt praise which comes, and can only come, from *one's own singing?* The common agreement of so many in relegating the whole question to the education of children forces upon my mind a most unwelcome conclusion: that but very few seem to have any personal experience of what it is to *sing*, or of the effect upon one's own soul produced by one's *own* singing. Are we also among the gropers, the blind leaders of the blind, who are vainly looking for a Catholic Church of the future, a "Catholic Church singing" (unquestionably one of its highest ideals), but one which, like the Church of the Future dreamed of by the gropers and blind guides aforesaid, is always *to be* and never *is?* God forbid! Free the church *now* from these bonds of silence and inaction if it can be done now. Give the faithful a chance to lift their voices in glad acclaim to God, and who does not see that the most marvellous results will instantly follow in the increased intelligence in faith, and in the deeper edification of the spiritual life of the people?

In all the ordinary routine of clerical duty our priests labor like giants, and our people are no niggards in supplying the means for every good work proposed to them. So, Father F., I think I may dismiss your fears of the cost with a very few words. It will not cost as much as you fancy. How much

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would you be willing to pay to have congregational singing established on a fair footing in your church? "Congregational singing of what?" you ask. I reply that it may be considered as of three grades. First—that the people will be able to sing English hymns at Low Mass; also, if you please, before and after High Mass and Vespers; and at all devotional services on Sunday nights during Lent, the month of May, etc. Second—that now being able and well accustomed to sing together, they should sing, as they ought, at least all the *Common* of the Mass; the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Third—that they unite with or alternate antiphonally with a select chorus in chanting the true rubrical Vespers of the day, and the Antiphons and Litany for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Do you wish to know how much money all that will cost?

I make you a proposal. You shall have the first kind of congregational singing fairly started in your church if you will give as many dollars as you have sittings in your church. For this sum I will teach the people or see that they are taught, and will supply all the hymn-books, one for every person. Time required to accomplish the object proposed, two or three weeks. When this result is achieved and the people have been faithfully encouraged to continue, and ample opportunities afforded them throughout the space of about a year (though in some places it would not need so long a time), they will be ready to take up the second grade. This, I am convinced, can be achieved at the same cost and in like time, the needed books being also furnished to them; and the third grade can quickly follow at the same expense. If you do not think this perfect congregational singing to be worth three dollars a head, all books being included, I advise you to sit down and read over again my former essays; or, perhaps a little story will illustrate my meaning better. A certain person wishing to purchase a first-class painting asked the dealer the price of one by a celebrated artist. "Ten thousand dollars," was the reply. The would-be purchaser opened his eyes wide and drew a long breath as he said: "I want a first-class picture, and you tell me that the one I see is genuine; but I cannot understand how a piece of painted canvas can be worth all that money." "Then," said the dealer, rather bluntly, "I must refer you to the study of art and artists until you do understand it."

That the people would gladly contribute the requisite money, or so much of it that the payment of the balance would draw but lightly upon the church's bank account, is beyond dispute; taking

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it for granted, of course, that the pastor is heartily in sympathy with the project, is anxious and determined to obtain the result, and, not to put too fine a point upon it (if the comparison may be made), would far prefer big congregational singing to a big organ costing double or triple the sum before a note of it is heard, and a quartet of high-priced artists to do the small singing to its loud playing.

"But," says Father G., "is the patient to be left without hope of restoration to musical health unless your proposal is accepted? Are you the only Doctor of Congregational Singing in the country? Have you no recipe which can be made up by the local musical doctor and administered *secundum artem?*" I am coming to that as the practical point of this article. I can do no better than explain what may be called the "method" I have adopted in teaching, a method so simple that I would despair of getting a patent for it, and if I could I wouldn't, for I hate quacks and all patent nostrums.

In the first place, the people must be amply supplied with hymn-books, each person having his own. To have only one book for two or more persons is practically to hinder one or the other from having a clear, distinct view of the words, and thus to prevent their intelligible pronunciation. Again: several singing together in this way will result in their instinctively combining to produce a tone which will lack the strength and fulness of the sounds produced as the aggregate tone of several voices singing apart. In order to show the simplicity of the "method," I will give an example in calisthenics. Standing upon an elevated platform in sight of all assembled, the gymnast addresses them and says: "You all have arms and hands, and you can move them as well as I can." Going through the motions himself first, he then calls upon them to imitate him. Stretching out his right hand at right angles to his body, he cries out: "Everybody stretch out their right arm like mine. Now! all together." It is done. Doing the same with the left arm, they also promptly imitate the motion. "Now lift up both your arms above your heads like this" (suiting the action to the word), "all together!" That exercise is successful. "Now bring both your arms down to your sides!" It is instantly done. The lesson is over.

That is just what I have done in teaching singing. The following is therefore my simple recipe, easily compounded and readily administered by the local doctor of music, and good enough materials for it to be found anywhere. Let the pastor go into the pulpit, and by a few plain, earnest words impress upon

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the people that God has given them voices to sing his praises, and that he is waiting to hear them: that many of them can probably sing as well as others whose singing they admire, and some, he has no doubt, a good deal better—better at least *to suit God*, who is their heavenly audience and the only one to please in church. If the pastor be a singer, he can do the teaching himself. If not, let him have the assistance of a singing leader, who should stand in an elevated position so as to be seen by all. Then he or the leader, as the case may be, reads over the first verse of the "beautiful" hymn they are to learn. Everybody has a book and follows the reading, but because the pastor reads it they see more beauty in it than silently looking at it. If there is an organ, bid the organist now play over the whole tune distinctly, requesting the people to listen very attentively. Then say: "Now listen to me while I sing over the first line, and the instant I finish it I will sing it over again, and every one with a tongue in his head will sing the same with me." The strangers, the people, and pastor too, are astonished at the result. Here is a mixed crowd of people, of whom not a dozen, perhaps, have ever sung with others, and certainly never in public, nearly all singing with great unanimity and in good time and tune. There are exceptions, however. Some over-timid ones, or a few over-curious people will keep silent to hear "how they will do it," or some very old folks, who are there for devotion's sake, and, like good Christians as they are, persevere in prayer with their beads no matter what is going on, and are probably thinking all these new-fangled ways to be "very queer." But the sound is inspiring despite their devotion, and they soon forget just where they were in the decade, and the curious ones find themselves moved with holy envy to rival the others in the "repetition."

Now smile all over your face and exclaim, encouragingly: "That is excellent, wonderfully good; I am delighted! I knew you would like it!" And you are sure to tell the truth: for considering all things, the novelty of it, with their former ignorance and inexperience, it is indeed excellent and wonderfully good. Always make it a point to praise, and never to find fault. Then go on. "Now listen while I sing the second line which you will repeat as before with me." That second line is sure to be sung better than the first. Your smiles and little word of praise did that. Afterwards repeat both the first and second lines. The third and fourth are to be treated in like manner, and the lesson is over: for now the whole verse is readily sung. Then get them

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on their feet. That brings out a double volume of tone, especially as you will be wise in telling them that now, having learned it so well, our Lord wants to hear them do their best, their *very* best, and his holy benediction will fall upon every one that joins in the singing and tries his best, even if he can only manage a few notes at the first trial. You will find it child's play now to teach the other verses of the hymn. Every one's face is radiant with pleasure, and they are so well pleased with their success that they are thinking of the congratulations they will make to one another as they go home after the service. They have, perhaps, learned this first hymn so quickly, and are so delighted with their new accomplishment, experiencing such a pure and heartfelt pleasure, as all pure-hearted singers do, that the proposal to learn another hymn "on the spot" will be received with evident satisfaction: like a marksman who has hit the bull's eye at the first shot, he wants to do that just once more before he lays down his gun.

There is my method in a nutshell. Seeing that it has proved so efficient, my advice to those who may try their hand at teaching a chance congregation of people to sing is to give this simplest of all simple methods a fair trial. You may possibly know another method more thorough indeed; but just try the plan I have indicated, if only as one uses a primer. But be sure to preserve a confident tone and manner, manifesting your own assurance of success. The result may lack a good deal in polish—but foundations are none the worse for being rough, and, as foundations, really look better and inspire one with the feeling of their stability and strength. Ornamentation befits the higher and later developments of the structure.

I hope that the main point I have endeavored to enforce in my little lesson has not been overlooked—the *motive* which I invariably present in the most urgent, earnest language I can command—*all this is for God and to please him.*

The likening of myself to St. Francis by my reverend and friendly critic, as published in his notice inserted as prefatory to this essay, needs no explanatory after-sentence, in the language of the lamented Artemus Ward, to inform his readers that "this is sarkasum"; but I will not deny that I have taken my cue from the "method" employed by that wonder-working saint in his simple, charming, and effective sermons to the birds and fishes, and especially in presenting the same motive he did in order to draw forth their expressions of praise to their loving Creator. If you wish to touch a Catholic's heart, make your plea

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"for God's sake," or "for the love of God." That appeals to the confidence he has in the strength of his whole fabric of faith, and touches every fibre in his spiritual organism. Impress that motive deeply and you will get melody out of those who have no more genius for singing than a cow, or, if you will, a fish. And you have laid up the act of his singing with every word and tone of that hymn in the inner sanctuary of his soul, where the reigning, moving spirit is the love and adoration of God and of all things divine.

When you get people who have never sung before to sing a pious hymn you give them the taste of what is to them a new spiritual food, to their great surprise and delight; and though they do not put their feelings into so many words, yet it is no exaggeration to say that the language of the well-known versicle and response at Benediction would aptly describe the sentiment of their hearts: Panem de cœlo præstitisti *nobis;* omne delectamentum in se habentem. Thou hast given us bread from heaven to eat, in all sweet savors abounding. For he who is indeed the "Bread of Life from heaven" is the intoned Word proceeding from the mouth of God, and by which man lives—the Word of the Father who receives "per ipsum et cum ipso et in ipso" all his divine honor and glory, and whose spirit gives meaning to and breathes forth the divine harmony of the universe. The supreme impression upon the mind is, and they never will be able to shake it off: "This is the hymn I learned to sing to God." I need not say how necessary it is to enforce that impression on all future occasions, nor need I add with what consoling results. That explains how the V. Rev. Father Power's congregation at Worcester soon swelled to thrice its ordinary number, remembering as I do the words in which he addressed his people at their rehearsals. Give the people a chance to tell God how much and how truly they love and adore him, and let them utter their words in those tones and accents which give unquestioned consecration to speech, being instinctively associated with the inspiration and elevation of the soul; and at once the fire of divine love, surely alive, but often yet only silently smouldering in their hearts, will be fanned into a flame, quickly spreading and kindling new flames in the hearts of others.

But to secure a thorough accomplishment of the design one must not stop with teaching a chance assemblage of people in the church. If it is to be so well done as to "go of itself," and become an integral part of their worship and a settled tradition, a weekly lesson must be given to the children by themselves;

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the same hymns taught to the people being rehearsed by them in school.*

There should be at least one common congregational rehearsal, such as I have described, held one evening in each week to sing over old hymns and learn new ones. A select choral society of young men and women would be a great help. These could meet on another evening and be taught something of musical notation, learning also some good, healthy-toned choral pieces other than the hymns for their vocal exercise and innocent diversion. But such members should be strictly held to the obligation of attending all the general rehearsals for the people, as also the regular congregational services; and in order to avoid the wrong motive, the human motive, self-adulation, and the cultivation of music for its own sake, they should not sit together in church, but should scatter themselves about as they might if no such society existed.

"For the praise of God" must be the sole motto. It must be the ding and the dong of both priest and teacher; and every attempt of the devil to sneak in another motive must be promptly and vigorously squelched. Then there will be not only good singing, but what is better, *devout* singing.

Beloved and reverend brethren in Christ, you who so generously give your lives in sacrifice for souls and for God's glory; who, like other Atlases—nutantis orbis statum sustinentes—go staggering under the burden of the world's woes, that ye may bring the weary, wandering, and heavy laden more lovingly to God; and who never shrink from labor if duty calls: the word I

* Just here I cannot refrain from expressing my frank opinion on the subject of suitable hymns for children and for adults. I am convinced from long experience that the majority of hymns given to children to sing in services of worship are too childish. They are only fit for the nursery, if indeed for that, lacking as so many of them do all logical musical idea. They are strings of notes without rhythm or sense. Hence they are neither true, good, nor beautiful. When not positively bad, as echoing the sensual "motive" of an immoral operatic air, they are often inane and silly; utterly unworthy to be the tone-expression of divine thoughts and words. It is high time we put away childish things and learned to esteem something better. At the risk of being thought intrusive and self-conceited, I presume to take this occasion to reply to some of my friendly critics, and say that herein lies precisely the merit claimed for the tunes I composed for the *Catholic Hymnal*, in that they are not what is erroneously styled "simple," by which is often really meant what is in fact irrational and nonsensical. On the contrary, with few exceptions, they will be found on fair trial to be truly simple, each one expressing one, definite, musical idea which the people can easily catch, correct in phrasing and not lacking sufficient beauty in form to make them reasonably true as a faithful tone-expression of the sentiments of the hymns, while being pleasing enough to be easily remembered. That they are not all chef-d'œuvres of hymnody I need not be told, but there are enough good ones in the book to serve their purpose. I heartily recommend also the *Roman Hymnal*, by Rev. J. B. Young, S.J., and especially because it contains the Common of the Masses in Gregorian chant with full notation for Vespers. But if a pastor is already well supplied with other books, then I say take them, if better cannot be afforded; take anything in the shape of hymns, at least to make a beginning with.

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have spoken is in your hearing. If it be the word of God it will bear much fruit; though, following our Lord's own blessed doctrine proved in his own personal sacrifice and the consequent triumphs he has won, it must first die. It must die as *my* word, and passing into your hearts and minds there be buried, and from thence rise again *your own living word*, a quickening spirit, before whose vivific breath all things shall spring into fruitful, exuberant life and undying strength.

ALFRED YOUNG.

A COUNTRY NEGRO MISSION.

KESWICK, a small village in Albemarle County, Va., has now a flourishing mission among its colored inhabitants. As late as October, 1886, there was no Catholic, white or colored, in the place, save one—namely, the teacher of the colored public school. By birth a native of Albemarle County and a slave, he had hardly been conscious of his shackles, for he was but a child at the time of emancipation. Like thousands of the young men of his race, he longed to drink of the Pierian spring. Like them, also, he had to endure hardships and practise a self-denial seldom recognized as within the power of the negro in order to gratify his desire. Seeking in Pennsylvania to slake his thirst for knowledge, our Lord gave him there to drink of the water which should become in him a fountain springing up into eternal life. Returning to his home, the young Catholic convert applied for and secured the position of teacher in the public school. As soon as he had got his school in good working order, he wrote to me, then living in Richmond, to come up and preach to the colored people.

With some misgivings, for the man was a stranger, I responded to the invitation. On my arrival at Keswick I was met by the teacher and one of his pupils, whose father was to be "mine host"; they soon brought me to my journey's end. Standing there on the porch of his fine house, which is the centre of a farm of fifty acres, my colored host, a man of splendid physique, presented in his own person an argument of what the black race is capable. And it was a cheering surprise to learn that in that part of the Old Dominion were many such colored farmers. At

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night I was brought down to the school-house, little better than an enclosed wooden shed, about twenty feet by forty, built on a piece of land which was given by mine host to the County School Board. It was packed within and besieged without by an expectant congregation, for never before had the word of God gone out from a priest's lips in that place. With but three exceptions the audience were negroes. I began the services by having them sing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; afterwards I explained the "Sign of the Cross," the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Creed." Then all standing recited the prayers after me. A sermon of one hour and a half followed, and nothing shorter would have satisfied them. This simple people not only tolerate but actually request sermons which, in the cities of the North, would be of intolerable length. This was followed by a second hymn and the repetition of the prayers. The services closed with the priest's blessing, to receive which all stood up. As a result of the visit a Sunday-school was organized, embracing young and old, married and single, the school-teacher acting as catechist.

On my second visit I brought the requisites for Holy Mass, which was a most extraordinary sight to this poor people. Placing the teacher at the Gospel side of the improvised altar I had him read out in English the ordinary of the Mass. Four times I turned around and explained the ceremonies. A most profound impression was made by the majestic simplicity of the great Sacrifice of the New Law, which was enhanced by the colored teacher receiving Communion at the hands of the white priest. And no congregation could be more reverent than those simple folk.

But these visits of the Catholic priest soon roused the white Protestants of the neighborhood, who up to that time did not seem to have so much as recognized, at least spiritually, the negro's existence. An Episcopalian clergyman, who lives in the next village, volunteered to teach the Sunday-school. Of course the teacher declined the offer. True to his Episcopal instinct, the clergyman would then like to become a scholar, and was denied admission. Foiled in this attempt, the whites, whose leader was an old Episcopalian lady, next attacked the teacher. He was summoned to the county seat, there to answer before the School Board grave charges made against him. The county seat is eight miles from Keswick; to it the teacher made several journeys, going to and fro on foot, all fruitless, because one or other member of the Board of Trustees was absent, and losing

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besides a day's pay by each fruitless visit. At last he stood before the assembled board, by whom he was suspended and the school-house was closed, not only upon the school children, but also against the priest. It was only on alighting from the train at my next visit that the poor fellow told me of his troubles. Several of the fiery ones among the negroes were in favor of breaking open the school, but wiser counsels prevailed. Through the kindness of a white gentleman living in the next county, they secured the grist mill of the neighborhood, and all hands set to work to fit that building for purposes of worship. It was only at nine o'clock at night that the services were begun. It was a weird sight. The few benches we could procure were all filled, the idle mill-stone seated several more, the vacant spaces of the floor were filled with squatters, and upon the rafters, straddling them and holding on in every fashion, were scores of others. Turn where I would, above or below, at one side or the other, black faces were visible, while a fair sprinkling of whites were seen around the doors or scattered among the blacks. In this mill three adults, the first-fruits of the mission work, were baptized. They had been admirably instructed by the school-teacher; they made the responses, prompted by the teacher, in clear, ringing tones. The whole service was reverently participated in by all. The hands of the clock warned us of the hour of eleven before the wondering crowd received the priest's blessing and departed. At my next visit four more were baptized, this time in the parlor of mine host, and on the following day the three first received into church made their First Communion.

To render the work permanent it became necessary to build a school-house, which was done last summer. And now St. Joseph's Colored School, Keswick, Va., is one of the chief consolations of the missionary. A rather singular result of this good start is the little Catholic boarding-school that has grown up at Keswick. Applications to attend the new school came from several respectable young colored men at a distance, so that it became necessary to provide a convenient place in which to lodge them. The teacher, therefore, took a house, the rent of which and the expense of their own support are paid for by himself and the six young men who occupy it. They follow a simple rule of life, rising at half-past five o'clock, and have fixed times for prayer, study, recitation, meals, recreation, and retiring. Save the teacher and one other, all are unbaptized. At present there are about fifteen Catholics at Keswick, and if a priest could only live there

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or go there oftener, especially on Sunday, incalculable good would follow.

About eight miles from Keswick is a place called Union Mills, quite an extensive property, consisting of a mill, cotton-factory, many out-buildings, with a magnificent old-style Virginia mansion, which is situated on the crest of a knoll, at the base of which runs a small river, which can be seen for miles as it meanders southward through a beautiful country. The family of the present owner are Catholics, and being very much interested in the colored people invited the writer to open a mission there. The school-teacher of Keswick accompanied me. The old cotton-factory, a large three-story brick building, was put in order for the visit. The old plantation bell, hung in its tower, summoned the negroes to the service; unfortunately it was a very dark and cloudy night, so that not more than one hundred negroes were present. The usual hymn opened the services, then followed the explanation of the "Sign of the Cross," the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Creed." Any one familiar with instructing children knows that in teaching them how to bless themselves, the readiest way is for the teacher to use the left hand. Forgetting this, I blessed myself with the right hand, and the poor people, imitating me too closely, all blessed themselves with the left. But this little awkward piece of forgetfulness was soon corrected. The services were the same as at Keswick. I was greatly impressed by the appearance of one of my hearers. He was a noble specimen of the negro. Very tall, straight as an arrow, black as ebony, but with regular features, this old colored man sat bolt upright before me, never once taking his eyes from my face. Upon questioning my hostess, who by her presence and that of her family greatly strengthened the negroes' reverence for the religious exercises, I learned that this noteworthy negro, whose only name is "Uncle John," is universally looked up to by the negroes and beloved by all, white and black alike. Everywhere in the neighborhood is he known for his honesty and the purity of his life. Often he goes off into the woods, passing hours there absorbed in prayer and talking, as he simply says, to "de great Massa." He seems to be one of those chosen souls, scattered here and there upon this earth, who, though separated from the visible body of the church, yet belong to her soul.

A Sunday-school was opened at Union Mills, and was taken in charge by the three Catholic ladies living there. It, too, has been very successful. Preparations are being made to open a Catholic day-school there.

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Thousands of such missions and schools might be started among the millions of blacks in the South if there were priests who would break the bread of life to those famishing souls. And these priests will come. The opening next autumn of our Seminary for the Colored Missions, in the city of Baltimore, will give an opportunity for the zealous youth of our American Church to enter upon the labors of this harvest, so ripe, so fruitful, and so consoling.

JOHN R. SLATTERY.

VIA CRUCIS.

"SAY, toll-man, the name of the road I see stretching so cheerless, lone, and wild?"
"'Tis the Via Crucis that beckons thee. Amen. Then take it boldly, child.
For the road must be trod by the sons of men in tears and in silence, soon or late—"
With a sob the little one now and then looked back as he passed through the well-worn gate.
O Via Crucis! thy stones are wet with the tears of travellers young and old,
And thy land-marks are white gravestones set over smiles forgotten and hearts grown cold;
But thou bringest peace when sighs are past,
And after a little thy gorse grows fair;
Though feet bleed sorely, we learn at last
To bless thee, thou foot of heaven's stair!

LUCY AGNES HAYES.

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THE PRIEST AND THE PUBLIC.

THAT typical American ecclesiastic, Cardinal Gibbons, is said to have lately dissuaded his clergy from using the street-cars, not assuredly because he would have them hire a hack, but because he is a great walker himself, and knows the need and value of exercise for men of his profession. From what I know of him, I feel assured that he hesitates no more now to use the democratic conveyance than before he was exalted to the Papal Senate. Here suggests itself a question, however, which may be of interest, and which is indeed one of great importance, and the answers to which show considerable difference of opinion. The question is: How shall the clergy present themselves before the United States public?

Appearance goes for a great deal, as we all know. It produces those "first impressions" which "last longest." We wish, as in duty bound, to impress the people favorably, being heralds of the true religion. Shall we borrow titles, carriages, and dress from the manners of courts and gentry, or shall we be content with a name sufficient to distinguish us and our office individually, and with apparel enough for health and decency?

Of course we all know what the Gospel inculcates in this regard. It is morally certain that "Jesus of Nazareth" had only that one seamless tunic which the soldiers cast lots for under the cross, and which was doubtless knitted for him by the busy hands of the Mater Admirabilis. He bade his disciples be content with one suit likewise (Luke ix. 3), to accept no titles, to carry neither purse nor staff, but to go about in the plainest way—on foot was evidently supposed, for they are bid shake the dust from their feet in certain contingencies—and to subsist on what the people gave them to eat.

Nevertheless the Gospel cannot be taken too literally. Our Lord's own company had a purse which was carried by Judas, and St. Paul declined to eat at any man's expense, but earned his own living; not that he hadn't a right to "live by the Gospel," as he indeed teaches, but on account of "*the weak*," who needed an example of still higher virtue, as they might possibly suspect him of self-seeking if he accepted any return for his ministrations.

On account of "the weak," therefore, the priest may depart from the letter of the evangelical law, and the example of the

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saints; and the practice of the church shows us this. We must become "all things to all men in order to bring all to Christ," as the same Apostle teaches. If for this it is necessary to wear purple, we must wear it; to be called "Eminence," we must put up with it; to use a carriage, it must be made use of; to live in a palace, in a palace we must live. We do not read in the account of St. Paul's life that he changed his apparel before appearing in the Areopagus, but there is no doubt he got himself up as decently as he could; as to his attire when he made his noble stand before Festus and Agrippa, the "prisoner of Christ" was not able to give it much attention. In fact, I believe St. Paul practised what he preached, and "having enough to eat and wherewith to be clothed" was "content with these" (i. Tim. ii. 8); and I confess that I feel it a task to defend the usages which later on were adopted by the members of the priesthood, of splendid robes and vast palatial residences and pompous titles. However, it is a difficult question, and there is much to be said pro and con.

How majestic and beautiful and striking is simplicity of manners! One of my earliest recollections of college-days in New York is the occasional visit of the Regents of the University to the infant institution which floated on its banner the name of the Apostle of the Indies. The chief of them for a while was Prosper M. Wetmore, and you can imagine how exalted a personage he was in the eyes of an under-graduate. One day, going to school, I met this gentleman on the corner of Union Square and Fifteenth Street, carrying a small market-basket. He had evidently gone out to procure some fresh fruit or vegetables for his household. It is over thirty years since, but I love the reminiscence, and long for the plain manliness of those days, which, far from being incompatible with nobility, learning, and culture, seems to be a consequence of them. Picture to yourself Socrates or Plato, Zeno or Aristotle, and what clings to them of the "impedimenta" but the graceful toga? Think of tacking *Mr.* before or *Esq.* after the name of Homer!

Another idol of my boyhood, whose memory as I grow older I do not less revere, was Peter Cooper. How interesting and edifying it was to see him, the master of great wealth and the patron of a splendid institution of learning, drive his plain vehicle to the post at the Seventh-street door, and himself fasten the horse before he went in on his daily visit to the *School of Design* or the *Debating Society!* In appearance as in his heart he was still the humble, sensible, man-loving mechanic, who had always cherished

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the wish to procure for young work-people "that education from which he himself had been debarred." Was his influence less because he did not ride or dress as, to use a common phrase, "became his wealth and social position"? We boys honored the ground he trod on. And Doctor Brownson! Oh! who that has had the happiness and the high honor of conversing with this complete man in his modest house at Elizabeth can ever forget the impression produced? Who ever felt anything else than delight with his frankness, admiration for his wisdom, reverence for his gentle, humble manners?

Let us turn to ecclesiastics. Bishop Bayley, of Newark, was a man of truth and piety, loving and beloved of his priests and his people. Yet who more democratic, with all his frequent allusions to the early expatriation of his ancestors? I noticed him one day hailing a stage on Broadway, and as the driver did not stop for him he ran after the conveyance like any honest citizen anxious to get to business.

I went with a priest once to call on the former archbishop of an American see. As we approached his house, I saw a group of poor men and women, evidently of the needy class, standing about on the sidewalk, and apparently awaiting their turn to enter the hall-door, which stood wide open. "There they are!" said my guide. "Every Monday morning he gives audience to any poor people that want it, and the door is left open and no porter in sight so that they won't be timid about entering." We went in, and for my part, to use the strong simile of a French writer, "I felt as if I were about to call on Jesus Christ." What the priest thought and felt I will say later on, but I never before realized the character of the successor of the apostles so much as on that occasion. He is the same prelate who was found mending his cassock while stopping in Baltimore in attendance on the Plenary Council, just as the Apostle of Alaska, Archbishop Seghers, lately deceased, had to do and did, as we read in his letters, far up on the banks of the Yukon.

I might recall other instances in the lives of laymen and clergymen which have left an indelible and a most edifying impression on myself, precisely on account of their plain, unaffected ways. What an appalling thought it is, indeed, this—that our every slightest act may be noted and treasured up, and produce an everlasting effect on those who observe it! My object, however, is to inquire whether and how far the democratic simplicity of Sts. Peter and Paul, of Archbishop N—— and Father D—— and Bishop Bayley are expedient for the propagation of the

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faith of Christ amongst the general public, and its preservation in the children of the fold. I leave Doctor Brownson and Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, as well as Socrates and Plato, out of the question. It shocks one to have a person that hears of their wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy ask how much their income was or how they dressed, as if suspending his verdict on their characters till he weighed their wealth. So much for philosophers of whom, indeed, it may be said that, unless their singularity gives us reason to suspect their sanity, their titles, abodes, and apparel make no difference in their acceptability as teachers of wisdom.

But teachers of the faith: Does it make a difference whether they are entitled eminence, grace, lordship, right reverend, and such? whether they ride in a carriage or in a street-car, or go afoot carrying their own carpet-bags? whether they wear a dress-hat or a Kossuth, a cassock or a pair of trowsers? It appears that it does to a greater or less extent, and among peoples of different character and condition.

For instance, I am assured, and experience has taught me, that in Ireland a priest is no prophet unless he wears that strange capital integument which is the object of so much bantering and to which so many contemptuous epithets are applied, but which I believe is now technically known as a silk hat. I know many an excellent priest of this country whose mission would be barren in the Isle of Saints because he prefers the easy, graceful, sensible slouch of the Western plains. What does this show on the part of the Hibernians? We shall see later. "Lord me no lords," our most illustrious theologian, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, used to say—"lord me no lords; you left your lords in Ireland."

A graduate of the college already mentioned complained in my hearing that Cardinal McCloskey came to a certain church of his metropolitan city to give Confirmation, and actually came in a street-car! "*O tempora! O mores!*" I was expected to express a respectful amount of virtuous surprise at the forgetfulness of his dignity on the part of the first American cardinal. I didn't. But I only want to show how the people, even the educated, even in the chief city of the republic, look at these things.

There was a layman's opinion. I told about my call on Archbishop N——. Would you believe me when I say that the priest who accompanied me actually found fault with the bishop for receiving those poor wretches? I could not help remembering how "He receiveth publicans and sinners," and I was astonished at

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the coincidence. "Couldn't he let one of the young priests give the pledge to those fellows, and also listen to the stories of those poor women, who only want a dollar?" So, what edified me beyond anything I had experienced, even in my five years' residence in Rome, actually caused this ecclesiastic to find fault with one of the pioneer bishops of our country.

I heard from other parties that the wealthy Catholics of his diocese didn't like the same prelate either, because he accepted a splendid carriage and horses only to send them at once to be sold for the orphans. And these critics were men and women who were wielding pickaxes and hammers, and bending over washtubs and gridirons, along the canals and railroads or in the mines, while the bishop was already deep in the wisdom of Aquinas and Dominic, and was treading in the footsteps of Bertrand and Las Casas.

Why do the Irish want their priests to wear a high hat? I suppose it is not only because he is their chief social and political representative, and they feel that they will be respected according as he is, and they know the deference paid to dress and appearance generally, but also they feel that the mass of themselves are so poor and suffer so much from the ignorance which results from poverty, that they will fail to recognize the priest as their superior unless he assumes a head-gear similar to that of the easy and better-informed classes. So much, too, is the imagination bound up with the reasoning faculty, that the height of the hat by which he excels his brethren helps them to remember the superior station he fills and to reverence him accordingly. Thus you see there is deep philosophy and profound knowledge of human nature even in the choice of a covering for the head. If we were all perfect, and sin had not brought shame on us, doubtless we would get on very well in the majestic nakedness of Adam, who was clothed only with the royal mantle of "original justice," and in the "beauty unadorned" of the mother and queen of humanity. But I fear me that there would be sad disorders if we attempted a sudden reversion to that beautiful fashion of the body. We are a fallen race, and are not strong enough to do without the otherwise absurd, ugly, and distorting encumbrance of clothing.

Now as to the dwelling of the priest. There is no doubt that the Irish like to have their priests live in a "decent" house, and for the same reasons which make them insist on the tall hat. Indeed, I was respectfully but firmly interpellated once, because I did not buy a dwelling for myself that far outshone in appear-

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ance and actually exceeded in value the adjoining church edifice, in which the pioneers of a certain parish modestly offered worship to the Hidden God. And this while I was pinching and scraping to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new and larger church which the common voice demanded. Yet verily those same Irish have a remarkable predilection for the ministrations of priests who "profess poverty." The whole business looks very much as if they would force the secular clergy, cardinals, bishops, prelates, and all, to represent them and protect them before the world and in temporal matters, but when it comes to settling their private affairs with God, ah! then, "send for Friar Thomas."

In Ireland and in Canada they call the bishop's house a palace, and truly it is amusing sometimes to see the unpretending building to which this appellative is applied, and it is sad, too, at least to some, to notice the appalling wretchedness of the dwellings of those whose contributions went to erect the sometimes magnificent mansion that bears this regal title.

Is there philosophy in this too? There is. It is found here also in the *weakness of human nature.*

Alzog, the German ecclesiastical historian (vol. ii. pp. 118–132), tells us how Saint Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, "exerted himself to have the bishops created spiritual peers of the empire, in order that they should enjoy a certain political consideration and prerogatives which all would recognize and respect, and possess some sort of protection against the violence of kings and the insolence of nobles." He says, moreover, that "the possession of allodial estates on the part of bishops and abbots, although frequently entered into from sordid motives, was necessary in that rude people, because the clergy had to establish themselves permanently in the country, and this could only be effected by entering into close alliance and maintaining intimate relations with the great and powerful, who commanded the respect and obedience of the lower orders. Now, in order that bishops and abbots might be regarded with similar feelings, it was necessary that they should become in some sort the equals of the nobility, and, like them, be qualified to take their places in the diet of the empire, and the only available way of rising to such distinction and consideration among a *coarse and semi-civilized people* was to follow the example of the lay lords, and acquire large landed possessions, held either in freehold or in fief." But "peers of the empire" had to dwell in castles and "palaces"; this is how the bishop's house came to be so called.

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There are some of those *prince bishops* still among the nations of Central and Eastern Europe, and the principle on which their existence is based is one of those whereon is founded also the temporal sovereignty of the pope.

Was St. Boniface wise in this course? There seems to be no doubt at all about it, even though the people were not *coarse and semi-civilized*, for even the most highly cultured nations have always felt that the chief representatives of the spiritual power should have a position, a maintenance, and a state equal to that of the lords temporal. But what about a state of society in which lords temporal do not exist? Of course, as Alzog says, there was "danger of avarice," and God knows what frightful abuses followed this policy, but yet, as human nature is, it was the only enduring way to keep up the necessary influence of religion. For republicanism, in all its majestic and beautiful simplicity, is maintained in this fallen world only with difficulty; pride, luxury, and lust, on the part of the stronger members of society, trampling on poverty, gentleness, and chastity, has too often been the normal condition, and the weak must have their protectors, the bishops and priests, recognized in public life in a secure position. Have things come to this pass in the United States that our priests must have their noble dwellings and "palaces," must attire themselves like the rich and wear titles of nobility? Is the Republic fallen so low that its citizens cannot recognize the truth unless its herald is called "Your Eminence" or My Lord" or "Your Grace," and lives in a palatial mansion and preaches in an expensive edifice? We may, we shall, alas! come to this in the course of time, for history repeats itself; but are we there already? It is a hard question to answer.

There were those who thought and said that Cardinal McCloskey's red stockings would, like the "single hair" of Judith's neck, draw the plutocrats of New York and their wives (the latter first) irresistibly to the conviction of and submission to the truth. And yet I remember two of the most wealthy Catholics of New York turning their backs on the Cardinal and that splendid Cathedral, and going off to be married in one of the neighboring Protestant conventicles by a man in a black broadcloth coat. And this just about the time of those historic events, the creation of the first American Cardinal and the opening of his new Cathedral.

Do we need Monsignores—that is, merely titular dignitaries—so soon in the American Church? I presume some will say we do. But there are those who think that the American people

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still listen more willingly to the one that is addressed himself and addresses them like St. Paul, as "Men, brethren" (Acts ii. 29). "Talk to us like a man, brother!" seems to express the popular sentiment. When we shall think more of a man because he has a title then we shall be going down, if not to the *coarse and semi-civilized* condition of the rude Gothic tribes for whom St. Boniface legislated, surely to the far worse attenuated refinement and semi-satanic polish of the people of Imperial Rome. Men, like the decaying swamp-wood, often glisten more brilliantly as their combustion and decay advances. But, thanks be to God! we still contrive to maintain respect for the office and person of our Chief Magistrate, although addressing him merely as "Mr. President," and uphold the law even with the gallows, all the time that we entitle simply "Governor" that fellow-citizen who holds in his individual hand the awful power of life and death.

This is still a missionary country. We Catholics are scarce more than one in eight, and our losses, in all probability, still outbalance our natural increase and gain by conversions. Now what is the most effective manner for the missionary? Look at them when they come to give a "mission" even to the faithful? They discard all titles, come in all simplicity of speech and manner, do not even don the surplice; and erect a simple, democratic platform down almost to the level of the people, instead of speaking from the formal, aristocratic pulpit.

A canon of the diocese of Osma, in Spain (they are wealthy and dress grandly, those canons), once accompanied his bishop into France. On their way they passed through the country of the Albigensian heretics, and met certain Cistercian monks whom Innocent III. had despatched to convert those sectaries. Observing their pomp and magnificence, (!) which contrasted strangely with the abstemious life and poverty of the heretical leaders, the bishop, invited to the council at Montpelier, suggested that if those monks would successfully accomplish their mission they must put aside all the state and circumstances of a *triumphant church*, and set about converting the heretics in the simplicity and poverty of apostles. The holy bishop himself took part in the work, and, putting off his purple robes and gaiters, went about barefoot preaching the word of God. The canon accompanied him, and after the bishop's death continued the work, and founded that Order which, with the one instituted at the same time by Francis of Assisi, saved the tottering Lateran Basilica from ruin. The canon was known ever after as plain Brother Dominic, but the church after his happy death placed

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the letter S. before his venerated name. (Alzog, *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii. p. 709.)

Is there no lesson here for us? Are we prudent in putting on already the blazonry of a *triumphant church?* The saints have again and again been sent by God to recall the clergy to simplicity. They never objected to the divine nor to the ecclesiastical hierarchy; on the contrary, they did all in their power to sustain it and yielded it entire and perfect obedience. What they opposed and attacked with all their might and the force of their own example was the human adornment, the trappings and the show, the unnecessary possessions, all those things, in fact, which impede the priest in his struggle against the devil, *the world*, and the flesh. "Oh! yes; that's all very well in theory, but practically—" Far be it from me to condemn what seems to be the practice of the rulers of the church. But this I know, that when those princes and lords and their American counterparts want first-class Gospel preaching they generally call in one of the disciples of Dominic, or Francis, or Ignatius, confident of getting a genuine article at that store; when they themselves want to settle their accounts with God, they go to the same shop; and even His Holiness, and Their Eminences, and the prelates generally, when on their death-beds, deal with one of the same firm.

Well! we're off again. Isn't there some way of explaining these apparent anomalies and reconciling these inconsistencies? One was suggested to me recently which may serve to unite things seemingly so widely disjoined.

It is this: The church is catholic—that is, universal. Hence all men must find satisfaction for their minds and peace for their hearts in her communion. On the other hand, social classification is inevitable. Therefore the church must have representatives competent to introduce themselves and be made welcome in every rank whatsoever of society, and to fit in and even to grace and bless every social festivity. She has her cardinals for the halls of princes and rulers generally; her "prelates" for diplomacy, political arrangements, and for family gatherings of the rich; her Jesuits for education and for intricate moral cases; her Benedictines for public worship; her Dominicans for preaching; her Passionists for the death-bed of the heavily burdened consciences of the powerful and wealthy; her Franciscans for the gentle, the simple, and the poor of Christ; her bishops and parish clergy for everything in general. So does she make herself all things to all men, that she may gain all for Christ; she has

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raised up saints in every one of those ecclesiastical grades and families. Herein, very probably, lies the true explanation of the great variety in the hierarchy and the regular bodies.

As to the question proposed in the beginning of this paper, I wish to remark that it is not: Shall we have cardinals and other ecclesiastical officials, in addition to the divinely established hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons? There is good reason why we should be represented in the councils of the pope, and what privileges Catholics of other nations enjoy, the same do we also desire to enjoy. The question is: Shall these functionaries and the bishops and inferior clergy assume externals here that are deemed becoming or even necessary in other countries? The answer, as I said, is various; but as to the argument taken from the example of Christ and His apostles, just as, in the words of St. Augustine, "I would not believe the Gospel unless induced by the authority of the Catholic Church," so we may and must also say: I accept no interpretation of the Gospel contrary to "the sense which the Catholic Church has held and does hold, whose function and right it is to declare what is the true sense of the same" (Council of Trent, Session 4), and to adapt it to the ever-varying circumstances of times and localities.

EDW. MCSWEENY.

St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

HOMAGE most tender to thy portals pay
My lips in passing, now the seaward breeze
Lulls thee by night, and starlight through the trees
Darts on thy triple aisle its moving ray,
Soft as a ghost that climbs by stealth to play
In the hushed choir fantastic harmonies:
Oh! more to me thy beauty than to these,
And my still thought thy lover more than they!

Dear heirdom where no discord is, nor strife,
High presence-chamber supersensual,
Memorial of old friendship, hope unfurled,
Haven and bourne, white glory of the world,
Fortress of God! yea, I would give my life
To stay one stone of thine about to fall.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

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A CATHOLIC ASPECT OF HOME RULE.

III.

WHATSOEVER amount of truth may have been advanced in the foregoing papers, on the momentous question between Ireland and England which now awaits a solution, the argument has been one of a cumulative character. Each fact, or collection of facts, every argument or series of arguments, true in themselves and alone sufficient to establish the right claimed from England by Ireland, have, in their turns, added somewhat to the aggregate of reasons on behalf of a complete and radical change in the existing relations between the two countries. The historical aspect, of which but an outline could be drawn by reason of the dimensions of the space on which to trace it, was only not, of and by itself, conclusive that the rule of the weaker by the more powerful nation must in the natural order of events come to an end. The verdict given by politics, which evidenced the utter, hopeless and cruel failure of an alien, distant nationality to govern a dependent kingdom, supplemented all that was wanting of moral proof to the historical aspect. Whilst the testimony supplied by the social condition of Ireland at the present time, a condition which is comparable with that of no other Christian and civilized land, partook of the nature of a work of supererogation, beyond the proofs from history and politics, in exhibiting before the world the misrule and maladministration of England. If to these proofs of the position here assumed be added the two incidental considerations advanced at the close of the last paper, both of which flow from one of many injuries inflicted on the Irish people by English interests, *viz.*, the system of absentee landlordism, then the balance may be said to kick the beam.

To this statement nothing further need be added by way of securing conviction to an unprejudiced mind. Indeed, nothing further could be added, saving in the way of illustration and expansion. Ireland, as she has existed in the long, bitter past; Ireland, as she is treated in the miserable, ignominious present; Ireland, as she can be seen amongst the nations by all beholders—may not unreasonably, nor without due cause, nor inopportunely, nor yet precipitately demand a change, some change, any change of government. She may justly demand, in any case and at all hazards, that the government of her people be taken from

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the palsied, insufficient and unscrupulous hands which hold the reins of power. She may rightfully demand, at whatsoever cost to the country which has so obviously and so selfishly ill-governed her impoverished, diminished and discontented people, that the reins of power be placed in the hands of those in whom she (not England) trusts at the present and hopes for the future, and who, at the least, have not yet deceived her, but rather, have brought her to the very brink of national emancipation. She may legitimately demand this: and she is resolutely determined to secure this claim at whatever risk to herself in the coming history of the Irish race, at home and abroad; at the risk of inevitable errors and possible mistakes; at the risk of faults and failings where perfection, or immunity from disappointment, was expected; at the risk of the prominence of self-interested motives and the rise of avowed or veiled ambition—the claim to keep, or to confide, or to withdraw the reins of power over herself according to her own will, for her own advantage, for the benefit and happiness of her own people. In a word, Ireland demands from England, and intends to obtain from England, in accordance with the world-wide sentiment of civilized nationality, the privilege of making her own laws, by her own representatives, in her own Parliament-house in Dublin.

Into the qualifications, restrictions, dangers and safeguards which surround and interpenetrate the realization of the thought which is expressed in the last sentence, it is impossible here and now to enter. The purport of the present short series of papers is not to exhaust an almost exhaustless topic. It is, rather, to indicate, suggestively more than actually, what the writer conceives to be *a* Catholic, if not *the* Catholic, view of the great Anglo-Hibernian question. This, he has ventured to say consisted in an average intelligent, if not a lofty and enlightened, opinion on this complicated subject, which is supplemented by one which was, moreover, Catholic. The historical, the political and the social aspects having been considered, it only remains to the writer to attempt to indicate, briefly, in what may consist the opinion which is, before all things, of a Catholic character.

Now, it is a highly probable opinion to hold, and to many minds it is an obvious remark to make—seeing the actual results which have ensued during the last three centuries, from England's misrule of Ireland—that such results would not have ensued, or at the least would not have been so keenly intensified, had the alien government of Ireland been something which in truth it was not. That alien government was a Protestant rule.

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It was the rule of a Protestant ascendency enforced by England in Ireland. It was the rule of a tiny minority of physical force, of wealth and of station over the immense majority of the Catholic population, both rural and urban. It was the rule of the Protestant classes over the Catholic masses. Had the English rule been Catholic in character, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that Irish history had been very differently written—otherwise than in volumes of tyranny, chapters of disaster, letters of blood. An opinion is widely accepted abroad, on the continent of Europe, that the main, if not the whole question between England and Ireland centres around the differences of religion. Such an opinion is, of course, only less inexact than the judgment widely formed at home, on more insular grounds, that the differences of creed enter not at all into the existing relations between the two nations. Perhaps here, as elsewhere, the truth lies somewhere midway between these extreme opinions.

Although it may be speculative what would have been the historical, political and social fate of Ireland had she, as a nation, apostatized from the faith; yet, it is morally, and almost physically certain that Ireland's career would have been far otherwise recorded had she sold herself to the spirit of Protestantism, as England has allowed herself to be sold. But, Ireland, the land of St. Patrick, did not thus sell her birthright; and hence, a very large class of evils which Ireland has been called to suffer, and which she has suffered, under unexampled rigor on the one side and with unexampled fortitude on the other, was inflicted upon her. These evils, it may be confidently affirmed, were the direct outcome of her steadfastness in religion. But, this is only a portion and a small portion of the case. It is true that a certain class of ills came distinctly and directly from the antagonism in faith between the two races. But, it is not true that religious antagonism was confined to such ills. It is nearer the truth to say, that very few of Ireland's troubles did not arise from an atmosphere of opposition which was originated and carried on by religion; from the indirect and accidental irritation engendered by breathing such an atmosphere; or from the malignant and implacable hatred of England towards the Catholic faith, which overflowed its natural bounds and colored and poisoned all, or nearly all, other relations of life between the rulers and the ruled.

If the position here assumed be in any degree true, it is not difficult to see that in the future, a national government, which should be also a Catholic one, would instinctively tend towards

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the pacification of Ireland. At once, the atmosphere of opposition between the governed and those who govern, on the wide platform of religion, would be exchanged for an air of comparative repose. This repose would indirectly affect a wider area than that which is covered by religious considerations. Inevitably, there would be no hereditary, life-long antagonisms to be forgotten. There would be no historical memories and ancient enmities to be appeased and lived down. At the first, under any circumstances and probably continuously, there would be no class jealousies to be healed, no class prejudices to be smoothed, no class interests to be fought. Emerging from the caldron of dis quiet and unrest in which all classes had been agitated for generations if not for centuries, by alien rule, the aim and object of all classes would incline towards the largest amount of rest compatible with the least amount of change. And such results might be, in all likelihood would be, the issue, not of making the Catholic religion the Established Religion of the state, as in England the Protestant Creed is established on, supported by and governed in the interests of the state, but the religion of the governing body, as it is already the faith of the body which is ruled. How this all-pervading influence of the Catholic religion would be felt in the manifold relations of government and in the manifold incidence of the laws upon the people, cannot be treated at length. It may suffice to take a single example from each of the three divisions of the argument which have been so often named. Can we suppose *e.g.*, for a moment, that the important social question of the education of the Irish people, which has been dealt with by fits and starts; which has been begun on one system and ended (so far as it is ended) on another; which has been (from another standpoint) denied a legitimate end though permitted a legitimate beginning—that the question of education would not, under the auspices of Catholic Irish autonomy, be speedily and satisfactorily arranged, whether such education were elementary, or higher, or technical, or university in character? Do we imagine that the one note which hitherto has dominated the parliamentary relations between the imperial and the dependent nation, in almost every point in which an estimate be possible—the note *i.e.* of failure—would be the note which futurity will mark against the conscientious efforts for the political welfare of their native country, by a government which was at once Irish, national and Catholic, let us say, in the matter of respect for law and in the administration of justice? Are we to think, again, in the mere monetary and fiscal interests of Ireland, and in

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the way of taxation, that the Catholic government to which she looks forward with a mixed feeling of confident expectancy and of assured hope, would be less likely to manipulate with scrupulous fairness and sensitive honor the finances of the country, than the Anglo-Protestant ascendency to which undoubtedly Ireland owes her wide-spread bankruptcy and almost general ruin? And, it must not be forgotten, in discussing the future influence of religion on the fate of Ireland, that for the last three centuries the English government of Ireland has been exclusively administered in the interests of, and (as a rule) entirely by the personality of a small Protestant minority in a country pre-eminently Catholic—a minority which rests for support and authority on the large Protestant majority of a nation pre-eminently Protestant. Surely, they need not be esteemed visionary enthusiasts who see in nearly any change in such relations, a change for the better.

In order that the future of the sister kingdom may have even a chance of being as prosperous as the past has proved itself disastrous to the Irish people, it is essential that the government of Catholic Ireland should itself be Catholic. This position appears to the writer of these pages to be almost axiomatic. Whether it be axiomatic or not, the reader must permit this assumption, on the present occasion, and to the close of the present papers. If it be not, this article is certainly not the place, and the writer is perhaps not the person, to defend the position from a theoretic and scientific standpoint. But, if the assumption be allowed, this axiom (to borrow the word in debate) represents the principle enunciated at the outset, *viz.*, that the Catholic aspect of Home Rule consisted of an average intelligent view of the question, *plus* a Catholic supplement to it, which completed the estimate. That supplement is the element which (to use a Biblical phrase that need not be misunderstood), would transfigure the historical, political and social aspect of Irish autonomy in the future. The fact that Catholic Ireland should hereafter, at a date it might be rash to predict, enjoy a Catholic government, would infuse a renewed life into the historical view, when its history comes to be written. It would idealize the political view, during the period of the making of history. It would humanize and render more Christian the social view, which in some sort is a bond of union between the two. In a word, under the influence of the Catholic religion, the Irish national question would become sublimated. And the influence of the Catholic religion can only fully and completely be felt in the autonomy of Ireland when its govern-

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ment shall be Catholic. Into the *differentiæ* which exist between a Catholic government and one that is Protestant, it is not necessary to enter, theoretically. A practical aspect only of this great practical question, which is also imperial, and from the wide dispersion of the Irish race, is almost universal in importance, is here attempted. But a practical aspect cannot fail to be suggestive, at the least, of certain truths of a theoretic character, if only by way of antagonism. And tested by its actual results, the Protestant rule of Ireland during the last three hundred years is diametrically antagonistic to the results which are aimed at and hoped for from a Catholic rule of Ireland in the future. Nor is this a vague aim, or a rash hope. If it be a law in nature that, under like conditions, the same or similar results follow the same or similar causes; it is no great exercise of political faith to believe, and it is no great tax upon political reason to affirm, that different or opposite causes cannot fail to produce in the body politic different or opposite results. And it is not untrue to say that the theory and practice of Protestant government are not so much different from, as opposite to, government which is both based and worked on the principles of the Catholic Faith.

After what has been already repeated from well-known records of the results of Protestant government by England, it may suffice to apply the political law in question to the case of Ireland. It cannot be reasonably doubted that a change in the principles, as well as in the details of government, would produce a corresponding change in the results of government. And the change would be made in the direction of the divine faith of the governing body, and the inevitable issues of such faith. It would be Catholic in the place of being Protestant. This change, though defined by a single word, is fundamental in idea and far-reaching in expression. Without presuming to assume on what principle, or want of principle, government that is essentially Protestant in character is conducted, certain premises may be affirmed of a Catholic government which will probably carry a conviction of their truth to the Christian conscience. At the least, their truth may be defended against all impugners, in the case of Ireland, where there exists a happy concord between a people devotedly Catholic and a people determinedly democratic. Of course, the central truth which underlies the legislation of a government which is essentially Catholic, is, to state it simply, the doctrine of the Incarnation. The plan and office of the Incarnation in the divine economy for man in this world, and all that legitimately flows from this dogma in practice, as has

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been thoughtfully said, is the "one unique transcendental fact which is the well-spring of all true political ideas, the key which opens the book of history, and the clue which safely guides through the tangled skein of social life." Under the influence of this divine light, the aspect of man, under every relationship or condition of life, becomes modified or altered. His religious belief being placed on one side as foreign to the present issue, though not without influence upon his actions, his moral, his social and his political relations become greatly changed. Man, as the individual of a race, becomes something less than one of a class, whose interests have to be carefully protected, and something more than one of a mass, whose interests may be safely disregarded. Neither is the influence of the divine fact restricted to man as an individual. It rises from the individual to the class, or from the class to the mass of which he forms an unit; and from the class or the mass to the whole body politic. Hence, a government which aspires to act the part of a Catholic ruler, not only is not solely concerned with the individual, nor with the class or mass, nor with the greater number, nor even with the greatest number, but with the whole body of the governed. It is concerned with the common-weal of all. And in this aspect, a Catholic government would have an unusually fair field and good prospect of success, in such a country as Ireland. The reconciliation of the assertion of a Catholic government for Ireland, with its composite society, says the same accomplished writer who is as loyally and patriotically Irish as he is devoutly Catholic, and who was above quoted, "is not difficult, either in theory or practice. My own view of the future of Ireland is this: that once the Christian (that is, the Catholic) idea gets free scope, the superabounding faith and zeal of the nation will draw to it every element of good in the non-Catholic bodies, and will eject or kill anything which refuses (or is unworthy) to be assimilated. Heresy never had life in Ireland, when dissociated from force; and now that the force is about to be withdrawn, heresy will perish—not by violence, for that will not be needed—but, as it were, naturally. I do not think [adds the writer, in a private letter which contains these words] that human history ever before presented anything so intensely interesting as the solution of the political aspect of the great Irish problem."*

* It is a pleasure to be able to acknowledge indebtedness for many thoughts which have found expression, and for much that has been mentally developed, in the foregoing remarks on the Catholic government of Ireland, from the author above referred to, and who writes under the title of "An Irish Catholic Layman." His *Letters*, or an *Examination of the present state of Irish Affairs in relation to the Irish Church and the Holy See*, reprinted from the Dublin

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On one aspect of this topic, it may be permitted to venture to offer an opinion on the question of the probable treatment of a Protestant minority by the Catholic majority, in the future of Home Rule. This opinion is based upon personal observation and reflection, upon replies given to the writer by those who are in a position to form a just judgment, and upon the evidence supplied by contemporary history. It has been suggested, partly, perhaps, from a not unnatural fear of well-deserved reprisals, and partly from a consciousness of the inherent weakness of a false religion, that, when a Catholic government rules Ireland, the non-Catholic population will be subjected to persecution, direct or indirect, moral or material. I believe that no person who possesses a real acquaintance with Ireland or the Irish, would hesitate to give an unqualified contradiction to the idea underlying this suggestion. Such an anticipation can never happen—if only for this one, and somewhat mundane but sufficient reason—viz., that Protestant England, the stronger nation, which has held Ireland in bondage for centuries, would never allow a Catholic persecution of co-religionists. Subsidiary to this reason, much might be added, in the way of support to the opinion here expressed. But one good reason suffices, although much has happened at the present day to show that whilst the cruel spirit of Protestant bigotry has again and lately been exhibited—for instance, even unto blood, at Belfast in 1887—but little, if any, evidence of Catholic intolerance can be quoted, even under the influence of much provocation.

Such, then, being in outline the aspect of Home Rule which may be termed the Catholic aspect, it will be a fitting conclusion to these papers to witness these principles translated into the every-day language of ordinary life, by one who was a proficient

Nation in 1883–84, after having for some years been out of print, have been lately reprinted in a cheaper form, "revised and enlarged," in their "seventh thousand" issue. They form a most valuable commentary on the existing condition of Ireland, with the greater part of which the present writer is in entire harmony. In the event of any reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD being unacquainted with the thoughtful and eloquent letters of this Irish Catholic Layman, it may be permitted to earnestly commend them for perusal. Their subject-matter is thus described on the title-page of the new edition (1888), recently published by J. J. Lalor, North Earl Street, Dublin: "that the Home Rule, Land, and Education movements, with which the Irish people are identified, are in perfect conformity with natural justice and Catholic principles; and are in essence, a struggle between a Christian and a non-Christian civilization." His dedication, also, is worthy to be here placed on record; and he tersely testifies to the justness of the opinion formed independently and stated in these pages by the writer. It runs thus: "To the Irish people, at home and abroad, ardent professors, and true defenders of the faith; best examples of its power in guarding purity of morals; inspiring the spirit of sacrifice and enforcing inviolable fidelity to conscience; bearing before the world for three centuries the standard of the cross, and by it triumphing—the following letters, illustrating their principles and advocating their rights," are inscribed.

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in the subject of Ireland, of the Irish people, and of their national aspirations. The political doctrine together with the resulting practice was, not so much enforced, as taken for granted, in the masterly *Lectures on Faith and Fatherland*, which were some years ago delivered in the United States of America, by that grand "old monk," as he calls himself, of blessed memory, the Dominican Father Burke. Every nation, he says, in effect and at some length, in a passage which here from necessity is much abbreviated, every nation is made up of individual men and women. Whatever the individual is, that the nation is found to be in the aggregate. Whatever influences the individual is subject to, whatever forms the individual character, the same create the nation and the race. Amongst all the influences that have been brought to bear upon the individual man to form his character, the most powerful is that man's religion. Religion fills the mind with certain knowledge, fills the soul with certain principles, elevates a man to the acknowledgment of certain truths, imposes upon man certain duties and the most sacred of all obligations—that of eternal salvation. When this principle comes in, it forms the man's character, determines what manner of man he shall be, and gives a moral tone to his whole life. And so is it, says Father Burke, with nations. Amongst the influences which form a nation's character, which give to a people the stamp of their national and original individuality, the most potent of all is the nation's religion. Now, the father continues, there is not upon this earth a race whose national character has been so thoroughly moulded and formed by the Christian religion, as the Irish race. Intellectually, and even morally, all men are mostly born alike. The world first takes them in hand and turns out a certain class of man, equal to its own requirements, and tries to make him everything that it wants him to be. But, when the world has made a truth-telling, an honest, an industrious man, the world is satisfied. Then the church builds upon this foundation of nature the magnificent super-edifice of grace; and the Christian character is founded in man by the great theological virtues. Such a supernatural character, Father Burke believes, and rightly believes, to be the national character of the Irish race. As a nation, they have impressed upon them the features of faith, hope and charity. To use the words of the most eloquent and powerful preacher of the day whom it has been the lot of the writer to hear, the Irish are possessed of and are possessed by these three features of the Christian character. As an unit of his race, an Irishman has the power of realizing

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the unseen, of knowing it, of feeling it, of substantiating it to the soul and to the mind, until out of that substantiation of the invisible, comes the engrossing desire of man to make the invisible surround him in time, that he may enjoy it in eternity. In a word, the Irishman has faith. Next, the Irishman has hope; and in this gift he is confident. He may be tried with sickness, or sorrow, or sacrifice; but he rests with security and confidence in the divine promise, so long as he himself fulfils the conditions of such promise. He never despairs; for he knows that sooner or later he will triumph—perhaps in time, certainly in eternity. Lastly, as one of a nation, an Irishman has the virtue of love. On this wide topic, two sentences only from Father Burke can be quoted. Patrick (he says) sent the love of God and the Virgin Mother deep into the hearts of the Irish; and in the blood of the nation it has remained unto this day. But, more than this is true, the love of an Irishman, as one of his nation, for his neighbor, is shown in three pre-eminent ways—the fidelity of the Irish husband to his wife, of the Irish son to his father and mother, and of the Irish father to his children; and where is the nation, exclaims the orator, in which these three traits are more magnificently brought out? There is no need to quote the Dominican father on an Irishman's love for his country. It is written at large and at length on every page of Ireland's tragic, but hopeful story during the last seven centuries.* Whilst, if by a figure of speech, perhaps somewhat Hibernian in character, we may attribute to the Irishman of the past a form of charity which a poet and a confessor for the cause of Ireland has prophetically attributed to him in the present and future, we may add to the Irishman's characteristics as drawn by Father Burke, the love of enemies. This trait, which has been touched above, is thus feelingly and gracefully described by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the following lines, under the title of "Ireland's Vengeance, 1886":

> "This is thy day, thy day of all the years,
> Ireland! The night of anger and mute gloom,
> Where thou didst sit, has vanished with thy tears.
> Thou shalt no longer weep in thy lone home
> The dead they slew for thee, or nurse thy doom,
> Or fan the smoking flax of thy desire
> Their hatred could not quench. Thy hour is come;
> And these, if they would reap, must reap in fire.

* *Lectures on Faith and Fatherland.* No. XIII. "The Irish People in their relation to Catholicity." Glasgow and London: Cameron & Ferguson.

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> "What shall thy vengeance be? In that long night
> Thou hast essayed thy wrath in many ways,
> Slaughter and havoc and hell's deathless spite;
> They taught thee vengeance who thus cooled thy days,
> Taught all they knew—but not this one divine
> Vengeance, to love them. Be that vengeance thine!"

If this, indeed, be a true estimate of the character of a typical Irishman, and if this be even an approximation to the characteristics of the Irish nation, the great question of the future government of Ireland, by Irishmen, for Irishmen and on the soil of Ireland, so far as the nature of such government is concerned, almost answers itself. On this question the present writer is content to stand or fall with the judgment of one who was as true to the old country and had as deep a knowledge of his countrymen, as that great priest and holy monk, Thomas Burke. Putting aside the sophisms of politics, the pedantries of politicians, the excellent reasons and arguments of even well-disposed, but prejudiced and ignorant persons, the writer need only ask what was the opinion of Father Burke? After reading only the above extracts, as indicative of the temper of his mind on this topic, and still more, after reading the whole of the eloquent and truthful lecture from which these extracts were taken, on the Catholicity of the Irish people, it is impossible to believe that Father Burke could contemplate any other than a Catholic government in the future for the future government of Catholic Ireland. In this factor consists the element which, in the judgment of the writer, supplies to the average intelligent view of Irish autonomy its Catholic aspect.

Orby Shipley.

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"HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS."*

When our bookseller tried to procure this book for us, the publishers informed him that he must be a Baptist church-member in good standing and show a certificate to that effect from a Baptist minister, or it would not be sold to him, or even to the trade. Our curiosity was, we confess, considerably stimulated by this. This book, thought we, must be a veritable Baptist *Monita Secreta*. But it was only after two unsuccessful attempts that we did secure our copy; and now, after having carefully read it, we are at a loss to know why the great uncertificated public—yes, even Baptist church-goers who are not church-members, should be thus forbidden to read it. Perhaps it is but an extension of "Hard-shell" close-communion principles into the book-trade. How differently do we feel towards our Baptist brethren. Not only will we sell The Catholic World to all comers willing to pay for it, but we have a particular desire that individuals the most extremely anti-Catholic should buy it and read it and lend it to their neighbors, especially the number containing this article—certificate or no certificate of membership of any church whatsoever. Without further preamble, we proceed to our subject.

Does Dr. Armitage find difficult problems to solve in tracing his denomination back to Christ? No. Not he. He knows his subject too well. It is even remarkable that he always succeeds best where the obscurity is deepest. About matters concerning which even Milman scruples to speculate, in the study of which Döllinger weighs every atom of testimony, not to arbitrate upon which Newman reverently suspends judgment, Dr. Armitage is most positive. Lightfoot, Harnack, Hatch, and Fisher are still seeking for the light which he has found. Nothing is so clear to him as that the Apostles were inspired Baptists, that during their lifetime Baptist principles and practices were firmly established in all the churches, and that the Christianity they founded was genuine Baptist Christianity and nothing else. The "Apostolic Fathers," he tells us reverently, "were a group of old Baptists."

Now, we know that our Baptist brethren of to-day are con-

* *A History of the Baptists:* Traced by their Vital Principles and Practices from the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to the year 1886. By Thomas Armitage, D.D., LL.D. New York: Bryan Taylor & Co.

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gregational in their ecclesiastical polity, totally rejecting the authority of popes, bishops, and councils. And this suggests to us a difficulty; for one of the old apostolic Baptists, "Elder" Clement of Rome, after having been with Sts. Peter and Paul, filled the pulpit of the Roman (Baptist) Church acceptably; it seems to us that he behaved himself in a way very unbecoming a Baptist preacher, and very much like what his successor, "Elder" Leo XIII. would do under the same circumstances. During Clement's pastorate, the (Baptist) Church at Corinth not being able to quell a sedition that had arisen against two of its ministers (and the Baptist Conference of the region perhaps finding it difficult to give such advice as would be favorably received), the pastor at Rome took upon himself ("unsolicited," says Prof. Salmon) the correction of this grievous scandal. This good "elder," in a letter which has come down to us, says to the rebellious Corinthians: "If any disobey the words spoken by God through us, let them know that they will entangle themselves in transgression and be in no small danger; but we shall be clear from sin." *

Whatever the "Baptist" brethren at Corinth may have thought, when they were told by this distant brother that if they disobeyed the words spoken by God through the Roman Church (in whose name he wrote the epistle, as the form of it shows), they would be guilty of sin, it is certain that for a century at least this epistle was publicly read as a supplement to the Scriptures in their church assemblies. History also tells us that a few years later there was a Christian bishop at Antioch named Ignatius—a good Baptist pastor he must have been, according to Dr. Armitage—who became a martyr. Deputations having been sent to him from a number of the Oriental Churches he wrote and sent to them epistles.† In the one sent to the Trallians, he urges them "to be subject to the bishop as to the Lord; without the bishop to do nothing."

In the one addressed to the Ephesians, St. Ignatius writes: "Wherefore it becomes you to concur in the minds of your

* *Dictionary of Christian Biography.* By Dr. William Smith and Prof. Wace. Art., "Clemens Romanus." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† Although Dr. Armitage is *positively* certain that these epistles are forgeries, Bishop Lightfoot, whom Prof. Harnack considers the most learned and careful patristic scholar in his special department that the nineteenth century has produced, concludes from his investigations that no writings of the second century, and very few writings of antiquity, whether Christian or pagan, are so well authenticated as the Epistles of Ignatius. Lightfoot has spent nearly thirty years in studying this question, and has recently published a book of 1,800 pages on *The Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp.* (See the *Expositor* for December, 1885.) New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

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bishops, as ye also do. For your famous presbytery worthy of God is knit as closely to the bishop as the strings to the harp."* In his epistle to the Magnesians, he tells them "to do nothing without the bishop and presbyters." † This unity of the early "Baptists" and their reverence for authority is very striking. Further evidence of this unity and authority, I find, is not wanting. Polycarp, a disciple of the Apostle John and "elder" at Smyrna, wrote to the Philippians—and unfortunately, Mr. Armitage, the epistle has been preserved—that it is needful to abstain from all impurities, "being subject to the presbyters and deacons as unto God and Christ." ‡ History, unless the Baptists sort it out themselves in their own way, and supply an abundance of gratuitous assertion, is a dangerous study for them; for the primitive brethren with inspired teachers, as Mr. Armitage shows, did not hold their ground as firmly as the modern ones. Yet were not those the true ages of faith?

After the age of the Apostolic Fathers we find things no better, but rather worse for the Baptists. Irenæus, a disciple of Polycarp, teaches that "We ought not still to seek among others for truth which it is easy to receive from the church, seeing that the apostles most fully committed unto this church as unto a rich repository all whatsoever is of truth, that every one that willeth may draw out of it the drink of life. For this is the gate of life; but all others are thieves and robbers." § He speaks of the church which, though dispersed throughout the whole world, carefully guards the same faith, has one soul and the self-same heart, and teaches and delivers the truth as though having but one mouth. ‖ He, moreover, calls the "Roman Church the greatest, the most ancient, the most conspicuous, and founded and established by Sts. Peter and Paul," and declares that with this church, every church, that is the faithful from every side, must agree on account of its pre-eminent authority. ¶ Now, if Irenæus derived this teaching from Polycarp, and the Apostle John instructed Polycarp in like manner, and if Clement of Rome, having the traditions of other apostles, and they all agree, what is one to conclude about the origin of their teaching? Surely not that it was invented.

And the primitive Baptist teaching must have escaped Tertullian altogether; for he says: "Now, what the apostles preached, that is, what Christ revealed, must be proved in no other

* *Epist. ad Eph.*, c. iv. † *Epist. ad Mag.*, c. vii. ‡ *Epist. ad Phil.*, c. v.
§ *Adv. Hær.*, lib. iii. c. iv. ‖ See Irenæus, *Adv. Hær.*, lib. i. c. x.
¶ *Adv. Hær.*, lib. iii. c. iii.

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way than by the same churches which the apostles founded."* But Origen, we might suppose, was more fortunate than Tertullian. Origen's father, "like an honest and God-fearing Baptist, thoroughly instructed his son in the Holy Scriptures," says Dr. Armitage. Children, however, sometimes do not understand nor follow what they are taught. Such appears to have been the case from the Baptist standpoint with Origen, though he was the greatest scholar of his age and for a time very orthodox; for he declares "that alone is to be believed which in nothing differs from the ecclesiastical and apostolical traditions."†

Other authorities among the early Fathers might be cited; and they are so numerous and unanimous that it must be admitted that pastors and people in all parts of the world simultaneously, as it were, without knowing it—could it be by accident?—fell into the same universal error, as our author must contend. What a melancholy retrospect for the Baptist is the history of the church during the early centuries! Cardinal Newman vividly describes the effect which the study of this period had upon him while a Protestant. He says that if such a system as Protestantism "ever existed in early times it has been clean swept away as if by a deluge, suddenly, silently, and without memorial; by a deluge coming in a night, and utterly soaking, rotting, heaving up, and hurrying off every vestige of what it found in the church, before cock-crowing; so that 'when they rose in the morning' her true seed 'were all dead corpses'—nay, dead and buried—and without grave-stone. 'The waters went over them' [the Cardinal does not mean baptism by immersion]; 'there was not one of them left, they sunk like lead in the mighty waters.' Strange antitype, indeed, to the early fortunes of Israel!—then the enemy was drowned and 'Israel saw them dead upon the sea-shore.' But now, it would seem, water proceeded as a flood 'out of the serpent's mouth' and covered all the witnesses, so that not even their dead bodies 'lay in the streets of the great city.'"‡ Let us sympathize with Brother Armitage, for he writes a history of a sect of Christians who had no history, because no existence, during the first twelve centuries of the Christian Church.

We have seen thus far how "error" entered in, and later events will show how it possessed the Promised Land. Its hosts of enemies were one by one routed; it finally mastered every field—aye intrenched itself on every hill, and steadily

* *De Præscrip. Contr. Hær.*, c. xxi. † *De Princip.*, Præfatio.

‡ Introduction to the Essay on Development.

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unified and multiplied its forces. Universality, unity, and stability—the very attributes of divinity—became error's friends and allies; while truth, as Mr. Armitage knows it, if it appeared at all, could never for long command men's allegiance and constantly broke into discordant factions. Consider well, dear Mr. Armitage, that the Roman Empire, which seemed something like human power vested with omnipotence, waged a war of extermination against that united body of Christian pastors and people, whose doctrines and ordinances were anything but those of your church. That empire invariably—that church which the best non-Catholic writers identify with the present Roman church—first sought to strike off the heads of the Bishops of Rome and never ceased till it had slain thirty of them. Then it barely tolerated the church, gradually it conferred favors upon her, and finally, to save itself from destruction, became her supporter.* It was like a man worn out with vice and decrepit with age making shift to save himself by a deathbed repentance.†

Centuries elapsed; new races mingled with the old, and, like the mustard-tree, the church, which is the greatest unifier of mankind, majestically grew; bands of devoted missionaries were incessantly journeying to the most distant regions, and baptizing adults and infants, some by immersion and some otherwise, not one of them any way like a modern Baptist. We know the wonderful developments of religion and civilization, all of which would have been impossible without unity. Under Charlemagne the law of the Gospel became the guiding principle of political legislation throughout Europe. The independence of the church, which now became firmly established, secured to all subsequent Christian peoples a spiritual heritage which no emperor, king, prince, parliament, or popular vote could rob them of. Isaias of old had prophesied: "And the children of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister to thee. . . . And thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish. . . . The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir-tree and the box-tree and the pine-tree, together to beautify the place of my sanctuary" (Isa. lx. 11-13). Where, meantime, were "the prin-

* It is commonly estimated that, when Constantine became emperor, eleven millions of Christians had been put to death for their faith.

† A proper understanding of both church and empire in the first Christian era may be obtained by reading St. Augustine's *City of God*; also Mr. Allies' splendid work, *The Formation of Christendom*.]

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ciples and practices of the Baptists? Between the Apostolic Fathers, whom Mr. Armitage so preposterously calls that "group of old Baptists," and Charlemagne the Christian faith weathered the most terrible tempests it has ever encountered, and everywhere and continually we read of popes and bishops and sacraments, and many other Catholic doctrines, offices, and ordinances —never a sign of Baptistism.

And again, from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, the age when the church was civilizing modern Europe, Catholicity was the life of every good work, and the Baptists, if there were any, were surely asleep, for they are invisible and inaudible. Will they ever appear? Lo! in the twelfth century, among a sect calling themselves "Cathari" (the Pure), we find two congregations which bear some resemblance to Baptists; but how the Baptist's heart ought to be gladdened when Peter of Bruis, a Frenchman and a genuine Baptist, appears. By his zeal and eloquence many were brought to the truth, says our historian, for "the Lord wrought mightily by his hand." Filled with enthusiasm, his followers burned crucifixes and images, pulled down churches, sacked monasteries, and chastised many monks and priests. Once, on a Good Friday, a bonfire of crosses was made and meat cooked by it, and eaten by that happy crowd of primitive Baptists. At another time, when a pile of crosses was being burned under his supervision, an infuriated mob of Catholics wickedly put Peter the Baptist into those flames, and thus perished the first Baptist martyr of whom we have authentic record. A second Baptist preacher, named Henry, followed up the work of Peter of Bruis. On a certain day the clergy ventured to answer Henry, but his sympathizers flew with such fury at the priests that they had to run for their lives. The work went on for some time, causing worse devastation than a cyclone; but finally Henry was arrested and confined in a monastery, where after a short time he died. The frenzy of his followers soon subsided, and most of them were afterwards brought back to the church through the zealous labors of St. Bernard; some of the most violent, who were thought to be very wicked and dangerous, were charged upon and killed by soldiery, but, unlike the followers of Polycarp, Irenæus, and the thirty early Roman bishops, the Baptist disciples became fewer and fewer, and at length well-nigh disappeared altogether. After the Petrobrusians Arnold of Brescia appears, and Dr. Armitage holds him up as a Baptist apostle. Arnold incited a Roman insurrection which compelled the pope-king to flee for his life and caused

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Rome to be put under interdict. War ensued in consequence and after eleven years, a period full of distress and suffering, Arnold was defeated by the Emperor Barbarossa, and met death upon the scaffold. "His holy apostolate," says our author, "planted the seeds of that republicanism which controls the Italy, France, and Switzerland of to-day." These seeds, I am sure, must have been very deeply planted, for after the death of Arnold there was a strong reaction in favor of the church. In the beginning of the next century the spiritual and temporal power of the pope was at its zenith, nor in other respects does Arnold figure very creditably in history.

As there is no apostolic succession with the Baptists, their history, as we have seen, centres around a few individuals, often widely separated in time and ideas. The greatest among these, in our author's estimation, was Peter Waldo of Lyons, who late in the twelfth century received an inspiration to practice Christian perfection, and in particular the evangelical counsel of poverty. The church failed to appreciate the sublime spirituality of Waldo, says Dr. Armitage, because, though only a layman, he insisted upon preaching when forbidden by bishops to do so, saying that "the Lord had called him." He caused a translation of the Scriptures to be made for his use, and from it he learned that a pious layman, or even a woman, can administer the sacrament of penance and consecrate the Eucharist; that the Roman church is the harlot of the Apocalypse; that a soldier, even a crusader, is a homicide; that the use of religious images and pictures is idolatrous; that there is no purgatory; and it is probable that some of his followers held that baptism unless administered by the form of immersion is void, and that infants are incapable of receiving it at all. Waldo won favor with some by his contempt for wealth and by his religious enthusiasm, and formed new congregations or societies for the spread of his peculiar doctrines; but he and his followers were excommunicated. "God raised up this noble people in the deep gloom of the ages," says our author, "to shine as a light in the dark places of the earth—a white lily in Alpine snows to bloom amongst thorns, thistles, and weeds."

But here a puzzling difficulty should confront our author. If Waldo and his followers could revive "Baptist doctrines and practices," why could not the early church, supposing it to have been Baptist, have maintained them? It is easier to keep alive than to make alive. Brother Armitage and his brethren hold these doctrines up and transmit them safely. What

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ailed the apostolic Baptists that they failed to do so? And of the influence of the Waldensians we may judge from what Dr. Armitage himself says of their career: "From A. D. 1160–1500 their fortunes varied from the greatest prosperity to the depths of misery; alternating from an ardent zeal against the Romish Church to a cowering dread and wretched compromise on the part of many with the doctrines of Rome, very similar to the Old-Catholic movement of our times." When, however, he discusses the terrible persecutions which they suffered, his sympathy gets the better of his judgment; their bravery in fighting for their doctrines wins his admiration, and he laments that they did not "measure swords" with their adversaries earlier; but he forgets that their holy creed forbade war.

Wickliff and Huss played their parts to the great satisfaction of our Baptist friend.

And now the Reformation dawns upon his enraptured soul; its conflicting sects are the gorgeous colors painting the firmament with the glory of sunrise; its long and bloody wars are the white light of the risen sun. But his vision is only a dream. He is in reality only groping in dark night and chaos. He now gathers in the broken and scattered fragments of the sect wherever and whenever he can find them, and tries to patch up a continuity in its later history.

Since the Reformation the Baptists have indeed suffered numberless bitter persecutions from the best-intentioned of Protestants, chiefly, as every one knows, because the abolition of infant baptism has been considered by them an intolerable evil, which if it prevailed would soon repaganize Christendom; and because the practice of rebaptism has been often considered sacrilegious and at all times as disrespectful to other churches. It should also be remembered that various ordinances of other churches have generally been reviled, and most of their communicants stigmatized as unregenerate and unconverted, by Baptists. This book brings out these facts clearly. It reveals also how the hostile sectarian spirit to-day rules the heart and directs the hand of the Baptist to works of disunion. The English Baptists support a missionary society for the conversion of the Lutherans. "But the war of the sects is the peace of the church," therefore we think ourselves excused from further comments upon the history of the Baptists among Protestants. It is not our affair. What they can do against Catholics we know is not much. If they push us too hard, we can remind them of the golden opportunity which they imagine they let slip in the first

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century, ere episcopacy and unity had been conceived. Had the right moment for them been improved, how different Christendom would be to-day! Armitage's History would then have been filled with bright pages. Now, as things are, in order to trace "Baptist principles and practices" from the time of our Lord down to 1888, he finds it necessary to start with the Baptist interpretation of Scripture and to hold to it clean through, no matter how many facts, and how many saints and martyrs, history may bring to bear in favor of a different one. Where there are no records he theorizes boldly and arrives at indubitable conclusions; if contrary testimonies come in at too early a period, he discards them as spurious without a moment's investigation; if a bishop and martyr of the second century writes that he has learned a different doctrine from authentic tradition, he makes of him an innovator and liar; he indicts the noble company of the Fathers of the church as conspirators against truth; he infers that the persecutions of the second and third centuries were endured mainly by knaves; he charges the united episcopate assembled at the Council of Nice, nearly all of whose members had suffered for the faith, many of whom had been eye-witnesses of martyrdom, and some of whom had themselves been mutilated by torture, with having mocked God by pronouncing authoritative anathemas; he excuses on the plea of self-defence most acts of violence committed by schismatics and heretics; he extols as innocent and good nearly every one that was ever put to death for murderous attacks on holy church and war against the Christian state. This is what Dr. Armitage sets out to do in his *History of the Baptists.*

H. H. Wyman.

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IN THE REIGN OF DOMITIAN.

Tigerish Lust, that evermore would feed
On men's hearts, and the sullen lioness
Revenge, with License, that with hot caress
Licketh the wine-flushed cheek till it doth bleed;
Velvety Craft, wolf Hatred, slow-foot Greed—
All these a child, by innate holiness,
Shall one day lead.

A MIGHTY maelstrom of humanity
Ringed the arena, in whose vortex vast
A human life was that day to be cast,
Only to lift in Death's far, lonely sea,
Its poor, pale face as witness to the plea
Of man to man for mercy, which the Past
Heard ceaselessly.

The games were ended, the contestants gone;
Runners and wrestlers and the men who flung
The discus; and the very heavens had rung
With shouts of those who watched the chariots drawn
Beyond the goals, and saw the bare sand yawn
For its new prey—a Christian maiden, young,
And fair as dawn.

'Twould profit not her story here to tell—
How death seemed sweeter than apostasy—
It is enough to say accurst was she
In men's eyes; yet a breathless silence fell
Over the vast assemblage when the yell
Of a wild beast thrilled upward horribly
As from mid-hell.

They thrust her in, shutting the heavy door
Behind her; and the sudden blaze of light
Dazzled her eyes, but soon before her sight
Spread the wide sweep of faces, and the roar
Of the impatient tiger more and more
Weighed on her hearing, till a sharp affright
Pierced her heart's core.

Trembling, she sank in terror; every eye
Drawn unto her; and yet not every one,

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For, like a flower unfolding to the sun,
A sleeping child awoke, and to the sky
Looked from its mother's lap with face awry
And eyelids blinking; then, its slumber done,
Began to cry

Just as the brazen gates were opened wide
To the destroyer; so, to comfort it,
The mother caught it up and bade it sit
To watch the scene of horror from her side.
Out sprang the brute—his gold and ebon hide
A quivering splendor—and the child, no whit
Afraid, then cried

Loud with delight, clapping its tiny hands.
At sight of which the hearts of those about
Softened; and first a murmur, then a shout
Rose, till the tiger, stealing o'er the sands,
Paused and drew backward, like to one who stands
Upon a cliff, stunned by a cataract's rout,
In new-trod lands.

By the loud tumult roused from her despair,
The captive rose; and, lifting tearful eyes,
Prayed unto God. And whether Hope's surmise
Transfigured her, or whether the gold hair
Crowning her head and massed adown her bare
Bright shoulders, borrowing glory from the skies,
Made her most fair,

No chronicle hath told in any tongue.
Perchance the seraphs, on wide-flaming wing
Circling the Great White Throne, divinely sing
The history of that day; how old and young,
Touched by the innocent laughter that had rung
Across the stillness, cried out 'gainst the thing
As conscience-stung.

The swelling shout became articulate:
"The gods have spoken! Let the maiden live!"
And not unwillingly men rushed to give
Liberty to her; crying: "It is Fate!"
Nor knew Christ's love had conquered Satan's hate,
And driven him forth, a bitter fugitive,
From His estate.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

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MRS. SIMPKINS'S INSTINCTS.

"I ONLY asks one thing, Claudiner," said Mrs. Simpkins, settling herself in her chair preparatory to drinking her morning cup of tea—"don't say nothing no more to me *about* the climat'; I'm sick of it."

"*Si, señora,*" said Claudina, as she drew up a chair to the table, to take her coffee.

"Si! si! si!" Mrs. Simpkins echoed, accompanying each "si" with a jerk of her head. Then she made that motion one makes in trying to catch a fly, innocently supposed by some to be the sign of the cross.

Standing, Claudina made the sacred sign. Her head thrown back, her forehead touched by joined fingers, a broad sweep of the arms of the cross from shoulder to shoulder, crossed forefinger and thumb put to her lips, and the white hand fell slowly to her side. Claudina was as unconscious of her grace as is the lily on its slender stalk.

"Goodness gracious! what's that?" cried Mrs. Simpkins, as there was a rap at the back-door, and a voice in monotonous chant cried, "*Agua, agua dulce, dulce-e-e.*"

"Ignacio with water," Claudina answered timidly, and with a strong accent.

"*And* this is your cracked-up climat', where one has to buy a sup of water!" Mrs. Simpkins's disgust was sublime.

"But, *tia*, this has not before happened," ventured Claudina.

"Bosh!" Mrs. Simpkins gulped down a huge mouthful of tea, pushed back her cap-strings, and, folding her arms, leaned on the edge of the table, looking her niece straight in the face. "What time do you think them Valverdes 's coming here, Claudiner?" she asked.

"Before the twelve *oh* clock, maybe," answered Claudina, almost in a whisper.

"What's the matter, gel; are *you* scared for them?" asked Mrs. Simpkins ironically.

Scared was a new word to Claudina. She drew her shoulders together and, with a puzzled smile on her face, took refuge in, "*Quien sabe?*"

Passing over this expression, a hateful one to her, Mrs. Simpkins asked solemnly: "Do you care for that boy of their'n?"

Claudina became scarlet, but said not a word.

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"*For*, if you don't love him, there an't no more to be said about it," pursued Mrs. Simpkins.

Her niece was more than shocked at this remark. That a girl would give her heart before it had been formally asked was a frightful thing, Claudina's traditions taught her; she thought her aunt a wicked woman for suggesting it. And yet Claudina had given her heart: for that very reason, though she scarcely knew it, she wished to put her aunt in good humor.

What she said in answer to the straightforward remarks of her aunt was not much to the point, but perhaps the best that could be said under the circumstances. "It is best for us to get ready for the Señor and the Señora, maybe?" she faltered.

Mrs. Simpkins looked at the clock, past nine, rose from her chair as briskly as her weight of fat would let her, and commanded: "You help Roser clear up this clutter," pointing with a pudgy forefinger to the breakfast-table, "send Piller to see if there's any letters, and then you put on your duds—don't gape at me in that way"—Claudina cast down her eyes—"make your tokeydor, dress yourself. Understande?"

"*Si, si, tia mia*," answered Claudina quickly, and raised a pair of eyes so appealing that Mrs. Simpkins must have softened had she seen them. But she did not, for she had turned her back and was on her way to her bed-room. Not a hard-hearted woman, nor a bad-tempered one either, though her abrupt way of speaking led strangers to think so, Mrs. Simpkins was much troubled this morning.

Two years ago she had been left a widow comfortably well-off. She had sincerely mourned the death of her husband, though she did not allow her mourning to interfere with a certain shrewd care in the settlement of her husband's estate. As she said herself, barely had she got "shut" of the lawyers when she received a letter from her brother, Joe Rusk, out in New Mexico. "Poor Joe was never no great shakes, father," she said to her confidant, the priest of her parish in St. Louis, "and now after fifteen years he writes me a 'pistle"—had it been a note she would have called it a billy-doo, for she was "real refined"—"yes, father, a 'pistle, and he says he's dying, and he married a Mexican gel years and years ago, and he's a widower, and he wants me to do something for the little gel he's leaving behind him."

She had many talks with the priest about her plans, in the meantime sending money to her brother. "My instincts tells me he wants it," she said.

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Mrs. Simpkins thought herself asthmatic—"wheezy," she expressed it. "It is a good Lent you need, Mrs. Simpkins," the priest had told her on an occasion some years before. Though prone to seek dispensations, she had taken him at his word, and had been benefited accordingly. But there is only one Lent in a year, and as works of supererogation did not enter into the good lady's views, she again became wheezy. The morning she decided to go to New Mexico she was very wheezy. She had waddled in on the priest, busy with his school accounts, exclaiming, "Poor Joe's no more, father!" and then burst into tears.

The priest laid down his pen and said: "Control yourself, Mrs. Simpkins. You lived for many years without hearing from your brother."

Mrs. Simpkins considered a moment, dried her tears, and told how Joe had died in the hospital at Santa Fé, leaving his daughter a boarder in a convent school at Las Vegas. "He's worked at the mines and always saved enough to keep his gel with the sisters, and then he got sick; now what am I to do about his gel? She's seventeen or more, and I reckon she'll be a burden." So Mrs. Simpkins wound up her narration.

"You have no children now; she might replace Mary," said the priest gently.

"No one can't do that 'twixt this and the kingdom," returned Mrs. Simpkins gravely, a sudden fit of coughing seizing her. "Laws," she gasped, "this St. Louis is killing me! I'm that wheezy I can't scarce breathe."

The priest opened a window, returned to his seat, and thought for awhile. "Why don't you go out to New Mexico?" he asked. "The climate is said to be the finest in the world; the trip itself would do you good."

At first Mrs. Simpkins protested that she was too old to take journeys, but the upshot of it all was, she went out to Santa Fé, settling herself with her niece in a furnished house she had taken for six months, three months of which have gone by.

From the first she had been charmed by Claudina, so white, with hair and eyes so black! "My, but you're white! I thought you'd be half a nigger," was the greeting she gave her niece in the convent parlor.

Poor Claudina was much disturbed at leaving the gentle sisters, and not a little afraid of the fat old woman, her aunt. "You have nothing, Claudina, dear," the sisters told her, "and your aunt, who is rich, will take care of you. She is a Catholic, you know."

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"Yes, I know"; and, laughing through her tears, Claudina made Mrs. Simpkins's funny motion of catching a fly.

After a little, Claudina got to be very fond of her aunt, so very kind was that liberal soul to her; and they lived in happiness and harmony.

The harmony was broken by what to Mrs. Simpkins was the most unheard-of thing under the sun. One afternoon she and her niece were seated in the parlor. Claudina was listening to a lengthy discourse on the glories of her aunt's dwelling in St. Louis, when, without warning, Pilar—the boy of all-work—ushered into their presence two elderly gentlemen.

Claudina gave a hasty glance at them, then, curtseying as only one of Spanish breeding can, slipped out of the room.

Mrs. Simpkins stared aghast at the retreating form of her niece, and then turned an awe-stricken face on the strangers grinning and bowing before her.

The elder of the two began to express in Spanish his happiness at beholding the excellent aunt of the Señorita Rusk, Mrs. Simpkins interrupting him to say, confusedly: "If you speak English take a chair, and if you don't I'll call Claudiner."

Then the other of the two men said that he spoke English, and that he would be felicitated if permitted to act as interpreter. Then he introduced his companion as Don Ireneo Valverde, and himself as the don's poor friend, Jorge Boca. Don Ireneo, in behalf of his son Vincente, asked for the hand of the worthy-of-all-admiration señorita, the interpreter said, with much more to the same effect, the don bowing and smiling at every other word.

Almost bent double in her rocking-chair, Mrs. Simpkins peered over her spectacles at Don Ireneo, and, pointing a fat finger at him, asked his interpreter: "He wants his son to marry my niece; is that it?"

The don hoped for that most honorable felicity, she was answered.

"And what's to prevent the young man doing his own courting? Is he a zany?" Mrs. Simpkins asked witheringly.

The interpreter did not know "that zany," but if it was anything opprobrious, he supplicated to protest that Señor Vincente Valverde was one of the finest young men in all the world; he was beautiful, he was good, he was learned—"a diploma from the college"—and he was rich. And then the customs of the country, they were strange to the señora? The parents or

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guardians of the young man arranged all matters of betrothal with the parents or guardians of the young girl.

Mrs. Simpkins did not know what to do, so, in desperation, she said she would consult some one, and then she would see. They might, if so disposed, come again. In a week's time, the interpreter suggested. Mrs. Simpkins having reluctantly said yes, the two men bowed themselves out.

Scarcely had they gone, when Claudina stole back to the room.

"You know, gel, what them smiling and bowing idiots want?" asked her aunt accusingly.

Claudina bent her head and the blood flowed to her face. "*Quien sabe?*" she murmured.

Mrs. Simpkins wrung her hands. "Sakes, gel!" she cried, "talk American. Do you know that man, that Valverde, wants you to marry his son?"

"It may be," said Claudina.

"It is, I tell you," snapped Mrs. Simpkins. "Was his boy a beau of yours?"

"What is that beau, *tia?*" asked Claudina, wonderingly.

Her aunt gave a snort of contempt. "Did he ever ask you to be his wife?"

Claudina looked, and was horrified. "No! no! no!" she cried, and threw out her hands as if to repel so frightful a thought.

"Humph!" ejaculated her aunt. "Have you seen the young man often?"

"The Señor Vincente?" Would Claudina never stop blushing?

"Yes."

"I did see him three, four times."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said no-thing, *tia.*"

"Laws!" Words failed Mrs. Simpkins.

Claudina perceived that her aunt was offended, and hastened to propitiate her. "The last time I did see the señor was at the exhibition of the convent," she said. "The señora, his mother, was kind to me, very much. I to drop my fan and the señor pick him up, and I to say, *Gracias, señor*—" Claudina stopped abruptly.

"What 's that mean?" questioned Mrs. Simpkins.

"*Gracias, señor?* I thank you, sir."

"And what did he say then?"

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"No-thing at all, *tia*."

"He's a born fool, and you're another!"

"*Si, tia*," assented Claudina humbly.

Mrs. Simpkins really wished to do what was for the best. If her niece cared for the young man, and he was unobjectionable, a wedding would suit her in every way. Claudina would be provided with some one to protect her, and she was anxious to get back to St. Louis. After pondering the matter over, she decided on hunting up the priest to whom she made her confessions. It was her firm belief that a priest is to bear the burdens of his flock, and she lived consistently up to that belief. Her pastor was made to know to the most infinitesimal fraction her aches and pains, bodily and spiritual.

"I'm going to the cathedral," she announced. Claudina then helped her aunt to array herself for a walk, her heart throbbing a little as she thought of what a visit to the cathedral might mean in conjunction with the Valverde proposition.

Mrs. Simpkins pulled the rope of the bell hanging over the gate of the pastoral residence, and a young man, wiping a plate on a length of toweling, came towards her.

Mrs. Simpkins made a mighty effort. "Un Padre Ingles," she gasped.

"Bedad, ma'am, me no ablar Spanish!" said the young man. "I'll call Thaodoro."

"Consarn you, no you won't!" cried Mrs. Simpkins, fishing for the young man with her parasol. "Why didn't you say you spoke like a Christian?"

"Why did you try your potter on me?" retorted the young man. "It's Father Mark you want?"

"The priest as hears in English?" said Mrs. Simpkins interrogatively.

"That's the man. And who shall I say wants him?" asked the young man, slapping his legs with the length of toweling.

"Here's my cyard," responded Mrs. Simpkins bridling and producing a big piece of pasteboard. "Tell him it's the lady from St. Louis."

"And I'm thinking he'll wish you were there this same time: he's just in from a sick call, ten miles off," informed the young man.

"It's a case of necessity," said Mrs. Simpkins angrily.

The young man scratched his head with his forefinger and looked at Mrs. Simpkins thoughtfully. "If it is a berryin'," he said, "there's no use at all in seeing Father Mark; it's Father

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Francis you want. It's in departments like: Father Mark is after the sick from morning to night, and most times from night till morning, and Father Francis—he's old and battered up—he does the berryin's, and very sensible it is, for he can be considerin' his latter end—"

"Are you going to give my cyard to Father Mark?" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins.

The young man rubbed his nose reflectively, and said: "It's a fine case of small-pox he's in from, and he do use carbolic acid for the contagion—"

"I've had small-pox, and been where there's yellow-fever. I'll ring that bell *again* if you don't take my cyard to Father Mark this instant." Mrs. Simpkins was in a passion, no doubt of it.

"It's in quarantine you ought to be in Castle Garden this minute," returned the young man. "And what'll I say you want of him?"

"You impertinent!" Mrs. Simpkins was saying, when a tired-looking man came out of the house towards her. If ever a man earned the right to look tired, Father Mark had earned it.

Then the young man took his revenge for the disturbance of Father Mark. Handing the priest Mrs. Simpkins's card, he said: "It's an old woman with yellow-fever, father, and she says she's over the small-pox—"

"Mike!" interrupted the priest sternly.

"It's true for me; ask her, father."

"Go about your business, sir!" Not at all disconcerted, Mike walked into the house.

Mrs. Simpkins was too much in a rage to speak. Tears of bitterness were in her eyes. They were in a paved court-yard, with high-backed benches here and there against the house wall. Motioning to one of these benches, Father Mark saw the tears in Mrs. Simpkins's eyes. Consulting the card, he said, throwing as much sympathy into his voice as he could gather from a heart on which there was a constant drain: "Not a death, I hope, Mrs. Simpkins?"

Mike was now forgotten, only her distress for Claudina remembered, and she poured forth what was uppermost in her mind. "Who ever heard of such a way of courting, father, as they've got out here! The old folks doing the courting for the young ones! Why my John was as modest as modest, and *he* wasn't afraid to say: 'Molly, won't you have me?' and I wasn't the worse for the asking"—here Mrs. Simpkins broke down altogether, too much choked to proceed.

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Father Mark took advantage to beg to be told what he could do for her; he was pressed for time.

Mrs. Simpkins told her story in an astonishingly straightforward manner, for whenever she got off the track the priest, by a well-chosen word, put her on again. When she had finished he said: "I really see no cause for your worry. Vincente Valverde is well known to me, he is of a respectable family, rich for the country, and, above all, he is a *good* young man. You can want nothing more. In case your niece is opposed to him all you have to do is to tell Señor Valverde when he comes again: 'Señor, I do not wish my niece to marry your son.'"

"There it is, father; I don't know if Claudina likes him or not, and there an't no use under the sun in asking her; she only gets red as a beet. Why don't *he* come and ask her? They're paganish customs, say what you will."

"Their customs are good for them, as I hope ours are for us," said the priest. "You say your niece blushes when you mention Valverde to her?"

"Red paint an't nothing to her."

"You are a woman—"

"Laws, father!"

"And you cannot understand her blushes?"

Down in the depths of Mrs. Simpkins's heart, wedged somewhere in her corpulence, was a finely sensitive streak one would not have expected to find.

"This is what I fear, father," she said. "The gel is beholden to me for what she has, and suppose she just takes this Valverde to make a riddance of herself—thinks she's a load for me, who am too glad to do what I can for her, for she's a good gel, if ever there was one."

The priest became very grave on hearing this speech. "I did not know your niece was dependent on you," he said. Then he advised Mrs. Simpkins to tell Claudina that she was to marry or not as she pleased, and to make her understand her welcome in her aunt's house.

"Now I've kept you long enough, father," said Mrs. Simpkins, getting to her feet. "You've comforted me some, and I do hope things will come right. But I an't troubled for nothing, father; I have my instincts."

She had her notions, Father Mark thought, as he bade her good-by, and told her to let him know how things went on.

Mrs. Simpkins followed Father Mark's advice. Perhaps, when she spoke of how welcome Claudina was to her home, like

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the puppet queen in "Hamlet," she protested too much; for all the girl said was that her aunt stood in place of father and mother to her, and it was for her aunt to say what she should do.

"She's a deal the most manageable and disposable gel I've ever come across," thought Mrs. Simpkins; "though I an't sure but what it's best for them to be a bit the other way; then, at least, you know what they want. This way, it's like looking for something on the mantel-piece in the dark; you may get what you want, and again you may crack your head against the edge."

The day and hour having come for the Valverdes to keep their appointment, Mrs. Simpkins sat in state in the little parlor, attended by Claudina, who was there because her aunt had insisted on her being present. "I'll see how she and the señorer gets along; maybe she'll let the cat out of the bag," Mrs. Simpkins slyly thought.

No cat was let out of the bag, at least none perceived by Mrs. Simpkins's vision.

The Señor and Señora Valverde were accompanied by the interpreter, who seemed to like his office. The señora, a lovable little old lady, embraced Claudina with much affection, Claudina appearing to return it in full.

The interview was but a repetition of the one before, and no better conclusion was arrived at. Mrs. Simpkins had promised Claudina not to have the matter referred to her. She unblushingly broke her word. "Well, Claudiner, what do you say?" she asked. Claudina was not to be enticed into committing herself. "You will suit the matter in the best way, *tia*," she answered.

Then Mrs. Simpkins said, and red paint was nothing to *her* face as she said it: "If it's left to me, my instincts says, let things be as they are a while longer."

With the permission of Señor Valverde, the interpreter assented, after which the little party took their departure. But the señor was very stiff and cold in his leave-taking, and the little old lady had a disappointed look as she touched Claudina's face in farewell.

Mrs. Simpkins was not at all slow in showing the displeasure she now felt, warmly rating Claudina for what she called her mulishness. But Claudina bore her scolding so patiently that, when at last she shed tears and bewilderedly told her aunt she did not see how she was "like the mule," she was only too willing to do as her aunt wished, Mrs. Simpkins gave up her anger,

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though what she called her instincts told her it was not all unjust.

"No," she mused, "she an't mulish; there's more of the ox in her." Of course there was no thought of the ox-eyed Hera in Mrs. Simpkins's mind when she made this comparison. Had she known the Bard of Ilium she would have seen there was a parity.

However pleasant the old woman had found it to have those soft eyes gazing on her as she babbled stale gossip of her girlish days—days that seemed so far off to Claudina—now that gaze troubled her; her instincts seemed to tell her there was unhappiness in her niece's looks.

She had no one to advise her. She had been told, and believed it, that because of the wonderful climate there were but four ways of getting out of New Mexico. Hanging, shooting, blowing-up, and old age. And now the old people seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to die off, and the miners to be blown up, all for the purpose of keeping Mrs. Simpkins from seeing Father Mark. On an occasion she had caught the priest she attacked him about Claudina. Father Mark only told her to let things take their course, not to allow her notions to trouble her. Poor Mrs. Simpkins was ready to sob outright. She was so honest in wishing to do only what was apt to make her niece happy. And to be told by one all looked up to as a saint, that she had notions! The last thing in the world she was likely to have, she thought.

Walking down the shady side of the plaza, not stopping once to look at the display of dry-goods in the shops of the Jews, she tried to make up her mind to bother herself no longer about the Valverdes. "I wash my hands of 'em," she said to herself, knowing full well that she did nothing of the kind. However, she stopped at the druggist's, opposite the old palace of the governor, to drink to her resolution in a glass of soda-water.

Waddling down Palace Street, she saw a saddle-horse tethered to a post before her dwelling. She paused in her walk to consider. "If it's them Valverdes, I won't see them," she decided. "Let Claudina do her own talking; my hands are washed of it. I'll go in the back way and slip up to my room unknown." Mrs. Simpkins's plural substantive signified one; she did not suppose the whole of the Valverde family had come to her on the back of a saddle-horse, as is said to be the custom of Croatian families.

So full was she of her desire to get to her room "unknown"

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that she threaded on tiptoe the way that led to the back entrance of her dwelling, rousing the indolent curiosity of two siesta-loving smokers. One removed his *cigarito* from between his lips to say: "A mad American." "Yes, Tadéo," the other assented, contentedly rolling some tobacco in a corn-shuck, and soliciting a light from his *compadre*, which was courteously granted. Neither of these two men had ever seen the inside of a public school, and yet Louis XIV. in all his glory was not more courteous than they. It is a consolation to know that this sort of thing will die out before our superior civilization.

Pilar was in an out-house sorting potatoes, Rosa had gone to buy groceries, so the road was clear for Mrs. Simpkins, if the parlor door which had to be passed was shut. The door was ajar, and as she was about to pass on she heard Claudina laugh, as a voice, that of a strong man, said something in Spanish. It was not the señor's voice nor the interpreter's. The curiosity of Mrs. Simpkins led her to stoop to a mean action, the consequences of which, as she said afterwards, gave her a purgatory in this life. She peeped and listened at the door.

What she saw was a young man with yellow hair and moustache and blue eyes. His sombrero of gray felt with crimson cord and tassel lay on the floor beside him. He wore a blue flannel shirt, and the legs of his black trowsers were stuck in a pair of smart boots. What she heard was a closed book to her till Claudina addressed the young man as Señor Vincent. Then it was clear to her. She despised her instincts for having misled her. It was plain as a church-steeple, she thought to herself, that Claudina cared for this young man who had at last found courage to present himself to her. "He has no style about him, but he's a taking face." Then in high good-humor, for was not the Valverde trouble as good as settled, she got herself up stairs and no one knew of her return home.

In her bed-room, which was over the parlor, she could hear her niece and the young man cheerfully chatting. It may be objected that so heavy a woman as Mrs. Simpkins, moving about to change her out-door dress for a comfortable wrapper, must have made herself heard to the pair underneath. She was heavy. So is an elephant. What more noiseless?

Scarcely was her cap on when she heard the front door open, and, peeping through the blinds, she saw the young man mount his horse and ride away, turning to throw a kiss to Claudina, who stood blushing in the doorway. Mrs. Simpkins did not approve of the thrown kiss. "He had ought to treat her respect-

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ful," she thought; "and Claudiner's that innocent she won't know no better."

When Claudina turned to enter the house she came up against her aunt standing in the passage-way. Her blushing face turned white, then red again.

Mrs. Simpkins felt provoked at all the useless trouble Claudina had given her by not "speaking out," and she concluded to punish her niece a little. "What did that man want, Claudina?" she asked sternly. "What's frighted you?"

"I did not think in the house to find you, *tia*," faltered Claudina.

"Well, you did find me," retorted her aunt, mockingly. "Did that man want to marry you?"

Claudina's big eyes looked at her aunt, and she gravely nodded her head.

"You're not going to marry no one—there!" Mrs. Simpkins turned away her face to hide the smile that would come over it.

"It is well," returned Claudina, sighing gently.

It was more than Mrs. Simpkins could bear. She caught Claudina's little hands in a hearty grasp, crying, "There, there! don't take on; it's only my fun. Now I've seen that Valverde, I'm satisfied." Then she kissed her niece, who appeared not a little mystified.

"Now, honest, Claudiner," pleaded Mrs. Simpkins, "don't you care for him?"

But Claudina only shook her head and ran away to her room, where, after a little, her aunt heard her singing. "Thank the Lord," ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins, piously, "that wood's got through."

Several days went by, and no one coming from the Valverde's, Mrs. Simpkins became a little disturbed in her mind. "It looks like backing out, or it's their customs; consarn their customs!" she mused. She was inclined to the latter belief by the fact that Claudina was as happy as the day is long. "She an't mistrustful," she reflected, slowly scratching the back of her hand.

Two weeks went by. Then Mrs. Simpkins asked, "Claudiner, why don't he come or write?"

"He will come the next week, *Lunes*, Monday. He told to me so," answered Claudina.

Surely the patience of Mrs. Simpkins was tried. Claudina showed no confidence in her, and she was too proud in her way to ask for what she felt was hers by right. She felt that her

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niece was "close." This closeness was in truth the girl's timidity. Had her aunt given her a word of encouragement, now that she was as good as betrothed, she would have gladly poured forth her confidence. As it was, she feared to speak.

Monday came, but no one with it. Mrs. Simpkins looked for signs of distress. There were none.

Two more weeks passed, then Claudina broke down. It was at the breakfast-table one Tuesday. Claudina looked furtively at her aunt, cast down her eyes, and said, "*Tia?*"

"What is it, Claudiner?" asked her aunt, gently. Perhaps her instincts told her what was coming.

"He comes not to us, *tia*," said Claudina.

"He don't," returned Mrs. Simpkins.

"Maybe he is—dead," said Claudina, how falteringly!

"That strong fellow? Bosh!" Mrs. Simpkins meant this to be consolatory.

Claudina searched for a word which was not to be found. In desperation she shot the palm of one hand across the other so as to bring up both palms erect above her head, struck them together, making a noise somewhat like the report of a pistol.

"Oh! blowed up," ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins.

"*Si*, blowed up," assented Claudina, undoubtingly accepting her aunt's English.

"He will be before this day's over," said Mrs. Simpkins grimly, as she looked at her niece's troubled face.

Without another word she went to her room and arrayed herself with unusual care for a walk. "Now, Claudiner," she said as she was leaving the house, "you an't been open with me, and I don't see as I should be either; anyhow, you quit fretting. I'm going to set things to rights." She kissed her niece, leaving Claudina, much heartened, to pray for her success.

Going straight to a livery stable, Mrs. Simpkins hired a buggy, and directed the driver to take her to Señor Valverde's.

"I never did see such a house as the Valverdes live in," she stated to Father Mark on an occasion after her visit. "It has a great big gate, which lets onto a square garden with the house on all sides of it painted yaller. A boy let me in the gate and I asked him for the señorer, for I wanted to see the old lady about her son's carryings on. The fellow looked astonished, I'm sure I don't know why, and I was considering what to do when out walks the señorer herself and invites me into the parlor. I began right off to ask her what her son meant by blowing hot and cold. She *is* a quiet old woman, and sat smiling and nodding

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her head, and then she jumps up and says 'Spirity,' or some such word, and goes out of the room.

"After a bit she came back with the señor, both polite as polite to me. I told them both the state Claudiner was in, they smiling and nodding; and every time I stopped talking, she'd say something in Spanish to the señor, and he'd answer back, and then they'd look at me and smile. I'd been so excited I'd forgot they didn't understand a word of all I was saying, and now it came on me, and I *was* in a stew what to do next, when lo and behold the little man as translates English into Spanish and back again walks in, and straight they began to talk to him.

"'The señor wishes me to say he's felicitated to see you in his house and the house is entirely yours,' and a lot of such stuff the little man translates to me. It's their way of being polite; it don't mean a thing, it's consarned nonsense.

"'Tell the señor I'm much obliged to him,' I says, and the little man did. And then the señor and the señorer got up and cutsied and bowed, and I did the same, and then we all sat down again. Then I told what had brought me there, the same as I told the señor, but he didn't understand how odd it looked, their asking for my niece and then backing out as it were, and was the Señor Vincente sick that he hadn't been up again to see my niece?

"It beats all how that little man *did* talk! He said it was me as refused my niece; hadn't I said, let things be as they are? He denied flat that young Valverde had been to see Claudiner. It was impossible, he said.

"As cam as you please, I up and said: 'Mister, will you tell the señor he is a fraud, and his son an't as good?'

"The little man said he could not do anything so insulting, but he would call Vincente, and he would satisfy me.

"I could have crowed. Now I have him, thinks I, and says cool: 'Yes, please, call him,' and he goes to the door and did so. I never heard such a cracked voice in my life.

"In tripped a slim fellow, right handsome, in a black velvet jacket with white pearl buttons, nice, black, curly hair, and a little, black moustache, the very contrary of the man I saw talking to Claudiner. Cyclones an't nothing to the swimming about of that room for the next minute.

"'This is Señor Valverde's son,' said the little man. And Vincente, he says, in as good English as any, that he is glad to see me, the little man meanwhile telling him my name, and how I supposed Vincente had been visiting Claudiner.

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"'The señorita is sacred,' says Vincente. 'I wouldn't intrude —the señora disapproves of me.' He spoke confused like.

"I knew just as well as I knows it now that Claudiner and I had been at contraries. I wished I was home, and felt that put out with Claudiner for misleading me that I could have done most anything to her. I put the best face on it I could, and said: 'I've made a mistake; it wasn't Mr. Valverde came to see Claudiner; she is engaged to some one else.'

"Then Vincente puts his hand on his heart, looks solemn and bows, the little man and the old señor nodding their heads and looking interested.

"Never in all my born days did I feel so foolish as I felt then. I just got up in a hurry, and I said my good-bys without any ceremonies."

Claudina, watching from an upper window, saw a buggy coming up Palace Street, her quick eyes recognizing her aunt seated beside the driver. She hurried down stairs to open the front door, greeting her aunt with a timid smile. No smile did Mrs. Simpkins give in return, nor any word of kindness. She paid the driver his charges, and Claudina knew that her aunt was much disturbed when she paid away money without grumbling over the exorbitant prices asked in the Territory.

"Now, Claudiner," said Mrs. Simpkins, when they were fairly in the house and the door closed, "come right in here!"

She pulled her niece into the parlor, forcibly sat her on a chair, putting herself, as erect as she could, on another.

"Claudiner," she accused angrily, "you're sly and full of deceit. I an't praising myself, but I *have* tried to do my duty to you, and you've never showed no trust in me; and when one word from you would have made me know better than to go to them Valverdes and make a jack of myself!"

Poor Claudina felt herself most unjustly dealt with. She had thought her aunt wished her to marry Vincente Valverde. No one else had asked her heart and hand, and had not she been willing to do her aunt's bidding, knowing in her heart of hearts that she had no love to give Vincente, though she would not acknowledge to herself that it had been given long before. Then the Valverdes had been sent away and *he* came. Had not her aunt let her suppose that she knew all about him, and approved? She had been silent, but as her aunt had not broached the subject of *him*, was it for her to do so. All these things went rapidly through Claudina's brain as she waited patiently for Mrs. Simpkins to continue her objurgation.

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"Now, gel," asked Mrs. Simpkins, "what did you mean by telling me that man with a yaller moustache was Valverde?

Claudina's eyes rounded. "I said not that thing," she protested amazedly.

"I could box your ears, so I could!" exclaimed the exasperated woman. "You did say so, and said so on purpose to deceive me. Now, who is that fellow as was here last month?

"You said he was known to you, *tia*," faltered Claudina.

"I said no such a thing!" cried Mrs. Simpkins. "Who is he? Where's he from? You just tell me and quit your foolishness."

"Pardon, *tia*, pardon me; I am sad," sobbed Claudina. "You no news did get of him?"

"No, and I an't going to get none; that's settled! Now you tell me all about him, every word of it," Mrs. Simpkins commanded. She was cruel, and very unhappy in being so. But, she asked herself, was ever woman so tried by a contrary girl as she was tried by Claudina?

Not sad only was Claudina. She felt she had done wrong. All her traditions cried out against her having so readily given her heart away. And now, in punishment for her sins, the owner of her heart held it lightly, or he was dead. In her misery Claudina did not know which she would prefer to be the case. "I am bad, *tia*, so bad," she moaned.

"You're driving me into a crazy-house, that's what you are! Can't you tell me who that man was as was here last month?" entreated her aunt.

"With my father he was in the mines, and in the convent he did come with my father. My father, *tia*, did say it would be well if he desire me for wife. This make to me my father when he was sick to die: '*Pobrecita*, he will, maybe, look to you,' my father did say. I know not how that look to you—"

"He, him! he, him!" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins. "What's his name?"

"Vincent Allen—"

"Is he American?"

"*Si, tia*," answered Claudina.

Her aunt's anger was cooled, and now she had been commanded to do so, she willingly told the little all there was to tell of her courtship. Vincent Allen had been a miner—she emphasized the "had been"; *her* instincts told her Mrs. Simpkins looked not with favor on miners. Unlike her father, he had struck gold and had become a rich man. Her father thought Allen a fickle

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man, and at times would say: "Allen is one of your off-and-on fellows. He wants you, Dina, but can't make up his mind to settle down. If ever he asks you, and you are willing, you might go farther and fare worse." "I was willing, *tia*," said Claudina, so purely and innocently that her aunt felt her heart very soft indeed.

Joe Rusk died, and Mrs. Simpkins came to take charge of his daughter, and Allen seemed to have forgotten Claudina. She did not complain of this, and in the telling of her story her aunt perceived in how low degree she held herself. Then came the Valverde proposition, and Claudina, believing herself a burden, was ready to marry Vincente. How Mrs. Simpkins triumphed in the veracity of her instincts when she heard this! At last Vincent Allen had come to tell Claudina she "might as well be his wife." Claudina looked on this speech as one of the many odd ways the Americans had of saying things. He was on his way to the mines to wind up his affairs, and that done he would see Mrs. Simpkins, or, if detained, he would write Claudina. "*Tia*, he does not write, he does not come," was the end of her story.

Mrs. Simpkins sat with puckered lips, thinking deeply, Claudina watching her with timid entreaty in her eyes. At last she asked, "Would he send his letters in my care, or how?"

"He would put the address rightly—Mees Claudina Rusk, Santa Fé," answered Claudina.

"Thanks be to goodness, I an't took off my duds!" ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins, precipitately getting up from her chair and making for the front door. Claudina started after her, asking where she was going. Her aunt waved her back, and, speaking very gravely, told her to remain quietly in the parlor; she would soon return.

Mrs. Simpkins gave all the credit of her present journey to her instincts. She felt sure a letter had been written to Claudina. Pilar had received no instructions to ask for Miss Rusk's mail, so, if there was a letter, it still lay in the Santa Fé post-office. Not willing to trust Pilar, she was now on her way to get it. Nothing better could show the tenderness of her heart than this visit to the post-office. She was tired from her ride, and more than once she felt her fat legs giving way as she trudged along under the noonday sun.

"Rusk, Rusk—yes, one," said the postmaster in answer to Mrs. Simpkins's question, Were there any letters in the post-office for Miss Claudina Rusk?

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She stretched out her hand to take the letter. Not parting with it, the postmaster asked: "Are you Miss Rusk?"

"Do I look like an old maid?" Of course he could not take her to be a young one.

Too dignified to notice this question, the postmaster said: "My instructions are to hand letters to no one without an order."

It is possible the postmaster would have had Mrs. Simpkins's views concerning the postal service had she not caught sight of a friend passing down the street. Shouting at the top of her voice, "Father Mark! Father Mark!" she waddled to the door. The difficulty about Claudina's letter was poured into his ear, Mrs. Simpkins viewing the now smiling postmaster with disdainful eyes. "Oh! I suppose it's all right," said the postmaster, and a moment after Mrs. Simpkins was clutching Claudina's letter. There was a bench against the wall upon which she sank exhausted, gasping: "O father! I'm in such a quand'ry; the very spirit's scrunched out of me!"

She did look distressed; there was no mistaking the troubled look of her face.

"The Valverdes still?" questioned the priest kindly.

Noontide is a dull time in Santa Fé. The postmaster was locking up his tiny office to go to dinner, the post-office was deserted, save for Mrs. Simpkins and Father Mark. Outside, in the street, a *burro* stood patiently, whilst its master sat on the sidewalk, his back against a wall, alternately smoking his *cigarito* and dozing, a suspicion of *aguardiente* in his manner of performing these works, quiescent and active.

Seeing that they were free from listeners, Mrs. Simpkins hastened to unburden herself. Telling how she and Claudina had been at cross-purposes, of her visit to the Valverdes, of Vincent Allen, and of how he had promised to return or write. "I'm not sure yet he's written; this may be from some one else," she ended by saying, ruefully eyeing the letter she held.

"I have no wish to alarm you," said Father Mark, looking very grave, "but I wish your niece cared for Vincente Valverde, not one of our countrymen"

Mrs. Simpkins was puzzled. "And why not, father?" she asked; "a American is as good, and better, than another."

"Not the generality of Americans at the mines and hanging about the new towns. There are exceptions, but the major portion are—well, not to put too fine a point on it—are blackguards."

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"Laws, father, that's a awful word!" exclaimed the troubled woman.

Passing over Mrs. Simpkins's exclamation with a smile, Father Mark said, "Now, Mrs. Simpkins, you ask for my advice; here it is: if this Allen has not written, or does not turn up before long, try to put him out of your niece's thoughts. Take her for a trip to St. Louis; you say you wish to return home."

"That I do," assented Mrs. Simpkins. "But, father, do you think it so bad?"

"I don't know what to think," returned the priest. "Allen may be a good fellow, but experience has shown me in how little esteem the Mexicans are held by the men who come out here and fatten on the people. Look at that poor wretch over there," pointing to the burro's master, now fast asleep. "What did his father know of whiskey? I speak to the people of the evils of intemperance, and am reminded that my people brought those evils here."

Mrs. Simpkins had a tongue to speak and ears to hear. The former did its work, the latter were rusty. As soon as Father Mark paused, she got up from the bench, and drawing a long breath, said: "Well, father, I'll take the letter to Claudina now; do say a prayer for her."

Then Father Mark went to his poor, and Mrs. Simpkins waddled home.

"I've got a letter for you, Claudina," she announced when she had entered the little parlor with her niece.

"*Si, tia?*" interrogated Claudina, pale from excitement.

Leaning against the marble-topped centre-table, she hurriedly opened it and read slowly and laboriously.

It was in a man's hand, and as she read she became pallid.

The letter read, it slipped from her hand, fluttered about a moment in the soft wind blowing through the open window, then fell a white patch on the flaring red of the carpet.

Her aunt sat staring at her, awed by the woe on Claudina's face.

"It is from him," said Claudina. Her voice was clear but faint.

Mrs. Simpkins needed no instincts to tell her that he had behaved ill. Tears were streaming down her fat cheeks as she asked: "What is it he says, Claudiner, dear?"

"It is in the English, *tia*," and, stooping, she picked up the letter, handing it to her aunt. She then secretly wiped with her handkerchief the hand that had touched it.

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It was the letter of a gross and heartless man. Ill concealed was the contempt the writer had for Mexicans and their religion—an ignorant contempt, unhappily too common. He said it was best that Claudina should forget him; he didn't suppose she cared very much, anyhow. As for himself, he could not think of settling down yet.

"I don't know as this letter is necessary," he wrote; "lots of fellows wouldn't bother to write under the circumstances." And that was all.

When Mrs. Simpkins had finished reading the letter she too was white, trembling as well.

"The blackguard!" she said.

"*Câllese, tia,*" said Claudina, gently. "We will speak of him never again. Some days will pass, and I will be glad."

They never did speak of him again, and, understanding from what she had been saved, Claudina was glad—after a time.

HAROLD DIJON.

IS THERE "NO REASON FOR A COMPROMISE"?

IN the *Christian Union* of May 24 we saw an article headed "No Reason for a Compromise." In this the writer holds that American laymen, and especially parents belonging to the Catholic Church, are content with the public schools as now carried on without any provision being made for Catholic religious instruction, and he considers that this is proved, first, by the statement that very many of them continue to send their children by preference to these secularized schools even when there is a parochial school in the neighborhood; secondly, by the allegation that even those Catholics who do patronize the parochial schools do so, not because they believe in them or want a religious system of education, but because they are *commanded* by the Catholic hierarchy to train their children in this manner. The writer admits that if the Catholic parents who are American citizens did really object to the present management of the state schools for which they are taxed, that notice should be taken of their complaints and, even though they were in the minority, an effort should be made by the majority to content them as far as possible; but that if, as he believes, there is only question of

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pleasing a foreign potentate and a foreign hierarchy—who, as he says, do not *represent* these citizens, but command them as claiming authority over them which is not derived from them but from God—no heed at all need be given them, unless indeed whatever opposition is necessary to defeat their (so-called) desire to destroy "the glorious system of education without religion, the bulwark of our liberties," etc., etc.

Now, to begin with the last-mentioned accusation, neither the Catholic people nor the hierarchy have aught to say against education, nor even against education by the state; the fault they find is that there is not enough of it. The state educates indeed, but only the head of the child, leaving out the heart; it gives a good secular training, but omits the religious—which, indeed, it is incompetent to take charge of—consequently Catholics hold that the state ought to permit the church or the churches or any other competent organizations to come in and help her to educate, so that the child will grow up a Christian—or a religiously trained being of some sort—and thus become a citizen fit to help carry on a free republic. Catholics hold that this is essentially a Christian country and was founded by Christians. They want to save the country from the destruction which will certainly be the result of secularism.

The Catholic Church in the past proved her love of education by preserving it in the middle ages; and at this moment there is no body of citizens in the land which is making such sacrifices for it. It is, therefore, a question of *how* education should be given; that is the question. Many Protestants, like the late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, are equally dissatisfied with the *how;* and he went so far as to say that "all of us who really believe in God should give thanks to him that he has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation and which have been so madly perverted" (*New Princeton Review* of January, 1887).

All that about Catholics not being *represented* by their hierarchy as Protestants are by their ministers, is really a distinction without a difference. It is true that the Catholic hierarchy claims a right and a mission to teach and even to command—"Go and teach all nations," etc. (Matt. xxviii. 19); "He that hears you hears me" (Luke x. 16), etc.—since it asserts itself to be *the* visible Church of Christ, while Protestants do not claim any such prerogative. Nevertheless, *practically*, it is all the same as far as results go, since the individual Catholic is perfectly free

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to disobey the church, as far as external coercion is concerned, and hence if he obeys her command he does so because it suits him. In *ultima analysi* he does what he likes just as much as the Protestant, even if it please him to reach his conclusions by a shorter cut. So when the hierarchy decides some question, and its decision becomes the freely accepted belief or doctrine of the laity, the hierarchy does *practically* and really represent the laity, although of course in a theological sense the word *representative* would not be a proper term by which to name their status, unless indeed they are said to represent Christ.

We know that some Protestants are wont to claim that they do all their own thinking, but we believe that there is a great deal of claptrap about this. Men may be said, as a general rule, to be too lazy to think for themselves, even in political matters, and much more so in religious matters. Since one man is born with ability to teach and command, ninety-and-nine are evidently, by their inferiority to him, intended by God to be taught, and in some sense to obey; and we think that any thoughtful observer will perceive that in *practice* they do listen and obey. While they are clamoring about *their* opinions and convictions, these are often the property of a clever minister like Beecher, say, or of a clever editor like Greeley; often, too, their teacher or leader is a foreigner like Gladstone, McCosh, Dean Stanley. Yet no one thinks that they ought not to get the credit of thinking it out for themselves. If we are "to go behind the returns," to use a political phrase, whenever a man expresses his opinion, and if we deny the reality and personality of it whenever we can trace it to editor, orator, or author, there would be very little opinion left in this world. The great Gladstone himself lately said (in his reply to Ingersoll) that it is hard to find an opinion formed absolutely independently of prejudice, feeling, race tendencies, respect for others. Indeed we might say that ninety-nine hundredths of what we believe we have taken from others. Hence when Catholics say that they are not satisfied with the public schools as now carried on, it is not fair to say that this is not their real belief, because perchance some of them may not have thought it out themselves, but rather had it pronounced upon by a tribunal whose decisions they *freely* accept.

This we say, assuming for argument's sake the hypothesis that the Catholics who do send their children to parochial schools do so, not because they believe in them from their own unaided experience and reflection, but because an authority in which they

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believe lays down the law for them. Nevertheless, we do not concede the fact alleged. The hypothesis is false. The schooling of children is a practical matter, and Catholics do quite as much independent thinking as Protestants in all matters. The field which is closed to independent thought in the church is, in its general aspect, equally forbidden to all men, as the dogmas which are accepted simply on authority are, when traced to their fundamental principles, quite incomprehensible to human reason. The Protestant will meet with no better success, for instance, in apprehending the Divine Trinity than his Catholic neighbor, nor will education enable a man to see into it much better. With all the disquisitions of learned theologians on such a subject, what after all do they know about it that is not perhaps as well perceived by any ordinary man?

Our Protestant friends are mistaken in supposing that we are like blind men groping in the dark and unable to see *anything* for ourselves. It is true that, like them, we have a guide, but we need and use her services only "in the night when *no man* can work." We can see "whilst it is day" as well as they can—to say the least. A Catholic father, as a rule, knows what is good for himself and his child, and is able to take care of its training; nor is it necessary for the state to go into his family and interfere in his domestic concerns. Where such is not the case, of course he has himself to blame for the ignoring of his natural rights over his child, or neglect of his primary duties; but this is a rare case. And even then, the right of the child itself to receive religious instruction in the denomination to which it belongs should not be overlooked nor violence done to its youthful conscience. If it is to have religion no good is done to it by making it insincere. Even the most bigoted Protestant will admit that it is better to be a sincere Catholic than an insincere Protestant.

And now a word as to the first statement of the *Christian Union*, "that very many Catholics continue to send their children by preference to secularized schools, even when there is a parochial school in the neighborhood." We have our doubts about there being "very many." Judging by one parish with which we are well acquainted, only about one child in five attends the public schools, while the other four are at the parish school. The fact that even the public-school pupils come to Christian doctrine class on Sundays and such other days as it is held, and also attend the services at the church, indicates that they do not prefer the state school because it is secular, or non-

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Catholic, but for other reasons, real or imagined. First of all, parents are often acquainted with teachers in the public schools, many of whom are Catholics, and they send their children to them from motives of friendship, especially as, according to the system, it is of importance to the teacher that she should have a full class. Then there is the true or false belief in the special ability of a certain teacher. Then, very often the unjust judgment is made that, in secular training, the parish school is not equal to the state school. As a rule they are equal, sometimes superior. There is a class of people who never seem to find their home dinner taste as well as the one they eat with the stranger. Again, there is the oft-repeated reason, that the building may be more roomy and airy, more convenient to the home, etc., etc.

We have been twenty-six years on the mission, and we can assure the *Christian Union* that we never yet met a Catholic father or mother who sent their child to a state secular school because *they approved of the system of excluding religion.* We have sometimes met the case of one of the parents being an agnostic, who had this notion about education and carried it out in his family as far as he could; but then it was always in spite of the opposition of the Catholic wife or husband.

There may be and no doubt are Catholics who for some other reason prefer the public schools, but there are none of these who would not be delighted and made happy to-morrow if some "compromise" were inaugurated by which their children, while retaining the advantages of the public school, would no longer be deprived of the inestimable benefits which those of other Catholics enjoy in the parochial schools.

PATRICK F. MCSWEENY.

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A WINTER IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

WHEN we began housekeeping our friends shook their heads in grave apprehension; even now, when they are bound to admit that we have managed pretty well, they feel constrained to add that the experiment was a dangerous one, and that it is a wonder we were not starved to death. Anywhere but in the Latin Quarter of Paris I think we should have come perilously near it; no two people could exist in London on the sum which kept us in tolerable comfort.

I have heard it gravely asserted that the Latin Quarter has lost its old distinguishing characteristics, its frank self-adaptation to the impecuniosity of its inhabitants; its charming Bohemianism and its indifference to the social dogmas prescribed, and acceded to, by dwellers on the other side of the Seine—that it has, in fact, been improved out of existence—and I have wondered if the people holding this belief have ever travelled away from their squares and boulevards, away from the neat premises of the Plaine Monceau and the warrior-named avenues of the Arc de Triomphe, and penetrated the wilds that lie behind the Boulevard St. Germain, and the narrow, dirty streets that twist and intersect around and about the School of Medicine.

Has the "spirit in their feet" ever led them to the Boulé Miché after nightfall? The Quartier Latin exists as distinctly as it ever did, and is as much as ever the home of the student and his friends, the struggling journalist, the budding author, and all the thousand-and-one hangers-on to literature and art, who come to Paris as naturally as flowers turn to the sun.

In some of the streets, as, for instance, the Rue de Seine and the Rue Jacob, almost every other house is an "hôtel meublé"—that is, a house where one or more furnished rooms can be had with attendance, and where there is generally twice a day a table-d'hôte of breakfast and dinner. These hotels are mostly occupied by young men whose "pensions" from home are of noble proportions; the rank and file of students cannot afford to do more than pay for a room, and take their dinners, as luck and their pockets permit, at a restaurant, or fetched from the rôtisseur's.

In the grim old houses live boys who are up for a few years only to study at one or other of the colleges; men who find the place so to their liking that they stay there year out and in; young women (foreigners mostly these) who are working in the

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studios, and any amount of neat, smart little "ouvrières," who earn their daily bread by their needle, or in some factory; and in the upper stories, in the small, pinched rooms beneath the roof, lurk the failures, beings of both sexes, who set out manfully when life was young to win a name and fame, and who have realized, after years of disappointed hopes, that they must be content to gain a miserable pittance by following others, and take their places in the ranks of the pale, thin copyists, toiling all the daylight hours in the public galleries, or at night playing in the orchestra of a minor theatre; their visions of a great painting or an immortal opera gone with their lost youth.

When we established ourselves in an apartment in the Rue Jean de Beauvais our income was not only small but precarious; we could not count on being uniformly poor or prosperous, and when we had bought the small amount of furniture we required, we possessed twenty-seven francs and one ten-pound Bank of England note which we solemnly locked away in a drawer, only to be taken thence in case of illness.

"House-hunting" was great fun. We began with the intention of taking a furnished place, but those that were decent were too dear; and those that were not too dear were discouraging, to say the least of it. Oh! the many flights of stairs we toiled up with joy and hope in our hearts, to descend with only another dismal feeling of failure. At last, as we were inspecting some rooms which looked promising from the outside and were terribly grimy within, fate threw our good genius across our path. He was a tall, dark young man, dressed like a Parisian "fourcheur" with a dash of English dude. He also was after rooms, and the fat and frowzy concierge, to save trouble, took us over the place together. He spoke to us in English with evident pride and an execrable accent. "Why not take an unfurnished place?" he said. "It will cost you the difference on a month's rent to buy your things, and you will 'ave un véritable 'ome." Well, we took his advice and the rooms he recommended to us, and ere long we felt that we had indeed "un véritable 'ome."

The stairs that led to our abode were shallow and winding, the steps made of red tiles and much worn by the feet of many generations; on each landing were two doors, and behind each door a separate ménage. We had three rooms, a parlor, a kitchen, and a bedroom, and a scrap of passage; the kitchen was three-cornered, and there was just room to turn round in; there was a tiny stove with three holes in its blue delf top; of these

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holes one was round and two square, and charcoal was the fuel they consumed. The rooms, like the stairs, were tiled, and when these tiles were reddened and washed they made a very pretty parquet. The house was very old and the walls panelled and painted white; our salon, which was a good size, had a quaint, narrow chimney-piece, with a square of looking-glass let in the wall above it; it also had an alcove with sliding doors, meant for the reception of a bed, but its crowning glory was the balcony. In the summer we almost lived on it, and we had striped sun-blinds running out to iron rods at each corner, and we also had boxes full of plants—nasturtiums and marigolds and mignonette. We paid five hundred francs a year for the rooms, plus fourteen francs for the water, and there was a hydrant on each landing—a great accommodation, especially when one is, as we were, on the sixth story.

We bought six Louis XIV. chairs for seventy francs in the Rue Buonaparte, and when we had done them up with white enamel paint and liberty chintz cushions they looked beautiful. We got a second-hand kitchen table and painted it white to match the chairs and covered it with a woven grass tufia. We picked up an old secretary for thirty francs, and an old divan at the same price, which opened and held clothes that were out of season, and more than once served as a bed for a friend. Altogether our furniture cost us about fifty dollars—that is, of course, the bulk of it; we were continually adding some little thing, some bargain picked up at the Hôtel Druot or the bric-à-brac shops along the quai.

The Latin Quarter is without doubt the land of economy, the land of large appetites and small purses, where the week's money is counted by francs and where sous are of importance; so naturally the shopkeepers lay themselves out to suit the palates and pockets of their customers; and as small quantities are the order of the day, the buyers of the said small quantities do not have to pay an enormous percentage, as they do elsewhere, and the things are as fresh and as cheap as they would be to large consumers.

I do not propose to tell you how much it cost us, for I am afraid we didn't keep our accounts with statistical exactness. We had a Japanese tea-pot on the mantel-piece, and when we cashed an order or drew a check we put the money in it; when we were extremely well-to-do, we would dine luxuriantly at one of the many restaurants, where for one franc twenty-five centimes (in all twenty-five cents) one gets a remarkably good din-

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ner—soup, meat, vegetables, half a bottle of wine and dessert, or cheese; but these times did not last for ever, and a period of frost would come round again, the money in the tea-pot would get low and housekeeping sink to a less sublime level.

When the money was fast disappearing and there was no immediate prospect of more, we would take precautions and prepare for a siege by buying a large bag of beans and several pounds of maccaroni and onions; we knew that if the worst came to the worst we could hold out for weeks on them.

Living was cheap, and, above all, it was easy. I could buy so many things prepared that there was no waste and very little trouble. Spinach, chicory, purée of peas, haricot-beans, lentils, artichokes I got all ready dressed for the table; they only want heating. Fried potatoes could be bought at every corner, beef and bouillon at every butcher's, and for fourteen cents I got a bottle of good wine. The bread is proverbially delicious, and the numerous "soft" cheeses all good and all most moderate in cost; Brie, Camenbert, or the dainty little cream "Suisses" only cost a few sous.

There were two rôtisseurs whom we patronized, one in the Rue des Quatre Vents and one in the Rue de Buci. They both had their good points, and it would be hard to say which was really the best.

Monsieur Flahaut called his establishment "The four winds of heaven," which suggested a certain largeness of choice and variation of menu that he perhaps honestly tried to live up to. Many a time when I have been in, in the morning, has he appealed to me with a harassed look and begged me to suggest a vegetable for the evening, for his customers were clamoring for novelties.

Madame Duphot's shop was simply called "La mère de famille," a little uncompromising in its vagueness. Her shop was the larger of the two, the window was always full of fat fowls and rabbits all ready to be cooked, with their insides neatly arranged on small plates beside them; the rabbits, I remember, always held their skinned arms in a surprised manner over their heads.

Flahaut was perhaps less exacting as to weight and more liberal in the matter of gravy, but I think Mère Duphot's quality was more generally good; and besides, she sold "boulets" and Flahaut did not. The precise ingredients that entered into the composition of these "boulets" I never knew or sought to know. Suffice it for me that they were round, brown, delicious, and

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costing only three sous apiece. Many a time, when times were bad, have we dined on four sous worth of soup, two boulets, and a "cornet" of fried potatoes.

I think the interior of Mère Duphot's shop would have made an interesting picture: the long counter with its immense copper caldrons, all sending forth a savory smell; the proprietor herself, a comely dame, in a white cap and apron; and her customers, who all possessed a certain picturesqueness, from the anxious-eyed matrons, with their hair tucked away beneath checked handkerchiefs, to the smart little work-girl, who would come in laughing and chattering to her blue-bloused companion to fetch a litre of bouillon for their joint repast; the active chef and his assistants bustling about, serving this one and that, or turning the sputtering roasts, and in the background the fire, a long, glowing mass of charcoal, casting a lurid glow over the whole scene. Above the charcoal hung the meats, beef, veal, turkeys, fowls, pigeons, all turning on the same spit, and all dropping their gravy harmoniously into the same pan.

One could buy a portion of chicken or any other fowl, a leg, or wing, or bit of the breast, for eight, ten, or twelve sous, according to the size.

I think the greatest trial we encountered was the difficulty of keeping warm, fuel was so dear and the grates so badly arranged. Many a time during the long, cold winter would my thoughts fly longingly towards a blazing fire of English coal, and I would contemplate my little pinched-up grille full of coke with disgust. Wood, of course, was out of the question. The French have a proverb: "Qui brûle du bois brûle de l'or." Coal was nearly as dear, and miserable in quality. So there was nothing for it but coke, eked out with "briquettes" and "mottes." The former are squares of compound coal-dust and tar. They will burn brightly for two or three hours, and cost two sous apiece. The latter are made of sawdust and the refuse from tanneries. They are in appearance like evenly-cut peat; they cost thirty sous a hundred, and give out considerable heat.

The first winter that we were in the Rue Jean de Beauvais was a very long and severe one; it seemed as if the spring would never come. In March we were having hard frosts and biting winds, and we were also having a prolonged spell of ill-luck, for the paper my husband was on (an Anglo-American venture) suddenly failed. He was very brave about it, and trudged all over Paris and its environs in search of "subjects," writing and despatching articles on all manner of topics, and suffering all the

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rebuffs and disappointments of an unattached journalist. My latest efforts in the story-telling line were unappreciated, and had been steadily rejected by so many editors that we reckoned that in postage alone they had cost almost their market value. Things looked very black.

Will had gone off one morning (after a breakfast of haricot-soup), with a rather sickly attempt at a smile and a promise to let me know at once if "anything turned up," and I was left to interview our two creditors, the charbonnier and the laundress.

I opened the before-mentioned drawer and looked at the bank-note; there it lay, so aggravatingly clean and prosperous-looking; it meant two hundred and fifty-two francs, and relief from all present anxiety. I determined to take it down to the American exchange that afternoon. Strong in this resolution, I began to tidy up the room before going out, when my eye fell on a piece of newspaper that had come wrapped around something. The heading of one of the paragraphs attracted me, "A Hospital Experience," and I read it eagerly from end to end. It professed to be a personal account of the sufferings and privations of a non-paying patient in one of the large Parisian institutions, and was, I am sure, grossly exaggerated. But it impressed me at the time with such horror and dread lest either Will or myself should ever be forced to enter one that I gave up all thought of changing my ten pounds; it would be too awful should we either of us fall ill—worse still, die, and have to be buried in the hideous "fosse commune" of a French cemetery, with the squalid details of a French pauper's funeral.

You see I had the blues and my thoughts took a gloomy turn, but then a prolonged diet of beans and bread is not calculated to raise one's spirits. Suddenly, as I sat there in a desponding mood, a thought struck me: the "Mont-de-piété," the mountain of refuge, the haven of help; in less poetic language—the pawnbroker's! I would put my watch "sur le clou." I knew the red-tapism prevalent in France, and that I should probably be asked to show my certificates of birth, baptism, confirmation, and marriage, together with my engagement of location, my passport, and a few documents relating to the history of my parents; so, making up a respectably-sized bundle of papers, I set out.

I had no very definite idea of where I was going, as there are no friendly trios of golden balls hung out in France to inform the impecunious where they may obtain relief. After wandering about for some time, I screwed up courage to ask a sergeant-de-ville to direct me, and, following his instructions, I found myself

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at the bottom of the Rue Buonaparte before a gloomy-looking building, over whose open door floated a dingy tri-color.

"Who hesitates is lost," and taking my courage in both hands I bolted through the doorway and up the stairs. There I found myself in a large, bare room, something like an omnibus bureau or a registry office for servants. There was a stove in the middle, round which sundry dilapidated-looking men were gathered, and from whose clothes it drew a rank, unpleasant steam.

A thin, pinched woman, with a large bundle of linen under her arm, took compassion on my evident ignorance and gave me hints as to the line of conduct to pursue. I presented myself at a counter and had a square of brass marked 65 given me in exchange for my pretty little watch.

The goods offered as pledges were borne off into an inner room, from whose mysterious recesses a voice would now and again bawl out the sum to be advanced on them and the number of the ticket held by the pledger, and scraps of dialogue of the following nature would take place:

"Fifty-nine—twenty-one francs."

"Bonté divine! Give me twenty-five."

"Twenty-one."

"Voyons—twenty-three."

Then would come sounds of a whispered consultation.

"Twenty-two fifty."

"I accept! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! que la vie est amère!"

I had not pluck enough to bargain, and when the voice yelled: "Sixty-five—forty francs," I didn't even answer.

"Sapristi! Sixty-five, are you deaf?" repeated the voice furiously; in answer to which I squeaked out a meek "Oui," and was hustled up to the wicket to get my money.

A fat man in front of me was joking with the clerk, and when he moved on that functionary seized my papers, and worried them, and snarled over them, and declared he couldn't read my writing. Finally he flung two gold pieces in front of me. I gathered them up and was turning to go when some one touched my shoulder; it was my husband.

We neither of us spoke till we were out in the street, and then he asked me sternly what I meant by going to such a place, after which the ridiculousness of the encounter struck him and he burst out laughing. I laughed too, but I think we both felt a wee scrap guilty. We didn't speak much till we got to the Place Saint-Sulpice, when the big clock chimed out five.

"Is that right, I wonder?" he said, and I made an involuntary

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movement of my hand to my waist, and then we looked at each other and laughed again—for our watches were both in the safe-keeping of a paternal government.

What a dinner we had that night! The garçon grinned when he brought it up, as if he knew that we had been fasting somewhat rigorously. There was a fowl, and sausages, and potatoes, and salad, and cheese, and a bottle of white wine, and—well, we were within sound of the Sorbonne clock.

That was the worst time we passed through. When Easter came and we made our Paschal Communion in the dear old convent by the Luxembourg where I was educated, we could return thanks "for dangers past," and the Easter after that we laid the historical bank-note, as a thank-offering, in the red velvet bag the "quêteuse" handed us "pour les pauvres."

E. J. FARRAR.

JESUS HIDES HIMSELF.

(ST. JOHN viii. 48.)

ONE woful day His own vile creatures said
To the all-holy God: "Thou hast a devil."
And them He answered meekly: "I have not."
But when they took up stones to cast at Him,
Then, hiding Himself, He left the temple.

Oh! woful day for us when we take up
The stones of sin to cast at our Redeemer;
Far guiltier are we than those Jews of old.
Leaving the ruined temple of our hearts,
Jesus departs in grief and hides Himself.

A. EWING.

Lancaster, O.

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DOM MUCE.

When a man joins the Cistercian Monastery of La Trappe in Normandy his novice-master is said to encourage him with the assurance that not only he will have to bid adieu to mutton-chops, newspapers, tobacco, arm-chairs, white chokers, and the other pleasures of the world, not only that he will have to endure the varieties of temperature afield and the varieties of temper at home, but also that he must make up his mind to the sacrifice, to some extent, of his reputation. For it seems that our lively neighbors are persuaded that to retire to La Trappe is equivalent to a confession of serious crime. No doubt one cause of this impression is the dramatic tendency of the French character, which makes a theatrical *mise-en-scène*, vivid coloring, rapid transitions, striking situations, thrilling catastrophes, *émotions déchirantes* of all sorts, a kind of necessity. And hence if a man happens to end in the *horreurs de La Trappe*, the fitness of things seems to require he should previously have begun as a Sardanapalus.

However, besides this dramatic instinct another cause why a novice at La Trappe must resign himself to pass for a notorious sinner is the publication at the end of the seventeenth century of several volumes entitled, *Relation de la vie et de la mort de quelques Religieux de La Trappe*, among which were several striking examples of men who certainly had passed from great disorder to high perfection—men of the stamp of character that St. Francis of Sales approved of so much; who when they did will a thing willed it energetically, whether their bent happened to be *peccare fortiter* or *amare fortius;* for, as he says, "Ces cœurs à demi-morts à quoi sont ils bons?" There was the young Scotchman, Robert Graham, and the "Quatre Palémons de La Trappe," and others famous in their day. Doubtless they form only one class, and that the least numerous, of those who have taken refuge at La Trappe. There have been many others who, after years blamelessly spent in less strict observances, in the evening of their lives have been urged to higher enterprise, by the thought of the approaching night when no man can work. Many others again who, like the child-Trappist, the son of M. Tenier de Genestes, have been called to add to their crown of innocence the purple flowers of penance. If it is usually in connection with men of the former stamp, among whom the grenadier Dom Muce is the extreme instance, that one thinks of

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La Trappe, it is not because they are more numerous, but because their histories, from the vivid contrast of shade and light and the variety of incident, make a deeper impression on the imagination and so tend to form a prejudice. But, really, it would be as reasonable to judge of St. Bernard's Clairvaux by one of the poor prisoners whom his charity rescued from the gallows by covering their chains with his own white cowl as to judge of La Trappe by Dom Muce. One should not forget that La Trappe is no new institution. As a Cistercian monastery it dates from the time of St. Bernard, under whose jurisdiction it was included; De Rancé's work was merely to recall the observance to primitive austerity. Therefore, whatever glory the words and work of the "last of the fathers" may have shed over the Cistercian order, whatever gratitude may be owing to it for improved agriculture, and for dignity asserted to humble labor in an age of serfs and bondmen, whatever poetry may pervade the histories of its numerous saints, whatever chivalrous lustre may be reflected to it from its subject knightly Orders of the Temple, of Avis, of Calatrava, and Alcantara, whatever associations of beauty may have gathered round it from its matchless homes—in all these La Trappe may as justly claim to share as romantic Melrose, or Fountains, or beautiful Tintern. We give a sketch of the history of Dom Muce because, as an example of the rapid action of grace in a courageous subject, it would be hard to find a parallel in all the annals of perfection; protesting, however, that it would be rash to conclude from it that the famous Abbey of La Trappe is, or ever was exclusively, a den of good thieves.

The story made some sensation at the time of its publication, and was read even in the court of Louis XIV. One person writing thence to the Abbot de Rancé, who was its author, says: "Every one has read with tears and edification what you have written on the death of Dom Muce; even the king shed tears. Madame de Maintenon and several other ladies wept so much that people came up to see what was the matter; and when they came they also wept themselves."

Dom Muce was called in the world François Faure. After a youth spent in all kinds of dissipation and disorder, he joined a regiment of grenadiers, who are, says De Rancé, "the most determined characters (les plus determinés) of all those who follow the trade of war.* He became an officer, and was marked by all

* This sentence was seized on by the enemies of De Rancé, who got an ex-grenadier to put his name to a pamphlet full of violent abuse which they concocted. It was known at the time as *La satire du grenadier*, and contained a defence of the virtue of army men in general and grenadiers in particular.

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the evil qualities that a man of that profession can possibly have. He was cruel, pitiless, impudent, violent, audacious, passionate, and blasphemous." When once he had resolved on a thing no consideration of God or man could stop him, and he made no account of dangers when the gratification of his passions was in question. He was often engaged in the incessant wars of Louis XIV., and his bold temper led him into frequent peril. He received sabre wounds in the head, bayonets through the body, and other wounds which it seemed must be fatal, but there always seemed to be some protection surrounding him and saving him from inevitable death.

At length he became disgusted with his manner of living; weary of adding crime to crime, and of the continual slaughter of men. A streak of light seemed to creep over his soul, and he determined to leave the army and enter the cloister, thinking he had only to change his habit in order to change his character. He entered the Priory of St. Marcel, belonging to the Congregation of Cluny in Dauphiné, but he soon proved that it is not the cowl that makes the monk. According to the testimony of the bishop of the diocese, he passed some time in two monasteries, and in both his life was *détestable;* and to fill up the measure of his iniquities, says De Rancé, "he dared, while his hands were still red with the blood he had spent his life in spilling, to receive the priesthood, and, by an astounding profanation, sacrilegiously to handle the Holy of Holies."

Poor Dom Muce after this last temerity seemed to have absolutely forfeited the little light he had, and in his soul, as in Judas' when he had taken the morsel, "it was night." He threw aside all restraint, and, as we are told, there was no violence or excess in which he did not indulge. Things came to such a point that the lieutenant-general of Valence spoke to him and advised him to fly the country, as otherwise he could not escape the hands of Justice. This magistrate afterwards affirmed that he had issued ten or twelve warrants for his arrest, all on account of "*actions horribles.*"

Dom Muce replied: "I see that I am ruined, and that there is no mercy to hope for on earth; I shall begone, and that so far as not to be heard of again." He told De Rancé that it was not dread of death or torture which had made him fly, but the fear of disgracing his family. He was now quite desperate and resolved on apostasy; he left the country and wandered about full of fury and despair, "*incertus quo fata ferant.*" His ambition was to become a Mahometan, and be captain of a troop of Turkish soldiers.

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It was this moment, when the devil seemed to have taken entire possession of him, when like Cain he was flying from the face of God, that was chosen by Providence as the moment of mercy. Dom Muce was passing through a town on his route, when he made the chance acquaintance of a certain ecclesiastic. In the course of conversation this ecclesiastic began speaking to him of La Trappe, where he had made a visit. He told him in a few words the manner of life led there, more or less as it is described in the *Imitation;* how that "they seldom go abroad, they live retired, their diet is exceeding poor, their clothes are coarse, they work much, they talk little, their watchings are long, they rise early, they are steadfast in prayer, they read often, and keep themselves in discipline of all sorts." Such few plain words as these produced an incredible effect on Dom Muce. They went through him as so many darts winged with fire. The thought of the hard life led in that distant monastery, contrasting with the degraded license of his own, wrought a spell over him, and instead of deepening his desperation, seemed to gild his soul with a magical dawn of hope.

Why is it that Christian austerity exercises on us so strange a fascination? Why is it that, in listening to the legends of the saints, the dreary and monotonous tale of fasts and disciplines and labors moves us with a deeper emotion at every fresh recital? It is not because there is any charm in pain by itself; quite the contrary; the self-torture of an Arabian dervish, the astounding macerations of the fakirs of India, not only have no attraction for us, but fill us with repulsion and disgust. The highest emotion suffering can claim from us by itself is pity, and if pain be self-inflicted for no noble end it wakes in us only sentiments of horror. Why, then, are we so differently affected towards Christian austerity? Is it not because we know that behind the sable cloud of pain shines the silver lining of love? The union of tepidity with austerity, of penance with negligence, in a follower of Christ, seems too horrible to be possible. If it is only with a half-melting admiration that we think of a gentle maiden sitting alone in a Carmelite convent, wan with cold and hunger, it is because we feel sure she is hidden in the light of holy thoughts and warmed with the love of God. And in the same way, if Dom Muce felt the depths of his nature stirred by the picture of La Trappe, it was not the beauty of pain which mastered him, but the beauty of love. Strange that a man like this, who for years had been given up to deeds of violence, should be open to such an influence. But even in the

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most degraded soul there lurks a reminiscence of divinity, which asserts itself from time to time, pathetically appealing, desperately expostulating, against the defilement with which the sinner overlays it.

It spoke to Dom Muce now, suggesting and urging the hope that in that monastic silence he might curb his unbridled tongue, that in that austere abstinence and entire seclusion he might cast off the chains which drink and sensuality had woven round him. "Perhaps," it made him think, "if I also might live there, even now I might atone and find mercy, perhaps even I might love." These reflections were the work of a minute. Like lightning the resolution flashed in his mind, to renounce his desperate plan of taking the turban, and to try by all means to obtain admission at La Trappe. Dom Muce was not in the habit of wasting time when once he had resolved on a thing. He immediately told the ecclesiastic that he was determined to go to La Trappe. The latter, though astonished at so sudden a resolution, said that he approved the plan; so much so, in fact, that he resolved to join him in it. "But," he went on, "we are going to adopt a life of extreme penance and austerity; the best thing we can do is to have a few days together of good feeding and amusement, so as to bid the world an eternal farewell." This miserable proposition only filled Dom Muce with disgust and fear. He said nothing, however, but let the ecclesiastic make his plans as he pleased, and next morning, at daybreak, he started alone without wishing him good-by. The uncertain weather of early spring, the bad state of the roads, the long distance of six hundred miles he had to traverse before reaching La Trappe, did not make him hesitate a moment. He trudged the whole way on foot, walking ceaselessly through foul and fair, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, carried on by the strength of his sudden purpose. On his journey, we are told in the *Relation*, he met with many adventures; the devil taking special pains to expose him to occasions calculated to inflame his passions, and to make him lose the state of patience which is so necessary for the preservation of the grace of conversion.

The last day of his tramp he walked forty-two miles in incessant rain, having completed the whole journey in a wonderfully short space of time. On reaching St. Maurice, he found himself on the skirts of an immense forest, extending further than the eye could reach. Here it was necessary to take a guide, for the way was so exceedingly intricate that even those best acquainted with it were in danger of losing their way. Indeed, the name La

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Trappe is derived from the difficulty of finding any access or egress.

"The whole way," we are told by a traveller of the period, "is inexpressibly dreary. The squirrels, hares, and foxes seem to possess the whole domain undisturbed. After traversing lone roads for some hours the trees become thicker and tangled with underwood, through which a track or path is pointed out by the guide, if indeed one may call by that name a way where no vestige of any human footstep appears. Pursuing it for about three miles through a maze of most intricate turnings and windings, and through every diversity of rise and fall, the traveller again finds an opening in the trees. Here he discovers himself to be on the overhanging brow of a hill, the descent of which is clothed with wood, and so perpendicular as to appear impracticable."

It was here that Dom Muce first came in sight of that palace of grim truth, La Trappe.

"Perhaps," says the same writer, "there is not a situation in the whole world more calculated to inspire religious awe than the first view of this monastery. The total solitude, the undisturbed silence, the deep solemnity of the scene is indescribable. The only adequate comparison I can make to the sensation it causes is that excited by death."

If this was the sensation which it caused in Dom Muce, it was appropriate to his circumstances. For if he had been guided thither by the angel of life, the angel of death had caught him up. The incessant rain of that day falling on a body exhausted by fatigue had given him a chill which he never shook off, and which brought him to the grave only fifteen months after; so that he had now reached his journey's end in more senses than one.

Having pierced through the mists which continually rose from eleven ponds, which girded the monastery in a double circle, he entered the gate, undismayed by the inscription graven in stone above it:

"C'est ici que la Mort et la Vérité
Elèvent leurs flambeaux terribles,
C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible
Que l'on passe à l'éternité."

He was shown into a waiting-room, while they went to announce his arrival. Presently, in came two monks draped in their white cowls wonderful but mystic, who advanced without saying a word, and, much to his confusion, fell flat on their faces before him. They were adoring Christ in their scarecrow of a guest. Then they rose up and made him a sign to come and pray with them in the church. This was the monastic welcome.

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He followed them, and as he knelt for a moment the abbot chanced to pass by.

"Truly," says De Rancé, "my surprise was extreme when I saw that he had nothing in his appearance to correspond to the name of religious which he had given himself. Those haggard eyes, those haughty eyebrows, that rude and savage countenance, revealed his character only too plainly."

He gives further details of Dom Muce's appearance in a letter which he wrote some time after, with regard to an imaginary description which had been given by the author of a certain pamphlet.

"This author," he writes, "says that Dom Muce was of middle height, and as a fact he was tall; that he had fine blue eyes, whereas he had terrible eyes; and as for the color, I don't believe any one could ever have distinguished it, they were so hidden by the thickness of his eyebrows. He says his face was long, whereas it was short and square, and the cheekbones were so high that it was almost a deformity. As for his pleasant smile, *quelle vision!* he had rather a lion's maw than a human mouth."

In spite, however, of this unpromising exterior, De Rancé presently went to visit him, and when he arrived Dom Muce fell on his knees and, without disguising the horror of his life, begged to be admitted into the community, assuring him his only desire was to do penance. The abbot might well have shrunk from such a postulant, and have mistrusted so sudden a conversion; but it was and is the glory of La Trappe never to refuse admission to any one, however frightful may have been his career, provided he shows a strong will to amend, and to hide the past in the shadow of the cross.

Moreover, there was in Dom Muce an air of such evident sincerity, so much candor in his avowals, and so much earnestness in his appeal, that he won De Rancé's heart. The latter, however, began by trying to frighten him. "I explained to him," he says, "all the difficulties of the life he wished to embrace, 'avec toute la force qui me fut possible'"—*i.e.*, *very* strongly.

He put before him the utter seclusion of the monastery—far away from the sights and sounds that gladden the haunts of men; he told him of the perpetual silence—no pleasant intercourse or encouragement from friends; he described to him the hardness of labor in the fields—summer's heat and winter's snow; he did not conceal from him the weariness of the office in choir, the discomfort of straw beds, the continual restraint imposed by community life, the depressing effects of abstinence, the

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dreariness of fasting; he pointed out to him the unhealthiness of the situation of the monastery, and showed him death moving like a spectre through the waving mists which shrouded the house; in a word, he revealed to him the cross naked and bare, without saying a word of the sweetness of Him who is found by those who embrace it. But he did not terrify Dom Muce. On the contrary, as he spoke, this wild and hardened nature began to soften; the emotion which had been excited in him when he first heard of La Trappe was renewed, and his tears began to flow. He again assured the abbot that it was only the desire of penance which had brought him to his feet, and that he would obey him like a child.

De Rancé thought it was right to make some delay before giving him the habit. But after three weeks it was impossible any longer to resist his desire and fervor, which became stronger every day. This ceremony seemed to complete the extraordinary change which had been going on in him.

"He laid aside," says De Rancé, "the ferocity of the lion and the tiger, which was natural to him, and put on the simplicity of the lamb and the dove, and from that moment there was hardly one of his actions which did not reveal the strength of grace and the depth of his gratitude."

Not like many repenting sinners did Dom Muce conduct himself after his conversion. In them, frequently, after a few spasms of remorse and a fitful glow of fervor, the habit of cold selfishness reasserts itself, languor creeps into all their good actions, and gratitude gives way to a base peevishness, or to a loathsome regret.

Dom Muce's conversion was a transfiguration. Without any preparatory experiments, without any tentative groping, without any previous skirmishing, he achieved at once all the most arduous feats of heroic virtue. He did not begin with the first degrees of humility and patience, and then, after years passed in them, with difficulty move up to the second, only to fall back periodically to, or even off, the first. He transferred to the spiritual warfare the gallantry which had distinguished him in the field; and as he had ever been first on the scaling-ladder and in the "imminent deadly breach," so now at an impetuous double-quick he stormed the steep ascent of perfection, and in one desperate charge carried the narrow gate.

We wish we could follow the *Relation* into the detail of his virtues, but, unfortunately, space would fail; nor would it be so interesting to the general public as the description of vice. Compunction—ugly word but beautiful reality—was the pervading

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spirit of his life. Compunction, which is the soul-piercing sorrow of an affectionate heart for past disloyalty to Love; which "worketh penance steadfast unto salvation—yea, defence, yea, desire, yea, zeal, yea, revenge"—revenge on the body for having marred the most beautiful creation of God. He would often be found prostrate on the ground in one of the chapels, as it were drowned in tears. "How can I have offended a Being so kind?" he would say; "this thought disturbs and frightens me so much that if I were to dwell on it I should fall into despair; when it occupies me by itself, my knees grow feeble and bend under me, and I am obliged to support myself with my hands; my body fails; I shudder; my hair stiffens, and my soul is pierced with grief; I become as cold as ice; without strength, or tears, or voice, like a man who is about to faint. But oh! then the Divine Mercy comes to my help and raises me up; he gives me back my strength, my tears, and my speech, and I say to him all that fear, love, sadness, and joy put in my mouth." He had a horror of sin, and was in a continual fear of displeasing God, even in the least things. And as he knew that the just man falls seven times a day, he said he could not understand how any one who lived by faith could have one moment of human joy. He often said that "if God gave me choice to finish my penance in purgatory, or even in the depths of hell, provided he gave me the assurance I should no more offend him, I would choose it a thousand times rather than live longer on earth." "I fear neither death nor hell," he said another time, "but only the offence of his Divine Majesty." And this man, whose phrase of sorrow thus emulated the most exalted utterances of those who have grown old in heroic innocence, had been only a few months before a vagabond, a would-be bashi-bazouk, a criminal flying from the hands of justice, urged on by the diabolical desire of crowning his innumerable crimes by a public apostasy! Well might the abbot exclaim in chapter:

"What a change, brethren, in a man more hardened than a rock! what a resurrection! what a creation! God has given him a heart, which he had not, and taken from him the stone which stood him instead. It is God alone who works such marvels."

His thirst for revenge was not to be slaked by the ordinary austerities of the order;* and as the desire of the cross is not one which goes long ungratified, it soon pleased heaven to try

* It may be a new idea to some, that the observance established at La Trappe by De Rancé (which is generally held up as a model of extravagance) is only a mitigation of the Rule of St. Benedict, which is usually extolled as a model of discretion.

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him with manifold affliction. The cold he had on him when he arrived degenerated into inflammation of the lungs, giving him a violent and ceaseless cough, which became worse at night, and left him in the morning so exhausted that it seemed impossible he could drag himself to the end of the day. Soon his palate became raw and inflamed, and it gave him extreme pain to swallow. The abbot, by way of indulgence, ordered him some roast apples; he ate them for a few days, but presently he reflected that this was too great a luxury for a sinner like him, and he begged so earnestly to be deprived of them that, says De Rancé, "*je ne pus le lui refuser.*"

To all this supervened an attack of rheumatism, so sharp that he said (and he spoke from knowledge) that he felt as if the points of swords were being driven into him. Yet his complication of woes could not fill up his desire of suffering. He used tearfully to complain that he had almost nothing to endure in his new state of life, and that he often had to refrain from praying for crosses, because what he finally got instead was consolation. For hardly had he had time to thank God for some new pain, than he was filled with a secret joy which made it all seem nothing to him.

In spite of these and other evils, he for some time followed the ordinary exercises of the community; he was always at the work and the office, and allowed himself no indulgence in diet or anything else. However, after a few months all his ills became worse, and they were forced to put him in the infirmary. The mitigations he here enjoyed were to him a constant pain. "It is not just to treat me like a man," said he, "seeing that I have lived like a beast." What grieved him especially was having to use a soft straw paillasse instead of the paillasse *piquée* of the dormitory.

Indeed, when all chance of his recovery was gone, he entreated to be allowed to leave the infirmary, and to take his place once more in choir and in the refectory, so as to carry his penance to the bitter end. This was not permitted; nevertheless, he was made happy by the restoration of *sa première paillasse.*

Not that even in the infirmary he spent his last days in the lap of an enervating luxury. He occupied a poor room, destitute of everything that was not indispensable. All through his sickness he rose at 3:30 A.M. He read nothing except the Gospels, the *Imitation of Christ*, and a little book which spoke to him of death. The master of novices gave him half an hour

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each day, and the abbot came to see him from time to time. These were the whole of his resources. He sat suffering all the day long on a straw chair, without any recreation or alleviation; yet he never felt time hang heavy on his hands. His days were quite full and passed "*comme des éclairs.*" Several months were spent thus, his pains always increasing.

He had violent attacks of high fever, and almost constant sleeplessness. He became so attenuated that his bones pierced through his skin in many places, yet even after long nights of heavy pain when he was asked how he was he would answer in a transport of joy:

"How great are the mercies of God! The night has been so long and painful, that I hardly hoped to see the day. But I never lost the presence of God for a single moment, and never did I taste it with greater sweetness and peace."

It was in the middle of this, his mortal sickness, that he was admitted to profession. He made it with extreme joy and extraordinary fervor. He was so weak that he could not stand, but he knelt down and pronounced his vows with so firm and strong a voice that it astonished all who heard him. Soon after this new baptism, in which we are told he received wonderful graces, they had to give him the sacraments of the dying. He said he thought no one had ever desired death as he did, and this, not in order to end his sufferings, for suffering was his pleasure, but because he had a burning love to see Christ and to be united to him inseparably, which could not be without death.

A few weeks after he felt that his last moments were come. It was two o'clock in the morning, and he made a sign to his attendant to give notice to the abbot; he would not use words out of respect for Benedictine silence of the night. As soon as the abbot arrived he asked to be laid on the customary straw and ashes. The abbot strewed ashes on the floor in the form of a cross and blessed them with a special blessing; then some straw was shaken down, and the monk in his full choral habit was stretched on this bed of penance and humiliation, there to await the stroke of death. When Dom Muce found himself in this position he felt happier than a king on his throne. He spread out his cowl and folded his long sleeves one over the other and took an attitude of joyful expectation. Then they said the prayers of the agonizing, which he listened to with the greatest attention, and made all the responses. However, he was not so near death as had been imagined, and he had to be lifted again on to his straw

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chair. The abbot came to see him again after Prime, and he said that he was still in the same state of suffering and peace, and so entirely in God's hands that he would be most glad to suffer for a thousand years if such were his will; that by his favor his sufferings were increasing every moment; nevertheless, he still had one consolation of which he earnestly begged to be deprived. This consolation turned out to be a straw cushion which had been put on his chair. At length, towards one o'clock, he again felt that his end was at hand, and he had himself replaced on the straw. When the abbot came in, he held out his arms to him and said, in reply to his exhortation:

"With my whole heart and soul I welcome Jesus Christ; his mercies are infinite. How good he is! What a marvel, father: my body is crushed with pain, I have never felt any. such, and yet I am overwhelmed with consolation."

His joy was evident in his eyes and his whole face; and what one would hardly believe, in the midst of the horrors of agony and approaching death, he laughed outright. From the moment of his conversion he had hardly ceased weeping, and yet now, in the bitterness of separation and the terrors of impending judgment, he laughed in the face of death. Presently, however, he became silent and motionless, and seemed to enter into the mysterious temptation on the Trinity, which awaits so many men at the hour of death. He became embarrassed, and muttered more than once, "One God in three Persons." The abbot said: "That is your faith, brother, is it not?" "Yes, father," he slowly answered; "if it were not I should be damned." His pains became more and more severe, and the monks who were standing around began reciting psalms. After a time the abbot asked the agonizing man if he suffered much. "Not as much as I deserve," he said; and then, energetically striking his chest, he cried: "*Souffre, souffre, méchant corps!* It is just you should suffer, since you have offended God." He then asked leave to say a few words to the master of novices, and, embracing him close, he said: "There is nothing weaker than man; it is a great misfortune to seek help from creatures, instead of from the Creator alone." Presently he fell into violent convulsions for half an hour. Finally, however, he regained perfect tranquillity, in the midst of which he ceased to breathe.

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JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXX.

THE SQUIRE GROWS CONFIDENTIAL.

AT the factory, meanwhile, things were apparently taking very much their ordinary course. There were contracts on hand whose fulfilment would occupy all the time between October and the holidays. But the excavations for the new mill, which had been undertaken the week preceding Mr. Van Alstyne's seizure, were discontinued and the laborers engaged on them paid and sent away. Paul Murray acted in this on the advice of Judge Mount, who made a flying visit to the village and spent most of the time between two trains at the bedside of his client. That was on the Saturday following his attack, when the sick man's condition presented few visible signs of hopeful amendment to the lay observer. Dr. Cadwallader was also present by appointment, and was as sanguine in the expression of his anticipations as the nature of the case permitted.

But he remained doubtful as to his success in imparting to the lawyer his conviction concerning the mental condition of his patient. It was, indeed, not easy to meet the full, wistful gaze of John Van Alstyne's eyes, and not entertain the hopeful belief that an unimpaired intelligence lay behind them. But, if so, it was a prisoner, mute and helpless, like one of those victims of mediæval tyranny who, between piles of solid masonry, looked out through a single loophole across the stagnant waters of a moat, shut away already from all comfort save the gleam of daylight, and with the dreadful *oubliette* yawning close at hand to engulf him even from that. Life and death were still at equipoise. That there was a chance of recovery was all the doctor could affirm, and truth compelled him to add that it was a chance so bare that an untoward accident might easily destroy it.

After leaving the sick-room Judge Mount went down to the factory, and Paul Murray afterwards drove him to the railway station at Milton Corners. If the lawyer had entertained a purpose to discover what knowledge, if any, Murray might possess concerning John Van Alstyne's frustrated intentions in his regard, it was one which stopped short of putting a direct question, and which remained unsatisfied. He formed a very favorable impression of the young superintendent. He found him modest,

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intelligent and capable, and with a comprehensive view of the actual state of affairs which, being untinged with the sanguine hopes that suffused those of Squire Cadwallader, coincided the more fully with the judge's own. He advised Paul Murray, therefore, to go on with what he had on hand, but to await events before contemplating further operations.

"As to the new mill," he said, "I would stop right where you are. If Mr. Van Alstyne recovers there will be plenty of time to go on, and if he doesn't, there are others who will then have a right to a say in the matter." But the step thus counselled by John Van Alstyne's legal adviser, and acted upon by Paul Murray without delay, was one so significant that it was accepted on all sides as not merely an acknowledgment that the old man's days were almost numbered, but that the consequent defeat of his benevolent schemes had been definitely admitted by those who were in the best position to estimate the probabilities. The news of it helped the sick man in the guest chamber to bear with greater patience pains which were responding more tardily than he had hoped to treatment, and it wreathed with smiles the face of his hostess when she paid him her daily visit. She thought it "really providential," she said, but as that was a phase of the matter which did not seem to commend itself to Mr. Hadleigh, she prattled and purred over it instead with Mr. Lamson, when at the end of a fortnight he came up to offer condolences at the door of the one chamber, closed against him as against all other visitors, and to offer suggestions, which had now been invited, in the other.

There was, perhaps, only one spot in the entire neighborhood where the subject was not discussed in all its various aspects, and that one was beside John Van Alstyne's own sick-bed. Elsewhere there was grief in many places and despondency in many, as there was exultation in certain others. What passed in his own mind, if indeed it was in working order, as the squire continued to insist was not improbable, there were no external signs to indicate. As the days went by, the paralysis, which had at first seized all his members, gradually relaxed its hold, so that in a fortnight he was able to leave his bed for an easy-chair. But his upper limbs were still incapable of motion, and his occasional attempts at utterance were entirely abortive. Possibly it was his evident distress over that fact which at once kept alive the squire's belief in his possession of his mental faculties, and deepened his apprehensions for him. He allowed no one to approach his patient save the two girls and Paul Murray, and on their lips he laid an embargo which prevented all allusions to whatever might be sup-

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posed likely to intensify the old man's sense of helplessness. So in that room there was peace, and hopeful talk, and reading now and then, as well as a good deal of silent prayer. Still, Squire Cadwallader's faith in the ultimate issue of the case was one which he never thoroughly succeeded in imparting to any one but Mary Anne. But in her, who by nature was inclined to see the darker side of every cloud, that faith and hope grew daily into a strength that filled her with a secret wonder which of itself prevented her from seeking to share it with her fellow-watchers. Even the squire, who felt himself supported by her sympathy, had no idea how greatly her confidence surpassed his own.

The squire astonished himself, in fact, by the fervor of his own partisanship in those days. He was even disappointed by Judge Mount's counsel about the new works, and half-irritated with Paul Murray for accepting it so readily, in spite of the fact that his own plain common sense, when interrogated, replied that both of them had acted wisely. Possibly the underlying spring of his conscious actions might well have been that "certain reasonless impulse" which even the heathen Aristotle traced to the divine power, finding it to be the first requisite for the attainment of that good which is virtuous and honest. Sure it is that it was with a secret surprise the squire found himself not merely often hoping against hope for his patient's restoration, but, failing that, bent with a kind of blind tenacity on thwarting up to the very last schemes which presently took a shape that, if successful, would result in the overthrow of John Van Alstyne's dearest wishes, even should he finally regain his bodily health and possession of all his faculties.

October was fully ended when these schemes were first laid openly before Squire Cadwallader. Both of the sick men were by this time upon their feet, Mr. Hadleigh, indeed, going about the house, and sunning himself on the piazza on bright days. But he was devoured with *ennui* and anxious to get away into more cheerful quarters before cold weather set in. He was hardly more gaunt than on his first arrival, from the sheer impossibility of such a thing, but his brown pallor was invaded now and again by a quick flush from which the doctors augured more ill than they predicted. Still, the squire encouraged his wish to depart, at the same time recommending him to avoid excitement and over-worry.

"You might go down to New York, as Mrs. Van Alstyne proposes," he said to him. "Go and see Loomis. He's the

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authority for cases like yours. I'll keep you advised on the state of matters here. As you know, I don't look for a speedy termination of Mr. Van Alstyne's difficulty."

Both men looked up to the balcony outside of John Van Alstyne's room, where the paralytic also was basking in the early afternoon sun. He could walk about now, and the fetters on his left arm had been so relaxed that he had begun to feed himself. His tongue, too, so far as the mechanism of utterance was concerned, had been free for several days, but it would serve no purpose of intelligent speech.

"He is regaining his bodily powers, Dr. Sawyer tells me," remarked Mr. Hadleigh, as he withdrew his eyes, "but not his intelligence. He says his attempts at talking are utterly beside the mark, and fatuous?"

"Yes, yes," assented the squire. "Sawyer has been in and out of his room for the last two or three days. I wanted him to form an opinion now. Up to the present I have thought absolute quiet so essential to physical restoration that I banished even him. Would you care to pay Mr. Van Alstyne a visit?"

"Would he know me?"

"Well, what means do you suppose me to have for settling that question?" responded the squire. "You might try for yourself."

"On the whole, no," said Mr. Hadleigh after a moment's deliberation. "Perhaps, before I make a start. But for an imbecile or a lunatic I have a sort of superstitious respect. I don't want to go uninvited behind the curtain."

Squire Cadwallader felt his own respect for Mr. Hadleigh go up several degrees. He blushed internally over his own attitude, which struck him at the moment as superfluously disingenuous. Still, through force of recent habit, he maintained it.

"Yes," he returned, "it is painful. Custom inures us doctors to it, more or less, but it never ceases to be disagreeable. And a wreck just in the harbor's mouth seems, somehow, more to be deplored than any other. You think you will go, then?"

"As far as New York, and within a day or two," replied Mr. Hadleigh. "This place is not too lively under any circumstances, and under existing ones it is deadly dull. You say you don't anticipate a speedy issue for my cousin's illness?"

"To tell you the honest truth," said the squire, with a feeling of relief that he could speak it, "I'm like the Widow Bedott: I 'can't calkilate.' I am hopeful by nature, and John Van Alstyne

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was one of my oldest friends. We got looking rather askance at one another at one time, or, to put it more fairly, that was my attitude toward him. But at present my feelings have gone back to their natural level, and I don't want to think of his dying, even out of his present death-in-life. My wish is probably father to my thought. As Sawyer has told you, he may have another stroke at any time, and that would doubtless fetch him. But I hope not."

"Your friend Lamson," said Mr. Hadleigh after a pause; "has he spoken to you about the application he advises me to make to the Supreme Court of your State for a commission to settle up my cousin's business?"

The squire had been tilted back in his chair, and, like Mr. Hadleigh, was enjoying a cigar. He threw away the latter and brought his chair down on all fours with a thump that sent the too-ready blood to the last speaker's sallow cheeks. But for a moment he made no response.

"No," he said at last. "I haven't happened to see Lamson for two or three days. What does he want you to do that for? Isn't it rather rushing things? It would look better to wait awhile, it seems to me."

"So I suggested," replied Mr. Hadleigh quietly.

"Why, Van Alstyne has scarcely been sick a month yet," went on the squire. "He may die any time, and then where would be the object of such a proceeding?"

"On the other hand," returned Mr. Hadleigh, "Mr. Lamson points out that he may survive for years in a state of imbecility. I may take it into my head to return to England, or to go elsewhere, at any moment, and I believe I am the only person in the country who is entitled to call for such a commission."

"With what end in view?"

"You'd better consult Mr. Lamson about that, perhaps. It was his suggestion."

"He wants to have the estate put on the market, I suppose?"

"Precisely."

The squire leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, and cogitated.

"Well," he asked finally, "what answer did you give him?"

"None, so far—that is, I have agreed to nothing definite. The application, if made, would not depend for its success solely upon me. Bondsmen would be required in any case. And I have by no means decided to interfere."

"Take my advice and don't," said the squire, rising. "It

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would be of no particular benefit to you that I can see, unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Mr. Hadleigh, with the familiar contraction of his brows.

"Oh! nothing," replied the squire, looking down at him frankly and putting out his hand. "I was about to observe that my friend Lamson seems to have more of the makings of a scoundrel about him than I find it pleasant to admit to myself, seeing how long we have managed to hit it off together. I ought to beg your pardon for my 'unless,' and I do. I think you'd be wise to get in-doors now, before the sun goes any lower. It don't answer to play with rheumatism."

"I don't quite follow your line of thought," returned Mr. Hadleigh, making no attempt to comply with the squire's suggestion. "Mr. Lamson's motive is plain enough. Of course it is intended to secure his own advantage, and, incidentally I believe, yours also, but it appears to me that 'scoundrelly' is too big an adjective for it. My cousin is evidently on the mend, physically, and that, as we all understand, points to a prolonged period of imbecility. In the meantime, what is to be done about his business?"

"I guess it would manage to rub along, providing everybody else would be content to mind theirs and let his alone," said the squire. "Why should you interfere, of all men? Suppose Mr. Van Alstyne continues in his present state long enough to give reasonable grounds for applying for a commission *de lunatico*. He hasn't yet, I may as well tell you for a fact that you can rely on. But suppose he should, and that your application is granted. Of what personal benefit could that be to you? Me you may count out altogether. But why should you go out of your way, through what would look like a most unsavory dung-heap to ordinary mortals, merely to play into Lamson's hand? He couldn't really make that worth your while, it seems to me."

The squire was in something of a heat by this time. Mr. Hadleigh, on the contrary, was entirely cool. He ruminated for a little before he made an answer which apparently ignored entirely the insinuation just repeated.

"I see your point of view," he said at last, rising as he spoke and turning toward the hall door; "I have already urged much the same in reply to your friend's advances. Perhaps you'll be kind enough, if you see him, to say that he need not trouble to come up again about it. I shall leave for New York by to-morrow night at latest."

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"You will be coming back again later on, no doubt?" said the squire in his usual hearty tone.

"Impossible to say. I am a bird of passage. I shall expect you to keep me *au courant* of affairs here, as you promised. Mrs. Van Alstyne, on whom I had expected to depend for news, tells me that she is going to New York also, within a week or two, to meet a relative with whom she intends to spend the winter."

"Just so," assented the squire. "If there is any decided change for the worse, I'll let you know." Then they parted, the squire going up to pay his visit to John Van Alstyne. The old man was just coming in from the balcony, aided by Zipporah Colton. The squire sat down opposite his patient, and after putting the usual inquiries, remained for a little while in a brown study. It was his habit to talk to the invalid, getting from him, at first, such mute responses as his condition made possible; and, since his tongue had been unlocked, encouraging him to use it until he saw how much the unavailing effort to make himself intelligible cost the old man. But, up to the present, the remarks which he had directed to him personally had been for the most part merely jocular and cheery in their nature. A shrewd observer might have inferred from them that the squire's wish was indeed father to his hopeful thoughts about his patient, for they had thus far taken an aim distinctly lower than that of a free intelligence, level with his own. To-day he adopted suddenly another course.

Mr. Van Alstyne was in his easy-chair, his motionless right hand lying across his lap, outside his dressing-gown, where Zip had placed it; the other resting on the arm of the chair. Thus far he had made no effort to respond to the squire save by means of this hand, and the closing or opening of his eyes. Presently the doctor leaned forward and took it in both his own.

"Well," he said, in his ordinary cheery tone, "don't you feel like talking to me a little to-day? You must limber up your tongue, you know. It won't do to let it stiffen. Come, isn't there anything you can say to me? Don't you want anything?"

"I want," returned John Van Alstyne, and then stopped. His brows contracted painfully. The squire lifted his own a little, and a gleam of pleasure came into his eyes. It was the first attempt at speech the invalid had made which was at all like a direct response. Fragments of verse, or entirely irrelevant collocations of familiar words, repeated as if by a machine, had hitherto been all that had passed his lips.

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"You want?" echoed the squire. "Well, that 's good news, too. What do you want? Try again."

"I want—I want—a pig."

"A pig!" began the squire with a laugh. "I don't doubt it in the least. I've got one about a month old that would just fill the bill—roasted, and with a lemon in its mouth, I suppose?" Then he stopped, seeing the slow tears that were forcing themselves through John Van Alstyne's eyes, as he once more realized the futility of his efforts to express himself.

The girl leaning over the back of his chair wiped them gently away.

"Why do you torment him?" she asked softly.

"Pshaw!" said the squire, pulling out his bandanna and using it noisily, "I'm not tormenting him; I've got something to tell him, and you too, providing he'll keep it a secret. I can trust *you*, of course. See here, Van Alstyne. You understand me, I know; but to make sure of it, just tip me a wink, will you, or squeeze my hand a bit? Yes, I knew it. Now listen. I want to tell you just what is the matter with you at present. There is a clot here on the left side of your brain which acts as a mechanical obstacle—a stone, as one might say, rolled against the door of your speech and lying also in the way of motion for this arm. Well, now, it is being gradually absorbed. If it were not already much less than it was at first, you would not even tell me that you 'want a pig.' All you have to do now is to possess your soul in patience. Trust God, as they say, and keep your powder dry, and everything will come right. You understand?"

The squire looked up at Zip and smiled.

"Come round here," he said, "and see if he doesn't."

The tense, worried, wistful look was, in fact, gone from John Van Alstyne's eyes. It was replaced by one of such relief that the squire was in a mood to berate himself soundly for not having tried his experiment of confidence earlier. His own hopes rose to an altitude they had not gained before.

"For a man of my years," said he, still retaining John Van Alstyne's hand, "I have been a most uncommon kind of idiot. It would have done you good to hear me say that sooner, eh? Well, I was acting on my best judgment about it, and that's the only excuse that I can offer. Everything depends now on yourself, and on these good girls that have been looking after you."

Squire Cadwallader rose and took his hat.

"Where's Miss Murray, by the way?" he asked.

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"Gone home for the day," answered Zip. "She could, since I was free to stay here. She *is* good, squire, isn't she? What makes her so, do you think?" The girl gave a little, wistful sigh as she ended.

"She was born that way, I reckon," said the squire, smiling; "some folks are, you know."

"I wish I had been," sighed Zip again.

"Oh! come," said the squire, patting her on the shoulder, "I don't think anybody here would like to spare your own particular variety of goodness. We can't all be lilies-of-the-valley."

"Lilies-of-the-valley, indeed!" protested Zip. "A great tall calla is what you mean."

"Well, a calla then, if you like that better. I merely want to point out to you that even callas leave room for roses—and some folks prefer roses," he ended, pinching the girl's cheek.

"Even *cabbage* roses!" amended Zip with self-depreciating disdain.

XXXI.

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

SQUIRE CADWALLADER saw Mr. Hadleigh depart the next afternoon with a feeling of mingled compunction and relief. The compunction came uppermost and effervesced, though not into audible speech, and it gave him real pleasure to know he had it.

"I've been a most uncharitable ass," he said to himself after shaking hands at the station with his departing patient, "and I deserve condign kicking for it." Perhaps the confession did him more good than if it had been open. He was more at peace with himself and all mankind than he had been for the last month. In the depth of his heart he even forgave Seth Lamson, reflecting that his own duplicity with regard to John Van Alstyne's real condition afforded the amplest excuse for his partner's canny haste to profit by it.

"I suppose I might have tried to do the same thing if anybody else were concerned, or even if I were not too sentimental for pure business," he reflected. "After all, there was nothing out of the way or irregular in what he proposed, if only he hadn't been in such a preposterous hurry, and the case had been really what he supposes. Lord! what a thing it is to have such an invaluable coadjutor as Sawyer!" The squire chuckled over the reminiscences that name evoked. "Poor Alfred! And the

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case *might* have been just as he diagnosed it, and prognosed it, and vaticinated about it to such purpose! Who knew it wasn't? Did I, until yesterday? And if Lamson found a mare's nest, wasn't it because I've been all along fooling myself with one? I'd like to know just what bait he found it natural and easy to tempt the Englishman with. He is a better fellow than I have been supposing him lately, Lord forgive me! Still, I own I'm not sorry to see his back."

And it was on that basis of solid fact that the travail of the squire's soul invariably found repose. It was that which secretly imparted its unique flavor of sweetness to the process of arraigning himself at his own bar on the charge of uncharitableness toward his neighbor. While he figuratively smote his breast with one hand and cried *peccavi*, with the other he was waving a pleased farewell and simultaneously muttering good riddance. So, for the most part, we are doubtless made. Socrates alone stands up in the midst of his accusers and testifies to the interior voice, which has everywhere and always warned him against what is noxious and to be avoided. But could there have been one soul of the condemning crowd who must not have owned to turning often a deaf ear to warnings not less imperious and insistent?

Squire Cadwallader's hopes for his patient, however well founded in fact, were at least not swift in their realization. After the confirmation they had just received, he had been sanguine in his anticipations of a speedy and entire recovery. But when days and weeks went by, bringing, indeed, so much of renewed physical vigor to John Van Alstyne that he could take daily walks and drives, yet opening no avenues by which he could communicate his thoughts, the squire's tone, except to the sick man himself, became insensibly less cheery. He had tried to have him write with his free left hand, but although the old man made shift to trace his own signature rudely, or whatever else was laid before him as a copy, yet the efforts which he made on his own initiative resulted as lamely as those he made at speech. Judging from his facial expression, the hopes which had been roused in his own breast were going out again for want of fuel. His eyes were less eager and less wistful, and his smile less frequent. As the shadows deepened about the casement, the prisoner within was growing more pathetic, because more untroubled, in his resignation.

About the house things were taking a more settled footing and getting into place for the winter. Mrs. Van Alstyne had

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departed for New York toward the middle of November, and shortly afterward Miss Murray, having prevailed on the squire to own that her constant presence was no longer an absolute necessity, had returned home. She still passed a part of every day with the invalid, however, and occasionally remained at the house all night. Mrs. Lant, who had been installed at the Murrays' during Mary Anne's absence, came up to Mr. Van Alstyne's with her family, partly as a somewhat superfluous assistant to the housekeeper and the other servants, and partly because Zipporah Colton had asked for her, thinking that the presence of the children would brighten up the dulness of the great house. Her own term at the school was now very near its expiration, but she had determined in her own mind that so long as John Van Alstyne remained so helpless and so lonely she would not abandon her post beside him. It was a sort of compact she had made with herself when Mary Anne decided that her domestic duties ought now to take precedence of those she had assumed toward the invalid. Under existing circumstances, her own father being likewise in feeble health, Mary Anne's decision was natural and inevitable. But Zipporah, in pondering over the situation, had quietly come to the conclusion that there was nothing in her own line of duty which need interfere with this one. As yet, however, she had shared her resolve with nobody, excepting her self-imposed charge himself.

There was something very touching in the relation that grew up between these two, the silent, almost helpless old man, only his eyes fully responsive and alive, and the loyal young girl, bound to him by a tie purely of the soul, yet grounded in sympathy and natural charity only. At first Zip had seldom tried speaking to him—the process was so one-sided, and she so distrustful of her own powers of consolation. Efforts at entertainment had at first seemed too out of place, but after awhile, when Squire Cadwallader's experiment had made it seem certain to her that the whole man was there, barring only his powers of communication with his kind, she began reading to him, most often, perhaps, from the Gospels, finding him apparently more interested and attentive than when she selected other books, but not seldom making her own choice and pleasure the vehicle for his. Direct speech with him, save as that was necessary, still came hard to her. But after awhile that difficulty, too, grew less important. She was abandoning hope of his recovery. As she stood beside him one day, after a long silence during which she had been pondering on many things, a line from *Elaine* floated into her mind as

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she came back from her reverie and caught the look of isolation and withdrawal in his eyes. Almost it passed her lips, but she refrained them from it:

"The dead,
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

And that day she began what afterwards grew into a curious, habitual confidence, but which doubtless owed its inception to her fixed belief that the old man was going silently down into his grave. Perhaps all monologue must in the end grow personal, however it begin. The girl was now so essential to John Van Alstyne's comfort that almost all her leisure time was spent near him. And, from the necessity of the case, she was usually otherwise companionless, except now and again for one of Mrs. Lant's little girls. So, presently, moved in the first instance by the thought of amusing him, and afterwards drawn on by that pleasure of self-outpouring which only the absence of a dumb confidant denies to more people than would care to confess to the fact, she fell into a way of talking out to him nearly all that went on within her mind—her girlish dreams and fancies, her thoughts about the present and the future, her doubts and her beliefs, her hopes and fears. It was an innocent, and under the precise circumstances not an unnatural, thing to do. Not a little of the great personal literature of the world—the Soliloquies, and the Confessions, and the Dialogues of saints, as well as the *Journals Intimes* of men like Amiel—must have sprung out of a need not more interior, and, in its fundamental basis, not less natural, than hers.

It struck her one day when she came in after school that Mr. Van Alstyne's expression was more despondent than usual. The approaching end of the school term had now made definite in her mind that resolution to remain at her post as nurse of which mention has been made already. She sat down on the footstool in front of him and laid her warm young hands on his.

"Does it please you to have me here?" she asked him with a sudden yearning to console. His free hand closed strongly on hers—nay, it even seemed to her that there was motion in the other. It was characteristic of a certain exaltation of mood of which she was capable, that at the moment the fact signified nothing to her but as a more emphatic expression of his answer. She went on:

"Have you thought—have you remembered that my time here is almost ended? I wanted to tell you. I am not going to

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keep the school. It tires me. But I mean to stay here, with you, and take care of you just as long as ever you need me. You *do* want me, don't you? I want to stay."

The old man's eyes brightened, and the slow, pathetic smile that sometimes shone across his lips came there before he tried to open them. His efforts to speak had been more rare of late.

"I want," he said, and sighed. Then he tried again. "I want—you."

"Oh! thank God!" cried the girl. "You spoke—and you said what you tried to say. And oh! your hand moves, your right hand! It did before, and I never thought what it meant. You *are* going to be better and to speak! Oh! thank God!"

She put her face down on his hand and he felt her glad tears wet it. It was a good hand, a generous hand, that out of pure human sympathy had been held out impartially to all who needed its assistance. No doubt it was well that when life and sensation began once more to flood its nerves and veins a purely human sympathy should likewise be first to bid them welcome.

XXXII.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

ONE morning, shortly after the occurrence of the scene just narrated, Zipporah went into the library, after a late breakfast, to choose a book with which to amuse both herself and her silent listener. She had detailed what happened to Squire Cadwallader, and, like herself, he had gained renewed hope from it. But John Van Alstyne's further efforts at speech, made in response to the squire and to Paul Murray, distressed him so much that they were discontinued. The sick man's mind, if the disconnected words that came to his lips could be taken in evidence, was full of matters which it was thought unwise to discuss before him.

"He is improving," affirmed the squire, in a voice that was more grave than was habitual; "not so rapidly as I thought might be possible a month ago, but steadily. But he must be kept quiet and not allowed to agitate himself so. His speech, when it returns, will not do so through any effort of his own. I don't like at all the flush that comes when he tries to get at business matters with you, Murray. I should keep away from him for awhile, in your place."

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"You think he attaches a definite meaning to his words now, do you?"

"I'm sure of it. When he says 'mill,' for instance, or when he said 'Mount,' just now. He would like to see his lawyer, I suppose, but at present I would rather he didn't. The girls are the best company for him for awhile yet. They cheer him up and amuse him, and he don't connect them in his own mind with disturbing matters."

It was a Sunday morning, the first Sunday of winter, cold, and clear, and bright. The road, full of frost, but as yet unvisited by snow, creaked loudly under the wheels of the church-going vehicles passing John Van Alstyne's door. He had not sat down-stairs yet since his illness began, but was expecting to do so in the course of the week just opening. And as Zipporah had a fancy that the library, with its southern exposure and wide bay-window, was the pleasantest of all the lower rooms, it had been opened and fires kept burning in it lately, so that the invalid should find it cheery when he removed thither. As a library it did not amount to a great deal. John Van Alstyne himself had never been much of a reading man, and the volumes which filled a couple of book-cases on either side of the chimney-piece were partly the accumulations of his father and partly those of his son. The latter, a man of desultory tastes, an idler rather than a student, but with a quick sense of literary values, had made a very miscellaneous collection, in which he aimed at nothing further than his own present gratification. Zipporah had dipped into it now and again, and lighted on many books which, had her time been less occupied, or her outside interests fewer than they soon became, might have been of doubtful utility to her. Some of them were well-known classics, and recalled to her mind the dictum of her late professor of rhetoric, that culture was to be acquired by reading the best things, and that the best things were those which the cultivated had unanimously agreed to call so. If she had had nothing else to do, Zipporah would probably have set seriously to work at cultivating herself in John Van Alstyne's library that fall; as it was, she had her hands full of what was, on the whole, more useful employment.

This morning she was somewhat slow about making a choice. Despite her attachment to Mr. Van Alstyne, and in despite, too, of a sense of virtuous doing which now and again came to cheer her when she reflected on what she was about, the girl was a good deal alone nowadays, and she was feeling it more than

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usual. Miss Murray's visits had naturally been paid most often during school hours. School was now ended, so far as Zipporah was concerned, and that particular companionship would doubtless be resumed. There had been another, but for some reason Paul Murray's visits to the sick-room had also been fewer since his sister left it, and his manner, when he came there, more constrained. And since the caution Squire Cadwallader had given him he had not entered the house at all, though his messengers came every night and morning. And that was a long while ago, thought Zip—four days at least. She had seen him driving past on the road to church, with the carryall full of old people behind him, while she was standing at the breakfast-room window. And though her affection for Mr. Van Alstyne was most sincere, and her heroic resolves in his regard still up to concert pitch, she was, for some reason or other, a little out of tune within herself, and half-inclined to accuse life of a certain lack of flavor.

She turned over book after book without finding anything to her taste for several minutes. At last she fetched the steps, and mounting them, began to rummage among a pile of pamphlets and books in paper covers, which filled one of the top shelves. One of these, an issue of the Paris *Bibliothèque Bleue*, at last struck her fancy. It bore a great name on its rough blue cover, and as she ran over the introduction with which Sainte-Beuve had prefaced it, she found him saying that when one had read the three tales it contained, *René*, and *Atala*, and *Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage*, one had known the best that Chateaubriand had to give. For a few minutes she sat still on the top step, and after running quickly over the pages of the first two, decided that she was hardly in the humor to make herself mistress of that best this morning. But as she glanced through the history of the ill-fated Aben-Hamet one sentence arrested her: "*Je t'aimerais*," *repondit le Maure*, "*plus que la gloire et moins que l'honneur.*" * Zipporah descended the steps and carried the little blue pamphlet with her to Mr. Van Alstyne's room.

The old man seemed inclined to be drowsy, and in a quarter of an hour or so Zip, who, being conscientious about her task of amusing him, had begun a very free translation of the story of the last Abencerage, noticed that his eyes were closed and he was sleeping. She went on with the tale in silence and had finished it before noonday. It moved her very deeply, but it set her to thinking also. In the afternoon she narrated it in her own way to Mr. Van Alstyne.

* "I would love thee," responded the Moor, "more than glory and less than honor."

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"They were lovers, you see," she went on after the briefest summary of the situation. "He was a Moor and a Mussulman, and she a Christian and a Spaniard. And her ancestor, the Cid, had killed Aben-Hamet's grandfather in battle. He was the last of his family, and she and her brother, Don Carlos, who refused to marry, and proposed to give all the property to her, were the last of theirs. He wanted her to marry his friend, De Lautrec, a Frenchman. But Blanca loved Aben-Hamet. She did not know he was an Abencerage and he did not know she descended from the Cid. But what they both knew was that they loved each other and differed in religion. Neither of them would yield, so Aben-Hamet went back to Carthage for a year, and then returned to see whether Blanca had changed her mind. They are both very noble. Before he goes he says to her—wait a minute, until I get the book and read it—'I promise thee never to give my heart to another woman, and to take thee for my wife as soon as thou shalt accept the holy law of the prophet?' And she answers: 'And for me, I shall await thee always; I will guard until my last breath the faith I have sworn thee, and I will receive thee as my husband when the God of Christians, more powerful than thy beloved, shall have touched thy infidel heart.' Isn't that beautiful? Well, Aben-Hamet comes back in just a year, and they love each other more than ever, but are just as firm. 'Be a Christian,' Blanca says to him, and he answers, 'Be a Mahometan'—and they separate again without having yielded to the passion which draws them to each other.'" Zip was translating again. Then she resumed her rapid condensation of the tale.

"At the end of the next year Aben-Hamet comes once more, and this time he meets Don Carlos and De Lautrec. He is very jealous of the Frenchman, and he has a duel with Don Carlos, in which he gets the best of it. I was glad of that. I like Aben-Hamet. Don Carlos fights him to make him give up the thought of his sister and go away. What do you think Don Carlos says just before they fight? They are beside the tomb of one of the old Moors. 'Imitate,' he says, 'this brave infidel and receive *both baptism and death from my hand'!* And Aben-Hamet answers: 'Death, perhaps, but live Allah and the prophet!' And he disarms Don Carlos, but will not take his life. Then Doña Blanca and the Frenchman ride up, and they get reconciled somehow, and after that Aben-Hamet makes up his mind that as there is no hope for him unless he becomes a Christian he will do so. He enters a church one night—it had been a mosque in

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the old days—and there he sees the Frenchman at prayer. He kneels down himself, but just as he does so he sees some old Moorish inscription, and that changes his feeling about it, and he goes out. But at the door he meets Blanca. He asks her if she is going there to meet the Frenchman. Then she is splendid. She says: 'Leave these vulgar jealousies. If I loved thee no more I would tell thee so. I would disdain to deceive thee. I came here to pray for thee; thou alone art now the object of my vows; I forget my own soul for thine. Either cease to intoxicate me with the poison of thy love or consent to serve the God whom I serve. . . . Behold this abode of death; it is enchanted. Unless thou hasten to receive my faith at the foot of its altar, I shall soon rest there. The struggles I pass through undermine my life; the passion thou inspirest will not always sustain my frail existence. Remember, O Moor, to speak after thine own fashion, the flame that illumes the torch is also the flame that consumes it.'"

"That is fine," commented Zip. "All that is very fine. But afterwards comes the end, and that I do not understand. Aben-Hamet gives up his opposition; he determines to be a Christian and goes to see Blanca and tell her so. She is not at home—she and her brother are paying a visit to the Frenchman, and Aben-Hamet follows them. They have a pleasant evening until they begin singing songs, and through the songs it is discovered that Blanca descends from the Cid and that Aben-Hamet is the last Abencerage. And Aben-Hamet, who was willing to renounce his religion, finds then that he cannot resolve to forget the family feud. He tells Blanca that he will give her back her promise, and that although he will always remember and be faithful to her, yet, if ever she can forget him, she ought to marry the Frenchman. 'You owe that to your brother,' he says. But then the Frenchman declares he will never profit by the misfortune of a man so noble. He begs him to become a Christian, and says he will then intercede with Don Carlos to give him Blanca's hand. Even Don Carlos joins in and persuades him, and at last Aben-Hamet says: "Ah! must I encounter here so many sublime souls, so many generous hearts, but to feel more deeply what I lose? Let Blanca decide. Let her say what I shall do to be more worthy of her love!' And then," cried Zip, getting up from the footstool where she had been facing John Van Alstyne—"then what do you think? Blanca says '*Return to the desert!*' And then she faints away, and he goes away, and never comes back! Think of that!"

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"What do *you* think of that?" said a quiet voice at the door. The room was over-warm, and the door leading into the corridor was standing wide open. Paul Murray was leaning there against the jamb. Zipporah flushed. But Paul's presence there was not unusual, nor was it so that he should enter unannounced.

"Have you been here long?" she asked presently, in a tone very different from the animated one she had been using.

"Only long enough to catch the last of the story you were telling," said Paul, entering, and going to salute Mr. Van Alstyne. Then he turned to the girl again. "I did not want to interrupt you. The story is one I know pretty well by heart. Do you mind going on, as I fancy you would have done had I not spoken? What do you think of the ending? Why does Blanca surprise you so?"

"Only," said the girl, hesitating a little, "because I was not prepared to find her admitting so completely that her religion was less to her than she thought it was. I expected it in Aben-Hamet, of course."

"I am not sure I follow you," said Paul. "That climax is very much praised for its truth to human nature."

"And do you think it is?"

"True to human nature? Well, if you can grant human nature exalted to just that precise pitch, I am inclined to think it is. You remember, perhaps, that Chateaubriand says that he proposed making all four of those characters exceptionally noble, but not beyond nature?"

"No," said Zip, "I didn't notice that he said so. I read nothing but the story itself. But it does not seem in character to me. I cannot understand Blanca at all."

"But why?" insisted Paul. "Could she not have understood his struggle with himself, and perhaps dreaded lest she should seem to him to constrain him to remain?"

"Remain?" said Zip, with a scornful inflection. "He needn't have remained! That wasn't the question. Something new had come up, and he felt more about the quarrel between their ancestors than he did about his religion. He had made up his mind to give up that, and then the family feeling came in. I understand him, I think. But I had thought up to the very last that Blanca really did believe her religion was true."

"Ah!" said Paul, with an upward inflection. "And then you changed your mind?"

"Why, certainly. If she thought it was true, she must have thought it necessary for him to think so too. She wouldn't have

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said, 'Go back to your desert!' She would have brought him over to her faith at *any* cost. So I should think. And if neither of them really believed in their religion, why did they make so much fuss about it to begin with?"

"You think that religion is an affair of all or nothing, do you?"

"Don't you?"

"I do, certainly."

"But you said you thought the story was true to human nature."

"To a certain very exalted type of it. But when we come to matters of religious conviction, why, then we do go beyond human nature. I think, or at least I fear, that such conviction is a thing very much rarer than you seem to suppose. We are talking, just now, as if Blanca and Aben-Hamet were real people. What do you think either of them would have gained by yielding, simply, as it must have been, to please the other? Would she have been a true Mahometan, or he a true Christian?"

"I suppose not," said Zip. "But Blanca does seem real to me for the moment. And what she did proves to me that her religion was no more to her than his to him. I mean, she did not truly believe it. She kept to it because it was hers, not because it was true."

"And you don't think that noble? What do you think she should have said?"

"Oh! I don't know," answered the girl, turning away. "Of course, it is only a story. She had to speak at once and right there, before everybody. So perhaps she did the best she could. If you will stay awhile with Mr. Van Alstyne, Mr. Murray, I will go and take a walk; I have been indoors all day."

And then she went away, with a curious sense, which Paul Murray also shared, that in some manner their attitude toward each other had changed, or was on the point of changing. But in what way neither of them felt inspired to determine.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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WORKMEN SHOULD NOT ONLY ACT BUT THINK.

THERE is no doubt that they do think. Whatever there is of improvement in their condition to-day is sprung from careful thought on their own condition, and prompt action at the right moment. But what I wish to point out is that hitherto there has been more acting than thinking among workmen; more enthusiasm, for example, in carrying out a strike than patient study of the best methods. It will not be difficult to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. Powderly has already advanced it in his latest circular to the association of which he is the head. He finds that there is great need of instruction among his brethren, and he suggests the establishment of a lecture bureau, whose business it will be to wake up the thinking powers of workmen, and show them, among many other things, that a strike will not infallibly settle a difficulty, that patience and obedience are necessary virtues in big and little matters, and that many factors enter into the labor grievance which high wages alone cannot put aside. He says plainly that many of the members of his order do not think enough, and do not know enough to handle intelligently the difficulties in the way. The same can be said of workmen outside the order, and even of the average business man, the politician, and the manufacturer.

It can easily be guessed what brought out Mr. Powderly's circular. There is a lull in the din of conflict between labor and capital. The boycott, the lockout, and the strike, along with the much-vaunted arbitration, have all failed to do very much more than waste money and temper, and seem to have been laid aside for the moment by common consent. It is to be observed, too, that events have shown a lack of discipline among some of the labor organizations. Yet after fifteen years of warfare no weapons have been found to replace the strike and the boycott. In other words, the labor cause has not advanced as much as was hoped, and at present there is something like an actual halt. No one seems to know what may be done next with advantage. Mr. Powderly with very good sense suggests that all hands call in lecturers, and open books and study a little. Some vital questions are yet unsettled. Is there not something more decisive and yet less violent than the strike with which to get better wages? Many wise men think there is. Mr. Powderly's lecturers will find themselves under the necessity of removing

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some popular heresies before they can get to work at the first principles. Workmen must be convinced that they cannot study and think too much if they are going to secure their just position in the social system.

Perhaps it may seem presumptuous to offer large suggestions in connection with Mr. Powderly's letter, but in my experience I have often found many thoughtful workmen—that is, of the class interested in improving their own condition—holding wrong principles, often ignorant of the real causes of social deficiencies, and obstinately wedded to obsolete methods for supplying these deficiencies. It will do no harm to let a little light fall on these points.

Wrong principles are commonly circulating as good coin nowadays. Often the workman swears by the axiom which his employer uses as a pretext to reduce his wages. Here, in order, are a few specimens of the counterfeit principles which in certain cases guide the average citizen of this country:

The law of supply and demand fixes the prices of *all* commodities.

You can honestly sell anything that will be bought.

It is fair to sell at any price you can get, taking advantage of a man's necessity or ignorance.

An employer may offer as low wages as a workman will take.

The buyer alone is to blame for the bad quality of the article bought.

Employers may make any conditions they please. If the workmen do not like them, they can go elsewhere.

It seems needless to comment on the sort of ethics expressed here, but their popularity provokes at least a remonstrance. Each of these propositions is false. The contradictory in each case is true. There is a tremendous fascination for the average mind in the "law of supply and demand," if there be such a thing. Certainly, if it do exist, it does not deserve the importance attached to it, it cannot be at the root of every business transaction, while in the matter of human labor it should not have the influence almost universally accorded it.

Yet employers claim a moral right to reduce wages on the sole ground that laborers are too numerous, and workmen claim exorbitant wages on the sole ground that employers must hire them or go without. In the first case a workman's services may be worth more, in the second less, than he receives, and the injustice done no law of supply and demand can make just. It is

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perfectly true that a small demand for an article lessens its market value. But the diminished value can never without injustice fall below a certain mark in transactions among human beings. Yet the popular notion is that a plentiful supply and a small demand justify a buyer in dismissing all other considerations and buying at insignificant prices. Here, then, is a principle, fondly held and practised by workmen and employers both, which is nothing less than a good club for beating out each other's brains. As such they have used it, and will continue to use it until common sense and charity replace crude notions of political economy.

To the other false principles it may be briefly replied: That if one can sell anything that will be bought, then manufacturers of adulterated articles, and owners of tenement-houses, decayed and tottering, can justly dispose of their wares and of their human pig-styes with calm consciences.

If a seller can take advantage of a man's ignorance or necessity, and a buyer is responsible for his own failure to make a good bargain, then the struggle for better wages is one grounded not on justice and charity, but on the workman's superior strength or skill in forcing or tricking the employer into paying good wages.

If an employer has the right to offer as low wages as a workman will take, without regard to the value of the work done, then a workman has a similar and counter right on his side; and therefore the industrial world divides into two armies, each ready to fly at the throat of the other on the question of wages.

If employers can make any conditions, and if the workman rejecting them can go elsewhere, and that is all there is about it, where could they go if all employers made hard conditions?

If the workmen make serious blunders in first principles, it is not to be wondered at that the sources of their troubles should be hidden from them, or false ones taken for the truth. But after all, the highest authorities are divided as to the source of labor troubles. The troubles themselves are well understood. Workmen are in many cases getting too low wages to live decently and comfortably, and cry out against the wage-payers. There is a real tendency to lower wages visible in almost every department of labor, and a corresponding facility for accumulating larger fortunes by capitalists. But what is the cause of this? There is no answer agreed upon. Workmen, capitalists, economists, and statesmen are all equally unsatisfactory in their solution of this difficulty. Henry George offers his land heresy as a reason,

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and his single tax as a solution of the difficulty, but finds few to agree with him. Political economists say that the distribution of wealth is unequal, and cannot show how to make it equal. Is there one cause or many for the trouble? No one knows. What one may know is, that in so obscure a condition workmen should be slow to make charges, and to act upon insufficient evidence. Here is an interesting bit of sufficient evidence: The A. B. & C. Company, of Chicago, has built up an immense meat-trade throughout the country, and it may be said that it alone makes money out of it. Besides the company itself, seven parties are concerned in this meat business: stock-raisers, railroad corporations, railroad employees, the meat company's workmen, wholesale dealers in meat, retail dealers in meat, and consumers. Prices at retail are reasonably high, but of the seven parties to the meat business, excluding the consumers, only three receive satisfactory compensation for their labor and interest: wholesale dealers, railroad corporations, and The A. B. & C. Company. The many stock-raisers get a bare profit, retail dealers would not handle the company's meat if they could avoid so unprofitable a business, and the various employees are constantly rising in arms against the meat company and the common carriers, both of which classes are managed by men who are many times millionaires.

Here, then, is a case which presents many reasons for the poor condition of certain laborers, and the more than comfortable increase in employers' fortunes.

First. The A. B. & C. Company and the railroads are desirous of adding to their wealth, and it is their greed—it is sometimes called the business spirit—which urges them to hire the cheapest labor possible, and to keep on cheapening it.

Second. There is as yet no social principle established which gives the laborer any greater interest in his employer's business than can be represented by the market price of labor, no matter how good the quality of the labor of individual laborers may be.

Third. The Chicago Company takes advantage of the stock-raisers, who can sell to no one else, and cheapens their labor by cheapening its results.

Fourth. The railroads make greed the basis of their charges and the basis of their wages.

Fifth. There is no law on the statute-book which might control the public conscience of the great meat company and the railroad corporations, because it is a common belief that the law of supply and demand sooner or later regulates prices like a

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charm. But in this instance The A. B. & C. Company and the railroads regulate supply and demand—so regulate prices. Greed, ignorance, dishonesty, and defective or wanting statutes are here the primary causes why a certain large number of workmen get low wages and never improve their condition. If the corporations mentioned could once be safely placed in the grip of the law, a great advance could be made in the condition of labor. Is it such an attempt workmen are making? No; they are fighting their oppressors with the foolish and expensive strike, and meanwhile the old corporations flourish and new ones are springing up, big and little, on every side. We do not deny the benefit gained by strikes, for they have been notable; but not nearly so notable as the harm done. Without saying, either, that it were better the men had not resorted to strikes, we maintain that such methods are totally incompetent to achieve a radical and permanent success. The workmen pay little attention to the defective statute, or to the preparation and passage of good laws. Hence the need of Mr. Powderly's lecture bureau.

Mr. Powderly would have the labor organization over which he presides throw its vast influence into new channels. He would have it take thought now, to devise new methods, to search for real causes, to become familiar with right principles, and, above all, with a firm faith in the ultimate success of the right, to suffer and wait in generous patience until persistent effort has done away with wrongs.

Perhaps one might supplement the general tenor of Mr. Powderly's circular with more precise lines of study, thought, and action for the workman to follow. Here are a few:

If bad principles are prevalent in the social state of men, as we have shown them to be on certain points, and if greed and ambition are causes in part of the sufferings of the poor, the only radical cure is religion, of which there is far too little in this country, and among non-Catholic workmen almost none at all. The spread and deepening of its influence among employers and employed will do away with much injustice.

If causes are obscure, and minds are in doubt as to the real sources of trouble, then study to discover true causes and sources, and defer action until action is sure to be effective. What use to waste time and ammunition shooting at a stump in the dark? When the source of any evil is finally found, destroy it in such a way that it will never appear more on this earth. For example, one cause of low wages is the employment of children where adults should be employed. End that abuse for ever.

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The strike and the boycott are played out as methods to be used on a large scale or to advance the interests of workmen generally. Put them aside. If you wish to punish a corporation for reducing wages unjustly, go to the legislature with an act which will lessen its unjust gains and cripple its unlawful privileges.

Organize your societies efficiently, practice strict obedience to the leaders, then frame laws which will root out abuses and bring them to the legislatures. If they are not passed, the organizations can punish local members by not voting for their return to the legislature. When they do become laws, look after their execution. Much could be said about organizing. I have heard from well-informed men that there is no such thing existing as a really well-organized labor society.

One thing in connection with workmen I have never been able to understand. For years they have spent millions of money in a vain attempt to raise wages, not understanding why wages fell, and therefore ignorant of true methods; while evils which were understood and might have been remedied, and useful things which might have been obtained, were altogether neglected. For example, the rotten tenements could have been wiped out of existence, the number of public parks increased, the liquor giant fettered, the laws of health looked after in factories, the coal and food monopolies chained, and the child-labor abuse destroyed. These things have been attended to only imperfectly, or not at all—often, indeed, by wealthy philanthropists—and yet they have a far stronger bearing on the labor problem than the popular "law of supply and demand."

There is a lull in the struggle for better wages at the present moment. Workmen do not seem to know what can next be done with advantage. Money has been spent, old methods still prevail, and wages are descending. It is a good time to think.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS have on sale Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s latest London edition of "The Prig" series, which now comprises *The Life of a Prig*, *Prig's Bede*, *How to Make a Saint*, and *The Churgress*. They are printed in clear type on good paper, with uncut edges, wide margins, and a substantial and tasteful binding which adapts them well to library purposes. It is too late in the day to say anything new in praise of their literary or other qualities. The first of the series still remains the most amusing, for the reason that the quality of its raillery permits the reader to accept the author in his unalloyed priggishness, rapt in the contemplation of his own perfections, and not squinting too obviously in the direction of any other model. In the nature of things that attitude could not be maintained long. The succeeding books are quite as clever in other ways, and *The Churgress*, which inevitably recalls the late T. W. M. Marshall's *Comedy of Convocation*, in the matter of telling and effective satire, aimed in a given direction, is better in all ways, or, at least, in all ways except the purely artistic one. For the priggishness of the Prig has now become too evidently perfunctory. He has ranged himself, which the true prig never does, and, in so doing, he has made it impossible for all hands to exchange quiet smiles over him alone. It is necessary now either to laugh with him or to make wry faces in solitary corners.

One of Mr. Rider Haggard's new novels—he rushes them out so fast that it is impossible to keep track of them all—is an amusing skit at the publishing confraternity from the author's point of view. It is called *Mr. Meeson's Will* (New York: Harper & Brothers). Mr. Meeson is the head of a publishing house in Birmingham, "the most remarkable institution of the kind in Europe," which employs two thousand hands and whose buildings cover two and a quarter acres. Among these "hands" are numbered "five-and-twenty tame authors," who sit, week in and week out, in "vault-like hutches in the basement," and, "at salaries varying from one to five hundred a year," pour out that ceaseless stream of books, "largely religious in their nature," which has made the proprietors of the firm several times millionaires in pounds sterling. "And to think," as Meeson says when displaying the magnificence of his private palace to some poor wretch of an author—

"to think that all this comes out of the brains of chaps like you! Why,

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young man, I tell you that if all the money that has been paid to you scribblers since the days of Elizabeth were added together, it would not come up to my little pile; but, mind you, it an't so much fiction that has done the trick—it's religion. It's piety as pays, especially when it's printed."

To Mr. Meeson comes one fine day when he is in uncommonly bad humor, because the net dividend from the Australian branch of his house has fallen to a beggarly seven per cent., a golden-haired, gray-eyed beauty of an authoress, on whose successful novel, "Jemima's Vow," the firm has just been making a clear thousand pounds. Miss Augusta Smithers, who sold him the manuscript for fifty pounds, signing at the same time an agreement to let him have anything she may wish to publish for the next five years for seven per cent. of the profits, has come to beg Mr. Meeson to be a little more generous to her, in view, not merely of the wholly unexpected success of her story, but of her pressing needs. She has a little sister dying at home, she is nearly at the end of her resources, and she has just been offered, by another publisher a thousand pounds for the copyright of a completed story now lying in her desk. If Mr. Meeson will not give her enough to take her sister abroad, will he not release her from the engagement and permit her to realize on her second novel? He will do neither, whereupon Miss Smithers declares that she will not only publish nothing at all for five years, but will write to the papers explaining the cause of her inactivity.

At this unpleasant interview Mr. Meeson's nephew and sole heir, a recent Oxford graduate, happens to be present. He falls in love with Miss Smithers on the spot, and on her withdrawal berates his uncle so roundly that the old gentleman betakes himself to his lawyer and revokes his will, cutting Eustace off without a penny and dividing his two millions equally between the other members of the firm. Then he sets out for Australia to investigate the financial shrinkage in the book trade. He embarks on the *Kangaroo*, on which vessel Miss Smithers also sails, as a second-class passenger. She is on her way to a missionary cousin in New Zealand, with whom she proposes to make her home until the period of her engagement with Meeson shall be ended. Her sister is dead, and she has no tie to bind her to England save a recollection of the kind and handsome face of Eustace Meeson, whom she has seen once since meeting him in the publishing office. The *Kangaroo* is wrecked, and Mr. Meeson, Miss Smithers, a five-year-old boy, and two sailors escape in one of the two boats that are safely launched, and make Kerguelen Land on the second day after the mishap.

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Mr. Meeson, smitten with death by reason of the exposure, is also conscience-smitten on account of his nephew and several other matters. He wants to make a new will, in the hope that a passing ship may rescue one or other of his companions, and Miss Smithers encourages the notion. But how to do it? Not a scrap of paper, not a pencil, not even a shred of linen exists on the island, everybody happening to have left the ship in flannels. Miss Smithers gets a happy thought from the tattooing on the arm of one of the sailors, who has inscribed his own name in full on his forearm. She thinks that if Johnnie Butt would allow his fellow-tar to tattoo Mr. Meeson's will on his back, it could be signed by Mr. Meeson and witnessed by herself and the novel scrivener. But Johnnie objecting in "language more striking than correct," Mr. Meeson proposes the child's back as an alternative, to which Miss Smithers demurs as emphatically as Johnnie, but in better taste.

"Well, then, there's about an end of the question," said Bill; "and this gentleman's money must go wherever it is he don't want it to."

"No," said Augusta with a sudden flush, "there is not. Mr. Eustace Meeson was once very kind to me, and rather than he should lose the chance of getting what he ought to have, I—I will be tattooed."

An obliging cuttle-fish having turned up just in time, Mr. Meeson's will, which is brief—"I leave all my property to Eustace H. Meeson"—is tattooed accordingly, and duly signed and witnessed, just across the top of Miss Smithers' shoulders, thereby destroying once and for ever all chance of her presentation at the court of Victoria. Then Mr. Meeson dies, having first, in an agony of remorse, unburdened his conscience to Miss Smithers.

"'I am going to die!'" he groaned; 'I am going to die, and I've been a bad man: *I've been the head of a publishing company all my life.*' . . . Augusta gently pointed out to him that publishing was a very respectable business when fairly and properly carried on, and not one that ought to weigh heavy on a man at the last, like the record of a career of successful usury or burgling. But Meeson shook his heavy head."

How Miss Smithers is rescued, how the will is admitted to probate, how she marries Eustace, who immediately goes into co-operation with the "tame authors" on a more equitable basis—for all these things we refer the reader to Mr. Haggard himself. He writes with a "vim"—shall we add, with a tireless speed?—which makes it probable that, had he ever occupied one of the Meeson hutches he would have been counted worth at least five hundred a year to the establishment.

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Pictures of Hellas (New York: W. S. Gottsberger) is translated by Mary J. Safford from the Danish of Peter Mariager. It consists of five short tales illustrative of private life in Greece from the Pelasgian period down to 367 B.C. The author explains in an interesting preface the difficulty he has found in collecting his material, on account of the great rarity of personal and private details in Greek literature. He claims, however, to have rested step by step on the classic authors in the delineations he has attempted. But as he has with set purpose avoided "giving the dialogues a form so ancient that they would not be read," and has selected as the pivot for each of his tales that perennially modern motive, love, which he handles, also, like the modern man he is, they are sufficiently easy and pleasant reading. And if they suggest that the men and women of ancient Greece must have differed mainly in point of costume from the men and women of to-day, that may as well be attributed to the real sameness of human nature as to the paucity of personal details furnished by Greek literature. "Zeus Hypsistos" seems to us the best of these stories.

Robert Elsmere (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.) is Mrs. Humphrey Ward's second novel. The first was published nearly three years ago, and had Miss Mary Anderson for the heroine, under the name of *Miss Bretherton*, which was also the title of the novel. Its announcement created a pleased anticipation in the minds of those who had read a couple of essays on Keats, and one on the late Henri Amiel, which had appeared in *Macmillan's* not long before, and were understood to be by Mrs. Ward. These were beautifully written so far as mere diction was concerned, and those on Keats, which traced the process by which some of his most felicitous lines, which appear to have been fixed with one happy cast of the die, were in truth gradual emergences from cockneyisms which raise gooseflesh, were instructive and interesting as well. The paper on Amiel was more suggestive than satisfactory. When Mrs. Ward talked about him the reader's expectations were raised to a very high pitch, but when she began to justify her praise by translations, they went down far more rapidly than they had risen. There was no verb in these soliloquies and aspirations which were to reveal to us a new Augustine or à Kempis. They resembled too much the worship which Crusoe's man Friday described as having been made by the old men of his nation to their gods. They merely climbed up a mountain and said O! to them.

Miss Bretherton also, considered as the work of Mrs. Ward,

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was in the nature of a shrinkage of nominal values. Everybody identified the heroine at once, and though a denial was authorized, the likeness was too striking for it to be accepted. The young American actress, travelling with hardly presentable relatives, beautiful, ignorant, unmagnetic, unable to read French, and with a prim, puritanical notion that even translations of French novels were to be avoided like poison, is gradually converted into a really fine *artiste*, partly by the power of love for an art-critic, but in great part, also, by overcoming her ignorant repugnance to French novels. The book was read and talked about on account of its subject, but made no great hit.

Robert Elsmere, however, having passed already through seven editions in London, and having been selected by Mr. Gladstone as the subject of an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, may be fairly called a success from the author's point of view. It has the merits and the defects of all her previous work. Mrs. Ward, who is a niece of the late Matthew Arnold, has the family gift of distinction in point of style. One may admit that fully, and yet find a certain sarcastic ring in Mr. Gladstone's remark that "the strength of the book seems to lie," for one thing, "in an extraordinary wealth of diction." There are six hundred and four closely printed pages in her novel, and perhaps half of them are most unnecessary padding, sometimes pleasantly descriptive, sometimes irrelevantly psychological, but still oftener talks by the author about talk which is supposed to have passed between various characters of her story. Squire Wendover, an ultra-sceptic with insanity in his blood, who in his youth "was one of Newman's victims," is the instrument by which the conversion of *Robert Elsmere* from Anglican orthodoxy to the standpoint of Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* is accomplished.

The squire has written books to prove that what is called historical Christianity is unhistorical, by showing that "testimony, like every other human product, has *developed*." The man of the nineteenth century, even the scientific man, *vide* Huxley's admission to certain Anglican bishops, is not an absolutely veracious witness. But, compared with him of the first, he is as Huxley to the missing link.

"Man's power of apprehending and recording what he sees and hears has grown from less to more, from weaker to stronger, like any other of his faculties, just as the reasoning powers of the cave-dweller have developed into the reasoning powers of a Kant.(!) *What one wants is the ordered proof of this, and it can be got from history and experience.*"

The method by which "it can be got" is sometimes known as

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"the philosophy of history." Its objective point being the overthrow of the Christian religion, it begins with the assumption, "Miracles do not happen," and works around to it again as a conclusion through much archæological, historical, and literary criticism. Those who are familiar with Mr. Matthew Arnold's essays, addressed to the great middle class, because, as he avows, the English upper classes are barbarians, who do not, in any true sense, know how to read, have already got a fair idea of both the destructive and the constructive method used by Mrs. Ward in this novel. The task which each writer undertook was to get rid of the idea of a personal God, and to replace it by that of "a stream of tendency," an "eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness"; to deny the Incarnation and Resurrection as literal, historic facts, and yet to retain in their integrity those teachings of the man Jesus which have a bearing on "conduct." And "conduct," as Mr. Arnold has told us, really means keeping one's temper, and regulating properly the "reproductive instinct." Unless men and women generally do the latter fairly well, we shall none of us, in the long run, be able to do the former at all, unless we abandon our dignity as human beings. And if we are forced to that, what will become of "culture" and the "cultivated"?

So Mrs. Ward writes a novel, as her uncle wrote essays, to show that "sweet reasonableness" may replace Christian faith, and "altruism" Christian charity, and not only nobody be any worse off, but the "lower classes," who are now throwing "dogma" contemptuously aside and going boldly in for beastliness and rage against those better-off than themselves, may be made to re-accept the only practical outcome of Christianity that was ever worth talking about, by showing them that although the Gospels are pretty fables and "*miracles do not happen*," yet that to be "mild and lowly of heart," and chaste and self-restrained in action, will really result in the greatest possible happiness attainable. It is quite certain there will be fewer brawls if we all keep out of gin-palaces and beer-saloons, and other still more objectionable places; if we keep our earnings for a rainy day at the bottom of the social ladder, and keep our tenement-houses in good repair at the top. Come, brethren, clasp hands and do it, and meanwhile we, who are literary, will earn our living by showing you how inevitably the development theory, as applied to testimony, proves that Jesus never did and said most of the things attributed to him by the New Testament writers, or else that, far superior as he was to the teachers who preceded him,

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he made the mistakes natural to that inchoate and undeveloped and uncultivated period in which he lived. It is humiliating, of course, as M. Renan has already pointed out, that criticism, and archæology, and digging into documents, and finding symbolisms, only ends by landing the most cultivated on the same spot that the blaspheming street-urchin gets to at a single bound. But if you who aspire to culture will resolutely close your ears to those who are trying to persuade you that the urchin makes his leap merely to get rid of the dread of retribution, and allow us to show you that it must, instead, be his awakened reason which rejects Christianity, the travail of the critic and the scientist and the "writing feller," as our noble barbarians call us, will not have been wholly in vain.

That is the real theme of *Robert Elsmere*. In its working out it is intolerably diffuse, even though, as Mr. Gladstone says, it is above all remarkable "in the sense of omission with which the writer is evidently possessed." What she omits, however, is precisely what she would have put in had she fully grasped her case and felt it to be a strong one; the reason, that is, for the unfaith that is in her, and the arguments which appear to make it reasonable. What we get instead is a lot of altruistic rubbish, some not very vivid but greatly spread-out love-making, and much sounding description of the damaging results wrought upon Robert Elsmere's faith by blows of which we are allowed to get the distant echoes only. Can it be possible that those echoes were likewise all that reached the ears of Mrs. Ward?

A Counsel of Perfection (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is by Lucas Malet, the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley. It is very well written, in the manner of Mr. Henry James. The heroine, Lydia Casteen, is a "child-eyed spinster" of thirty-seven, whose life, up to the period when the story opens, has been spent in acting as amanuensis, proof-reader, and what-not to an unloving and exacting father, the rector of Bishop's Marston, who is engaged on a great history of the early church. After a good deal of petty vexation, Lydia manages to get leave of absence for a month, which she passes in Switzerland with friends. There she has her first and last bit of romance, being flirted with in a shilly-shally sort of way by a pudgy and *blasé* bachelor, who begins because he has nothing else to occupy his time, and finally ends by being shamed into making a proposal which he is greatly relieved to find rejected. Lydia, however, loves him. She refuses him only because she is indispensable to her father. There is no more than that to the

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story proper, but it is told with many deft touches and much good writing. Still, it leaves that sort of unpleasant memory after it which is produced by the novels of many women, and which one can only attribute to a lack of delicacy in their authors, and fairly describe only by quotation. Thus, for example:

"For what, after all, had she found in these last two sunny weeks that made his loss seem to her so lamentably great? Lydia did not dare to ask herself quite plainly. And even had she asked herself, she was too innocent, ignorant if you will, to answer clearly. For all the unsatisfied desire of her emotional nature—and of her physical nature also—all the latent motherhood that lay folded in her heart, as some fair blossom within the bud, had awoke silently, gradually, its eyelids touched at last with the light of a delicious dawning of unconscious love and hope."

That is the kind of thing which "realism" in art, and the "science-man," and the development theory for the present produce in the better class of female writers who acknowledge their shaping influence. We were about to quote from another novel *His Way and Her Will*, by A. X. (Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.), to show what they can do for natures of a very much lower grade. But on second thought we refrain, assuring the reader that the book, although intended to point a moral, to uphold the beauties of virtuous living, and to paint the manners of the "best" American society, is emphatically one to throw into the fire.

A Débutante in New York Society, by Rachel Buchanan, and *A Woman's Face*, by Florence Warden, both issued by D. Appleton & Co., are much better than the work of A. X. Still, the débutante is rather too priggish and self-conceited. Old-fashioned people incline to the belief that strictures on one's mother are not in the best taste, and that if they must be made, they should not be put into the mouths of young ladies who are intended to impress the reader with their manifold perfections. New York society, if this débutante paints it well, cannot be called specially enticing. Miss Warden's story is well told, plotty and interesting, and makes it easy to understand her vogue with the novel-reading public. And though there are, as seems almost inevitable in the novel of the period, two ill-assorted couples in it, for one of which the usual solution of continuity is provided, yet Miss Warden has contrived to keep both her sentiment and her situations out of the mire. Neither Alma Crosmont nor Dr. Armathwaite can be accused of deliberately peering over the barrier between them until the ordinary course

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of nature throws it down. And in the case of Millie Peele and her mother the strokes which show character, though few, are well done.

The scene of Mr. Isaac Henderson's second novel, *Agatha Page* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), like that of its predecessor, *The Prelate*, is laid in Rome. The theme of it is an old one: the virtuous man who marries a noble woman for love, but who entertains, later on, a passing fancy for an ignoble woman who conceives a passion for him. Both women suffer greatly, the man not very much, and the wife comes out victorious and happy in the end. The wife, Agatha Page, is half-American by the way, and has been brought up at home by her uncle; her cousin and rival, a full-blood Italian, has, on the contrary, been educated in a convent, and "never taught that she actually owed consideration to either duty or authority." That strikes one as an omission so singular in convent-training that it suggests a grave doubt as to Mr. Henderson's value as a witness. He might, perhaps, be useful as an illustration of the way in which Mrs. Ward believes testimony to have *developed* in these times of critical inquiry. Mr. Henderson writes very smoothly and tells his story fairly well, but fails to be particularly entertaining.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould, who once wrote lives of saints for the high Anglican market, has of late years taken to novel-writing for the general public, and does it well. If we say that there is a faint pedagogic flavor about his work, we by no means wish to imply that his purpose is in any sense didactic. He means simply to tell a story which shall be both wholesome and amusing, and, so far as we know his work, he succeeds in doing so. It is his manner and not his matter which suggests the school master—the trick of iteration, the bald, prosaic statement of matters not at all important. And these are minor faults in a man who, notwithstanding them, succeeds in getting readers for decent work, done in a not irreligious spirit. His latest novel, *Eve* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), describes the fortunes of the two daughters of Ignatius Jordan, an English Catholic gentleman, at a period some seventy or eighty years ago. Why the Jordans are made Catholics one fails to see, unless it be to cast a stain of illegitimacy on Eve, the younger daughter. The Jordans live at a place where no priest ever comes, and as Ignatius will not go before a parson for the ceremony, his second wife and he clasp hands before an altar in a disused abbey and swear a fidelity which they observe. The story is plotty, is meant to be dramatic, and succeeds in being entertaining, in spite of the

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fact that Mr. Baring-Gould does not create illusions. His characters are not more than agreeably constructed puppets, who talk for the most part in a style so peculiar to their author that one cannot, for that reason, call it unnatural. The Jew, in a story called *Court Royal* if our memory does not betray us, which Mr. Baring-Gould published some three years ago in the *Cornhill*, had tricks of speech so much like those of Ezekiel Babb in the present novel that he might be his double.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

MY TWO CONVERSIONS.

It is a simple story, perhaps not worth writing, but how I would wish to make its recital an act of thanksgiving to the good God! I was brought up in a family where religion was thought but little of. My mother had at one time professed the Episcopal faith, but for many years had neglected it and had relapsed into that most deplorable condition of soul—indifferentism. When but a tiny little girl I remember lisping the Hail Mary at my nurse's knee, for our servants were Catholics. All honor be to Catholic servants! God only knows how many conversions are wrought through the memory of the prayers they taught their little charges, and the effect of their example and influence.

My mother, feeling that I needed some religious training, sent me to a Lutheran Sunday-school not far from our home. But many a time would I secretly attend Mass with my Catholic nurse, instead of obeying the maternal directions. I was a delicate child and ill-health prevented me from attending school regularly. When it was possible I would leave the house unobserved and visit our Lord in the Tabernacle. I was then scarcely eight years old. Gradually one desire began to possess me: to become a Catholic. The desire grew daily, it absorbed my thoughts. I become a Catholic! But how? I once timidly attempted to broach the subject to my mother, but was frightened by her almost violent opposition. I never endeavored to pursue the subject farther. For months I waited, and meantime I fairly haunted the Catholic Church. I did not have courage to speak to one of the priests. At last our Lord showed me a way to come to him. Leaving the chapel one day a sweet-faced lady approached me and smilingly asked me if I would say a prayer for her intention. Here at last was an opportunity to speak to a Catholic who, perhaps, might aid me. "Oh! yes," I answered, "but I'm not a Catholic." "No?" "Oh! could you please tell me where I could get a rosary? I have saved all my pennies. I have a prayer-book, but I want a rosary so much." She took me around the corner and showed me a convent, and promised if I would come there the following day she would leave a rosary for me with the portress. To-morrow was long in coming. I felt that I was drawing nearer to God as I stood upon the steps that

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led to the convent door. I procured the rosary, chatted with the portress, told her of my great desire to become a Catholic, and was most cordially invited to call again; an invitation I gladly availed myself of. Oh! the many excuses I made to leave our house. The fondness I suddenly developed for playing with all the children I knew in the neighborhood! Anything to get to the convent, where I knew I would receive aid. The nuns were kind, very kind. It was remarkable, they said, to see a child so persistent in her endeavors to become a Catholic. I again met the kind lady who gave me the rosary. She and her friends became much interested in me.

I insisted on being baptized. Of course they objected. They did not feel as though they could do so without my mother's consent. And it would be useless to endeavor to procure that. I did not know if I had ever been baptized. If they did not have me baptized, I said I would go some place else. I was determined; baptized I must be. Finally, after many entreaties on my part and much earnest thought on the part of my friends, I was made a child of God; the lady who had given me the rosary acting as sponsor. I was but nine years and six months old. My friends' kindness did not end here; I must make my first Communion. After being duly prepared, a day was named. I stole from our home before five o'clock one morning, carrying under my arm a white swiss dress that was to serve as the dress of the first-communicant. I found my friends awaiting me. White shoes, veil, gloves, etc., articles that I could not easily procure myself, were furnished by them. A prie-dieu was placed in the centre of the convent chapel, the father who baptized me said Mass, and I received my first Communion, the Bread of angels. Returning home I met my mother at the front door; she fancied I had been to the Catholic Church and was extremely annoyed. Unfortunately there dropped from my dress, where I had concealed them, a prayer-book and catechism. I received a sound scolding for what she supposed my misdeeds, but she never suspected how much I had accomplished towards my eternal salvation.

All went well for over a year. I went to school and followed my religion faithfully. But after a while I became careless, and lived in continual fear of my mother discovering what I had done. And discover it she finally did. Returning from school one day I found her awaiting me with the question, if it was true that I had been baptized in the Catholic faith? Tremblingly I confessed it. She seemed to consider it a crime, and laid the blame on the innocent shoulders of our Catholic help, who, fortunately for them, were no longer with us. I was sent miles away to my aunt's home, where I was carefully watched over. When I returned home I resumed my studies. I had forgotten the practise of my religion, or at least lost all desire to do so.

After leaving school, and growing weary of the monotonous home-life, I resolved to go upon the stage, and I became an actress. I travelled, of course, almost incessantly. Being seldom at home, and having but few friends with me, I was often very lonely. How deeply I regret to say that the Catholic faith had faded, seemingly, quite out of my soul! Yet I longed intensely for something higher, holier than the world gave me. I began by going to church on Sunday—to Protestant churches, of course. At that time it did not make any difference. "One religion is as good as another" had become a maxim with me. Even when it happened that I was travelling with Catholics, I never went to their church. Many weeks passed thus. At last God gave me the grace to hear his voice more clearly.

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It was in St. Louis, Mo. Very near the hotel I was stopping at is an old Catholic cathedral, corner of Third and Walnut Streets, I believe. I went there, God alone knows why, but the church was empty; there were no services that afternoon. But the Blessed Sacrament was there; something forced me to kneel when I passed before it. Then I remembered the time when I knew more of this religion. Mass, confession, Communion rose confusedly before my eyes. Our Lord was speaking to my heart, but that heart was still too worldly to listen. But take one step towards God and he hurries forward with outstretched arms to meet you. A week after that, my first visit to the Blessed Sacrament in many years, my Catholic friend with whom I was travelling began to speak of religion. Once, several months before, she had asked me to what church I belonged. I had answered Episcopal. She laughingly told me that it was a tradition of the church that if one said a thousand "Ave Marias" from Spy Wednesday until Good Friday our Blessed Lady would obtain by her intercession any reasonable request we might demand of her. I mentally resolved to say the "Aves." But a difficulty arose. I did not have a rosary. But I could purchase one. The following week we were in St. Paul, Minn. There I purchased my rosary. Then the thought came, it must be blessed. I wandered through the streets hoping to find a Catholic church. I did not have the courage to inquire for one. I passed a church, in front of which was a large sign bearing the words, "Prayer meeting during Lent every day at one o'clock." I entered; it was the church of a Methodist congregation, and many were present. The almost fanatical fervor of the people startled me. After the meeting closed, seeing that I was a stranger, they clustered around, asking my name and cordially shaking hands with me. At last I met the pastor and had a long talk with him. The substance of it was that he advised me to read the New Testament and give myself up to Christ. Accordingly I read part of the New Testament. I felt miserably. I desired something. I wished to *do* something. I did not know what. God's Holy Spirit was calling me; I did not know how to respond.

Travelling a great deal, I had but little time to spare. But finally, I found myself again before the Blessed Sacrament. I began to read prayer-books left in the pews, and to make the Way of the Cross. At last I found strength to answer God's voice. I would return to the church. I was a Catholic. I could return through the sacrament of Penance. I began to prepare. And at last, on the eve of Passion Sunday, kneeling before the vicar-general of a large Western diocese, I received the grace of forgiveness and the precious absolution of my sins. Many kind words were said to me; Thomas à Kempis and a Challoner's catechism were given to me.

Then the struggle began in earnest. I feared I had taken too hasty a step. There were so many things I could not understand. But wherever I went I met kind priests; one in Ohio, whom I particularly thank for the many hours of instruction, and for the valuable books he so kindly gave me. Little by little the mists cleared away, and there was light—the wonderful light of God's truth. When I again saw the dear friends who had done so much to aid my conversion when I was a child they told me how they had prayed for me. Though I had wandered their prayers had followed me. May the Sacred Heart reward them for all their kindness! May the good God bless the dear fathers who have for their motto "Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam," who first brought me into the bosom of Holy Mother Church, and who taught me when a child to know the Saviour, who saith "Suffer little children to come unto me"!

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IS THE GOSPEL A CODE?

Mr. Gladstone, in his answer to Ingersoll, says that

"The Gospel was promulgated to teach principles and not a code; that it included the foundation of a society in which those principles were to be conserved, developed, and applied; and that down to this day there is not a moral question of all those which the Reply does or does not enumerate, nor is there a question of duty arising in the course of life for any of us that is not determinable in all its essentials by applying to it as a touchstone the principles declared in the Gospel. . . . Where would have been the wisdom of delivering to an uninstructed population of a particular age a codified religion which was to serve for all nations, all ages, all states of civilization? Why was not room to be left for human thought in finding out and in working out the adaptation of Christianity to the ever-varying movement of the world?"

Gladstone's idea, therefore, is that the New Testament, in as far as it contains morals and doctrine, is a syllabus of principles. The Gospels and Epistles, according to him, are unapplied Christianity; the application is not to be made by the individual, but in a society. The written word supposed and included the foundation of a society in which its principles are to be conserved, developed, and applied.

According to this there is an interval between the inspired word of God and the individual soul, which is filled not simply by the interior action of the Holy Spirit, but by that same Spirit conserving, developing, and applying his doctrine in the external order; this external action having for its end the strengthening of the interior life. It is in the nature of things that this should be so. For man is not a pure spirit. He has no purely interior life. His constitution by the Creator is a pointer to his regeneration by the Mediator. He lives and dies a man—that is to say, a composite of the sensible and the supersensible—and it is inevitable that he shall not be treated in life and death as if he were an angel. As the interior oblation of Christ, by which we are saved, was ratified by the external outpouring of his blood, so are we inflamed within by his love and sealed without by his blood. This is why Christ gave to his principles the accompaniment of external ordinances conveying grace to the soul.

But Gladstone's eye is fixed with disapproval upon the error of supposing the new law to be a code. Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his controversial lectures, refutes this same error by the simple test of comparison between the old and the new law. He says in effect: If God would rule hearts and minds by a code, we know how he would go about it, for he has actually done it. The law of Moses was a code, and everything in the Jewish church was in little and great governed by it; a good thing for a single race. And, as the cardinal points out, the authority of priest or ruler was derived from and limited by the very words of the Mosaic code. It was stiff, it was narrow, it was local, it was to pass away. But Christ came for all men, and is of yesterday, to-day, and the same for ever; and hence to conserve, to develop, and to apply his mediatory office to all nations unto the consummation of the world, a code was insufficient. A syllabus of principles with an organic, corporate life, embracing himself and his redeemed brethren, was the divine economy in the Christian dispensation. This society living out these principles by the practice of virtues far above the natural manifests Christ in the external order and enjoys him in the spiritual order.

If it be urged that a code is necessary, we grant it at least in a sense. Just as the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which, uncodified, could, in the moment of revolt against tyranny, fire men with sufficient zeal to achieve indepen-

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dence, required codification and "the foundation of a society in which those principles were to be conserved, developed, and applied." The result was the Constitution of the United States and an enduring commonwealth. This is all in the natural order and under an overruling providence in that order. But the adoption of the sons of God in Christ Jesus is in an order altogether transcendent. The principles of the Gospel are not attainable by the reach of reason, and therefore their codification is not man's work. What is higher than nature, nature cannot conserve, develop, or apply. The man or society doing this must enjoy the supernatural aid of the divine Author of the principles. That is to say, the author is a founder. The principles of the Gospel are not left to be the private property of an inorganic mass of men. The very nature of man will form a society or many societies, and will make wreck of divine truth if it has no more than natural, organic force to apply to its conservation.

Any great world-force, if it is going to be perpetuated, developed, and applied, must have a world-society to do it. Man is not by nature qualified beyond the scope of race or nation, except it be in bare principles of fallen nature itself, such as humanity or philanthropy, and then but weakly. The world-force that the Gospel is, is aggressive, claims everything, moves everywhere, and must have a strictly co-ordinate society as its propaganda; co-ordinate in the sense of enjoying institution by the same divine authority which inspired the Gospels.

Mr. Gladstone's idea is full of truth, and of a truth which breeds a spirit of liberty in the man and flexibility in the organism. The idea which he combats—the idea of the Gospels as a mere code—breeds formalism, perpetuates Jewish slavery to law, courts, precedents, and the dead-letter of a book.

Have not these latter been traits of Protestantism?

A LAWFUL BOYCOTT FOR THE CLERGY.

It is learned by actual computation that there are in these United States no less than fifty-four thousand clergymen of all denominations. Nearly or quite eight thousand of these are priests in charge of eight millions of Catholics.

Eminently practical as THE CATHOLIC WORLD is, it can and will second the motion already put before the clergy in a Catholic weekly or two, to endeavor to curtail, and if possible abolish, the practice, becoming more and more shameless, of displaying nude and immodest figures on town placard-boards, in shop-windows, and on divers kinds of goods. Catholics are themselves not altogether guiltless of this aid openly given to the devil Astaroth.

What need is there to give details of what all may see who read as they run, read as they walk, read as they stand, read as they open their eyes? A priest in Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. James McGolrick, last year boldly called upon and obtained the help of the police to tear down the foul show-bills—pictures of nameless females—which had been posted about the city by a circus company. Representations were made to the like effect in Louisville, Ky., both as regards show-bills and nasty pictures paraded in cigar and book stores. The complaint was made to a brave Catholic chief of police, who undertook to do his duty, but with no other effect than to rouse the worst passions of the vile and hasten the proximate dismissal of the faithful officer.

The streets of cities in the South and West, on both sides of the curb-stones,

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reek perhaps with more filth and moral ordure than those of the Northeast. A large minority of the saloons and cigar-stores and factories of the land employ Catholics behind their bars and counters—except, probably, in Minnesota, Maryland, and New Mexico. Why cannot pastors and curates admonish these employees to represent to their employers their conscientious objections to having anything to do with sales or manufactures accomplished by the medium of unclean spirits, too visibly represented by the undraped Venuses and suggestive Cleopatras of the wall and the packing-case? If the clergymen alone would enter into a society of boycotters, whose first and last rule should be to refuse to buy or recommend a box of cigars or paper of cigarettes stamped with the figures of strumpets and lechers, that alone might bring many to their senses—through their purses. And if the priests' example could fire the other forty-six thousand clergymen to unite with them, the Lawful Boycott would soon isolate and topple over the stalking Goliaths.

THOMAS J. JENKINS.

Knottsville, Ky.

LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Mendenhall, the newly-installed editor of the *Methodist Review*, thus delivers himself in his first issue—the July number: "The Roman Church may be the Babylon or the great whore of the Apocalypse."

Now, Dr. Mendenhall, let us come to an understanding with each other. If you are prepared to maintain that the church which claims to be the spouse of Christ—is so regarded by all Catholics—and has the respect of the majority of mankind on account of her special love of purity, is so foul as to deserve the name of harlot, it will require the greatest strain upon our charity to think that you are inculpable in your error. Now, we do not propose to hold any controversy with an insincere man; the sooner you take off your mask the better. For all sincere Methodists, who love truth and are striving to follow it faithfully, we have respect. What shall we say of you?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BIBLE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION EXPLAINED AND VINDICATED. By Basil Manly, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

While reading this book we have often asked ourselves, Why is it that the Baptists, as a rule, are so tenacious of what they consider to be the essential truths of Christianity? In the Church of England even a clergyman may be a rationalist or a weak deist, and yet be in good standing, provided he holds no official communication with dissent; in the German Protestant State Church the spectacle of a Pantheistic Lutheran clergyman is unhappily not rare; in the Free Church of Switzerland very many of the clergy openly deride the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. It is consoling, therefore, to find such steadfast loyalty to fundamental Christian truths among the Baptists; and, therefore, we ask again what is the reason

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of this? We think that the solution may be found in the fact that the Baptists endeavor to be logical in their acceptation of whatever of truth they have, whereas most other sects, in their efforts to preserve external conformity, will tolerate the most glaring inconsistencies. The strength of the Baptists is due to their consistency. A broad church crumbles to pieces; a strict church has within it a strong principle of conservation. The Baptists in the South, particularly in Virginia and Alabama, if we are to believe their own statements, have built themselves up out of the wreck of lax Episcopalianism. The divine secret of the church of God is its power to hold its members to *one true* standard. The Baptists have grown strong especially from their firm adherence to the Bible as the inspired word of God, and plenary inspiration at that. But let them give up this true doctrine, or one iota of it, and they will soon be on the wane. Dr. Manly, who so ably and conscientiously vindicates the doctrine of inspiration, evidently thinks as we do about this matter.

Now, the author, when he is explaining the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible, knows thoroughly what he is talking about, but when he speaks about the Catholic Church he does not. He asserts, for instance, that we believe that "the church is inspired, as well as the Bible." He, unwittingly no doubt, misrepresents us, but it is a pity that a man who can treat so scientifically a subject which he does understand should venture to speak on a subject which he clearly has not investigated. It is a pitiful thing that so competent a Scripture scholar does not know the difference between inspiration and infallibility. There is a world-wide difference between the inspiration of the Bible and the assistance of the Holy Spirit which the church claims, and which Christ has promised to her. Inspiration is defined by the author as "that divine influence that secures the accurate transference of truth into human language, by a speaker or writer, so as to be communicated to other men" (p. 37). Assistance of the Holy Spirit does not necessarily illuminate the mind or move the will of the church, but negatively preserves her from error in matters of faith and morals. The church is simply the infallible custodian of the divine deposit of revelation which was complete before the death of the apostles.

The author's animus toward the Catholic Church is very bitter, which we attribute to his ignorance of her teaching. He is, nevertheless, a sincere lover of the Holy Bible, and as such we greatly respect him.

The doctrine of Inspiration of Holy Scripture, according to Catholic theology, is that the books declared to be canonical have God for their author in all their parts; so that we are not required to believe that every word in the Bible is inspired. It is even lawful for a Catholic to hold that plenary inspiration is confined to such matters as immediately concern faith and morals; though the general opinion of theologians extends inspiration over a wider field.

On the other hand, a Catholic cannot lawfully hold the opinion prevalent among the more liberal Protestants—viz., that the Bible is only inspired in the sense that it has God's sanction as a great moral and doctrinal guide, full of noble sentiments; that it is inspired only inasmuch as it is the best human expression of Divine Wisdom. This latter theory Dr. Manly rejects and repudiates, and endeavors in an intelligent and able manner to logically establish the inspiration of Scriptures in the Catholic

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sense. He is honest and fair to his opponents; he does not blink a single objection; one by one he deliberately takes them up and disposes of them, and that so effectually that in the mind of the fair-minded reader his thesis, that God is the author of the Book, is established.

The author, being an orthodox Protestant, expresses his belief in the error that the Bible is the only rule of faith. He fails to see that the fact that it is inspired does not prove that it contains the entire body of revealed truth. He affirms that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the inspired expression of divine revelation—clearly a conclusion unwarranted by his premises. An inspired tradition is unknown to him. But it is plainly a logical defect to lay down as a postulate, as he does, that because the Scriptures have God for their author, that therefore "Christianity (in the Protestant sense) is the religion of the Book."

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. From the *Christian Considerations* of Father John Crasset, S.J. Translated and edited by the Very Rev. T. B. Snow, O.S.B. 2 vols. London: R. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Father Crasset's *Christian Considerations* are very appropriately named. Instead of a systematic development of the subject of each meditation, there is a vivid presentation of several ideas belonging to the subject, each one of which is sufficient for a meditation in itself. Only the bare idea is presented, and the mind is left to do its own thinking, and the will its own resolving. This method necessitates real mental application and active volition in prayer. As to the relative merits of the two methods we are not prepared to say which is better. It depends wholly upon the habit of thought and volition of the individual.

Of Crasset's meditations we have had for many years a very high estimate, based upon long use of them personally, and what we deem a competent knowledge of the class of literature to which they belong. We have said above that the bare idea was thrust into the mind by this method, but by this we mean the idea stripped of accessories and explanations. No book of meditation deserves the name of jejune less than Crasset's. He has a piquant manner. His arrangement of topics and points is peculiar to himself; we know of no other author who treats his matter in exactly the same way. We open the book at random for an instance:

> "Will you always be a slave to men?
> Will you never contemn human respect?
> Why do you not declare yourself for God?
> Why do you not renounce these vanities?
> . . . . . .
> The world will laugh at you.
> You have more reason to laugh at the world.
> It is God's enemy.
> It is the tyrant of faith,
> The persecutor of Innocence.
> You have renounced its friendship,
> When you were baptized."

This gives the reader an idea of the matter and the method of its presentation. Of all the books of meditation for daily prayer we have ever known, there is none, excepting, of course, the Bible and the *Imitation*, better worthy of use than Crasset.

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The translator has adopted throughout the work a form which was given to an old English translation of a portion of these meditations published in 1685. This feature adds much to the attractiveness of these volumes.

AT HOME AND IN WAR, 1853–1881. REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES. By Alexander Verestchagin. Authorized translation by Elizabeth F. Haphood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Certainly no novel of the school of honest detail, now so much in vogue, could tell us the story of Russian life, high and low, more minutely than this queer autobiography does. The author's mind in childhood, youth, and manhood was a phonograph storing upon the waxen tablets of a most retentive memory the scenes, the circumstances, the forms and words of his whole life, to be now turned into a printed book of peculiar interest. Whoever will read this book as honestly as the author seems to have written—no mean achievement, by the way, since he particularizes to a painful degree—will know Russian domestic and military life as well as it can be learned from a book.

The state of the common people, prior to the abolition of serfdom, is here portrayed with pitiless exactness. It leads one to say that an aristocracy that could so long keep in veritable slavery their own race and fellow-Christians can hardly be counted on to play a beneficial part in the further amelioration of the evils still oppressing their countrymen. The only reason why an aristocracy should exist is that their ownership of the land and monopoly of the offices shall conduce to the well-being of the whole people. In Russia, as this book plainly enough shows, there is no such purpose manifest, not to say attained. The vast estates are not held in trust for the profit of those who toil upon them, but merely for the aggrandizement of the nobles. We do not mean to say that there are not exceptions to this rule, for a trait of the Russian character, whether noble or peasant, is good nature. We do not mean to say that there are many such landlords in Russia as the author's grandfather, who was put to death by his own serfs for meddling with their wives; he was a Russian Lord Leitrim. But the entire effect of the book on the impartial mind is to show the utter perversion of the uses of class and government in Russia. Instead of the rulers of the empire holding their privileges for the common happiness of the entire people and for the proper distribution of the gifts of nature, the very reverse is the case. The masses of men, women, and children live for the nobility, and the nobility for the czar, and the czar for the maintenance of a barbaric autocracy. For the alleviation of public burdens, for the correction of tyranny on the part of the emperor, for the progressive development of intelligence, there are positively no means possible, except the arbitrary pleasure of one man—one man penetrated with the traditions of hereditary selfishness—or the bomb and dagger of the Nihilist.

As to the right of public life for citizens of ability as leaders, whose prerogative may be summed up in the Holy Father's words in his encyclical on Human Liberty, that "men have a right freely and prudently to propagate throughout the state whatsoever things are true and honorable, so that as many as possible may possess them," the very opposite is the rule in the Russian Empire. There is no right to educate except for the

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one end of the autocrat's power. The natural right of able and enlightened men to assemble in conference is not tolerated; the right of virtuous men to teach morality, of educated men to teach the people's children the rudiments of knowledge, the right of the true religion to minister to man's spiritual welfare—all are, if not totally prohibited by law, circumscribed in a way to pervert their uses to the ends of tyranny.

It is far from the purpose of this book to treat of Russia under these aspects. The book is a chatty, gossipy description of daily life at home and in camp, marred in one or two places by coarseness. The evils we speak of are proved to exist by the book only when the reader bears in mind the true bill that the grand jury of mankind has long since brought in against the Russian autocracy.

THE VADE MECUM HYMNAL: A Catholic Singing-Book, containing an elementary theory, with exercises for the study of sight-singing, etc. By M. D. Kelly. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

Judging from a glance at the first seventy pages of this book, devoted to elementary instruction in notation and harmony, we think the author might be able to compile a useful little manual which teachers could use and pupils understand. But it would take much more than seventy such pages to make a satisfactory manual of vocal instruction and of the principles of harmony. As it is, there is a little too much of everything, but not quite enough of anything.

And of the collection of hymns our criticism will be summed up in one question: Would the author agree to put his *Catholic* singing-book into the hands of a non-Catholic or of a poorly-instructed child of the church, and expect either one or the other to get from its use a reasonable idea of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic religion? We take it that a Catholic hymnal professing to be a *vade mecum* should serve this purpose or it is a misnomer.

SACRED HISTORY FROM THE CREATION TO THE GIVING OF THE LAW. By Edward P. Humphrey, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1888.

The late Dr. Humphrey was a profound Biblical student, and his object in writing this book was to assist believers in understanding those difficulties in the Pentateuch which cavillers and unbelievers continually work upon. He ably vindicates the doctrine of the inspiration of Holy Scripture. His explanation of the creation of Adam and Eve excludes the possibility of the evolution of their bodies from irrational animals. He also maintains the universality of the Deluge as regards mankind. He never attempts to eliminate the miraculous. When so much destructive criticism is found among Protestant Biblical students, we heartily rejoice that so able and conscientious a scholar as Dr. Humphrey has written this book. The great defect of his work is his rigid Calvinistic explanation of original sin, justification, and predestination.

A GRAMMAR OF VOLAPÜK. An Adaptation of Prof Kerckhoff's *Cours complet de Volapük*. By Rev. Louis A. Lambert, Waterloo, New York.

The remarkable invention of this singularly simple and yet very comprehensive international language is the work of a distinguished German

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priest, Johann Martin Schleyer. It does what the learned author of the present volume assures us in his very interesting and instructive preface: it gives a language capable of expressing thought with clearness and precision; it is scientific in conception, simple in structure, eminently practical, and easy to learn. It avoids the difficulties of pronunciation which characterize the English, French, and most Sclavonic languages, each letter, vowel or consonant, having but one sound; the words are always pronounced as written; it has no silent letters; the qualifying terms have all similar terminations; and there is but one conjugation for all verbs. It has been already extensively studied and used, especially for foreign correspondence in business affairs.

As an instructive and useful entertainment we know of nothing which would please young school boys and girls better than to learn it; and we look to see it become very popular with them, since the whole language can easily be mastered in a month's time. Father Lambert's grammar is the most complete one yet issued for English students, and he has added to it a double vocabulary of over three thousand words. We have, however, one adverse criticism to make. He gives equivalents for the Volapük letter *ä*, which he says is to be sounded as *a* in the English words *care*, *dare*, and then gives the sound of *a* in *date* and *fate* as equivalent for the Volapük *e*. We think this misleading, for *a* in all these words has, it seems plain to us, the same sound; for we suppose that the sound of *ä* in Volapük is intended to be that of *a* in *can*, *land*—the sound of *ah*, short. We shall also be glad when some variation is made in the use (as yet universal, we believe) of the heavy-faced block type used for printing the new language. It is as difficult to read as English set up in capitals, as those who have "tired" eyes know full well. It has to us an odd and unwelcome appearance. As the author is his own publisher, orders should be addressed directly to him.

MODERN NOVELS AND NOVELISTS. A book of criticisms. By Maurice Francis Egan, A.M. New York: William H. Sadlier.

Mr. Egan is one of the most capable literary critics that American literature can claim. He has an intuitive perception of the qualities of literary work. He has considerable experience as a writer and is a man of wide reading. Joined to this is his taking and imaginative style of writing. So that this little volume, going over nearly the whole range of contemporary fiction and poetry, is not only a valuable descriptive hand-book for the inexperienced reader, but is full of sound judgment on the merits of the books discussed, besides being, every page of it, very agreeable reading. Mr. Egan has a dexterous pen; and in many of these pages he sketches with one powerful stroke the characteristic of an author or the trend of his work.

It is often hard to read criticism—that is to say, to read what one man writes of another man's writing. We long to read about deeds. Hence it is a high order of merit which can make critical writing entertaining. Such is Mr. Egan's merit. There is nothing tiresome about his book, much that is piquant and stimulating to the literary appetite.

The book is printed on good paper, well bound, and contains a useful index.

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IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER? By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. Tenth thousand. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This book, whose first edition was commended in these pages, has by its wide circulation justified our estimate of its usefulness. It meets a long-felt want. There are books which deal more or less directly with this subject, but, we venture to say, none that more intelligently or more thoroughly discuss it.

Indifferentism in religious matters bears the same relation to truth as does Agnosticism in philosophical matters. Indifferentism makes doubt necessary, affirms it to be inevitable. Hence it undermines the certitude, even the possibility of certitude, concerning the most fundamental principles and facts of revelation, being an evil more to be feared than bigotry. A book like Father MacLaughlin's is, therefore, one calculated to do great good. It is an arsenal for Catholics to arm themselves against the most prevalent error of the day.

THE NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMPANION. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Practical experience of the good of such a book as this in the Sunday-school induces us to give it warm commendation. It is a *vade mecum* for the child. Besides the Catechism of the Third Plenary Council, it contains a number of prayers and devotions for the church, the school, and the home; a simple unison Mass suitable for children's voices, the psalms for Vespers, with the psalm tones in modern notation; and a number of excellent hymns for Low Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We are surprised, however, that the compiler has neglected to make use of the fine English translation of the *Te Deum* found in nearly all compilations of Catholic hymns. The book is well printed, is neatly bound, and is illustrated with many good engravings.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE GOSPELS. Consisting of an Analysis of each Chapter and of a Commentary, Critical, Exegetical, Doctrinal, and Moral. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. 2 vols. Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Third edition, revised and corrected. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL AND OF THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. 2 vols. Third edition enlarged. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.
An extended notice of these volumes will appear next month.

HYLOMORPHISM OF THOUGHT-BEING. By Rev. Thomas Quentin Fleming. Part I. Theory of Thought. London: Williams & Norgate.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. AND RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL, First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

PEARLS OF A YEAR. Short Stories from *The Xavier*, 1888. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

MOTHER LOVE. A Manual for Christian Mothers. By a Priest of the Capuchin Order. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

ARISTOTLE AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. An Essay by Brother Azarias. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros.)

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